

ANGLO  
AMERICAN  
*Magazine*

James Menet  
1853.

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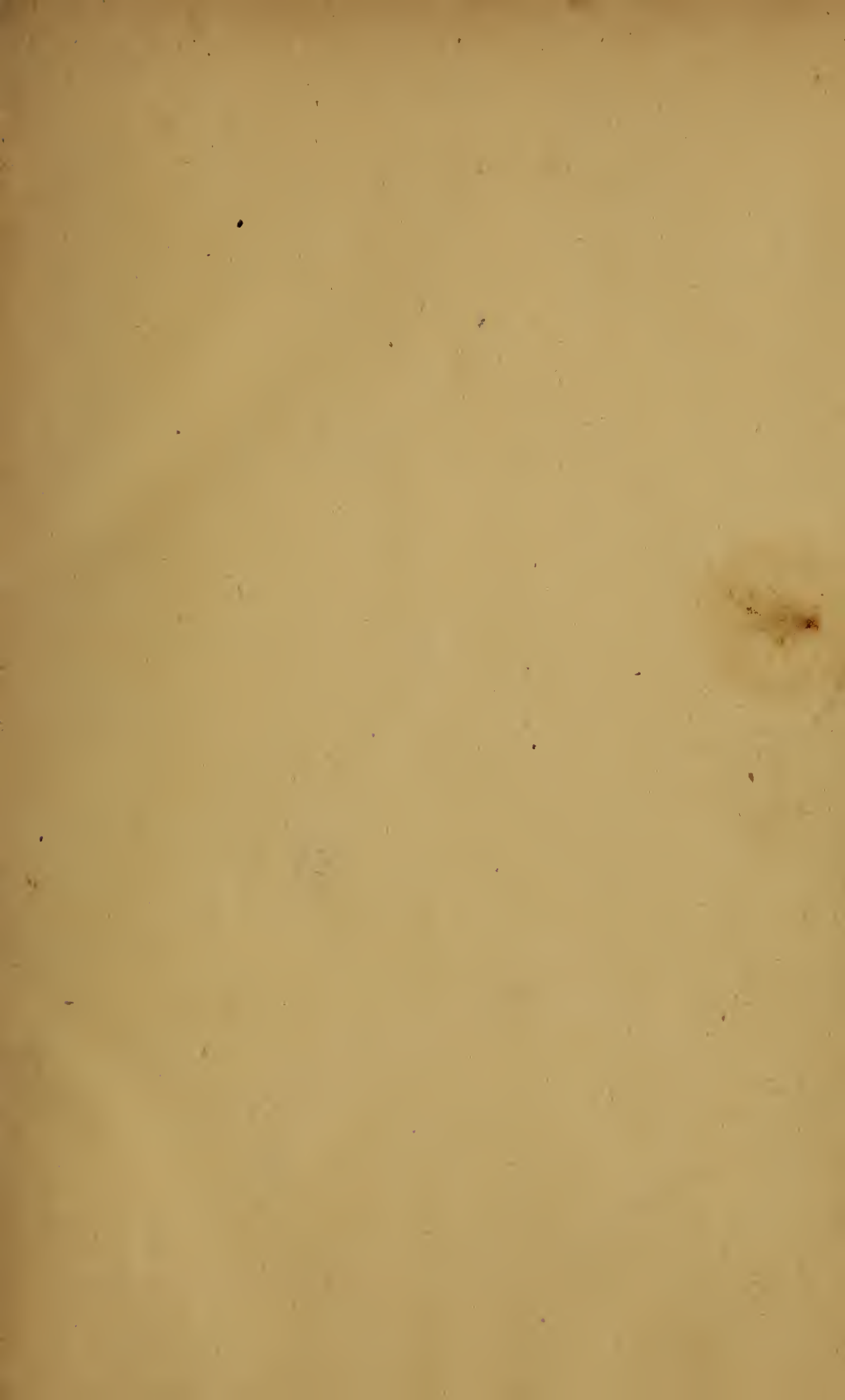
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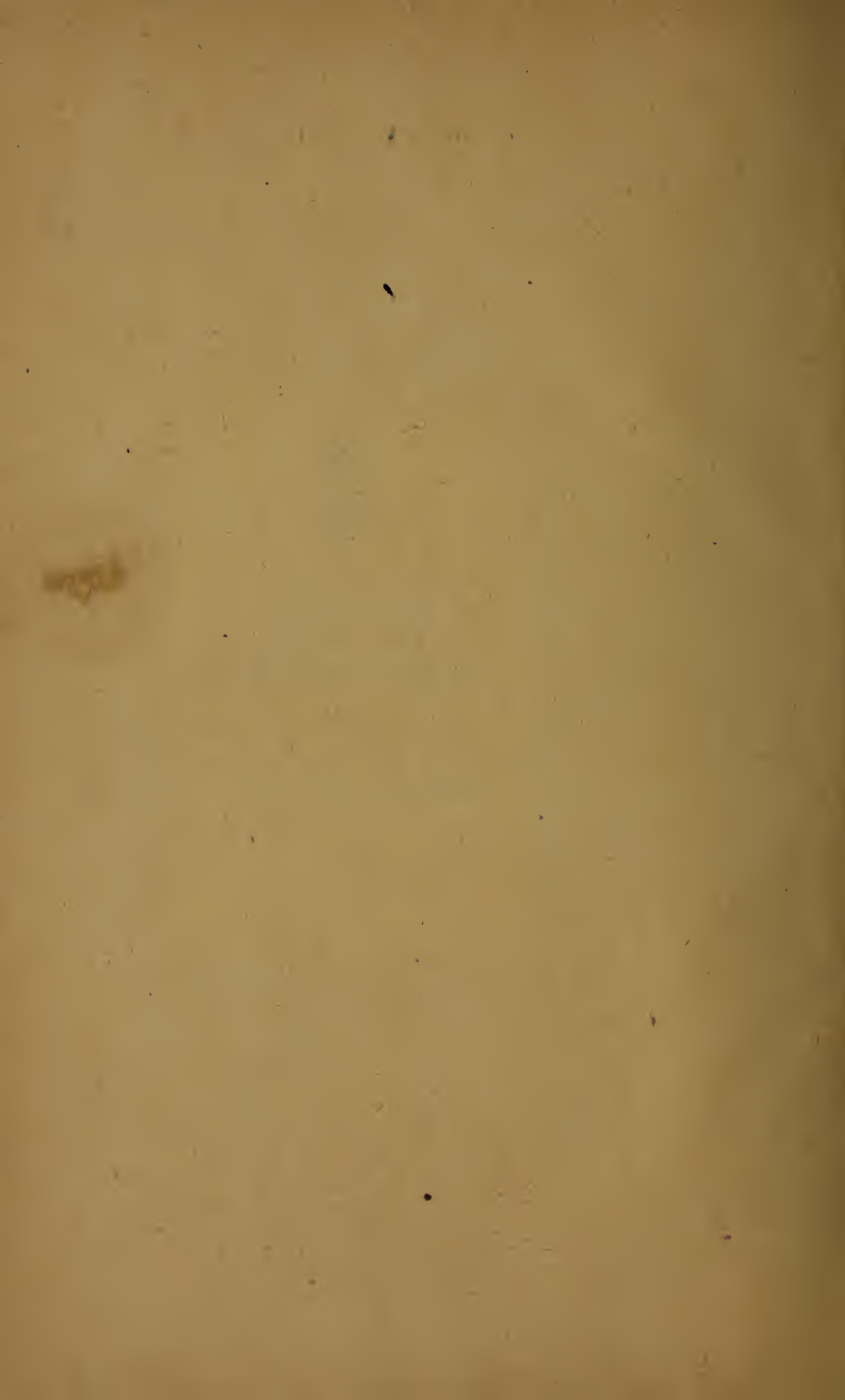


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THE  
ANGLO-AMERICAN  
MAGAZINE.

VOLUME I.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1852.

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TORONTO:  
THOMAS MACLEAR, 45 YONGE STREET.  
1852.

THE

ANGLO-AMERICAN

MAGAZINE

VOLUME I

TORONTO:

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1841 TO 1842

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1841

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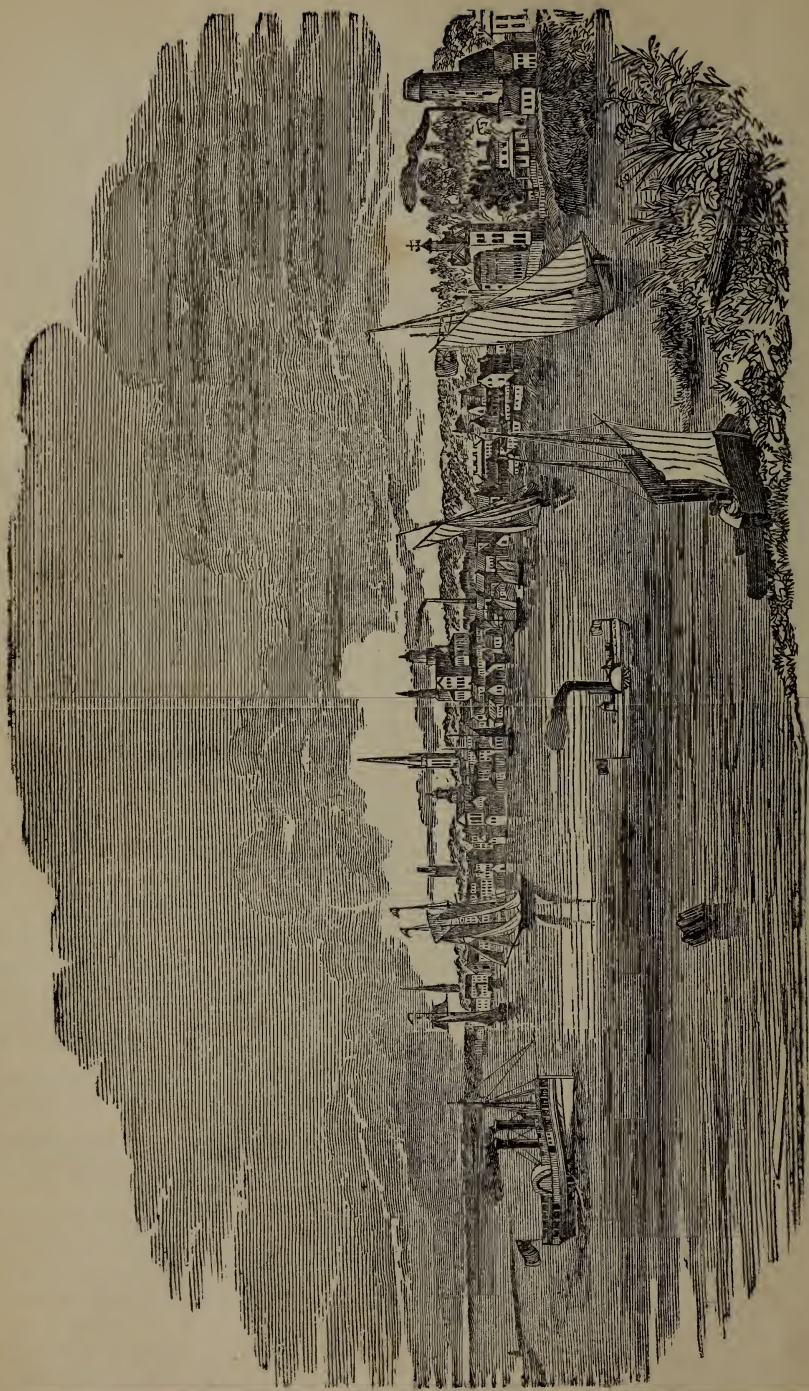
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VIEW OF LONDON FROM THE TOWER



THE

# ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

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Vol. I.—TORONTO: JULY, 1852.—No. 1.

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## THE CITIES OF CANADA.

### TORONTO.

It may be regarded as a high degree of local vanity—a species of Metropolitanism, closely allied to the pride of Cockaigne—which induces us to commence our series of illustrations of the cities of this portion of Our Most Gracious Majesty's Dominions, with a description of the place of our habitation. But, Reader, whatever the feeling which prompts this preference may be, you will, perhaps, readily concede that it is a most natural one. Dwelling in a city, whose every stone and brick has been placed in its present position, under the eye of many who remember the locality as the site of primeval woods, the region of swamp—of some who have seen the lonely wigwam of the Missasauga give place to the log-house of the earlier settler, and this in its turn disappear, to be replaced by the substantial and elegant structures of modern art—we feel that we are justified in yielding to the pardonable, if vain desire, of telling the wondrous metamorphosis of forty years. It is meet that we should rejoice over the triumph of civilization, the onward progress of our race, the extension of our language, institutions, tastes, manners, customs and feelings. In no spot within British territory could we find aggregated in so striking a manner, the

evidences of this startling change; in none should we trace so strongly marked the imprint of national migration; in few discover such ripened fruits of successful colonization. The genius of Britain presides over the destiny of her Offspring—the glory of the Empire enshrouds the prosperity of its Colony—the noble courage and strength of the Lion inspires and protects the industry of the Beaver—the Oak and the Maple unite their shadows over breasts which beat in unison for the common weal.

We boast not superior intelligence, we claim not greater, nor even an equal share of, local advantages over the sister cities of our country, but we assert, in sincerity of belief and in justice to ourselves, a rapidity of growth and a stability produced by wholesome enterprise, as encouraging as it is remarkable.

The fine Bay in front of the city is formed by the remarkable peninsula, which, commencing at the River Don, stretches away westward, with a singular bend or curve at its western extremity, until it approaches the mainland opposite the Garrison. Here, a very narrow channel marked by buoys, admits vessels of almost any tonnage to shelter and safe anchorage. Over this expanded sheet of water may be seen, at this season of the year, many a graceful and tidy little craft gliding along under the skilful management of its amateur



crew—yatching being a favourite amusement and source of recreation to the inhabitants, after the toils of the day and the confinement of their occupations. A considerable number of steamers, both British and American—arriving and departing almost hourly—and numerous sailing vessels, laden with the produce of the “back country,” or freighted with valuable imports from other lands, impart animation and bustle to the scene, which truly indicate the commercial activity of a thriving population; while the wharves which skirt the Bay, with their large warehouses and busy throng of stevedores, porters, carts, and cabs, confirm this impression.

Notwithstanding the disadvantage of its low situation, the effect produced on the mind when entering the Bay, and viewing the city from the deck of the steamer, is very pleasing and striking. Its spires and domes lighted up with the parting rays of the evening sun, the dark woods at the back, and the numerous handsome villas which flank the Bay, especially at its entrance, combine in creating an effective *coup d'œil*. A most prominent object, at the eastern end, is the Gaol, by no means a picturesque or prepossessing one, but still it may be taken as an indication of the general substantial and appropriate character of the buildings, being a solid symmetrical mass of grey limestone sufficiently significant of its purposes; not, however, in the same sense as the traveller, who said he knew that he was in a civilized country whenever he saw a gibbet. The Light House on the point of the Peninsula, the Lunatic Asylum, Government Wharf, the Parliament Buildings, the spires of St. George's, Knox's, and St. Andrew's Churches; St. Lawrence Buildings, the City Hall and Trinity Church, all attract the eye. The sites of the Anglican and Roman Cathedrals and the direction of the main streets, may also be made out. It is not our purpose to enter into a topographical description, and we therefore pass to other topics.

The “Queen City of the West” holds out no charms for the disciple of Monkbarns, and yet she has seen changes and vicissitudes in her time. All traces of these events it is true, are rapidly becoming extinct, recent as they have been; the few which still remain are not of sufficient interest to require any very extended

notice. And it is well that it should be so. The absence of such evidences, to the curious investigator of a future age, will establish more fully the wonderful brevity of our transition state. But we may permit ourselves the indulgence of some reminiscences of the days that are past. Few who now stroll along the well boarded sidewalks of King Street, reflect upon the inconvenience attending this recreation to their grand-sires and grand-dames, who were compelled to tuck up their garments and pick their way from tuft to tuft, from stone to stone, and even to content themselves with an occasional dip in the puddle; but,

“Nothing is a misery

Unless our weakness apprehend it so,”

and spite of these little contropieds, they would briskly do their shopping or call to enquire for Mrs. So-and-so and the darling little infant. It was no unusual sight to behold the heavy lumber waggon (Broughams were not then known,) sticking fast, up to the axle in the very middle of the Street, opposite to what is now McConkey's refectory, the gallant beaux constrained to soil their high-lows (Wellingtons enjoyed but a mythical existence in those primitive days) in the work of extrication. The party-going portion of the citizens were content either to “trudge it” or to be shaken down among the straw in a cart drawn by two sturdy oxen. The fashionable cry then was, “Mrs. McTavish's cart is here,” and the “gee up Buck, ha! way Bright” resounded as clearly among the pines and elms as the glib “all right” of your modern footman along the gaslit street. We have been assured by those who participated in the enjoyment of the festivities of the times, that the social pleasures were much enhanced by these, to one and to all, trifling *désagréments*; that while the amenities of life and conventional rules of society were strictly observed and respected, the simplicity of mode and frank hospitality rendered the gaieties of Little York as agreeably desirable as the more polished and fashionable reunions of the City of Toronto in 1852. Not that the latter virtue is less characteristic of modern society, but perhaps it was then better appreciated. The “even tenor of their way” received on one occasion a severe and alarming check.

The morning of the 27th of April, 1812, dawned with all the genial brightness of

an early spring on the inhabitants of the Town and revealed to their wondering gaze, the unwelcome sight of a hostile fleet ranged in battle order at the entrance of the Bay. War having been declared by America against England, such a casualty was not altogether unexpected by the authorities. But sanguine ever, all hearts were filled with hope that their quiet noek would escape the disturbance consequent upon aggression, and the ordinary pursuits of life were until that morning uninterruptedly maintained. On the previous day a brilliant entertainment had been given at the Garrison, and arrangements were made to continue the festivities at the house of one the principal of Matrons that night. The hour of assembling was much earlier than that now sanctioned by the arbitrary rules of fashion. The ladies had all arrived and the gentlemen were momentarily expected, among the latter there were of course included several gallant sons of Mars. Hour after hour passed away and the favored guests came not. At length one, more thoughtfully considerate than the others, rode in haste to the door and left a polite message excusing his absence. This was shortly followed by a missive from the Lady's "remaining portion" stating that the alarm of attack would possibly prevent his return that night. The panic created by this intelligence may readily be conceived—each fair and trembling belle hastened back to the protection of the parental roof. The amiable Hostess, taking what precautions she could devise for the security of her house, patiently but anxiously awaited the return of her husband, who, at a late hour, came for a brief space to provide himself with the necessary munitions of war and counselled her to seek refuge from the danger she would encounter in his house, which was in a position much exposed to the enemy's fire. Hastily collecting those valuables which could be easily removed, she then repaired to the house of the Honble. J. McGill, at present inhabited by Mr. McCutcheon, which was considered to be a place of security, and had already become the hospitiun of others similarly circumstanced. News of the progress of the battle was conveyed to them from time to time—at length an appeal was made for them to take a more active part in the business of the day. The men who had been engaged from an early hour were greatly exhausted from want of food. Every fair hand

was instantly at work to prepare a repast for the famishing soldier. While thus honourably employed, a terrific sound appals the heart with terror and dismay—the magazine has exploded! They feel that the fate of the brave is sealed—the issue of the contest decided. And now apprehension as to what would be the conduct of the victors absorbs for a time every other feeling. This being found to be a groundless source of anxiety, and the enemy shortly afterwards abandoning their vantage ground, matters soon resumed their wonted aspect.

Since the peace of 1814, Toronto has steadily increased in wealth and population. A just idea of this progress may be formed by the following facts.

At the period just alluded to there were about 900 souls living in Little York, to which some writers are wondrously fond of prefixing "muddy." In twenty years the population had reached 4,000. Ten years more swelled this number to 15,336. The census of the present year gives 30,763!

The first house on King Street was erected on a lot *given* to an enterprising settler, on the condition that he would build a house upon it. Not many days ago, a lot of land, about one-fourth of an acre in extent, and situated beyond the toll-gate on Yonge Street, two miles and a half from the city, was sold at auction for £900! The annual rental of a house in the business part of King Street is £300!

Where Bay Street *now is*, was part of an orchard or small "clearing." When the proposition to purchase this, *by the foot*, was first made, the idea was scouted as most ridiculous—*inches* have since become the subject of litigation! The assessed value of the property within the liberties of the Corporation, is estimated at £3,116,400!

The earliest settlers were content to receive their flour from the Commissariat stores, as the only source of supply. To-day the value of the dutiable and free goods imported is £694,597! The exports to the United States, and the various ports of our inland seas and rivers, amount to £409,206.

Such, reader, is the history which figures tell,—who, then, shall gainsay the reasonableness of our pride?

It is certainly a source of regret that with all this magic advancement in the substantialities of condition and importance, so very little,



comparatively, has been done to mark an equal progress in the higher qualities which adorn and accompany civilization. When one walks along King and Yonge Streets, and views with mingled feelings of surprise and admiration, the splendid Cathedral, the handsome St. Lawrence Buildings, and the princely stores already built or in the course of erection, the mind will naturally revert to the intelligence which designed, and the skill which is completing them; and a desire will as naturally arise to ascertain the character and extent of the institutions appropriated to the furtherance of intellectual pursuits. Alas! shall we confess it, in this we are miserably deficient. Not a solitary building is to be seen answering this description. There is not even a public library! In the St. Lawrence Buildings there is a very large and convenient room, appropriated as a reading-room, and kept well supplied with the current periodical literature of the day—but that is all. Nor is there a room even devoted to the collection of specimens of art, or the fruits of genius. It may be said that we are unreasonable in this accusation, that the place is too young for such matters. But when we call to remembrance the work of this nature which has been done in smaller, less wealthy, and less important communities, we cannot refrain from expressing our conviction that much more ought to have been accomplished in Toronto.

Much to the credit of its promoters, there is a flourishing Mechanics' Institute, possessing a library worthy of better accommodation.

Within the past two years, also, a Society has been organized, under the appellation of "The Canadian Institute," which has for its object the promotion of literature, science, and art. Under the auspices of this Association, (which has been chartered,) a monthly publication is shortly to make its appearance, devoted to the cultivation of these pursuits. We hail this as a good omen of what we may shortly expect on a more extended and comprehensive scale.

We must also enter our protest against the injudicious manner in which most of the public buildings are "located," (to borrow a Columbian idiomatic term). The general effect of a fine proportionate building, however classical its style and elaborate its ornamentation, is completely destroyed by being crowded in

among other less pretending structures, in an out-of-the-way place. Witness the result in the St. Lawrence Buildings—in the new Post Office, a truly chaste and well-designed piece of architecture, poked away behind an uninteresting row of fire-proof windows, in Messrs. Whittemore's four-storied warehouses. The same remark will apply to many others, but these examples will suffice.

The absence of large spaces, in the form of public squares, gardens and arrangements of a similar kind, is also most remarkable, and very much to be regretted. In a city whose local disadvantages, as far as public health is concerned, have been made the subject of frequent comment, we opine that the wisest policy would be to make a sacrifice of present wealth, for the purpose of future good.

The railroads to the north and west, and eventually to the east—the increasing means of water communication—the vast extent of cleared and highly cultivated farms around it, and the extending settlement of large tracts of land, point to a prosperous future for this city. We might expatiate on this and kindred topics to greater length, but we should only tire the patience of the reader, and exceed the proper bounds allotted to our subject.

[A View of the City had been completed for publication, but being disappointed with it, we have refrained from inserting it in the present issue. There are very great difficulties to be encountered in attempting a faithful picture of the place. We have seen several productions of various professional artists and amateurs, and in all, the failure has been nearly alike, and has arisen from the same causes. In one, we remember, to have discovered the nearest approach to accuracy of detail combined with decided pictorial effect, but its minuteness and panoramic character rendered it unsuitable for the purposes of this publication. The difficulties which preclude the possibility of taking a good general view, partake of the same nature which obtains with respect to all cities which are situated on low and flat surfaces, where the principal buildings are not isolated or separated to any extent from the surrounding houses, and where there are no contiguous heights from which an extended prospect is afforded to the eye.]

For the Anglo-American Magazine.

THE ADVANTAGES OFFERED BY THE COLONIES  
EQUAL, IF NOT SUPERIOR, TO THOSE OFFERED  
BY THE UNITED STATES.

IN presenting "Amicus" to our readers, we take the first step towards the fulfilment of the pledge, that original subjects, connected with British North American interests, should, as occasion demands, appear in our pages, and it will be apparent to our readers that it is but the first of a series of articles on similar subjects. We may add, that besides "Amicus," the MS. of a work on Emigration, for the particular use of the French, Germans, and Belgians, is now before us. The author has passed several years in the United States, and appears, after patient and laborious investigation of his subject, during which time he has collected a great mass of materials, to have arrived at the same conclusion as "Amicus," viz., that the British North American Provinces offer a more desirable home to the emigrant than the United States.

The author dwells particularly on the evils that have resulted to the States from the *modus operandi* of speculating emigration companies, in the introduction of a vast number of most undesirable citizens to the Union, and he contends farther that a very large body, of a superior class, really desirous of emigration for legitimate purposes, have been deterred, from leaving their fatherland, and seeking our shores, through fear of again coming in contact with the restless and dangerous spirits who have preceded them. He says:—

"About twelve years ago there appeared in Germany several works on the United States, guides for emigrants. These books were obviously written by parties (German) employed by speculators, whether land or ship-owners—perhaps by the American Government itself. These works were widely circulated in pamphlet form, by agents specially selected for their aptness in making *ad captandum* appeals to the masses of the people, and in spreading far and wide the most fabulous versions of Republican institutions and Republican prosperity and wealth. The happiness of each man dwelling under his own fig tree, and governed by laws of his own making, was dwelt on with due emphasis.

"By employing these deceptive means, the Americans induced large bodies to leave, but now bitterly suffer from the evil consequences

of their error in diverting the stream of emigration from its natural and universal course, and directing it solely to their own channel. For Germany itself the loss has been a gain—as it has been an especial boon that so many impure elements have been swept away from her shores—so many dangers removed, that threatened her prosperity in a political, religious, and social point of view."

Our author maintains "that if emigration to these Provinces be desirable, a more sympathetic relation with the wealthier and better educated classes in Germany, Belgium, and France, should be entered into," and recommends that some exertions should be made to disabuse these classes of the opinion they generally entertain that the British Provinces are, as are the United States, the point to which the disaffected and disappointed, the Illuminati of Germany, the Carbonari of Italy, direct their course, as affording a new and wider field for the ramifications of their respective secret associations. He seems to be quite *au fait* on the subject of the various political divisions in the United States, and asserts that the very number of these various parties afford a wider field of operation for the political *intrigant*, and winds up by very distinctly assuring his countrymen "that in this good, generous, and noble country, the land of free soilers and free institutions, men are *less free* than under stronger Governments."

Our author is perhaps too sharp in his remarks, and their causticity and satire prevent our making more copious extracts; but be it remembered that a perfect deluge of similar writings, on the opposite side of the question, has been poured forth, and that strong language respecting Monarchies, and the degraded condition of the unfortunates living under them has not been wanting, and that it behoves us, if we really desire to see the tide of immigration set in on our shores, to afford those richer and better educated classes, whom he represents as desirous of emigration, practical information as to our really free government, climate, soil, and other advantages.

I am aware that in treating of the subject indicated by the above title, I shall have to encounter much of misconception and misapprehension, that prevails very generally, as to the superior advantages which the United States are supposed to



possess, over the British possessions in this hemisphere; and to contend against prejudices, that have been engendered by misrepresentations which have been industriously disseminated, and which have been strengthened in no ordinary degree, by the apparently superior condition of the American population, in the vicinity of the Canadian boundary line; and which is incorrectly supposed to demonstrate an advanced state of society throughout the entire Union, than which no conclusion could be more erroneous.

European writers, who have visited that Country and who have partially travelled in the Northern section of the United States, have been at a loss to account for the comparatively prosperous condition of our American neighbours, when compared with that of the Colonies; and have been led to attribute this discrepancy to superior intelligence and activity, the offspring of republican institutions; but which in reality, is the result of intense exertion and untiring industry—the legacy left them by the original settlers of the country, one far superior to wealth and fortune.

Throughout the whole extent of the United States, the same fundamental laws prevail, and the same free institutions exist; and yet the British Colonies offer no more striking contrast, than is exhibited between the Northern and Southern States. The moment you cross the Potomac and enter Virginia, you meet with the same inertness, with which the inhabitants of the British Provinces are charged; and after you leave Baltimore, generally speaking, there is no longer to be seen, the energy and enterprise of the North. The railroad will transport the traveller in less than two hours, from that stirring and thriving city to Washington, and a sail of half an hour will convey him to Alexandria, the commerce of which at one time exceeded that of New York; but the streets appear to be deserted, and the town is said to have scarcely advanced within the last half century. It is true, a railroad has recently been commenced, which will lead into the interior, and a canal connects with the Cumberland mines in another direction; but as yet with little accompanying benefit, if a judgment can be formed from the appearance of the place.

Proceeding to Richmond, the capital of the State, although it is a more busy place, yet it has not made that progress, which from its position, one would be led to expect; and a canal that was commenced soon after the close of the revolutionary war, meant to extend to the Blue Ridge, connecting it with James River at Richmond is not yet completed; and now that a railroad has

been commenced at Alexandria, extending in the same direction, probably it never will be finished. Descending that river, we arrive at Norfolk, only to be again disappointed, and on reaching Wilmington, in North Carolina, the terminus of the Northern railroad, the appearance of things have rather deteriorated than improved. Thence a steamboat conveys the traveller in ten or twelve hours to Charleston, South Carolina, the population of which has not increased to any extent in the last twenty years; although during the season when cotton is shipped, it is a place of considerable commercial activity. A similar remark will apply to Savannah, the place of shipment from Georgia; although recently it is on the increase, owing to the projected railroads which are in part completed, connecting it with Florida, and by which, produce can be conveyed from the shores of the Ohio. In North Carolina education has been but little disseminated among the lower order of whites, and in Georgia, where the country people are termed "Crackers," they are the most miserable looking and ignorant class of persons to be conceived; and I never met one of them, without thinking of the Palmer in "Marmion," and repeating to myself,—

"Poor wretch! the mother that him bare,  
Had she but been in presence there,  
In his worn cheek and sun-burnt hair,  
She had not known her child!

If we pass on to Mobile, at the mouth of the Alabama River, we find a place of more activity, but dependent entirely upon the shipment of cotton, and affected in a most extraordinary degree, by the slightest fluctuation in the price of that article in the British market,—showing conclusively, that it has no innate resources upon which to rely; and it is only on arriving at New Orleans that we witness the busy scenes of Baltimore, Boston and New York; but which is referable to the introduction of northern enterprise, and the establishment of European Houses there. American institutions and example, have wrought no change in the character of the original inhabitants of the place, among whom there are old persons, as I understood when there, who have never crossed the street, which separates the American from the French and Spanish Municipality.

Advancing up the Mississippi, Baton Rouge, Vicksburg, Natchez, and Memphis, are the only places at which the steamboats usually call, Louisville, on the Ohio, is reached—a distance of five hundred miles from New Orleans in a direct line, and by the circuitous route of the river probably two hundred more. Louisville is a place of considerable trade, settled, as the Western



States necessarily were, from the north, and where I even met with two natives of Nova Scotia; but it is not till Cincinnati is reached that the enterprise and energy of the Northern States is fully developed, in the establishment of extensive iron and cotton manufactories, the curing of immense quantities of pork, and the employment of Germans in the cultivation of the vine, and extensively in horticultural and agricultural pursuits.

I am aware that much of the backward condition of the Southern States, may be attributed to the existence of slavery, which tends to degrade labour; yet after making every allowance for this incubus, for such it really is, still they stand out in marked contrast with the North; and even the tardy advancement they have made may be attributed to the immigration of persons from that section of the Union, who have engaged in mercantile and partially in mechanical pursuits, or who are cultivating farms in Virginia and Western Georgia—resuscitating the worn-out soil and rendering it productive.

It will be seen from this brief survey of the Southern portion of the American Union, that whatever improvement has been made in the condition of the country, is mainly attributable to the presence of people from the North and from the New England States, who have carried with them the same indomitable energy and enterprise which enabled the latter to establish for themselves and their posterity a prosperous and happy home, on the comparatively bleak and barren shores of Massachusetts and Maine,—to form themselves into incipient republics, and ultimately to incite the other States to take up arms against the government of the Parent Country, when it sought to violate the constitution, and ultimately to succeed in establishing the independence of the United States.

At the period when that event occurred, the British Provinces were still in their infancy, Canada having but recently been conquered by the British arms, and Nova Scotia, which had repeatedly changed masters, together with Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island, then called the Island of St. John, having been permanently ceded by the treaty of 1763. At this time there were in these Colonies a large population of Acadian French, to which was added, at the close of the revolutionary war, an influx of refugees from the United States, who settled in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, which was then formed into a distinct Province; and numbers of these loyal men, with their families, also sought refuge in Canada.

Scarcely had this happened, when the first French revolution astonished the world, the germ of which had been transported from America; and England became involved in a war with France, which lasted upwards of twenty years, during which the Colonies necessarily experienced but little of that fostering care, so necessary for their advancement; the energies of the nation being directed against the common enemy. Their trade was also cramped and circumscribed by those restrictive laws, once deemed so essential to British interests in the Mother Country. Still immigration had gone on slowly but steadily advancing, and in 1827, the population of Nova Scotia, including Cape Breton, according to the census of that year, was 153,848,—that of New Brunswick was probably 100,000,—of Prince Edward Island, 40,000; while that of Lower Canada, which in 1763 was 70,000, had increased in 1825 to 450,000; and that of Upper Canada, which in 1783 was estimated at only 10,000 souls, in 1823 had reached 231,778. The population of Prince Edward Island has now attained, if my recollection serves me, 70,000—that of New Brunswick, 170,000,—of Nova Scotia, 200,000; and United Canada contains nearly two millions of inhabitants.

While the British Colonies were gradually increasing during the long French and short American war, the United States were advancing in their career of prosperity, owing to causes with which their institutions had nothing to do. Occupying a neutral position, they monopolized almost all the carrying trade of France; men of property fled from that country and San Domingo, and an influx of wealth, amounting almost to plethora, was the inevitable result. Since that period, immigration has been directed to their shores, from the Continent of Europe and the British Isles, every pains having been taken to allure immigrants thither; until the population, which, at the termination of the war of independence, did not exceed three millions, at present is upwards of twenty.

The application of steam to the propulsion of vessels on rivers and lakes, opened up a new era, and facilitated the settlement of the far distant West; and an unrestricted and profitable commerce has been carried on by its active citizens, with the most remote parts of the globe; while at home manufactories and the useful arts have been introduced, and have made considerable progress.

This is the bright and most pleasing side of the picture; but, on the other hand, faction has reared its hydra-head;—the North is arrayed against the South, and the South against the North,—the new

States against the old, and the old against the new. Then the two prominent parties of Whigs and Democrats, which are doggedly opposed to each other, are split up into Free-Soilers, Unionists, State-rights Men, Abolitionists, Barn-Burners, Old Hunkers, Young Americans, and Old Fogies; and every four years the Union is convulsed to its very centre, as is the case at the present moment, with reference to the selection of a President, involving a struggle for office.

The extension of territory, growing out of the acquisition of Texas, and the consequent Mexican war, must have the effect of perpetuating the excitement which at present prevails; and may ultimately lead to disastrous results, affecting the integrity of the Union, should Congress determine that the area of slavery shall not be enlarged, in accordance with the prevailing sentiments of the age, the dictates of humanity, and even the interest of the new States themselves, which may hereafter be formed, it being very generally admitted at the South, that hired labour would be infinitely more advantageous than that of slaves. The great difficulty attending their manumission being, as to the disposal of them if they were free; as when they have been enfranchised, even to a partial extent, they are found to be an incumbrance—so much so, that there is evidently a determination to expatriate them by legal enactment. Add to all this, the interminable excitement and turmoil, caused by the frequent recurrence of elections for State officers, judges, and other local public functionaries, and it will at once be perceived, that the United States offer but little inducement to the lover of domestic tranquillity and happiness, to select that country for his permanent abode.

During my tours through the United States, I have frequently come in contact with natives of the British Isles, who were employed in the manufactories at the North, whom I found very intelligent men, and who had been disappointed in the expectations they had formed, previous to their arrival. The wages they obtained, they said, were nominally higher, but employment was very uncertain; and they could live better in England on a dollar a day, than they could in the United States. The only advantage which they offered, over the Mother Country, was in the greater facilities afforded for educating their children; but which may be as readily obtained in the Colonies. I would here observe, that a Bill has recently passed the House of Representatives, granting one hundred and sixty acres of land, to settlers not worth five hundred dollars. Were this plan

adopted in relation to British subjects, who are at present toiling amid disappointment and estrangement, many of whom have relatives in Canada, a vast number of these men would avail themselves of the offer of one hundred acres, on similar terms, who would become excellent members of society, the more firmly attached to British rule from what they have seen of Republican institutions.

With reference to soil and climate, I can perceive no advantage which the United States possess in either of these respects, over the British Colonies; nor are they at all richer in mineral resources, which abound in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Canada. As to soil, that of the States of Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and even New York, does not equal in fertility that of the British Provinces; and although the spring may open a little earlier south of New England, yet the same bleak and inclement weather everywhere prevails until June, which is experienced in the extreme north of New Brunswick; and it is not until Mobile and New Orleans are reached, that its chilling influence ceases to be felt. In the Southern States the summer season is prolific of disease; and such is the malaria of North and South Carolina, that exposure at night is almost certain death; and even the negroes who cultivate the rice plantations, suffer from the miasma arising from the low and swampy lands, which generally proves fatal to those who have been unaccustomed to it from infancy.

If we revert to the British Provinces, we find a totally altered state of affairs, from what existed even five-and-twenty years ago; and had one-half the concessions been made to the former Colonies, they never would have revolted—whose object was not to rebel, but to obtain an acknowledgment of their rights as British subjects. Those laws which were formerly inimical to trade, have been repealed, and the vessel of the Colonist may freely navigate every sea; the sole and exclusive right to levy duties and expend the revenue which they yield, has been conceded to their legislative bodies; the Crown Lands, of immense value, over which in the United States, Congress exercises paramount control, have been surrendered to the local governments. The Custom House, which furnished such ample ground of complaint, to the former Colonies of Great Britain, retains but the shadow of its former self, there being no longer any Imperial duties to collect. The management of the Post Office and its revenues has been yielded to the Provincial Governments. And the Colonial Governors must select



for their advisers, men who possess the confidence of a majority of the representatives of the people. Thus, in a financial point of view, the position of the Colonist is superior to that of the citizen of the United States.

With reference to the superior natural and other advantages which the British Provinces possess over the United States, it would far exceed the proper limits of this paper were I to attempt minutely to describe them. In the Bay of Fundy, on the coast of Nova Scotia, around Prince Edward Island, and in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the water literally teems with life; and no where can the fisheries be carried on more beneficially for internal consumption and the supply of foreign markets. Swarms of fishing vessels from Salem, Cape Cod, Marble Head, and other places in their vicinity, annually proceed to the fishing grounds to the northward of Prince Edward Island and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, which can only compete with the British fishermen, by means of a bounty that is granted by the State Legislature, owing to the length of the voyage, and the fish having to be brought home salted down in bulk, and cured after their arrival, foreigners not being allowed to land and cure the fish near where they are caught.

When Prince Edward Island was surrendered by the French, in 1745, it had 10,000 head of black cattle; several of the farmers raised annually 12,000 bushels of wheat; and it was so much improved as to be called *the granary of Canada*. It is yet a fine agricultural country, where several English gentlemen of wealth and standing, have purchased delightful residences; and if the island is not so productive as it should be, it is owing to the indolent habits of its population, many of whom are French, and the unfortunate propensity for lumbering and ship-building, which formerly prevailed to such an extent as to involve those engaged in these pursuits in inevitable ruin, during the panic of 1826.

Cape Breton, lying to the eastward of Nova Scotia, and forming part of that Province, from which it is separated by the Gut of Canso, is also a highly fertile island; the eastern and north-eastern portions of which have been settled chiefly by immigrants from Scotland; and it abounds with mineral coal of the finest quality, the mines of which are worked by a wealthy English company, as are those of Pictou, on the eastern part of Nova Scotia proper.

That Province is in a high state of cultivation; the blessings of education have there been widely diffused; and it possesses a population not to be exceeded, as respects comfort and intelligence,

by any community in America. In New Brunswick the lumbering pursuit has produced the same disastrous results, which are everywhere its attendants; and the consequence is, that cleared land may be obtained at a reasonable rate, numbers of farmers having been ruined, and there is abundance of public land in the market. Greater attention is being paid to emigration than formerly, and the public schools are under the surveillance of a Superintendent, in whom the utmost confidence may be placed. The river St. John, flowing through the heart of the Province, and emptying into the Bay of Fundy, and the Miramichi, which discharges its waters into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, connect the interior with the ocean at two distant points.

Of the natural and ample resources of Canada, it were unnecessary to say more, than that with a soil of the richest quality, with lakes and rivers of immense magnitude, and with a climate unsurpassed in salubrity in any part of America, it offers every inducement to the emigrant in search of a home; whom the means of water communication will enable to reach the most distant points of settlement, with ease and facility. At length, as in Virginia, the attention of the inhabitants of Canada is being turned to railroad improvement, by which the river Detroit will be connected, in a direct line, with the head of Lake Ontario—Toronto with the Georgian Bay and the beautiful Lake Simcoe—Kingston with Montreal—and Bytown with the St. Lawrence. And should the negotiations at present going on with British Companies prove successful, a main trunk line will connect Canada with the Atlantic, at the spacious harbour of Halifax,—the other terminus of which will ultimately be on the shores of the Pacific.

In addition to the natural advantages and resources of the British Provinces, the British subject—and to such I would more particularly address myself—has the happiness and privilege of continuing to live under British institutions, and is protected by laws that are promptly and impartially administered. Republican institutions may be all very well for those who have been born, educated and brought up under them; and it is evident that no other form of government would suit the American people, who consider monarchy and despotism as synonymous terms. But that they afford greater or even equal protection to life, or secure a greater degree of freedom—either civil or religious, than is possessed by the inhabitants of the British Colonies, I very much doubt; and the opinion I entertain will, I am sure, meet

with approval from every dispassionate and unprejudiced American, who has visited Europe, and observed the operation of the British Constitution.

That a native of the British Isles may permanently fix his abode in the United States, and will experience much hospitality and kindness, I readily admit; but he will not meet with congenial minds among the American population, nor those habits and tastes to which he has been accustomed; he can feel no interest in the political struggle, which is continually occurring; and the tangled web of American politics, it would be folly in him to attempt to unravel. He may even swear allegiance to the United States, and renounce that which he owes to his native country; but while this invests him with the rights of a citizen, it will not exalt him in the estimation of those among whom he has established his home. The true American is an ardent admirer and lover of his country, and like the knight of old, is ready to break a lance with whoever doubts the peerless perfection of the object of his affection; and he doubts the fidelity and truthfulness of the man, in his new character, who would renounce his fealty to his sovereign, and

"With soul so dead  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land;  
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,  
As home his footsteps he hath turned,  
From wandering on a foreign strand."

It is to the Provinces, therefore, that a British subject should direct his steps, when quitting, probably forever, the home of his childhood; where he will enjoy liberty without licentiousness; is eligible to fill every office of trust or emolument, to which he can reasonably aspire, and for which he may be qualified; where he will retain the proud and enviable position of a subject of that sovereign, upon whose empire the sun never sets—may listen to those national airs that have gladdened his heart from childhood; be cheered on his way to the temple of his God, by the sound of the church-going bell, reminding him, perhaps, of

"The village church among the trees,  
Where once his marriage vows were given,  
With merry peal that swelled the breeze,  
Pointing with tapering spire to heaven;"

and be protected by that noble flag, which, "for a thousand years has braved the battle and the breeze."

With the removal of all vexatious restrictions, upon trade, has vanished all civil and religious disabilities in the British Colonies,—all disqualifications founded on difference in religious creeds; everywhere liberal and ample provision is made for the promotion of education; and all that is

required to render these Provinces as flourishing as the United States, is the vigorous improvement of the advantages they possess, a cordial union among themselves, and enlightened legislation. A prevailing characteristic of the present age, is an impious discontent—from which the citizens of the Republic, possessing all the points of Chartism, are not exempt. To check and control this evil propensity of our nature, should be the study and endeavour of every man who values the welfare and tranquillity of himself and those around him; and of this all may be assured, that the absence of contentment is the fruitful source of much of the discomfort and disappointment in life.

AMICUS.

### ILLUSION.

Ah! "could we think!" but who that sails  
Upon a tranquil sea  
E'er dreamt of storms, and rising gales,  
Of hidden rocks that be;  
Of graves "five fathom deep"—  
Who that beholds the blooming rose,  
Is dreaming of decay?  
Who thinks upon December's snows,  
The while enchanting May  
Her loveliest robe puts on!  
Who that on the rising sun  
Is gazing, joy imprest,  
Thinks of his brilliant journey done,  
When, fading in the west,  
His glories lost shall be.—  
But what avail were 't ours to pierce  
The vista dim of years?  
Could we time's secret working trace  
And through the vale of tears,  
Our destined path survey.

G.

### FORGET ME NOT.

Flower of remembrance fount, the token,  
Whisperer of hearts by sorrow broken;  
Last gift of love, their origin of woe  
Who, that has learnt, could check the tears warm  
flow,  
The rushing current of regret restrain,  
Or banish grief, since grief was ever vain?  
Alas! alas! the hopelessness of woe  
Who that e'er wept does not too dearly know.  
Forget me not! how oft by passion spoken,  
Ah! me by passion, too, how frequent broken!  
Forget me not! the passing spirits wail;  
Forget me not! still sighs the moaning gale,  
From wanderer wafted, to far country gone,  
Fated, it may be, never to return!  
Forget me not, the clinging heart's sole prayer,  
Fond, last petition in its deep despair!  
And still, "Forget me not" the farewell cry  
Of suffering nature in her agony!

G.



## THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.

## No. I.

## PROLOGUE.

GENTLE READER! (all readers are gentle, *ex-officio*, even although they should be first-cousins to Orson!)—gentle reader, if you are at all conversant with the topography of the country which lies between *Sanct Mungo's* city of Glasgow, and Ayr, famed for its

"Honest men and bonnie lassies."

it would be a work of impertinence for me to rehearse to you the whereabouts of the ancient Royal Burgh Town of Dreepdaily.

On the other hand, should you be ignorant of the aforesaid classic district of North Britain, a formal recapitulation of its latitude and longitude, and such like geographical items, would be as marrowless and dry (*wersh*, as Scotsmen would say,) as a lawyer's bill of costs in a suit to which, providentially, you were no party!

In these circumstances, I shall say nothing more on the matter;—a resolution for which I shall, doubtless, be lauded by many, and censured by none, save those kiln-dried grubs of literature, who love to devour doting directories, and batten, Ghoul-like upon glumphy gazetteers!

It is twenty-five—or, "by our Lady,"—it may closely be treading upon the heels of some thirty years (like Hamlet's ghostly father I keep but an indifferent "note of time!") since first I left Dreepdaily, to push my fortune in this woody country of Canada.

Perchance it was in Quebec that I laid the foundation of that competence which I am now enjoying in Toronto—perchance it was in Montreal or Cornwall,—at any rate, the question is one in which you cannot possibly have any very deep interest. Should you be a member, however, of the fraternity of *gossips*—a brotherhood which the Reformation utterly failed to extinguish—I have *instructed* Mr. Maclear (to use the semi-regal language of auctioneers) to convey to you the desired information,—conditionally, always, that you are a subscriber to his Magazine, and promise religiously to keep the secret when imparted to you!

Since my primary exodus from dear Scotland, I have cast my optics over many nooks

and corners of this our planet. As the old song hath it—

"Far have I wandered,  
And farther have I seen,"

but never have I lighted upon a spot which was half so wooing or winsome as Dreepdaily! It is very conceivable that the orthodoxy of this conclusion of mine may be questioned by not a few in these latter days of contradiction and controversy. Nay more, it is quite possible that my antagonists may be able to advance plausible reasons why they quarrel with my opinion. Not unlikely, there may be greener meadows—more fertile valleys, and woods of a richer and deeper complexion than those which surround that unpretending spot! With all this, however, I am "foolish and fond" enough to prefer the simple characteristics of my birth-place, to the noblest landscape Claude ever conceived or realized. It may argue little for my taste for the picturesque; but when speaking of Dreepdaily as it was—mark well, good reader, *as it was*—I am much inclined to sing, with glorious old Sir David Lindsay, of the Mount—

"—— its pleasure"

Might be a pattern in Portugal or France!"

Is it strange that I should feel thus? No!—a thousand times, No! The "banks and braes" where we first pulled a *gowan*, and first "*harried*" a nest become invested by those acts with a freshness and a beauty, peculiarly and exclusively their own!

Dear, dear Dreepdaily! I think I see the whole scene as distinctly as it existed thirty years ago. The time is seven in the morning—the season midsummer, and the tall birch trees scarcely move to the salutation of the light zephyr-like breeze, which, skimming over Deacon Colewart's garden, diffuses a delicious odour of salery and sweet-briar through the Main Street. At yonder gusset-house sits old Elspeth Nairn, who, tempted by the *lowness* of the morning, has brought her wheel out of doors—she is stone-blind, but cheerful in her darkness, for, though poor as poverty itself, she is well seen to by her neighbours, who respect and pity—no, that is not the word—sympathize with one who has seen better days. Her story is too long to tell now, but it may be partly gathered from the little flax-poll'd urchin who is essaying to rouse the old tom-cat from its lethargy, by trailing a worsted thread before its nose. His

tunic is manufactured from a faded soldier's jacket, and as the aged woman taps her *oe* on the shoulder, her hand rests upon the only remaining button, on which the figures 42 are impressed. Well she knows the characters by the feel, for see a quiet tear starts from her sightless eye, and wends slowly down her furrowed cheek. That button is more precious to her than the richest gem of Golconda, for it tells of an only son slain on the field of Waterloo, fighting bravely for his king and country!

Yonder tall personage, habited in rusty black, who moves down the Main Street with the solemn gravity of a *Saulie*, is Master Paumy, the schoolmaster. He is a perfect dungeon of learning, who is whispered to have discovered the philosopher's stone, and to whom

"Even Hebrew is not more difficile,  
Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle."

Many there be who assert that he should have had a kirk thirty years ago, and that "if he only got a trial, he could *ding the guts oot o' a Bible* as weel as the minister himsell." But alas! his father was neither a laird nor a grieve, and the highest promotion he could win from the heritors, was the birch and the *lettergaeship*, which latter office he fills to admiration, though as guiltless of music as an influenzaed crow. He does not repine, however, at his lot, though now and then over a third tumbler he will hint at the wonders which he did at the *Blackstone* examinations in the Glasgow College, where he bore away the first premium from Peter Poundtext, who last year was *moderawtor* in the General Assembly. His advent is descried by a group of truant rogues playing at cat-and-dog beside the school-house, and the clique rush away behind yonder projecting wall to finish their game, ere they enter upon the bondage of the day—it wants three minutes to the hour, and these are precious as a handfull of March dust. Hush! what noise was that? a sudden splash succeeded by a jeering huzzza!—The dominie absorbed in some speculation touching a Hebrew root, hath stepped into the goose-dub before Samuel Sourrock's door, and the ambushed disciples, even with the fear of the *tans* before their eyes, cannot refrain from a jubilate at the mishap. But woe betide them if they are discovered! The *master* has sorely

moiled his well-darned ridge-and-furrow stockings, and assuredly the ends of the correctional leather will be hardened in the fire of the smithy, which is "convenient to the academy. In fact the pedagogue has entered Vulcan's emporium for the very purpose, and the delinquents embrace the opportunity to steal noiselessly into the school-room, where on his entrance they appear the most studious of the tyros, conning their multiplication tables with the earnestness of a Mussulman humming the Koran. The storm has, however, passed over innocuous. Mr. Paumy has resumed his peripatetic reverie, and his insulters, laying aside their tasks, profane their slates with caricatures of his misadventure.

That old building resembling two barns, one across the other, is the parish kirk. It is very frail, and seemeth as if it may not support the burden of its roof much longer. You need not look there for the bell, the tower came down in the great storm ten years ago, and the ancient ecclesiastical herald is now suspended on yonder bushy lime. There has been much talk of getting the sanctuary rebuilt, but the heritors, who are mainly small farmers, grudge the expense, and think that what served their fathers may do for them. Mr. Novodamus, the writer, has, it is true, been egging on the Session to get the matter brought before the *Fifteen* in Edinburgh, but they are canny folk, and have had a salutary horror of the law, ever since they lost the plea with Sampson Snober the old light burgher, touching his arrears of tiend. A cause which, though not to be found in Morrison's entertaining Manual, was litigated for some six-and-twenty years, the sum in dispute being Ten Pounds Scots!

"The nearer the Kirk the farther frae grace," is a proverb which hath its verification in Dleepdaily. That grim iron-garnished window, looking into the Session-house, or vestry, as the polite now term it, is the place of terror to evil-doors, the flat above being devoted to the "sittings in council" of the august body which is by courtesy at least, "a praise and protection to those who do well." The "captive knight" smoking his pipe so philosophically at the grating, is old Donald McMillan, the superannuated corporal, who is the only *locum tenens*. He will, in all probability, be liberated as soon as his case



can be reported to the Provost, the delict not being very deadly. In fact, we believe that the "head and front of his offending" is little more than an ultra exuberant gaudium on the preceding evening, being the anniversary of the taking of Quebec. On this, and some three or four other festivals, Donald is certain to be housed at the public expense, and is as regularly dismissed on the succeeding morning, with an admonition by the chief magistrate, the severity of the rebuke being tempered by a donation towards the purchase of black-rappee. Slandrous tongues have somewhat diminished the lustre of his honour's beneficence on these occasions, inasmuch as the "*mortified*" *obolus* speedily finds its way back into his coffers, he being the only vendor of the Raleigh weed in the parish.

On the opposite side of the street is the laboratory of Dr. Micah Scougall—the window thereof being distinguished by a huge snake, crammed into a case bottle, like the giant Alphonso in the castle of Otranto. That pursey Bardolph-nosed little gentleman at the threshold is the man of drugs himself—the privileged murderer of a whole burgh. Having spent the early portion of his mortal curriculum on board a man-of-war, he is the travelled man of the district, and many and strange are the tales he telleth of foreign parts. Indeed, we question if the illustrious Baron Munchausen himself could have spun a tougher yarn than Doctor Micah. He is a man of gallantry also, and is reported to have done sore havoc among the fair sex during the spring time of his life, when he was sowing his wild oats. Stern truth compelleth us to confess, however, that the Doctor is himself the principal evidence as to this fact, and that there are certain pretty strong *prima facie* objections to the truth thereof, in the shape *inter alia* of a snub nose—a unit eye—and a short leg and a shorter—in all which peculiarities the son of Galen rejoiceth. Be that as it may, Master Scougall has long been esteemed the man of ton and the *arbitrator elegantiarum* of Dreepdaily. He is the master of ceremonies at every "doing," whether grave or gay, and as Haverall-Will the town fool remarks, "It wud be a queer bridal or burial that wanted the Doctor at the head or tail o't."

But we fear, gentle reader, that you may

be somewhat tired with your morning stroll, so, with your leave, we shall step into the shop of Master Peter Powhead, the barber, to whom we shall especially introduce you, more particularly as he is the moving cause which hath prompted us to take pen in hand on this occasion.

Master Powhead, at the period we have been speaking of—and, mind you, it is two-score years bygone—was a little, oily, bandy-legged burgess, nearer forty than forty-five. Phrenologists would designate his temperament as a cross-breed of the *nervous* and *lymphatic*, the former being exemplified by the fatigues he used to undergo in the cause of the gun or the angle, and the latter by the overweening delight which he took in spending "a lang summer day" in the delicæ of gossip. His dress—one cannot be too particular in this age of restless inquiry—consisted of velveteen small-clothes, a red plush vest, and a genuine Kilmarnock night-cap, below which, the "egregious curls," as poor Kit Smart hath it, of a light brown wig, the masterpiece of his own manufacture, escaped in glossy luxuriance.

Though a barber, Master Peter was "no small drink." His lease of life being free from the incumbrance of a wife—the heaviest *lien* on a man's heritage—he was well to do in the world, and I doubt not but that the cashier of the Ayr bank had his own reasons for the marked respect of his bow, when at kirk or market he chanced to forgather with the "chirurgion." He stood high in the estimation of his fellow-lieges, having filled the reputable and onerous office of Dean of Guild for a long term of years, and was the laird, moreover, of a snug little pendicle of land, with the "houses, yards, and biggings thereto pertaining." The sceptic on this head may have his doubts removed, by consulting the particular register of sasines for the burgh. I scorn to make an assertion without citing my authority.

The circle of his acquaintance was most extensive. There was not a laird or a farmer within twenty miles who did not reserve the cropping of his cranium for his shears—he had the quorum of the Justices for his clients—and there was even a current tradition that he had removed on one occasion the supernumerary hairs of Lord Eglantine himself. One

thing at least is certain, that the family carriage of that noble house once drew up before his threshold, and departed at full speed with the tonsor, who had barely time to don his Sunday garment. Some, indeed, affirm that his Lordship's head was never the lighter for the visit, but that when his maiden sister, a lady of "a certain age," appeared next Sabbath in church, there was a marvellous change apparent on her chin, which before that epoch had much the favour of a weaver's fortnight beard. And the curious in such matters asserted that the said damsel was at that time meditating an attack matrimonial on the incumbent of the parish. Be that as it may, the matter must go down to posterity as impenetrable a mystery as the Mason's word, for Master Powhead never would suffer himself to be precognosed thereanent, answering all inquiries, by putting his dexter thumb on the tip of his nose, and winking hard at the inquisitor, through his black horn barnacles.

There were many reasons for our friend's wide-spread popularity. He was a humourist in the fullest acceptance of the term. To a keen perception of the outré and ridiculous, he added no inconsiderable powers of expression, both as regarded writing and mimicry. He was, moreover, a bit of a poet, and had perpetrated sundry local *jeux d'esprit*, which many opined fell not much short of the effusions of the Ayrshire ploughman himself. And then he was a perfect magazine of news and chit-chat, his bazaar being the principal coffee-room of the country-side; and if an heiress had been run away with, or a murder committed, you were certain to get the earliest speerings of the fact at the sign of the parti-coloured poll.

As I have hinted, he was a keen sportsman. Often, when he calculated that none of his customers stood in pressing need of his ministrations, would he leave the charge of his "concern" to his little club-footed servitor, and sally forth rod in hand, his basket filled with a change of raiment, and perchance, as the back-biting insinuated, a flask of something more potent than Adam's wine. If the weather was propitious and the sport good, small tidings would be heard of him till the Saturday night, when you could calculate on his re-appearance to a demonstration, for you might as soon expect to miss the carved pine-

apple from the top of the pulpit, as Master Peter from his pew of a Sunday.

During his absence he would sojourn with the family nearest to the best fishing pool. He had never to seek for quarters, as every door from "the place" to the cottage flew open at his advent, and his only difficulty consisted in making such a selection as might offend none of his friends. "Na, na," he would say—"I canna dine wi' you the day—its sax months come Whitsunday since I took my four hours wi' auld McCorkle; but gin ye're no thrang, I'll maybe stap down in the gloamin for a minute or twa, and pree how the whisky drinks ye got frae Islay last Lammass, as I'm to be at the Linn at ony rate." Gloamin would usher in the Barber accordingly, with a plenteous creelf of trout, but the "two minutes" of his sojourning must be estimated according to the prophetic notation of time, inasmuch as the sun generally surprised the jury before they had agreed on their verdict, touching the merits of the Islay importation.

Master Powhead was an especial favourite of the juvenile lieges of Dreedpdaily. He was as great a poly-artist as John Howell, the cidevant janitor of the Edinburgh High School, and his talents were ungrudgingly devoted to the service of the rising generation. No bows shot half so far, or with so unerring an aim as his, and as for his tops and peeries, one would think that they were gifted with the perpetual motion. His kites beat Franklin's, all to sticks, and the only accusation that could be brought against his shinties was, that the balls when smited thereby vanished incontinent, and like True Thomas—

"On earth were never more seen."

Worthy Peter Powhead! saving and excepting my widowed mother, I had more delour in bidding thee farewell than my whole kith and kin put together.

\* \* \* \* \*

Last year an overmastering attack of *homesickness* constrained me to pack up my shirts and razors, and make tracks over the "big herring pond," or as it is more commonly called, the Atlantic. Landed at Liverpool, I lost no time in visiting the spot where I had chipped the shell, and the second day of my arrival at what Dibdin denominates the

"tight little island,"



beheld me the occupant of a first-class carriage, plying upon the Glasgow and Ayr railway.

"What town is that on the hill before us?" I inquired at the Conductor, as we neared a smoky mass of stalks and chimneys, which strangely confounded my ideas of local identity. "Dreepdaily, Sir," was the answer of the functionary, touching his badge-decked castor; and never was the client of an oracle more mystified by the ambiguous response of the *genius loci* than I was at this piece of information. That Dreepdaily! Had he called it Tadmor or Persepolis, the feeling of incongruity could not have been greater, and I could not help repeating with Macduff, "Stands Scotland where it did?" The truth was, that restless baggage, *improvement*, had chosen to shape her march through the ancient burgh of Andrew Fairservice. She had found it a quiet village, and left it a manufacturing town.

"*Quantum mutatus ab illo!*" I exclaimed, as, descending from the steam-propelled *curriculum*, I took a survey of the "latecome changes" which met my bewildered eye at every point of the compass.

Very few of the characteristics of Main Street remained. The most of the tall narrow-gabled tenements were gone, and in their room stared a rank utilitarian crop of formal four-storied "lands," garnished with signs, as prosaically well pointed and spelt as those in the metropolis. I looked in vain for the ancient legend of "*eggs new-laid every day by widow Willie*," which in my boyish mind was connected with an idea of strange mystery, prompting us to examine the widow closely, to see whether she had any attributes of the gallina. The old three-legged black pot had likewise disappeared, and in lieu of "broth every day," my social recollections were shocked by the words "London chop-house." The church had shared in the common *improvement*—(gramercy on the word!)—it had vanished like the baseless fabric of a vision, along with the "grand old trees," and in its room stood a prim perijet-like-structure, with an anglicized tower, and "carvings about the windows thereof." The Town Hall still remained, but flanked by two glaring abominations, in the shape of cotton mills, polluting the free air of heaven with their pestilential exhalations. The landlord of the "hotel" at

which I sojourned, pointed with pride to these bloated structures, as denoting the growing importance of the place, but I could not contain myself from replying with Mercutio—

"A plague on both your houses, say I!"

I felt myself an utter stranger in the place I had first drawn breath in—"all, all were gone, the old familiar faces," and methought the visages that passed before me wore a more anxious and careful expression than they were wont in times bygone. And the children, too, were of a different race. Instead of the hearty laugh, and the "bounding holiday scream," there was the unnatural soberness of premature employment, and the unwholesome odour of the ill-aired factory. The pale puny chits shuddered in the May breeze, as if it were mid-winter's blast.

The sounds of music fell upon my ear, and somewhat like a thrill of auld lang syne shot athwart my heart, for I bethought me of the annual commemoration of the Wallace, when the lads used to parade from morn till night with the effigy of the patriot adorned with flowers and evergreens. Here at least, methought, I will get a remembrance of old times, and I felt curious to know whether the tall thistle would occupy its wonted prominent situation in the solemnity. On came the cortege, the town fool, now exceedingly aged and "*forfochen*," marching, or rather hirpling before the great drum. But here also change "had done its worst;" banners indeed flaunted and waved, as of yore, but the images and superscriptions which they bore were not those of the ancient Cæsars. "*Free Trade*" was painted over the pulse-rousing word "*Ellerslie!*"—and "*Bright*" had usurped the place of the "*Bruce!*"

Had I forgotten the worthy Barber all this time? Not I. He was the principal magnet which drew me to a spot where "no family or kin to me remained;" but seeing such mighty transformations on all sides, I felt a morbid hesitation in seeking out the shop endeared to me by so many delightful recollections. However, having at last screwed my courage to the sticking-place, and proceeded to the well-known quarter, when I came near, I started

"Like one who sees a serpent in his way,"

and cursed by my gods the sacrilegious Gothicism which had not spared even this sacred

ground. Instead of the snug *bein* one-storied messuage, with its hewn ashler front, and thatched roof, stood a modern structure actually *elegant*—according to an architect of the nineteenth century's definition of the term. The little sashless "bole," garnished with two razors and a superannuated shaving box, was succeeded by a window of twelve feet by four, lighted by plate glass, and crammed to suffocation with Macassar oil, otto of roses, cold-cream, *et hoc genus omne*. The written advertisement of "*Mrs. Mortsheugh's salve for scalds and burns*" had given place to glaring coloured effigies of negro women, with hair reaching to their heels—and the notification of "shaving for a penny" was superseded by "wigs manufactured on phrenological principles." To crown all, a civet-like knave, with the air of a French Count's valet, occupied the middle distance in the door-way, his baboonish features displaying a grin, which my pained imagination could liken to nothing else than the exulting sneer of the demon over the ruin and debasement of Eden!

"In for a penny, in for a pound"—determined to ascertain the full extent of the evil, I entered the "emporium of taste." Phœbus! what a name for a Dreeddaily shaving shop! Here the metamorphose was as sweeping and complete as out of doors. This is no "half measure" age, in more senses than one. There was not a single memorial on which

"Memory's dove could rest her weary foot,"  
not even a stone to record *Troja fuit*.

Having made a trifling purchase to excuse my intrusion, I stood looking listlessly about, my mind travelling full fifty years backward on the railroad of retrospection, when my eye lighted on a roll of paper on the counter, from which the *marchand à la mode* was about to tear a fragment to wrap up my purchase in. I instantly recognized the holograph of mine ancient friend, and clutched the sacred relic from the fangs of the caiff, with the eagerness of a mother snatching her child from the brink of a precipice.

"You will find nothing there worthy your notice, Sir," said the man of musk, "it is only some scribbings of old Powhead (pronounced Pohed); a sad vulgar brute he was, Sir; used only brown soap in shaving, Sir, and never had a pot of *eudekarion* in his premises all his

life, Sir. He has been dead these two years or better, and I flatter myself that I——"

I could bear it no longer—for the smallest coin in my possession I purchased what remained of the Sybilline leaves, and sought mine Inn with a feeling much akin to that of snuffy Davy, when he became possessor of the far-famed "*boke of chess*."

On overhauling my "*pose*," I found it to consist of a nondescript mixture of Journal and Omnigatheriana—a record, in fact both of the transactions of his business and of the local occurrences of the day. At the top of a page, for instance, might be found some such entry as "pd. John Sheepshanks, my servitor, one week's wage, 12s.;" and immediately succeeding a copy of verses "*on Haggai Crookshanks, the Burgher Elder, being overtaken with drink at the Tup Fair*." There were also memoranda of the proceedings of the Council and Guild Court, and narratives of the more remarkable occurrences in the burgh.

On perusing these, it struck me that some of them might not be unacceptable to this gossip-loving age, and I accordingly set myself to transcribe what seemed the most worthy of preservation. And if your appetite, gentle reader, be not spoiled by this rude whet, you may perchance find some food not altogether unworthy of digestion in the dishes which I shall serve up from this source. They may not be in the most polished style of cookery, but, if it be any recommendation, they will be at least thoroughly and out-and-out Scots. I will not promise you turtle soup or *côteletes à la Maintenon*, but perchance you will not be inconsolable for the absence of such sunkets, if I serve you up *cock-a-leeky* and well *singet* sheephead. With this *proem* I bid you farewell.

"And now to dinner with what appetite you may."

#### HYDROGEN TO CHLORINE.

Oh! tell me when thou wilt be mine,

My beautiful, my green!

Oh! say our atoms shall combine,

My love—my own Chlorine!

How slowly will the moments pass,

The sand of Time will run

As Muriatic Acid Gas,

Till thou and I make one!

—*Lays of the Laboratory.*



## PAPER-MONEY AND BANKING IN CHINA.

THE origin or prototype of so many of our European arts and customs has been found in the 'central flowery land,' that it is not surprising to hear of the Chinese having begun to use paper-money as currency in the second century preceding the christian era. At that time, the coinage of the Celestials was of a more bulky and ponderous nature than it is at the present day; and we may easily believe that a people so cunning and ingenious, would contrive not a few schemes to avoid the burden of carrying it about; as the man did, who scratched the figure of an ox on a piece of leather, and went from door to door with that until he had found a customer, leaving the animal, meantime, at home in the stall. There was a deficiency, too, in the ways and means of the government: money was never plenty enough in the imperial coffers. At last, to get out of the difficulty, it was determined to try the effect of a paper-currency, and an issue was made of assignats or treasury-warrants, which, being based on the credit of the highest authorities, were regarded as secure; which fact, with the facility of transfer, soon brought them into circulation. Of course, a good deal of legislation was expended on the measure, before it could be got to work satisfactorily, and it underwent many fluctuations in its progress towards permanence. The intestine wars to which China was exposed at that period, by overturning dynasty after dynasty, led one government to disavow the obligations of its predecessor, and the natural consequences of bad faith followed. After circulating with more or less success for five hundred years; the government paper-money disappeared.

This happened under the Ming dynasty: the Manchus, who succeeded, gave themselves no trouble to restore the paper-currency; on which the trading portion of the community took the matter into their own hands, and by the time that their Tatar conquerors were quietly settled in their usurped authority, the merchants had revived the use of paper. They were too sensible of its great utility not to make the attempt; and since that time, they have gone on without any aid from the state, developing their plans as experience suggested, and so cautiously as to insure success. This result is, however, far below what has been obtained by Europeans. In comparison with ours, the banking-system of China is in a very primitive condition; theirs is extremely limited in its application, each city restricting itself to its own method; and while the means of inter-communication are imperfect, there is little prospect of improvement.

One example may be taken as an illustration of the whole; and we avail ourselves of a communication made by Mr. Parkes to the Royal Asiatic Society on the paper-currency of Fuhchowfoo, for the substance of the present

article. As in other places, the system was started in the City of Fuhchow by private individuals, who began by circulating among each other notes payable on demand. As the convenience of such a medium became apparent, the circulation was extended, and ultimately offices were opened for the special purpose of issuing notes; but as the only guarantee for their security was the character of those who put them forth, the circulation remained comparatively trifling, until their credit was recognised and established. Not till the first quarter of the present century did the use of paper become extensive or permanent; and now, everybody in Fuhchowfoo prefers notes to coin.

As no licence is required, any one may commence the banking business, and at first considerable mischief resulted from this liberty. Speculators who forced their notes largely into circulation, not unfrequently met with a reverse, with the usual consequences of distress and embarrassment to their connection. Although this for a time brought paper into disfavour, it has now recovered, and the great competition is found to have the effect of mitigating the evils of failure. Where so many are concerned, individual suffering must be comparatively slight. The banks, moreover, are not banks of deposit; the proprietors prefer not to receive deposits, so that private parties run no risk of a great and sudden loss, beyond that of such notes as they may hold at the time of a stoppage. On the other hand, the usefulness of a bank is limited by this arrangement;—there can be no paying of cheques; but very few of the banking establishments can transact business beyond the city or the department in which they may be located, and seldom or never beyond the limits of the province. Hence the convenience and safety of making payments at places remote from each other, through the medium of a banker, is almost unknown in China.

Within certain limits, the large bankers undertake mercantile exchanges; they also refine the sycee, or silver, for the receivers of taxes. The government will take no silver under a standard quality; the collector delivers his sycee to the banker, who weighs, refines, and casts it into ingots, for a consideration, giving a receipt, which is handed to the treasurer of the department, who calls for the amount when required.

The small banks transact their business on an extremely petty scale. On first starting in business, their notes are seldom in circulation above a few hours, and they have always to be watchful to avoid a 'run.' It is among this class that failures most frequently occur, the time of the crash being the end of the year, owing to the demand for specie which then arises. As a precautionary measure, some of them mostly circulate the notes of the large banks, which do not return to them as their

own would. Their own are sure to come back once at least in the twenty-four hours, as the large banks make a rule of sending all petty banknotes to their issuers every day, and exchanging them for specie or larger notes. The petty establishments resort to various expedients for the sake of profit; one is to locate themselves in a good situation: if far from a large bank, they charge a higher rate of discount on notes presented for payment, than is charged by their more powerful competitor; and the people who live in the neighbourhood submit to this charge, rather than take the trouble of going to the large bank. On the contrary, if the great and the small are near together, the latter charge lower, and make their profit by placing base coin among the string of copper *cash* which they pay to their customers in exchange for notes. The inferior cash is manufactured for the purpose, in the same way as Birmingham halfpence used to be for distribution by the keepers of toll-gates.

'Such petty chicanery is not viewed, as with us, in the light of an offence, since, from the exceeding low value of the Chinese cash—twenty-seven being only equivalent to a penny—those must be bad indeed which will not pass current with the rest; and, accordingly, the inferior sorts, when used in moderation, are accepted along with the better in all the ordinary transactions of life. The profits of these establishments must, therefore, be but slender—proportioned, however, to the extent of their dealings; and some of the smallest firms may not make more than half a dollar in the course of a day.'

'The banking establishments in the city and suburbs of Fuchow,' says Mr. Parkes, 'may be enumerated by hundreds. Most of them are naturally very insignificant, and the circulation of their notes exceedingly limited. Many of the outside notes will not pass current inside; and are only convertible at the place of issue. Such branches as these must be entirely superfluous, and might seriously inconvenience or trammel the transactions of the higher ones; but, in order to guard against encroachment from this direction, and as a self-protective measure, several of the leading banks of known stability co-operate with each other to keep up the value of their notes; and thus, by holding a strong check on the issues of those minor parties, effectually continue to regulate the whole system. There are thirty of these establishments inside and outside the city, all reported to be possessed of capital to the amount of from 500,000 to upwards of 1,000,000 dollars.

'Those latter establishments command the utmost confidence, and their notes pass current everywhere and with everybody. They contribute mutual support by constantly exchanging and continually cashing each other's notes, which they severally seem to value as highly

as their own particular issues. This reciprocal and implicit trust must add greatly to their solidity, and tend to prevent the possibility of failure. The chief banker gained his high reputation by a voluntary subscription, about thirty years ago, of no less than 100,000 dollars to the government toward the repairs of the city walls and other public works, for which he was rewarded with honorary official insignia, and the extensive patronage or business of all the authorities. These large banks are complete masters of the money-market; they regulate the rates of exchange, which are incessantly fluctuating, and are known to alter several times in the course of the day. The arrival or withdrawal, from the place, of specie to the amount of a few thousands, has an immediate effect in either raising or lowering the exchange. The bankers are kept most accurately informed on the subject by some twenty men in their general employ, whose sole business it is to be in constant attendance in the market, and to acquaint the banks with everything that is going on, when they, guided by the transactions of the day, determine and fix upon, between themselves, the various prices of notes, sycee, and dollars. Their unanimity on these points is very remarkable; and they are all deeply impressed with the salutary conviction, that their chief strength consists in the degree of mutual harmony that they preserve, and the confidence they place in one another. These reporters are also very useful to new arrivals, in affording them guidance on matters of exchange, or in introducing them to the best bankers; and the allowances that the strangers make to them for their assistance, and the banker for procuring him custom, constitute the gains of their calling. They have also to report the prices of silver every morning at the Magistracy, which, from its daily increasing value, has become an object of special attention.' Twenty years ago, much discontent was expressed that silver, which had been worth 1000 cash per ounce, rose to 1500; now it is over 2000, owing to the continuous drain of the metal from the country.

Still, with all this, failures are rare. The petty banks are most liable to this reverse; and on such occasions, they generally contrive to arrange the matters quietly among themselves; but the whole property or lands belonging to the defaulters may be seized and sold to satisfy the claims of the creditors: the dividend is usually from 10s. to 12s. in the pound. Wilful fraud is seldom practised; the heaviest instance known, for 70,000 dollars; from the year 1843 to 1848, there were but four bankruptcies, and three of these were for less than 6000 dollars. The defaulters frequently escape punishment owing to the high cost of prosecution. The large banks are safe; but at times, from false or malicious reports, are exposed to a sudden 'run'; a great crowd



besets the doors when least expected, and numbers of vagabonds seize the opportunity for mischief and plunder. These outbreaks grew to such a pitch that the magistrates now, whenever possible, hasten to the threatened establishment, to repress violence by their presence and authority. The rush, however, is so sudden, that before they can arrive on the spot, the mob has improved its opportunity for destruction, and disappeared.

Forgery is not often attempted, probably because it does not pay, owing to the fact of its being extremely difficult to circulate any but notes of small value. The penalty for this offence is transportation to a distance of three thousand *le*—about a thousand miles; or imprisonment or flogging, according to circumstances. We question if such an instance as the following ever occurred out of China:—‘A forger of some notoriety having been several times prosecuted by the bankers, and with but little success, for he still continued to carry on his malpractices, they conferred together, and agreed to *take him into their pay*, making him responsible for any future frauds of the kind. He continues to receive a stipend from them at the present time, and is one of their most effective safeguards against further imposition, as it devolves upon him to detect and apprehend any other offender.’

Most of the bank-notes are printed from copperplates, but some of the petty dealers still use wooden blocks. They are longer and narrower than ours, and have a handsomely engraved border, within which are paragraphs laudatory of the ability or reputation of the firm. The notes are of three kinds: for cash, dollars, and sycee. The first are from 400 cash (1s. 3d. sterling), to hundreds of thousands, and are largely circulated in all the smaller business transactions. The dollar-notes, varying from a unit to 500, and, in some instances, to 1000, circulate among the merchants, their value continually fluctuating with that of the price of the silver which they represent. The sycee-notes are from one to several hundred *taels* (ounces), and are chiefly confined to the government offices, to avoid the trouble and inconvenience of making payments in silver by weight. Whatever be the value or denomination of the notes, the holder is at liberty to demand payment of the whole whenever he pleases, and receives it without abatement, as the banker makes his profit at the time of their issue. When notes are lost, payment is stopped, as here, and they are speedily traced, as it is the practice not to take notes of a high value—say, 100 dollars—without first inquiring at the bank as to their genuineness. But no indemnification is made for notes lost or destroyed by accident. Promissory-notes are the chief medium of interchange among merchants, who take ten days’ grace on all bills, except those on which is written the word ‘immediate.’

The rates of interest are, on lands and houses, from 10 to 15 per cent.; on government deposits, which the people are made to take at times against their will, 8 per cent.; on insurance of ships and cargoes, owing to the risk from storms and pirates, from 20 to 30 per cent.; on pawnbrokers’ loans, 2 per cent. per month, or 20 per cent. per annum. Five days’ grace is allowed on pledges; and if goods be not redeemed within three years, they are made over to the old clothes’ shops at a settled premium of 20 per cent. on the amount lent on them. Pawnbrokers’ establishments are numerous, and are frequented by all classes, who pawn without scruple anything they may possess. The banks, we are informed ‘keep up an intimate connexion with the pawnbrokers, who make and receive all their payments in notes for copper cash, and will not take sycee, dollars, or dollar-notes—the former, lest they should prove counterfeit, and the latter on account of the fluctuating value. They are very particular in passing the bank notes, and will accept only those of the large banks. A notice is hung up in each shop, specifying what notes pass current with them; and when the people go to redeem the articles they have pledged, as they can present only those notes in payment, they have often to repair previously to the bank where they are issued, to purchase them, and, being at a premium, the banker thus gains his discount upon them. Of such importance is this considered, that, without the support of the pawnbrokers’ connexion, the business of a banker will always be limited. Indeed, many of the banks keep pawnbrokers’ shops also; and the chief banker at Fuhchow is known to have opened no less than five of these establishments. This is on account of the high interest paid on pawnbrokers’ loans.’

#### DESCRIPTIONS OF THE BUTTERFLY.

(From Thomson.)

‘Behold! ye pilgrims of the earth, behold!  
See all but man with unearn’d pleasure gay;  
See her bright robes the Butterfly unfold,  
Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May!  
What youthful bride can equal her array?  
Who can with her for easy pleasure vie?  
From mead to mead with gentle wings to stray,  
From flower to flower in balmy gales to fly,  
Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.’

(From Rogers.)

‘Child of the sun! pursue thy rapturous flight,  
Mingling with her thou lovest in fields of light,  
And where the flowers of Paradise unfold,  
Quaff frequent nectar from their cups of gold;  
There shall thy wings, rich as an evening sky,  
Expand and shut in silent ecstasy:  
Yet wert thou once a worm—a thing that crept  
On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb, and slept.  
And such is man—soon from his cell of clay  
To burst a seraph in the blaze of day.’

JEAN CAPE,  
THE TILE-MAKER OF PONT-DE-VAUX.

THE singular narrative which is here given, is one of many of a similar kind to be found among the treasures of European literature, illustrative of the uncertain and frequently entirely fallacious character of circumstantial evidence. It was communicated to an American paper, many years ago, by an anonymous writer, and was subsequently introduced to the notice of the English reader, with the following illustrative anecdote :—

“When I first visited London, several years ago, I carried with me to the great capital my full share of those apprehensions which strangers from the country generally entertain of the perils and dangers of various kinds,—the ‘hair-breadth ’scapes and imminent dangers’ to be looked for from London sharpers, pick-pockets, and other adventurers, who make a harvest of provincial inexperience, and ‘live by their wits.’ I was duly cautioned to button up my pockets,—not to stand gaping at print-shops,—to have especial care of the persons I sat near at the Theatre, and, lastly, to get by heart that sublime couplet—

“He who his watch would keep, this thing must do—  
Pocket his watch, and watch his pocket too.”

“Armed with all these precautions, I arrived at what Cobbett calls the ‘*Great Wen*,’ and took lodgings, by mere chance, in the very house in which Dr. Johnson used to reside. What a coincidence !

“I reached London in the evening, and as my hat was all the worse for the journey, and as I had my calls to make in the morning, I purchased a new *chapeau*, of the most approved fashion.

“I desired the servant to call me up in the morning, at seven o’clock, and to send for a hair-dresser, to give my provincial locks the true metropolitan cut. I was, however, so weary with my long journey, that I did not obey the first summons of the servant, but snored away until about ten o’clock.

“When I had breakfasted, and had been trimmed by the hair-dresser’s apprentice, I looked for my cast-off hat, in order to have it furbed up, but could nowhere find it. I had taken my new one into my bed-room, but was quite confident I had left the other in my sitting-room the preceding evening. However, it was not to be found ; and, as I was resolved not to remain at the lodgings unless the mystery was explained, I called up the mistress of the house and the servant, and told them that my hat was missing, and that I could swear I had left it the preceding night in my sitting-room. The mistress and maid appeared alike surprised, and the search was renewed, but in vain. I then inquired who had been in my

room before I was up, and found that the hair-dresser’s boy had called at the appointed hour of seven, and had remained alone in the apartment, while the servant went up stairs to apprise me that he was come. The mistress spoke so confidently about the long-tried integrity of her servant, that my suspicions fell naturally upon the hair-dresser’s boy. I accordingly sent for him and his master, to whom I stated what had happened ; and the confusion of the boy was so evident that my suspicions of his guilt were fully confirmed. On being asked what he had to say in his defence, he replied, with great trepidation, that he took no hat away with him but that which he brought. Upon this the mistress and maid observed that he brought none with him ; when his confusion was so much increased, that his master expressed his conviction that he was the thief, and added, that he would give him a sound flogging to make him confess his guilt. I told him he must do no such thing ; for although appearances were very much against him, still, as the servant of the house had been in my room, as well as the boy, she might have committed the theft. Upon this he proposed to have the lad taken up and examined at the Mansion-house ; but I told him I should not appear as his accuser, and that I should take no other steps in the affair, except insisting that the suspected person should never again be admitted into my room.

“Some weeks elapsed after this, during which the boy was considered, by all who knew of the transaction, as a thief, when at length the mystery was explained. A friend had been supping with me, and when he rose to take his leave, he took up one hat, which he laid down, observing that that was not his. He took a second, and laid that aside also, making the same remark. He then found his own, and was in the act of taking his leave, when I requested him to stop a moment and show me the three hats, one of which I found to be that which I had missed on the evening of my arrival in London. On examining into the circumstance, I found that the first hat which my friend had taken up, had been secreted in the festoon of the curtain. On feeling in the window-seat, he had put his hand upon it on the outside of the curtain, and had extricated it from its place of concealment.

“I was very impatient for morning to arrive, that I might make some reparation to the poor fellow, whose innocence was now established. I dreamed of the affair all night, and rose early to perform an act of justice. When I told the servant-maid where the hat had been so long hid, she observed that she had often thought that the curtain was, lately, heavier than it used to be, as she raised or lowered it.

“I repaired, without a moment’s delay, to the shop of the hair-dresser, which was only



a few doors off, and informed him of the fortunate discovery I had made of his apprentice's innocence, adding that I should never have forgiven myself had I not interfered to prevent the punishment which it had been proposed to inflict upon him. After having made the boy some pecuniary recompense for the injustice he had sustained, I requested he would explain what he meant by saying that he took away with him no hat but the one he had brought,—although it appeared by the evidence of the mistress of the house and her servant, that he had not brought any hat. He replied, that, in fine weather, he was in the habit of attending customers, in the neighbourhood, as often without his hat as with it; and when accused, so unexpectedly, by me of having committed a theft, he was so confused that he could not remember anything about the matter."

This simple tale shews very clearly how an innocent individual may become the victim of temporary unjust suspicion, which, but for the judgment and kindness of one party, might have led to more serious personal consequences.

In the village of Pont-de-Vaux, in the then Province of Bresse, now the Department of Ain, lived Jean Cape, an industrious, money-getting tile-maker.

In the same department lived, also, M. Julien Gaufridy, whom the King had honoured successively with the offices of Notary, Commissioner, Receiver, Procurer Fiscal, and I do not know how many besides. The lovers of abstract merit (there are not many) respected his uprightness; the loaf and fish-seekers, who opened their mouths for the fragments of office like the gaping of a dry oyster, had the utmost regard for his rank; while the poor devils, whom circumstances or propensities rendered unbelievers in the excellence of that canon which forbids men to do evil that good may come, feared his power.

M. Gaufridy proposed to purchase Jean Cape's kiln; but a trifling difference of opinion presented a difficulty; the patrician offered too little, and the citizen asked too much; so the one kept his money, and the other his tiles.

In the winter of 17—, John Sevos, a townsman of Pont-de-Vaux, returning from one of the manufacturing towns, entered the village in the dusk of the evening. In the morning the usual inquiries were made for him by his friends, when it was found that his family were ignorant even of his return. They became alarmed for his safety—the disordered bustle of a search began; and his mysterious disappearance furnished an excellent and prolific theme for comment, wonder, and suspicion. The last originated in the general impression that he had money; and as every little town is blessed with some people who know every thing, it was intimated, with many oracular noddings and shakings of the head, which meant more than I have leisure to explain, that the *life*

had been taken to prevent any unpleasant inquiries about the *booty*.

But the honest anxiety of the few was not to be entirely disappointed, nor the praiseworthy curiosity of the many disoblighly baffled by an obstinate secret; for, at a short distance from the place where he was last seen, appeared evidence of his fate, confirming the worst of conjectures. The ground, much trodden, as if by men engaged in a mortal struggle, had, in spots, assumed that fatal colour of which robbers and murderers have such legitimate dread. Near the scene of conflict was found a hedge-bill, partially covered with earth, upon the blade of which some hairs were sticking, matted with dirt. It was evident the murderer had not immediately accomplished his work, for the victim appeared to have partly staggered, partly dragged himself a few feet farther, when loss of blood, by which his progress was indicated, and the violence of the injury, had probably compelled him to lie down and die. There wanted not the agency of Solomon to resolve the disappearance of the body. The property of the hedge-bill, the only visible means of detection, and which, for once, presented no charms to the spirit of avarice, could not be established; every body either had their own hedge-bill, or they never had any at all; and the affair passed over, as do all others of a similar character, where, however strong may be the presumptions of suspicion, (that commodity whereof, upon such occasions, a liberal and gratuitous supply is never lacked,) there is wanting that moral conviction, founded on proof, without which there is no payment of the penalty of crime.

Six months had elapsed since the enactment of the foregoing tragedy, and its record was supposed to be registered nowhere but in the tablets of oblivion, when, one day, the brigade of the Marshalship of De Boung drew up before the door of Jean Cape. In the next moment the house was surrounded, and an officer entered with a party of gens d'armes. The terrified inmates, except Cape, attempted to escape, but the bristling of a dozen bayonets at every door, evinced a decided objection in the officer to any such precipitate movements.

"Is your name Jean Cape?" said he to his unwilling host. "What right have you to ask?" answered he of the tiles; "and what is the meaning of this intrusion?" "Bah!" said his interrogator interrupting him, "I did not come here to answer questions, or to be tired to death with a long story: I ask you is your name Jean Cape?" "And I,"—said Cape. "Now, what the devil! who wants to be entertained with your conversation?" continued the catechist, again cutting him short, and interrupting himself at the same moment; "can't you answer in one word, yes or no? Silence gives consent," he added, waiting but an instant for what, from the very judicious and reasonable method he adopted to arrive at his object, he seemed likely never to get. "Guards, seize your prisoner!" This was soon done with a man who had not even the use of his tongue left wherewith to defend himself from violence; and the unfortunate tile-maker was instantly pinioned. "Madam," continued this hater of long stories, "your husband has confessed his name; you have not denied you are his wife, and these children,

too, are, no doubt, yours; I am commanded to arrest the whole : gens d'armes, conduct them to the street!" In an hour, the house had been abandoned to the plunder of a riotous soldiery, and the ponderous door of the dungeons of Pont-de-Vaux had closed upon Jean Cape and his family.

The second day, being the 29th of August, he was brought out heavily ironed, and placed in the criminal box of the Court of Pont-de-Vaux. Antoine De Lorme, a discharged or deserted soldier from the regiment of La Sarre, lately returned from Brest, presented himself as the accuser, charging Cape with the murder of John Sevos.

M. Ravet, the Judge, directed the proceedings to commence.

The 19th of February, De Lorme said, he was in the kiln or over-room of Jean Cape, when the deceased stopped there as he was passing. In reply to some bantering from Cape, on the success of his expedition, he exposed a handful of half-crowns, boasting that his pockets were so stuffed as to incommode him, and congratulating the other upon his better fortune in being able to travel without such an incumbrance. He added something the witness heard indistinctly, but understood the purport of it to be, that the hardest way to coin money was to broil it out of a man's face. It might be, that the taunt about coining money contained some significant allusions, comprehended only by the prisoner and the deceased; or it might be that the sudden and excessive displeasure of the former was caused by the ostentatious display of wealth, and his invidious comparisons; for there was something inexplicable to the witness in the rage with which Cape instantly turned upon the deceased, and bade him carry his unseasonable jeers and unnecessary company somewhere else. He went off laughing, complimenting the prisoner upon his amiable temper and winning manners, which he protested were perfectly irresistible. Cape, after a moment, followed him, and at a corner of the road witness lost sight of them both.

"This," he said, touching the hedge-bill, "I once borrowed of the prisoner. I know it by a particular mark," and he pointed to a small cross cut in the handle, so filled up with dirt as to be hardly perceptible. That night he enlisted in the regiment of La Sarre, and left the country early next morning. Six days since he returned, and unable, from what he had heard, to divest himself of the belief that the unhappy Sevos had been the victim of a sorry jest, he had been at some pains to unravel the mystery, of which, he said, he then held in his hand the thread.

He concluded by desiring that Claude Maurice and Pierre Vaudon might be put upon the stand.

The latter, the forester of M. Verambon, testified that, on the evening of the alleged murder, he observed a man approaching hastily in a direction from the street where Sevos had disappeared towards Cape's house. He seemed perturbed; his dress was disordered, and his whole appearance indicated great anxiety. He had very much the manner of a man eluding pursuit, for he was looking back every instant. As they met, the prisoner (for it was him) started, and asking some confused question, without any attention to the answer, passed on abruptly. The forester thought

his conduct strange, but, as some people were very full of whims, he made it a rule never to fatigue his brains with trying to account for them. His suspicions, he acknowledged, became excited the next morning; but, wanting the importance they would have derived from being better supported, their expression would only have brought him into trouble—a thing, he observed, of which having enough at home, he always carefully eschewed. He was induced to reveal them to Antoine De Lorme, from hearing the latter express some indirect opinion about the disappearance of Sevos, and his probable fate. This was all he knew.

The last witness, Claude Maurice, was called. As he stood upon the stand, he turned partly round, and fixed his eyes for a moment, with peculiar meaning, on the prisoner. The latter, as he encountered their significant expression, was observed to turn very pale, and a slight, though visible tremor, passed over his face. "For the love of mercy, if not for the fear of God," he said, in a voice quivering with such excess of emotion as to betray a conscious presage of the nature of the yet unuttered testimony, "destroy not an innocent man and his unfortunate family; let not the soul perish, that a diabolical passion may triumph!" "Silence!" said the Judge, whose notions of decorum were shocked at the impropriety of this appeal; "be you in such terror of justice, that you call upon the sympathies of your accusers?"

"If I am bartering my soul as the price of vengeance, said Claude, calmly, laying a slight emphasis on the last word, "that is my business, not yours."

"Go on, go on," exclaimed M. Ravet, impatiently. "Do you think I sit here to listen to your dialogues?"

A little after night-fall, on the 19th of February, Maurice observed—he was in the kiln-room, where he usually worked, when his master, the prisoner, came hurriedly in. He seemed restless and disturbed, but supposing the excitement about Sevos had not yet subsided, witness was retiring, when he was struck with the unusual disorder in his master's dress. Looking at him more attentively, he saw spots of blood upon his clothes. The prisoner seemed uneasy under his scrutiny, for he asked me harshly, said Maurice, if I had never seen him before? Witness left the room immediately for that in which he slept, but the unpleasant impression produced by the singular conduct of the prisoner, together with a vague and undefinable apprehension, kept him awake. It was after midnight when he thought he heard a step in the kiln-room, and, rising softly, looked through the crack in the door, where he saw a sight that fixed him to the spot with horror. A man had laid upon the ground a dead body, for it neither stirred, nor could he hear it breathe, and then came cautiously to the door of Claude's room. The latter was hidden behind it, and his master pushed it half-way open, when, after appearing to listen attentively an instant, he retired apparently satisfied with his examination. The kiln was burning preparatory to putting in the plates. The prisoner took up the dead body, and, with some effort, thrust it into the blazing furnace.

"An exclamation of horror escaped me," said



Claude, "and in an instant, before I had time to fly, or even to think, the prisoner held a long-bladed knife, or poinard, for in my fright I could not tell which, close to my breast.

"'Execrable spy!' he said, 'you have pried into the last secret, except one, you shall ever know. If you have a prayer, say it quickly, for you shall bear yonder miserable fool company, whose fate you have taken such pains to witness!'"

The witness fell upon his knees, begging his life, protesting the secret should never pass his lips; and forgetting his prudence in the very desperation of his terror, he claimed a return of the favour he had done Cape, when the latter was examined after the death of Antoine Duplex, in concealing himself, that his master should not be prejudiced by his testimony. If he persisted in his purpose, he would be made accountable, for he was already suspected.

Whether he relented from motives of compassion or policy, or from the compunctious horror of a double murder, witness did not know. The prisoner told him to rise, and compelling him to take the most horrid and unnatural oaths to secure his silence, left him with a menace, that if he knew how to pardon, he knew also how to avenge.

"The weight of this horrible secret, my Lord," continued Claude, "became an intolerable burden. I started at my own shadow. I was wasting away with feverish anxiety, and had half resolved to make confession to a magistrate, when Antoine De Lorme came a few days since to the kiln, and by his questions relative to the unaccountable fate of Sevos, determined me in my better resolutions."

He had nothing to add, save, that during the former examination of the prisoner, he heard a man say that he knew enough to hang Cape, but had conscientious scruples about volunteering his testimony. Casting another look upon Cape, which he seemed to sustain with difficulty, the witness left the stand.

The prisoner was remanded to his dungeon, to be brought out in the morning to hear his sentence.

The next day the hall of justice was thronged with an indignant and enraged populace, the furious rabble loading the miserable victim with every epithet of opprobrium and execration as he passed along; and when the Judge rose to speak, so eager were the spectators, that the hall was instantly hushed into deep and unnatural silence.

"Jean Cape," said he, permitting his words to fall slowly and distinctly upon the ear of the criminal, "the hours you shall remain upon earth are fast diminishing. Time would be wasted in indulging any longer a doubt of your guilt, and the forfeit of your miserable life will be a just, however poor, atonement for your revolting crime. You will die no common or easy death, and however mercy may sicken, or the compassionate weakness of human nature may shudder at its circumstances of seeming cruelty, yet the avenger of blood is on your footsteps, and there is for you no city of refuge. The forgiveness of Heaven you may supplicate, for its mercies are unlimited, but the pity of man you dare not ask, and need not hope. I ask you for the sake of form, and not because I believe there will be found virtue or

help to you, in the indulgence, if you have any thing to say which may extenuate your guilt, or hold out a hope of human deliverance?"

"My Lord," said the prisoner, rising slowly, with a face colourless as the vestments of the grave, but speaking with the self-possession of settled despair, "I know not wherefore it is that Heaven has been pleased, in its inscrutable wisdom, to visit me with this desolating judgment. Certainly, it must have been for some deadly and unexpiated sin, of which, in its displeasure, it has caused me to lose the memory. I can say nothing, my Lord, which shall avail me any thing in this my extremity. But I trust in the righteous dispensation of a just Providence, that the plot of this fatal tragedy will one day be developed—that the blood of an innocent man shall not be shed like water, to dry up as quickly. Surely, there is a retributive justice, dilatory though it sometimes be; and when the time shall come in which the dark mystery, whereof I am this day made the unhappy sufferer, shall become a plain tale, the repentant testimony of those who have charged their souls with the murder of an unoffending man, will not be wanting, to the truth of the last words I shall ever utter.

"I protest before God, to whose presence I am hastening so rapidly, the unborn child is not more guiltless than I, of the foul crime for which I am wearing these bonds. I pronounce the whole history of Claude Maurice, who has this day sworn away my life, false and wicked as the heart that forged it. In the forgetfulness of passion I struck him. He swore to be revenged, and bitterly am I discharging his vow. Save this, I knew not that I had done harm to any living creature; and wherein I could have excited the enmity of the other witnesses, they know better than I. This much I have to say, my Lord, that my honest though unambitious name might not go down to a dishonoured grave, covered with unmerited obloquy, without one effort to rescue it from mingling with those of felons. I am hampered in the toils and must submit. Help in my calamity, other than human, I am too sinful a man to implore or expect, and of that, the last faint hope that yet lingered in my bosom is now utterly extinguished."

"Jean Cape," said the Judge, as he placed on his head the fatal cap, "the measure of your depravity is full. You have consummated a course of crime, already of disgusting enormity, by making the last act of your life one of impotent malice. Get yourself ready to meet your fate!"

"This is a pretty good play, so far," said a harsh voice, "but it needs one more actor!" and a sullen looking man, whose face was half hid by the folds of a shawl in the form of a huge neck-cloth, his forehead as low as the eyes covered by a blue handkerchief, tied round the head, with a little triangular tail sticking out behind, being a French peasant's substitute for a hat, stood out from the crowd.

"My Lord," said he, "my testimony is yet wanting, without which some in this presence will not receive their full measure of that justice you are here to administer impartially."

M. Ravet, scandalized at this disorderly interruption of the proceedings in which the dignity of office was treated with so little ceremony; and yet unwilling, in a matter of such grave moment, to

act with undue precipitation, and perhaps it would not be uncharitable to add, partially, influenced by his modicum of the inheritance from the first woman, reluctantly permitted him to proceed; intimating however, that if the importance of his disclosure did not justify his rude and indecorous interference, a place would be found him, in which he could cool his Quixotic ambition at his leisure.

A slight bustle was heard in the farther end of the hall, and a man was led out whom they said was taken suddenly ill.

Waiting impatiently for the last word of the permission to issue from M. Ravet's mouth, and unheeding, if he heard, the import of his friendly remark about the possibly careful attention he might experience—"There," said the stranger, pointing to De Lorme, and speaking in tones of high excitement, "stands the robber and assassin of John Sevos. I charge Claude Maurice and Pierre Vaudan with wilful perjury: and I denounce Julien Gaufridy as the suborner of the false witnesses, and the contriver of the horrible plot whose bloody enactment was on the eve of its accomplishment. It was he, the covetous, the vindictive, the merciless oppressor, who, when John Sevos had fallen to the ground from exhaustion and loss of blood, carried the body to his house, and made its disappearance the ground-work of his wicked contrivances. It was he who, by excessive bribes, enticed Vaudan to his perdition; who added fuel to the rancorous hatred of Maurice, whose evil passions were already sufficiently inflamed against his master; who procured the enlistment of De Lorme in the Regiment of La Sarre; and who has stood here till now, watching, with a detestable malice, of which none but he could be capable, the progress of his work of desolation. Here is the widow of Antoine Duplex," said he, pointing to a woman who stood a little in advance of the crowd, "whose husband died of a pleurisy, and with whose conscience Gaufridy has twice tampered, to induce her to inform against Cape as his poisoner. I am John Sevos!" he added, pulling off his cumbrous neckcloth, and exposing, as he pushed off the handkerchief from his head, a deep, unhealed gash, "who am here ready to establish my identity!"

On the 31st of August, Jean Cape, his losses amply indemnified from the overgrown wealth of his oppressor, was working at the tile-kiln.

The first day of September saw Claude Maurice and Pierre Vaudan chained, side by side, to the oars of a galley; in the mid-day sun, lay, baking, the crushed and mangled form of Antoine de Lorme, who had expired on the wheel; and the dews of heaven, as they ascended the next morning, carried up with them the smoke of the sacrifice of Julien Gaufridy, whose blood had been drunk by the sawdust of a scaffold.

\* \* \* \* \*

Reader! would you know how all this came about? You must ask the grandfathers of Ponte-de-Vaux, who heard the story when they were little boys.

### A SCENE IN BOSTON.

A coloured girl, eighteen years of age, some years ago escaped from slavery in the South.

Through scenes of adventure and peril, almost more strange than fiction can create, she found her way to Boston. She obtained employment, secured friends, and became a consistent member of the Methodist church. She became interested in a very worthy young man of her own complexion, who was a member of the same church. They were soon married. Their home, though humble, was the abode of piety and contentment. Industrious, temperate, and frugal, all their wants were supplied. Seven years passed away. They had two little boys, one six, and the other four years of age. These children, the sons of a free father, but of a mother who had been a slave, by the laws of the Southern States were doomed to their mother's fate. These Boston boys, born beneath the shadow of Fanueil Hall, the sons of a free citizen of Boston, and educated in the Boston Free Schools, were, by the compromises of the constitution, admitted to be slaves, the property of a South Carolinian planter. The Boston father had no right to his own sons. The law, however, had long been considered a dead-letter. This was not to continue. The Fugitive Slave Law was enacted. It revived the hopes of the slave-owners. A young, healthy, energetic mother, with two fine boys, was a rich prize. She would make an excellent mother. Good men began to say: 'We must enforce this law; it is one of the compromises of the constitution.' Christian ministers began to preach: 'The voice of law is the voice of God. There is no higher rule of duty.' As may be supposed the poor woman was panic-stricken. Her friends gathered round her, and trembled for her. Her husband was absent from home, a seaman on board one of the Liverpool packets. She was afraid to go out of doors, lest some one from the south should see her, and recognise her. One day, as she was going to the grocery for some provisions, her quick anxious eye caught a glimpse of a man prowling around, whom she immediately recognised as from the vicinity of her old home of slavery. Almost fainting with terror, she hastened home, and taking her two children by the hand, fled to the house of a friend. She and her trembling children were hid in the garret. In less than an hour after her escape, the officer, with a writ, came for her arrest. It was a dark and stormy day. The rain, freezing as it fell, swept in floods through the streets of Boston. Night came, cold, black, and tempestuous. At midnight, her friends took her in a hack, and conveyed her, with her children, to the house of her pastor. Hence, after an hour of weeping, for the voice of prayer had passed away into the sublimity of unutterable anguish, they conveyed this mother and her children to one of the Cunard steamers, which fortunately was to sail for Halifax the next day. They took them in the gloom of midnight, through the tempest-swept streets, lest the slave-hunter should meet them. Her brethren and sisters of the church raised a little money from their scanty means to pay her passage, and to save her, for a few days, from starving, after her first arrival in the cold land of strangers. Her husband soon returned to Boston, to find his home desolate, his wife and children in a foreign land. These facts need no word-painting.



## SELECTIONS FROM OLD ENGLISH POETS.

CHAUCER.

## [Description of a Poor Country Widow.]

A poore widow, somedeal stoop'n in age,  
 Was whilom dwelling in a narwe cottage  
 Beside a grove standing in a dale.  
 This widow, which I tell you of my Tale,  
 Since thilke day that she was last a wife,  
 In patience led a full simple life,  
 For little was her cattle and her rent;  
 By husbandry<sup>1</sup> of such as God her sent,  
 She found herself and eke her daughters two.  
 Three large sowes had she, and no mo,  
 Three kine, and eke a sheep that highte<sup>2</sup> Mall:  
 Full sooty was her bower and eke her hall,  
 In which she ate many<sup>3</sup> a slender meal;  
 Of poignant sauce ne knew she never a deal;<sup>3</sup>  
 Replecion ne made her never sick;  
 Attemper<sup>4</sup> diet was all het physic,  
 And exercise, and heartes suffisance:  
 The goute let<sup>5</sup> her nothing for to dance,  
 Ne apoplexy shente<sup>7</sup> not her head;  
 No wine ne drank she neither white nor red;  
 Her board was served most with white and black,  
 Milk and brown bread, in which she found no lack,  
 Seinde<sup>8</sup> bacon, and sometimes an egg or tway,  
 For she was as it were a manner dey.<sup>9</sup>

## [The Death of Arcite.]

Swelleth the breast of Arcite, and the sore  
 Encreaseth at its hearte more and more.  
 The clotted blood for any leche-craft<sup>10</sup>  
 Corrupteth, and is in his bouk<sup>11</sup> ylaft,  
 That neither veine-blood ne ventousing,<sup>12</sup>  
 Ne drink of herbes may be his helping.  
 The virtue expulsive or animal,  
 From thilke virtue cleped<sup>13</sup> natural,  
 Ne may the venom vouden ne expell;  
 The pipes of his lunges 'gan to swell,  
 And every lacert<sup>14</sup> in his breast adown  
 Is shent<sup>15</sup> with venom and corruption.  
 He gaineth neither<sup>16</sup> for to get his life,  
 Vomit upward ne downward laxative:  
 All is to-bursten thilke region;  
 Nature hath now no dominnion:  
 And certainly where nature will not werche,<sup>17</sup>  
 Farewell physic; go bear the man to church.  
 This is all and some, that Arcite muste die;  
 For which he sendeth after Emily,  
 And Palamon, that was his cousin dear;  
 Then said he thus, as ye shall after hear:  
 'Nought may the woful spirit in mine heart  
 Declare one point of all my sorrows' smart  
 To you my lady, that I love most,  
 But I bequeat<sup>q</sup> the service of my ghost  
 To you aboven every creature,  
 Since that my life ne may no longer dure.

'Alas the woe! alas the paines strong,  
 That I for you have suffered, and so long!  
 Alas the death! alas mine Emily!  
 Alas departing of our company!  
 Alas mine hearte's queen! alas my wife!  
 Mine hearte's lady, ender of my life!  
 What is this world?—what asken men to have?  
 Now with his love, now in his colde grave—  
 Alone—withouten any company.  
 Farewell my sweet—farewell mine Emily!  
 And softe take me in your armes tway  
 For love of God, and hearkeneth what I say.

'I have here with my cousin Palamon  
 Had strife and rancour many a day agone  
 For love of you, and for my jealousy;  
 And Jupiter so wis<sup>1</sup> my soule gie,<sup>2</sup>  
 To speaken of a servant properly,  
 With alle circumstances truely;  
 That is to say, truth, honour, and knighthead,  
 Wisdom, humblesse, estate, and high kindred,  
 Freedom, and all that longeth to that art,  
 So Jupiter have of my soule part,  
 As in this world right now ne know I none  
 So worthy to be loved as Palamon,  
 Thaa serveth you, and will do all his life;  
 And if that ever ye shall be a wife,  
 Forget not Palamon, the gentle man.'

And with that word his speeche fail began;  
 For from his feet up to his breast was come  
 The cold of death that had him overnome;<sup>4</sup>  
 And yet, moreover, in his armies two,  
 The vital strenth is lost and all ago;<sup>5</sup>  
 Only the intellect, withouten more,  
 That dwelled in his hearte sick and sore,  
 'Gan failen when the hearte felte death;  
 Dusked his eyen two, and fail'd his breath:  
 But on his lady yet cast he his eye;  
 His last word was, 'Mercy, Emily!'

## [The Good Parson.]

A true good man there was there of religion,  
 Pious and poor—the parson of a town.  
 But rich he was in holy thought and work;  
 And thereto a right learned man; a clerk  
 That Christ's pure gospel would sincerely preach,  
 And his parishioners devoutly teach.  
 Benign he was, and wondrous diligent,  
 And in adversity full patient,  
 As proven oft; to all who lack'd a friend.  
 Loth for his tithes to ban or to contend,  
 At every need much rather was he found  
 Unto his poor parishioners around  
 Of his own substance and his dues to give:  
 Content on little, for himself, to live.

Wide was his cure; the houses far asunder,  
 Yet never fail'd he, or for rain or thunder,  
 Whenever sickness or mischance might call,  
 The most remote to visit, great or small,  
 And, staff in hand, on foot, the storm to brave.

This noble ensample to his flock he gave,  
 That first he wrought, and afterwards he taught.  
 Tee word of life he from the gospel caught;  
 And well this comment added he thereto,  
 If that gold rusteth what should iron do?  
 And if the priest be foul on whom we trust,

1 Thrift, economy. 2 Called. 3 Not a bit. 4 Cot, cottage.  
 5 Temperate. 6 Prevented. 7 Injured. 8 Signed.  
 9 Mr. Tyrwhitt supposes the word "dey" to refer to  
 the management of a dairy; and that it originally signified  
 a hind. "Manner dey" may therefore be interpreted "a  
 species of hired, or day-labourer." 10. Medical skill.  
 11 Body. 12 Ventousing (Fr.)—cupping; hence the term  
 "breathing a vein." 13 Called. 14 Muscle. 15 Ruined.  
 16 He is able for. 17 Work.

What wonder if the unletter'd layman lust?  
And shame it were in him the flock should keep,  
To see a sullied shepherd, and clean sheep.  
For sure a priest the sample ought to give  
By his own cleanness how his sheep should live.

He never set his benefice to hire,  
Leaving his flock acomber'd in the mire,  
And ran to London coggng at St. Poul's,  
To seek himself a chauntery for souls,  
Or with a brotherhood to be enroll'd;  
But dwelt at home, and guarded well his fold,  
So that it should not by the wolf miscarry.  
He was a shepherd, and no mercenary.

Tho holy in himself, and virtuous,  
He still to sinful me<sup>h</sup> was mild and piteous:  
Not of reproach imperious or malign;  
But in his teaching soothing and benign.  
To draw them on to heaven, by reason fair  
And good example, was his daily care.

But were there one perverse and obstinate,  
Were he of lofty or of low estate,  
Him would he sharply with reproof astound,  
A better priest is no where to be found.

He waited not on pomp or reverence,  
Nor made himself a spiced conscience.  
The lore of Christ and his apostles twelve  
He taught: but, first, he followed it himself.

[*Last Verses of Chaucer, written on his Deathbed.*]

Fly from the press,<sup>1</sup> and dwell with sothfast-  
ness;<sup>2</sup>

Suffice unto thy good<sup>3</sup> though it, ce small;  
For hoard hath hate, and climbing fickle<sup>4</sup>ness,  
Press<sup>4</sup> hath envy, and weal is blent<sup>5</sup> o'er all;  
Savour<sup>6</sup> no more than thee behoven shall;  
Rede<sup>7</sup> well thyself, that otherfolk can'st rede,  
And truth thee shall deliver 't is no drede.<sup>8</sup>

Pain thee not each crooked to redress  
In trust of her that turneth as a ball;  
Great rest standeth in little business;  
Beware also to spurn against a nalle;<sup>9</sup>  
Strive not as doth a crocke<sup>10</sup> with a wall;  
Decemeth<sup>11</sup> thyself that deemest other's deed,  
And truth thee shall deliver 't is no drede.

That<sup>12</sup> thee is sent receive in buxomness;<sup>13</sup>  
The wrestling of this world asketh a fall;  
Here is no home, here is but wilderness;  
Forth, pilgrim, forth, O beast out of thy stall;  
Look up on high, and thank thy God of all;  
Waiveth thy lust and let thy ghost<sup>14</sup> thee lead,  
And truth thee shall deliver 't is no drede.

ANIMAL LIFE.—The following is a scale of the average duration of animal life from the most celebrated writers on natural history:—A hare will live 10 years, a cat 10, a goat 8, an ass 30, a sheep 10, a ram 15, a dog from 14 to 20, a bull 15, an ox 20, swine 25, a pigeon 8, a turtledove 25, a partridge 25, a raven 100, an eagle 100, a goose 100.

VALUE OF LONG NAILS.—At Batavia, the Chinese used to pay the Dutch for a licence to wear nails long.

1 Crowd. 2 Truth. 3 Be satisfied with thy wealth.  
4 Striving. 5 Prosperity has ceased. 6 Taste.  
7 Counsel. 8 Without fear. 9 Nail.  
10 Earthen pitcher. 11 Judge. 12 That (which).  
13 Humility, obedience.

## THE DEATH OF THE INFANTS.

BY GILFILLAN.

Oh! many a sigh came frae the heart,  
And tears tell frae the e'e,  
When the bairns took flight to the world of light,  
Where tears can never be!

The sun shone with his fairest beams,  
To light them on their way;  
And the lav'rock high, with notes of joy,  
Attuned his sweetest lay.

"Sweet birdie say—which is the way  
That we'll gang through the sky!  
We left an earthly hame to-day  
For a heavenly hame on high."

The bird up flew on soaring wing  
Till near the hour of even,  
When the bairnies heard the angel's song  
At the portal gates o' heaven!

"Gang down! gang down! sweet bird, gang down,  
Nae further maun ye flee;  
For these are sounds ye maunna hear,  
And sights ye maunna see."

The birdie turned him to the earth,  
The bairnies to the sky,  
While the seraph strain awoke again  
To welcome them on high!

## MY PLAYMATES.

Ye playmates of my childhoods hours,  
Of life's eccestatic morn,  
Where are ye now? what fortune yours?  
Tell me what clime ye own,  
And what bright star has led you on,  
While flowers your path have strewn,  
And fair as summer's noon  
Your onward journey been.

2

But soft—for lo! methinks I hear  
A voice that whispers me,  
Chilling my every pulse with fear,  
Tempt not thy misery!  
Nor seek that destiny to know  
O'er which her veil would pity throw;  
But let oblivion, still,  
The knowledge screen of ill:  
Forbear, rash one, forbear

3

Forbear! for they thy playmates gay,  
Arc scattered far and wide  
And some from life have strayed away,  
And others, on the tide,  
The stormy tide of suffering fate,  
Deceived of love, betrayed of hate;  
Neglected, and alone,  
Have wept themselves to stone,  
And reckless, mock at change.



## THE O'SHAUGHNESSY PAPERS,

BEING STRAY CHAPTERS FROM THE UNPUBLISHED  
ADVENTURES OF AN OLD BACHELOR.

BY MARGARET ORMSBY FITZGERALD.

## CHAPTER I.

Containing some account of a Jingle and its Occupants.

To Jingle Travelling in Ireland may be applied that quaint definition which some one has given of daneing—"spending half one's time between the sky and the ground,"—and a philosopher who was willing to risk his bodily safety for the advancement of science, might come to a tolerably accurate conclusion with respect to the powers of the opposing forces, attraction and repulsion, during a twenty miles' journey on such a vehicle. Its springs are evidently more for show than use; while the hard and time-worn things that the driver dignifies with the title of cushions, are, in their declining years, amusing themselves by playing the innocent, though considering their age, rather unsuitable game of cup and ball, with the travellers whom they throw up, merely as it would appear, to try if they could catch them in their descent. In no situation, is one so perpetually reminded of the uncertainty and instability of all sublunary things, as in this, where every jolt brings forcibly before us, and we sensibly feel, that this is not our abiding place; where, as we are momentarily projected upward, the most experienced gambler could not calculate the chances as to whether the car, ditch or bog will receive us on our fall.

It was about five o'clock on a raw February morning, in the year 18—, that a public jingle of this description, displaying the words "Cork—Killarney, Tralee"—in large letters on the bright yellow back,—drew up, a few moments after starting, at a small house in the outskirts of the latter town, from which a female, whose widow's garb of the simplest material, betokened not very affluent circumstances, issued, leading a boy and girl, of the respective ages of nine and four years, dressed like herself, in neat but coarse mourning. A few minutes sufficed to drop their luggage, consisting of two hair-covered trunks, into the unfathomable pit occupying the centre of the jingle, and which was denominated the "well."

"An' now, ma'm, get up av ye plaze, there's room for you an' the young one here with his Riverinee and Misther Mullowney; an' I'll make out a snug sate for little masther on th' other side," said the driver, taking up the boy as he

spoke, and placing him between a pale girl, who appeared to belong to the middle rank, and a fresh-looking old woman, whom he addressed as Mrs. Coffee. Then giving an additional twist to the hay rope, that answered the purpose of buttons, by confining a threadbare great-coat round his waist, and a pull to the remains of what was once a leaf, to press the old hat more firmly on his head, he mounted the driving-seat: then, with a shake of the reins, a lash of the whip, and a loud and long-continued blast of the trumpet that hung suspended from his neck by a piece of twine, the machine was once more set in motion, and the wretched-looking horses, whose skin alone saved them from the imputation of being perfect skeletons,—bent down their heads in patient submission to the decree of fate, and obeyed the whip and call of the ragged Jehu, by quickening their lazy walk into that half-dead half-alive pace, generally known as a "jog-trot."

It is a dreary thing to travel through a town very early in the morning; the closed shutters and deserted streets make it look like a city of the dead. A cold breeze sweeps heavily along, and the deep silence uninterrupted, save by an occasional growl from some dog, who eyes you suspiciously as you pass,—falls heavily upon the spirits, and you involuntarily start as the echoing tramp of the horses and the roll of the wheels which bear you onward, break the spell which night had woven, and startle dreamers from their sleep. Then, as house after house disappears in the dim distance, and street after street is passed, a feeling of loneliness steals coldly over you, as you think that among so many thousands who are around you, there is not one eye to look kindly, not one lip to smile upon, one voice to bless you, or one heart whose beatings would be in the least degree accelerated or retarded by your happiness or misery—your life or death.

The last street, the last house had been passed, and the little girl, laying her head on her mother's lap, was soon buried in the slumbers so untimely broken, when the stout, red-faced, good-humoured-looking traveller, who had been designated as "his riverinee," by Paddy, having taken a few sly peeps at the wan and sorrow-stricken, but still beautiful face of the young widow, broke the silence by smilingly remarking—"Tis rather an early hour for youthful travellers. Your little girl appears to think that her eot would be a better place for her than a public ear."

"She has forgotten that she is in one, ere this," replied the young mother, fondly parting the rich curls from the brow of the sleeping child. "It would be well for us all if we could

throw off the cares, and think as lightly of the changes of life, as she does now," and the speaker sighed heavily.

"Yet every age has its sorrows, and if those which fall to the lot of childhood are lighter than those that manhood is called to bear, they are not less keenly felt. A blow would crush a wren, that would scarce bend a feather in the strong pinion of the eagle. I dare say that we would grieve less for the death of some friends, than she will at losing the playmates she leaves behind her."

"Fortunately she has not lived long enough in Tralee to make any acquaintances, so, even that slight pang is spared her: her brother has been her only playmate, and he comes with us."

Just at this moment the trunk labels, on which was written "Mrs. Herbert, passenger, Cork," caught his Reverence's eye, and he changed the conversation, throwing out some general observations about the improving state of Ireland in general, and of Kerry in particular. The transition to the next county was easy, and he spoke of the commerce of Cork, the beauty of its environs, Glanmire, Blackrock, &c. &c.

"I have heard that the suburbs are very much admired."

"You have never been there, then?"

"Never. I shall enter it this evening for the first time."

"You will find it a pleasant residence. Every kind of society,—grave and gay—worldly and religious. There are more persons of the latter description in Cork than are to be met with in most cities."

"Indeed. Then I regret that I shall not have time to make their acquaintance, as I merely pass through Cork on my way to England."

"Ah! so I thought. I knew you were an Englishwoman the moment I heard you speak. There is an indescribable something in the English accent—a peculiarity too slight to be imitated—too strong to be imperceptible, which no Irishman or Irishwoman can attain to. I tried it and failed."

"To a certain extent you may be right, but——"

"Precisely so," interrupted the stout gentleman. "I understand. You mean to say that many have been deceived. Yes, a great many; but never a Kerryman. Now the present is what the lawyers call a case in point. I knew at once that you were an Englishwoman, by your accent."

"Then you must permit me to say that you are, for once, mistaken, as I have never been in England."

"Never!" he exclaimed, in a tone of mingled astonishment and incredulity. "Then how, in the name of wonder, did you pick up the accent?"

"I had an English maid when I was very young; and at school our accent was as much attended to as any accomplishment."

"Accomplishment!" exclaimed the gentleman. "I hate the word. It should be banished from the language. All my misfortunes in early life were owing to my accomplishments."

"Indeed!" cried the lady, whose curiosity the assertion appeared to arouse.

"How did that happen, Davy," enquired the pale-faced wiry-looking man, who has been already introduced to the reader as Mr. Mallowney, and whose thin compressed lips, and small deep-set grey eyes, which peered suspiciously from beneath a pair of shaggy brown eye-brows, gave a sinister expression to a countenance that was not in any way prepossessing; and of a truth the character borne by "Tim the 'torney," as he was called by the poorer classes, did not belie his appearance.

"How did that happen?" repeated the stout gentleman, whom we shall for the future call by his family name, O'Shaughnessy. "Easy enough, then, as no man can tell you better than myself. You knew my father?"

"I wasn't personally acquainted with him, but I always heard that he was a very good kind of man, who was no one's enemy but his own."

"'Zactly, that's what all the world said of him. Belonging to the Kerry aristocracy, a class distinguished by encumbered properties and unincumbered pockets, he had more creditors than credit; but was wonderfully blessed withal, for what he wanted in cash, he made up in children; and if his debts increased, so did his daughters. 'Tis true that he had a rent-roll of £15,000 a-year; but then his tenants had the rents, which as he was too good-natured or too indolent to do more than ask for, were, of course, seldom paid, and in return for his leniency or laziness, they got drunk with his money, and made bonfires of his plantations, as each additional daughter made her appearance in the family; and occasionally they gave stronger proofs of gratitude, such as beating bailiffs or ducking process-servers. In short, my father was a most popular man, and held up as a pattern to all the neighbouring landlords, who, while they laughed at his easiness, and persisted in not following his example, were obliged to acknowledge that 'he was a very good kind of man, who was no one's enemy but his own. But this could not go on for ever. New roads were made in all parts of the country, and with them came new laws: bailiffs and process-servers



swarmed round my father, and after a few efforts to preserve his freedom, he finally took to his bed as the safest place; his chamber being at the top of the house, and approachable only by a removeable ladder and trap-door. However, as the stock could not be kept in bed, or the potatoes taken in time out of theirs, they were distrained, and in this deplorable situation we applied to our relations, who one and all declared that they regretted much being unable to assist 'such a good kind of man as my father, who was no one's enemy but his own.'

"It was after the receipt of a refusal of this kind from our last first-cousin, that I was called one morning to my father's bedside, where I found my mother and three younger sisters.

"Davy," said my father, in a very solemn tone, after the usual salutations were over, 'sit down here till I talk to you. You were nineteen yesterday," he continued, when I had taken the seat to which he pointed, 'and are quite old enough to appreciate the inconvenience of the state to which your family is reduced.'

"Here he paused as though expecting me to say something, so I said 'Yes, Sir.' The Irish are justly considered to have more respect for their parents and filial affection, than any nation upon earth—of course, the Celestials are not included. An Irish son always says 'Yes, Sir,' to his father. Should the latter bid him go be hanged, it would be a point of conscience with the latter to say 'Yes, Sir,' not that he would have the least idea of obeying him, if he could help it, but it sounds dutiful to say so.

"You have ten helpless sisters,' resumed my parent, and here my sisters put their aprons to their eyes.

"And a mother, Davy,' interrupted my mother looking very much as if she intended to cry. 'And a mother,' repeated my father, 'all depending upon you.'

"God help me!" I internally ejaculated, beginning to be seriously alarmed at the prospect.

"Upon me, Sir!" I exclaimed aloud.

"Yes, Davy, and you must exert yourself to do something for them. Your mother and I have talked the matter over, and decided that you are to marry an heiress.'

"Yes, Sir, but——"

"But what, Sir?"

"I would have no objections, Sir, if——"

"If what, Sir?"

"If I could find one.'

"Find one, is it? Go to England, where they are as plenty as blackberries.'

"But maybe she would not have me.'

"And why should not she, Sir? Can't you ride a horse, dance a jig, sing a song, and drink a tumbler of punch with any man of twice your age in Kerry? Have I not for the last ten years been teaching you, both by precept and example, to make your head? Didn't I pay—no I did not, but I promised to pay—and so I gave my word, if not my money, to your dancing-master for teaching you to make the most of your heels? Were not two of my best hunters killed making a horseman of you? Nature made you a voice, and if you can't make up your own mind to marry an heiress, blame yourself, that's all,' said my father, laying back his head on the pillow with a determined air of stern displeasure.

"I'll do my best, Sir: I'll try, and if I fall——"

"You can't fail,' cried my father: 'heaven must favour such a dutiful son.'

"The best of sons,' sobbed my mother, weeping all out this time.

"Dear Davy, dear brother,' chimed in my sisters in chorus.

"But how am I to get there? Where are the means? I cannot go without money.'

"Aye, my boy, that's the question; but I have thought of that, too. You see the old chaise and the carriage horses are little or nouse, more especially as since the oats was seized, I have nothing to feed the latter with, while I am kept in bed in this way. 'Tis true the sessions will commence next week, and I may get up to-morrow, but still I dare not venture beyond the line of my picquets.—(My father was captain in a militia regiment in his youth, and occasionally used military terms.)—And then in six weeks at the farthest, I shall have to go to bed again, if you do not return before then,—not to mention the danger of having the beasts and machine seized in the interim. Well, considering all this, I thought it better to sell them,—so I sent them off three nights ago, and here's the money they brought, with my blessing; and the sooner you are off the sooner you will be back.'

"Well, to make a long story short, to England I went, where all my efforts to obtain a large fortune encumbered with a wife, were crowned with the most signal and undeserved ill-success. Alas! alas! for the short-sightedness of man! Those accomplishments upon whose value my revered parent expatiated with so much warmth, and founded so many never-to-be-realized expectations; those accomplishments that were to have been the irresistible magnet—the great centre of attraction to which all heiresses should tend—became the stumbling-blocks in my path, the causes of all my discomfiture. Yes, would you



believe it, I was actually dismissed from a ball-room, as a drunken Irishman, for dancing a reel, and my best steps too, through a quadrille, which, in defiance of all good taste, they would persist in dancing, though I almost broke a blood-vessel by exerting my voice to set them right in the reel figure. I was kicked down stairs by an alderman, to whose daughter I endeavoured to make myself agreeable, after proving the strength of my head on some bottles of his claret. And last, though not least, I broke my leg while breaking-in a hunter for a retired oyster-monger, who had an only daughter and £100,000. In short, I was so uniformly unfortunate, that when, two months after my arrival in England, a stage-coach set me down in Bath, I found myself out of all my resources, with only what my mother was pleased to term my natural talent for singing, and £12 undrawn upon; while my hopes were at even a lower ebb than my purse. No time was to be lost, and I determined to make a last and desperate attempt at an heiress. Having discovered that in England the fact of my being an Irishman, and heir apparent to 6,000 acres of unavailable mountain and bog, encumbered with debts to the amount of £10,000, was not considered the best possible recommendation, I sunk the mountain, bog, debts, and the great O, in which my family had gloried for centuries, calling myself Mr. Shaughnessy, and tried hard to pass for an Englishman. The third day after my arrival in Bath, I started an heiress, that is, I discovered that such a desideratum existed in the person of Miss Ellen Fanshaw, the daughter of a nabob, who lived some two miles out of town. Now or never, Davy, said I to myself. So having followed the lady in her shopping excursions, during sundry mornings, and commenced the attack with sighs and glances, I proceeded to follow up the impression which I had no doubt had been made; and ten o'clock that same evening found me sallying forth with my great-coat closely buttoned and an umbrella under my arm, on my way to serenade the lady. It was a beautiful night for such an excursion—so dark and so windy. Romantic young ladies like everything mysterious and dark, whether eyes, nights, or whiskers; and a high wind answers all the purposes of an instrumental accompaniment, by making up for any deficiencies of voice. I had not gone ten yards from my lodgings, when I stumbled upon a piper. He was an Irishman, and the only one of his profession in Bath. A bright thought struck me. 'Paddy,' said I, 'do you know Betsy Baker, Judy Callaghan, the Cruiskeen Lawn, or any other song fit to make love with?'

"Is it do I know Judy Callaghan or Betsy Baker, eh? An' who'd know 'em if I didn't, I'd like to know? Haven't I been for the last twenty years singin' 'em at laste twice a day?"

"Very well," said I, "come along, you're just the man I want; and if I have any luck to-night, I'll give you half a crown for your trouble."

"Stop a minnit," said he, catching my coat as I was moving on, "what ar' you about? tell me that first. If its breakin' into houses or robbin' churches ye ar', I won't have any hand in such divilment, though I wouldn't mind a small matter of cheatin' a revenue or punishin' a gauger."

"You may set your mind at ease, Paddy," said I, laughing at the mistake of the piper, "and accompany me with all safety, for I'm neither going to rob or smuggle. It is only a young lady that I want to—"

"Hurroo!" shouted Paddy, stopping me short before I had time to say half my sentence, and jumping up from the steps of a hall door, where he was seated tuning his pipes, 'if 'tis runnin' away wid a colleen ye are, I'm yer man, an' a better hand at that sort of thing nor meeself ye couldn't find from this to Dublin an' back again, though I say it that shouldn't. Didn't I run away wid my own three wives, more betoken I was near bein' hanged on the head of the last, jist because I didn't ax her consint beforehand, out of respic to her modesty.'

"Wrong again, Paddy, though an elopement wouldn't be a bad idea, and who knows but it may come to it yet, but at present I'm only going to serenade her."

"Surinade!" exclaimed Paddy, in a tone which partook equally of contempt and astonishment.

"Yes, and I want you to accompany me on the pipes. In the storm she will not know the difference between it and my other wind instrument."

"Surinade!" exclaimed Paddy, who had not yet got over his surprise. 'An' how much good do you think that'll do ye, eh? Take my advice an' run off wid her, instead of pipin' and screechin' undher her windy. Surinade! embossah, listen to me, masher,—I was 56 last Candlemass, an' a man can't come to that time of life widout gettin' at some exparience, more betoken I had three wives and six sisters, an' ought to know the nathur of women, the crathers, by this time. If ye don't take the ball at the hop, and run off wid her to-night, that's supposin' her father isn't agrable to the match, she'll change her mind before mornin'; an' a tune on the pipes, though 'tis the finest thing in the world to rise the heart wid, Judy Callaghan an' Betsy Baker to boot,

will be small consolation when she sends ye to whistle afther yer serenade!"

"Well, well," I replied, 'it will be time enough to see about that when we get there; chattering here won't mend the matter, and if we do not move on, the sun will catch us.'

"The darkness of the night made us lose our way two or three times, which, with the wind blowing right in our teeth, delayed us so long that it was past one o'clock before we reached the place of our destination. On our arrival we posted ourselves, as well as I could distinguish in the darkness visible, before the front of the house, and after a few preliminary groans from the pipes, we commenced our serenade, much against Paddy's grain, who strenuously advocated an elopement. The first verse of Betsy, with which we opened, (for I kept the more tender pathos of Judy Callaghan in reserve, as a clincher,) was unheard by the fair mistress of the mansion, for no sooner was the first note uttered than all the elements seemed to combine to drown the sweet sounds, and frustrate my love-making intentions. The hurricane, which I hoped had spent its fury, burst out again in one loud and long-continued roar, while the rain came down as if poured through a sieve. Noah's deluge was a sprinkling compared to it. Flesh and blood couldn't stand it: had it kept on, we should have been swept away. As it was, we had to take shelter in a shrubbery that ran close by the house.

"And this," said Paddy, as we sat crouching in the shade of a laurel bush, our heels drawn up under us, and our heads poked forward beneath the umbrella, which I grasped with both hands, to prevent its being carried off by the wind, 'and this is a *serenade* I throth if I had its christ-nin', 'tis wather-spout I'd call it.'

"Nothing lasts for ever; even the rain had to give up, and the moon could be seen glimmering between the broken clouds, as we changed our position to the gravel in front of the house, where, with the open umbrella above us—for it was still drizzling—we once more commenced Betsy Baker.

"For a short time it was a regular pitched battle—wind versus music—but we kept our ground most manfully, and were rewarded for such *cool* intrepidity by finding, at the end of the sixth or seventh verse (I forget precisely which) that the enemy had retreated, while our united voices and instrument swelled into the most triumphant discord. My voice had been pronounced the strongest in Kerry, and this night, you may be sure, I exerted myself to the utmost, but, bless your heart, my fortissimo was but the feeble squall of a new-born kitten compared to the weakest note

emitted from Paddy's brazen throat, while a Methodist preacher would have made a fortune of the nasal twang with which he rounded off his cadences.

"Throth I'm thinkin' 'tis a deaf wife you'll be afther gettin'," said he, as the last notes of Betsy Baker died away without producing any visible effect upon the inmates of the mansion, 'but by the head of St. Pathrick, if she's buried she'll hear this,' he continued, advancing close under the windows and commencing Judy Callaghan with a crash of the instrument and a yell from his lungs, that must have awakened the dead had there been a churchyard within a mile of the place. 'I knew that I'd do it,' he exclaimed, overjoyed at his success as we heard the shutters over our heads unbarred, and something white appear within the window. 'Now be ready to catch her when she jumps,' he cried, and in my frantic delight at the idea of such an event, I threw open my arms, striking him so forcibly with the umbrella, which I still held enclosed in my hand, that it broke with a crash, while Paddy, who was anything but prepared for such an unexpected salutation, measured his length upon the gravel. However, I had neither time for apology or assistance, for at the same instant, the window sash was raised, and I sprang forward to receive—not the lady—but, oh! horrible to relate, at least 20 gallons of cold water. I was stunned, stupified, I gasped for breath. Twenty gallons of cold water! What a shock to my feelings! While, as if to increase my suffering, a huge pair of shoulders, clothed in white, appeared at the open window, from which a fiery visage, surmounted by a red night-cap, was thrust, while its huge mouth, gaping like an open sepulchre, sent forth, at intervals, horrid screams of laughter, the whole giving one a perfect idea of a laughing devil. For weeks after its farewell words rang in my ears:

"Take that for your serenade, you Irish rascals!"

"I left Bath the next morning," continued O'Shaughnessy, as soon as the laugh excited by the *denouement* of the adventure had subsided, "but not before I paid the piper, not only for the accompaniment, but also for his pipes, which had been broken in his overthrow."

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HOUSE LEUK.—It is common in the North of England, to plant the herb house leek upon the tops of cottage houses. The learned author of the *Vulgar Errors* informs us, that it was an ancient superstition; and this herb was planted on the tops of houses as a defence against lightning and thunder.



## THE COUNTER-STROKE.

Just after breakfast one fine spring morning in 1887, an advertisement in the *Times* for a curate caught and fixed my attention. The salary was sufficiently remunerative for a bachelor, and the parish, as I personally knew, one of the most pleasantly situated in all Somersetshire. Having said that, the reader will readily understand that it could not have been a hundred miles from Taunton. I instantly wrote, enclosing testimonials, with which the Rev. Mr. Townley, the rector, was so entirely satisfied, that the return-post brought me a positive engagement, unclogged with the slightest objection to one or two subsidiary items I had stipulated for, and accompanied by an invitation to make the rectory my home till I could conveniently suit myself elsewhere. This was both kind and handsome; and the next day but one I took coach, with a light heart, for my new destination. It thus happened that I became acquainted, and in some degree mixed up, with the train of events it is my present purpose to relate.

The rector I found to be a stout, portly gentleman, whose years already reached to between sixty and seventy. So many winters, although they had plentifully besprinkled his hair with gray, shone out with ruddy brightness in his still handsome face, and keen, kind, bright-hazel eyes; and his voice, hearty and ringing, had not as yet one quaver of age in it. I met him at breakfast on the morning after my arrival, and his reception of me was most friendly. We had spoken together but for a few minutes, when one of the French windows, that led from the breakfast-room into a shrubbery and flower-garden, gently opened and admitted a lady, just then, as I afterwards learned, in her nineteenth spring. I use this term almost unconsciously, for I cannot even now, in the glowing summer of her life, dissociate her image from that season of youth and joyousness. She was introduced to me, with old-fashioned simplicity, as 'My grand-daughter, Agnes Townley.' It is difficult to look at beauty through other men's eyes, and, in the present instance, I feel that I should fail miserably in the endeavour to stamp upon this blank, dead paper, any adequate idea of the fresh loveliness, the rose-bud beauty of that young girl. I will merely say, that her perfectly Grecian head, wreathed with wavy *boucles* of bright hair, undulating with golden light, vividly brought to my mind Raphael's halo-tinted portraits of the Virgin—with this difference, that in place of the holy calm and resignation of the painting, there was in Agnes Townley a sparkling youth and life, that even amidst the heat and glare of a crowded ball-room or of a theatre, irresistibly suggested and recalled the freshness and perfume of the morning—of a cloudless, rosy morning of May. And, far higher charm than feature-beauty, however exquisite, a sweetness of disposition, a kind gentleness of mind and temper, was evidenced in every line of her face, in every accent of the low-pitched silver voice, that breathed through lips made only to smile.

Let me own, that I was greatly struck by so remarkable a combination of rare endowments; and this, I think, the sharp-eyed rector must have perceived, or he might not perhaps have been so

immediately communicative with respect to the near prospects of his idolised grandchild, as he was the moment the young lady, after presiding at the breakfast-table, had withdrawn.

'We shall have gay doings, Mr. Tyrrel, at the rectory shortly,' he said. 'Next Monday three weeks will, with the blessing of God, be Agnes Townley's wedding-day.'

'Wedding-day!'

'Yes,' rejoined the rector, turning towards and examining some flowers which Miss Townley had brought in and placed on the table. 'Yes, it has been for some time settled that Agnes shall on that day be united in holy wedlock to Mr. Arbuthnot.'

'Mr. Arbuthnot of Elm Park?'

'A great match, is it not, in a worldly point of view?' replied Mr. Townley, with a pleasant smile at the tone of my exclamation. 'And much better than that: Robert Arbuthnot is a young man of a high and noble nature, as well as devotedly attached to Agnes. He will, I doubt not, prove in every respect a husband deserving and worthy of her; and that from the lips of a doting old grandpapa must be esteemed high praise. You will see him presently.'

I did see him often, and quite agreed in the rector's estimate of his future grandson-in-law. I have not frequently seen a finer-looking young man—his age was twenty-six; and certainly one of a more honourable and kindly spirit, of a more genial temper than he, has never come within my observation. He had drawn a great prize in the matrimonial lottery, and, I felt, deserved his high fortune.

They were married at the time agreed upon, and the day was kept not only at Elm Park, and in its neighbourhood, but throughout 'our' parish, as a general holiday. And, strangely enough—at least I have never met with another instance of the kind—it was held by our entire female community, high as well as low, that the match was a perfectly equal one, notwithstanding that wealth and high worldly position were entirely on the bridegroom's side. In fact, that nobody less in the social scale than the representative of an old territorial family ought, in the nature of things, to have aspired to the hand of Agnes Townley, appeared to have been a foregone conclusion with everybody. This will give the reader a truer and more vivid impression of the bride, than any words or colours I might use.

The days, weeks, months of wedded life flew over Mr. and Mrs. Arbuthnot without a cloud, save a few dark but transitory ones which I saw now and then flit over the husband's countenance as the time when he should become a father drew near, and came to be more and more spoken of. 'I should not survive her,' said Mr. Arbuthnot, one day in reply to a chance observation of the rector's, 'nor indeed desire to do so.' The gray-headed man seized and warmly pressed the husband's hand, and tears of sympathy filled his eyes; yet did he, nevertheless, as in duty bound, utter grave words on the sinfulness of despair under any circumstances, and the duty, in all trials, however heavy, of patient submission to the will of God. But the venerable gentleman spoke in a hoarse and broken voice, and it was easy to see he felt with Mr. Arbuthnot that the reality of an



event, the bare possibility of which shook them so terribly, were a cross too heavy for human strength to bear and live.

It was of course decided that the expected heir or heiress should be intrusted to a wet-nurse, and a Mrs. Danby, the wife of a miller living not very far from the rectory, was engaged for that purpose. I had frequently seen the woman; and her name, as the rector and I were one evening gossiping over our tea, on some subject or other that I forget, came up.

'A likely person,' I remarked; 'healthy, very good-looking, and one might make oath, a true-hearted creature. But there is withal a timidity, a frightenedness in her manner at times which, if I may hazard a perhaps uncharitable conjecture, speaks ill for that smart husband of hers.'

'You have hit the mark precisely, my dear sir. Danby is a sorry fellow, and a domestic tyrant to boot. His wife, who is really a good, but meek-hearted person, lived with us once. How old do you suppose her to be?'

'Five-and-twenty perhaps.'

'Six years more than that. She has a son of the name of Harper by a former marriage, who is in his tenth year. Anne wasn't a widow long. Danby was caught by her good looks, and she by the bait of a well-provided home. Unless, however, her husband gives up his corn speculations, she will not, I think, have that much longer.'

'Corn speculations! Surely Danby has no means adequate to indulgence in such a game as that?'

'Not he. But about two years ago he bought, on credit, I believe, a considerable quantity of wheat, and prices happening to fly suddenly up just then, he made a large profit. This has quite turned his head, which, by the by, was never, as Cockneys say, quite rightly screwed on.' The announcement of a visitor interrupted anything further the rector might have had to say, and I soon afterwards went home.

A sad accident occurred about a month subsequent to the foregoing conversation. The rector was out riding upon a usually quiet horse, which all at once took it into its head to shy at a scarecrow it must have seen a score of times, and thereby threw its rider. Help was fortunately at hand, and the reverend gentleman was instantly conveyed home, when it was found that his left thigh was broken. Thanks, however, to his temperate habits, it was before long authoritatively pronounced that, although it would be a considerable time before he was released from confinement, it was not probable that the lusty winter of his life would be shortened by what had happened. Unfortunately, the accident threatened to have evil consequences in another quarter. Immediately after it occurred, one Matthews, a busy, thick-headed lout of a butcher, rode furiously off to Elm Park with the news. Mrs. Arbuthnot, who daily looked to be confined, was walking with her husband upon the lawn in front of the house, when the great burly blockhead rode up, and blurted out that the rector had been thrown from his horse, and it was feared killed!

The shock of such an announcement was of course overwhelming. A few hours afterwards, Mrs. Arbuthnot gave birth to a healthy male-child; but the young mother's life, assailed by fever, was for many days utterly despaired of—for weeks

held to tremble so evenly in the balance, that the slightest adverse circumstance might in a moment turn the scale deathward. At length the black horizon that seemed to encompass us so hopelessly, lightened, and afforded the lover-husband a glimpse and hope of his vanished and well-nigh despaired of Eden. The promise was fulfilled. I was in the library with Mr. Arbuthnot awaiting the physician's morning report, very anxiously expected at the rectory, when Dr. Lindley entered the apartment in evidently cheerful mood.

'You have been causelessly alarmed,' he said. 'There is no fear whatever of a relapse. Weakness only remains, and that we shall slowly, perhaps, but certainly, remove.'

A gleam of lightning seemed to flash over Mr. Arbuthnot's expressive countenance. 'Blessed be God!' he exclaimed. 'And how,' he added, 'shall we manage respecting the child? She asks for it incessantly.'

Mr. Arbuthnot's infant son, I should state, had been consigned immediately after its birth to the care of Mrs. Danby, who had herself been confined, also with a boy, about a fortnight previously, Scarlatina being prevalent in the neighbourhood. Mrs. Danby was hurried away with the two children to a place near Bath, almost before she was able to bear the journey. Mr. Arbuthnot had not left his wife for an hour, and consequently had only seen his child for a few minutes just after it was born.

'With respect to the child,' replied Dr. Lindley, 'I am of opinion that Mrs. Arbuthnot may see it in a day or two. Say the third day from this, if all goes well. I think we may venture so far; but I will be present, for any untoward agitation might be perhaps instantly fatal.' This point provisionally settled, we all three went our several ways: I to cheer the still suffering rector with the good news.

The next day but one, Mr. Arbuthnot was in exuberant spirits. 'Dr. Lindley's report is even more favourable than we had anticipated,' he said; 'and I start to-morrow morning to bring Mrs. Danby and the child.' The postman's subdued but unmistakable knock interrupted him. 'The nurse,' he added, 'is very attentive and punctual. She writes almost every day.' A servant entered with a salver heaped with letters. Mr. Arbuthnot tossed them over eagerly, and seizing one, after glancing at the post-mark, tore it eagerly open, muttering as he did so: 'It is not the usual handwriting; but from her, no doubt'—'Merciful God! I impulsively exclaimed, as I suddenly lifted my eyes to his. 'What is the matter?' A mortal pallor had spread over Mr. Arbuthnot's before animated features, and he was glaring at the letter in his hand as if a basilisk had suddenly confronted him. Another moment, and the muscles of his frame appeared to give way suddenly, and he dropped heavily into the easy-chair from which he had risen to take the letters. I was terribly alarmed, and first loosening his neckerchief, for he seemed choking, I said: 'Let me call some one;' and I turned to reach the bell, when he instantly seized my arms, and held me with a grip of iron. 'No—no—no!' he hoarsely gasped; 'water—water!' There was fortunately some on a side-table. I handed it to him, and he drank eagerly. It appeared to revive him a little.

He thrust the crumpled letter into his pocket, and said in a low, quick whisper : ' There is some one coming ! Not a word, remember—not a word ! ' At the same time, he wheeled his chair half round, so that his back should be towards the servant we heard approaching.

' I am sent, sir,' said Mrs. Arbuthnot's maid, ' to ask if the post has arrived.'

' Yes,' replied Mr. Arbuthnot, with wonderful mastery of his voice. ' Tell your mistress I shall be with her almost immediately, and that her—her son is quite well.'

' Mr. Tyrrel,' he continued, as soon as the servant was out of hearing, ' there is, I think, a liqueur-stand on the sideboard in the large dining-room. Would you have the kindness to bring it me, unobserved—mind that—unobserved by any one ?'

I did as he requested ; and the instant I placed the liqueur-frame before him, he seized the brandy *carafe*, and drank with fierce eagerness. ' For goodness sake,' I exclaimed, ' consider what you are about, Mr. Arbuthnot : you will make yourself ill.'

' No, no,' he answered, after finishing his draught. ' It seems scarcely stronger than water. But I—I am better now. It was a sudden spasm of the heart ; that's all. The letter,' he added, after a long and painful pause, during which he eyed me, I thought, with a kind of suspicion—' the letter you saw me open just now, comes from a relative, an aunt, who is ill, very ill, and wishes to see me instantly. You understand ?'

I *did* understand, or at least I feared that I did too well. I, however, bowed acquiescence ; and he presently rose from his chair, and strode about the apartment in great agitation, until his wife's bedroom bell rang. He then stopped suddenly short, shook himself, and looked anxiously at the reflection of his flushed and varying countenance in the magnificent chimney-glass.

' I do not look, I think—or, at least shall not, in a darkened room—odder, more out of the way—that is, more agitated—than one might, than one *must* appear, after hearing of the dangerous illness of—of—an aunt ?'

' You look better, sir, than you did awhile since.'

' Yes, yes, much better, much better. I am glad to hear you say so. That was my wife's bell. She is anxious, no doubt, to see me.'

He left the apartment ; was gone perhaps ten minutes ; and when he returned, was a thought less nervous than before. I rose to go. ' Give my respects,' he said, ' to the good rector ; and as an especial favour,' he added, with strong emphasis, ' let me ask of you not to mention to a living soul that you saw me so unmann'd as I was just now ; that I swallowed brandy. It would appear so strange, so weak, so ridiculous.'

I promised not to do so, and almost immediately left the house, very painfully affected. His son was, I concluded, either dead or dying, and he was thus bewilderedly casting about for means of keeping the terrible, perhaps fatal tidings from his wife. I afterwards heard that he left Elm Park in a postchaise, about two hours after I came away, unattended by a single servant !

He was gone three clear days only, at the end of which he returned with Mrs. Danby and—his son—in florid health, too, and one of the finest

babies of its age—about nine weeks only—I had ever seen. Thus vanished the air-drawn Doubting Castle and Giant Despair which I had so hastily conjured up ! The cause assigned by Mr. Arbuthnot for the agitation I had witnessed, was doubtless the true one ; and yet, and the thought haunted me for months, years afterwards, he opened only *one* letter that morning, and had sent a message to his wife that the child was well !

Mrs. Danby remained at the Park till the little Robert was weaned, and was then dismissed very munificently rewarded. Year after year rolled away without bringing Mr. and Mrs. Arbuthnot any additional little ones, and no one, therefore, could feel surprised at the enthusiastic love of the delighted mother for her handsome, nobly-promising boy. But that which did astonish me, though no one else, for it seemed that I alone noticed it, was a strange defect of character which began to develop itself in Mr. Arbuthnot. He was positively jealous of his wife's affection for their own child ! Many and many a time have I remarked, when he thought himself unobserved, an expression of intense pain flash from his fine, expressive eyes, at any more than usually fervent manifestation of the young mother's gushing love for her first and only born ! It was altogether a mystery to me, and I as much as possible forbore to dwell upon the subject.

Nine years passed away without bringing any material change to the parties involved in this narrative, except those which time brings ordinarily in his train. Young Robert Arbuthnot was a healthy, tall, fine-looking lad of his age ; and his great-grand papa, the rector, though not suffering under any actual physical or mental infirmity, had reached a time of life when the announcement that the golden bowl is broken, or the silver cord is loosened, may indeed be quick and sudden, but scarcely unexpected. Things had gone well, too, with the nurse, Mrs. Danby, and her husband ; well, at least after a fashion. The speculative miller must have made good use of the gift to his wife for her care of little Arbuthnot, for he had built a genteel house near the mill, always rode a valuable horse, kept, it was said, a capital table ; and all this, as it seemed, by his clever speculations in corn and flour, for the ordinary business of the mill was almost entirely neglected. He had no children of his own, but he had apparently taken, with much cordiality, to his step-son, a fine lad, now about eighteen years of age. This greatly grieved the boy's mother, who dreaded above all things that her son should contract the evil, dissolute habits of his father-in-law. Latterly, she had become extremely solicitous to procure the lad a permanent situation abroad, and this Mr. Arbuthnot had promised should be effected at the earliest opportunity.

Thus stood affairs on the 16th of October, 1846. Mr. Arbuthnot was temporarily absent in Ireland, where he possessed large property, and was making personal inquiries as to the extent of the potatoe-rot, not long before announced. The morning's post had brought a letter to his wife, with the intelligence that he should reach home that very evening ; and as the rectory was on the direct road to Elm Park, and her husband would be sure to pull up there, Mrs. Arbuthnot came with her son to pass the afternoon there, and in



some slight degree anticipate her husband's arrival.

About three o'clock, a chief-clerk of one of the Taunton banks rode up in a gig to the rectory, and asked to see the Rev. Mr. Townley, on pressing and important business. He was ushered into the library, where the rector and I were at the moment rather busily engaged. The clerk said he had been to Elm Park, but not finding either Mr. Arbuthnot or his lady there, he had thought that perhaps the Rev. Mr. Townley might be able to pronounce upon the genuineness of a cheque for £300 purporting to be drawn on the Taunton Bank by Mr. Arbuthnot, and which Danby the miller had obtained cash for at Bath. He further added, that the bank had refused payment, and detained the cheque, believing it to be a forgery.

'A forgery!' exclaimed the rector, after merely glancing at the document. 'No question that it is, and a very clumsily executed one, too. Besides Mr. Arbuthnot is not yet returned from Ireland.'

This was sufficient; and the messenger, with many apologies for his intrusion, withdrew, and hastened back to Taunton. We were still talking over this sad affair, although some hours had elapsed since the clerk's departure—in fact, candles had been brought in, and we were every moment expecting Mr. Arbuthnot—when the sound of a horse at a hasty gallop was heard approaching, and presently the pale and haggard face of Danby shot by the window at which the rector and myself were standing. The out-gate bell was rung almost immediately afterwards, and but a brief interval passed before 'Mr. Danby' was announced to be in waiting. The servant had hardly gained the passage with leave to shew him in, when the impatient visitor rushed rudely into the room in a state of great, and it seemed angry excitement.

'What, sir, is the meaning of this ill-mannered intrusion?' demanded the rector sternly.

'You have pronounced the cheque I paid away at Bath to be a forgery; and the officers are, I am told, already at my heels. Mr. Arbuthnot, unfortunately, is not at home, and I am come, therefore, to seek shelter with you.'

'Shelter with me, sir!' exclaimed the indignant rector, moving, as he spoke, towards the bell. 'Out of my house you shall go this instant.'

The fellow placed his hand upon the reverend gentleman's arm, and looked with his bloodshot eyes keenly in his face.

'Don't!' said Danby; 'don't, for the sake of yourself and yours! Don't! I warn you: or, if you like the phrase better, don't, for the sake of me and mine.'

'Yours, fellow! Your wife, whom you have so long held in cruel bondage through her fears for her son, has at last shaken off that chain. James Harper sailed two days ago from Portsmouth to Bombay. I sent her the news two hours since.'

'Ha! Is that indeed so?' cried Danby, with an irrepressible start of alarm. 'Why, then—But no matter: here, luckily, comes Mrs. Arbuthnot and her son. All's right! She will, I know, stand bail for me, and if need be, acknowledge the genuineness of her husband's cheque.'

The fellow's insolence was becoming unbearable, and I was about to seize and thrust him forcibly

from the apartment, when the sound of wheels was heard outside. 'Hold! one moment,' he cried with fierce vehemence. 'That is probably the officers: I must be brief, then, and to the purpose. Pray, madam, do not leave the room for your own sake: as for you, young sir, I command you to remain!'

'What! what does he mean?' exclaimed Mrs. Arbuthnot bewilderedly, and at the same time clasping her son—who gazed on Danby with kindled eyes, and angry boyish defiance—tightly to her side. Did the man's strange words give form and significance to some dark, shadowy, indistinct fear that had previously haunted her at times? I judged so. The rector appeared similarly confused and shaken, and had sunk nerveless and terrified upon a sofa.

'You guess dimly, I see, at what I have to say,' resumed Danby with a malignant sneer. 'Well, hear it, then, once for all, and then, if you will, give me up to the officers. Some years ago,' he continued, coldly and steadily—'some years ago, a woman, a nurse, was placed in charge of two infant children, both boys: one of these was her own; the other was the son of rich, proud parents. The woman's husband was a gay, jolly fellow, who much preferred spending money to earning it, and just then it happened that he was more than usually hard up. One afternoon, on visiting his wife, who had removed to a distance, he found that the rich man's child had sickened of the small-pox, and that there was no chance of its recovery. A letter containing the sad news was on a table, which he, the husband, took the liberty to open and read. After some reflection, suggested by what he had heard of the lady-mother's state of mind, he recopied the letter, for the sake of embodying in it a certain suggestion. That letter was duly posted, and the next day brought the rich man almost in a state of distraction; but his chief and mastering terror was lest the mother of the already dead infant should hear, in her then precarious state, of what had happened. The tidings, he was sure, would kill her. Seeing this, the cunning husband of the nurse suggested that, for the present, his—the cunning one's—child might be taken to the lady as her own, and that the truth could be revealed when she was strong enough to bear it. The rich man fell into the artful trap, and that which the husband of the nurse had speculated upon, came to pass even beyond his hopes. The lady grew to idolize her fancied child—she has, fortunately, had no other—and now, I think, it would really kill her to part with him.' The rich man could not find in his heart to deceive his wife—every year it became more difficult, more impossible to do so; and very generously, I must say, has he paid in purse for the forbearance of the nurse's husband. Well now, then, to sum up: the nurse was Mrs. Danby; the rich, weak husband Mr. Arbuthnot; the substituted child, that handsome boy—my son!'

A wild scream from Mrs. Arbuthnot broke the dread silence which had accompanied this frightful revelation, echoed by an agonised cry, half tenderness, half rage, from her husband, who had entered the room unobserved, and now clasped her passionately in his arms. The carriage-wheels we had heard were his. It was long before I could recall



with calmness the tumult, terror, and confusion of that scene. Mr. Arbuthnot strove to bear his wife from the apartment, but she would not be forced away, but kept imploring with frenzied vehemence that Robert—that her boy should not be taken from her.

‘I have no wish to do so—far from it,’ said Danby with gleeful exultation. ‘Only folk must be reasonable, and not threaten their friends with the hulks!’—

‘Give him anything, anything!’ broke in the unhappy lady. ‘O Robert! Robert!’ she added with a renewed burst of hysterical grief, ‘how could you deceive me so?’

‘I have been punished, Agnes,’ he answered in a husky, broken voice, ‘for my well-intending but criminal weakness; cruelly punished by the ever-present consciousness that this discovery must one day or other be surely made. What do you want?’ he after awhile added with recovering firmness, addressing Danby.

‘The acknowledgement of the little bit of paper in dispute, of course; and say a genuine one to the same amount.’

‘Yes, yes,’ exclaimed Mrs. Arbuthnot, still wildly sobbing, and holding the terrified boy strained in her embrace, as if she feared he might be wrenched from her by force. ‘Anything—pay him anything!’

At this moment chancing to look towards the door of the apartment, I saw that it was partially opened, and that Danby’s wife was listening there. What might that mean? But what of helpful meaning in such a case could it have?

‘Be it so, love,’ said Mr. Arbuthnot, soothingly. ‘Danby, call to-morrow at the Park. And now, begone at once.’

‘I was thinking,’ resumed the rascal with swelling audacity, ‘that we might as well at the same time come to some permanent arrangement upon black and white. But never mind: I can always put the screw on; unless, indeed, you get tired of the young gentleman, and in that case, I doubt not, he will prove a dutiful and affectionate son—Ah, devil! What do you here? Begone, or I’ll murder you! Begone, do you hear?’

His wife had entered, and silently confronted him. ‘Your threats, evil man,’ replied the woman quietly, ‘have no terrors for me now. My son is beyond your reach. Oh, Mrs. Arbuthnot,’ she added, turning towards and addressing that lady, ‘believe not!’—

Her husband sprang at her with the bound of a panther. ‘Silence! Go home, or I’ll strangle!’—His own utterance was arrested by the fierce grasp of Mr. Arbuthnot, who seized him by the throat, and hurled him to the further end of the room. ‘Speak on, woman; and quick! quick! What have you to say?’

‘That your son, dearest lady,’ she answered, throwing herself at Mrs. Arbuthnot’s feet, ‘is as truly your own child as ever son born of woman!’

That shout of half-fearful triumph seems, even now as I write, to ring in my ears! I felt that the woman’s words were words of truth, but I could not see distinctly: the room whirled round, and the lights danced before my eyes, but I could hear through all the choking ecstasy of the mother, and the fury of the baffled felon.

‘The letter,’ continued Mrs. Danby, ‘which my

husband found and opened, would have informed you of the swiftly approaching death of my child, and that yours had been carefully kept beyond the reach of contagion. The letter you received was written without my knowledge or consent. True it is that, terrified by my husband’s threats, and in some measure reconciled to the wicked imposition by knowing that, after all, the right child would be in his right place, I afterwards lent myself to Danby’s evil purposes. But I chiefly feared for my son, whom I fully believed he would not have scrupled to make away with in revenge for my exposing his profitable fraud. I have sinned; I can hardly hope to be forgiven, but I have now told the sacred truth.’

All this was uttered by the repentant woman, but, at the time, it was almost wholly unheard by those most interested in the statement. They only comprehended that they were saved—that the child was theirs in very truth. Great, abundant, but for the moment, bewildering joy! Mr. Arbuthnot—his beautiful young wife—her own true boy (how could she for a moment have doubted that he was her own true boy!—you might read that thought through all her tears, thickly as they fell)—the aged and half-stunned rector, whilst yet Mrs. Danby was speaking, were exclaiming, sobbing in each other’s arms, ay, and praising God too, with broken voices and incoherent words it may be, but certainly with fervent, pious, grateful hearts.

When we had time to look about us, it was found that the felon had disappeared—escaped. It was well, perhaps, that he had; better, that he has not been heard of since.

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## OCCASION.

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“Say, who art thou, with more than mortal air,  
Endowed by Heaven with gifts and graces rare,  
Whom restless, winged feet for ever onward bear?”

“I am Occasion—known to few, at best;  
And since one foot upon a wheel I rest,  
Constant my movements are—they cannot be repressed.

“Not the swift eagle, in his swiftest flight,  
Can equal me in speed—my wings are bright,  
And man, who sees them waved, is dazzled by the sight.

“My thick and flowing locks before me thrown,  
Conceal my form—nor face, nor breast is shown,  
That thus as I approach, my coming be not known.

“Behind my head no single lock of hair  
Invites the hand that fain would grasp it there,  
But he who lets me pass, to seize me may despair.”

“Whom, then, so close behind thee do I see?”  
“Her name is Penitence; and Heaven’s decree  
Hath made all those her prey who profit not by me.

“And thou, O mortal! who dost vainly ply  
These curious questions; thou dost not descry,  
That now thy time is lost—for I am passing by.”



ALFRED.

BORN A.D. 849.—DIED A.D. 901.

ALFRED THE GREAT was born in the year 849, at Wantage in Berkshire. He is described to have been from his infancy his father's favourite; and when he was only in his fifth year Ethelwulf sent him, attended by a splendid train of nobility and others, to Rome, where it is said he was, according to the custom of those times, adopted by the reigning pontiff, Leo IV., as his son, and also, young as he was, anointed as a king.\* A few years after this, he again visited the imperial city, accompanied by his father himself, and this time his opening faculties may be supposed to have received many impressions from a scene so unlike anything he could have witnessed at home, which would prove indelible, and materially influence his future character and conduct. His father died when he was in his eleventh year; and he appears to have lost his mother some years before. He was now, therefore, left to the charge of his step-mother, Judith, a daughter of the King of France, who seems, however, to have acquitted herself admirably of the duty which had thus devolved on her.

The only species of literature of which our future royal author yet knew anything, was the unwritten ballad poetry of his country, to which, as recited by his attendants and playmates, he

had from his earliest years loved to listen. But the influence even of such intellectual sustenance as this in awakening both his patriotism and his genius, will not be thought lightly of by any who have accustomed themselves to trace the causes by which generous spirits have been frequently matured to greatness. The body is not fed and strengthened by bread alone;—so neither is the mind only by that sort of knowledge which is conversant but with the literalities of things. The prejudice of a certain philosophism against whatever appeals to the imaginative part of our nature is no wiser than would be a feeling of contempt on the part of a blind man for those who see. True, imagination has its tendencies to evil, as well as to good. And there are also temptations which beset the man who sees, from which he who is blind is exempted. And, universally, in this condition of things, whatsoever may be turned to good may be turned also to evil, and nothing is wholly and irretrievably either the one or the other. But it is the high office of philosophy to be ever so mixing up and combining the elements of power that are in us and around us, as to turn them all to good; none of them were given us to be either lost or destroyed; least of all were our imaginative tastes and faculties—which are the very wings of the mind, whereby it lifts itself to the upper regions of philosophy—made part and parcel of our being, only that they might be stunted in their growth, or left to perish. They were bestowed upon us

\* Asser, 7.—Chron. Sax. 77.—Lingard supposes that Alfred was made to receive regal unction in order to secure his succession to the Crown, after his brothers, to the exclusion of their children.



undoubtedly, like all the rest of our nature, to be *educated*, that is to say, to have their potency changed from tyrannizing over us, to serving under us, even as the fire, and the water, and the beasts of the field, which also all aspire to be our masters, are converted by art into our most useful ministers and subjects, and made, as it were, to come and lay down their strength at our feet. Our business is to seek not to destroy our imagination, but to obtain the rule over it,—not to weaken, but to direct, its force. He whose imagination is his lord, is a madman; but he, on the other hand, is armed with the mightiest of all moral powers, whose imagination is his wielded and obedient instrument. It was fortunate, we must, therefore, hold, for Alfred to have had his sensibilities thus early kindled to the love of poetry. This was excitement enough to keep his intellectual faculties from wasting away, during the protracted period when he was yet without the elements of any other education. And who shall say how much, not of the enjoyment merely, but even of the greatness, of his future life was the offspring of that imaginative culture of his youth, which, as it must have smitten his spirit with its first love of heroic deeds, so would often supply it afterwards with its best strength for their performance. He himself at least retained ever after the deepest regard and reverence for that simple lore which had thus been the light and solace of his otherwise illiterate boyhood. Many of his compositions which have come down to us are in verse, and we are told by his friend and biographer, Asser, that not only was the poetry of his native land his own favourite reading, but that, in directing the education of his children, it was to Saxon books, and especially to Saxon poetry, that he ordered their hours of study to be devoted. The indulgence of his parents was probably, in part at least, the cause of his long ignorance of book-learning. But, however this may be, he had reached his twelfth year, Asser tells us, without knowing his letters, when one day his mother showed him and his brothers, a small volume somewhat gaily illuminated, and announced that the book should be the prize of him who should first learn to read it. Alfred immediately put himself into the hands of a teacher, and, although the youngest of the competitors, was in no long time able to claim the promised reward. From this period he continued to be throughout his life so ardent and devoted a reader, that, even when most oppressed with occupation, he was rarely to be found, if he had the shortest interval of repose, without a book in his hand.

Up to the time when Ethelred mounted the throne, as related in the preceding historical sketch, Alfred had never succeeded in obtaining from his brothers the property to which he was entitled by his father's will; and, owing to this cause, he seems to have been unable to provide himself either with books or instructors even in the few branches of science and of more refined scholarship which were then cultivated. There is some reason to believe that, in the recklessness produced by the untoward circumstances in which he was thus placed, his noble energies had already threatened to lose themselves in a career of dissipation and profligacy. But both his years at

this time, and the steady virtues of his manhood, forbid us to suppose that he could have proceeded very far in such a course. Even after Ethelred became king, he still continued to be deprived of the independent provision which had been bequeathed to him; his brother, who, before his accession, had promised to see his rights restored, now excusing himself from performing his intention, on the ground of the troubled state of the kingdom, harassed as it was almost continually by those Danish pirates, who had first appeared on its coasts in the reign of Egbert, but had for some years past been in the habit of making their descents in such augmented force as to dispute the possession of the country with its natural occupants. From this date, however, he seems to have been brought forth from the obscurity in which he had hitherto lived; and his brother's estimate of his talents, indeed, is said to have been so great, that he employed him both as his principal adviser or minister in the general government of the realm, and as the commander-in-chief of his armies. In this latter capacity he repeatedly encountered the Danes with various success. At last he allowed himself to be drawn into an engagement with them as they were collected in formidable numbers near Reading; the issue of which threatened to be a total defeat of the English, when a fresh force arrived under the command of the king himself, and so entirely turned the fortune of the day, that the Danes were completely routed with the loss of many of their chiefs. Their disaster, however, was far from driving the invaders from the country; on the contrary, they boldly attacked the two brothers about a fortnight after, and beat them; and this success they followed up without loss of time by another attack, which terminated in a second victory; and in which, as already related, King Ethelred was mortally wounded. The crown, therefore, now fell to Alfred, by whom, however, his original biographer assures us, it was assumed with reluctance. The jewelled circlet, always lined with cares, had almost in this case, indeed, to be won before it could be worn.

Scarcely had Alfred laid his brother in the grave when he was again forced to meet the enemy at Wilton. The consequence was a third defeat. It was followed by a treaty, which, however, the Danes, rendered audacious by the consciousness of their strength, are asserted to have regarded just as far as it suited their inclinations or convenience. In the course of a few years Alfred found it necessary again to have recourse to arms; and he now resolved to meet the invaders on their own element, the sea. He accordingly fitted out a fleet, which soon afterwards attacked a squadron of five Danish ships, and took one of them. The foreigners, however, still maintained their position in the country in formidable numbers, quartering, plundering, and laying waste wherever they chose. Finding himself not strong enough to offer them battle, Alfred was obliged in 875 to make a new peace with them, or rather indeed to buy a cessation of hostilities. But the very next year he was forced to renew the war, which, with desperate vigour, he now pushed at once both by sea and land. Collecting all the forces he could, he shut up the



army of the enemy in the town of Exeter; but he was saved the risk of actually giving them battle, by the good fortune of his little navy, which in the meantime attacked their fleet, consisting of a hundred and twenty sail; and, aided by a storm which immediately succeeded the conflict, sunk part of the vessels, and drove the rest on shore, so that scarcely a man escaped. Another peace followed this glorious achievement, the enemy being obliged to give hostages. The very year following, however, they suddenly sprung up again in arms; and such was the consternation everywhere spread by this unexpected return of a scourge which now seemed altogether invincible, that utter despair took possession of the heart of the nation; and, while many concealed themselves, or fled from the country, others submitted to the invaders, and none could be found to go forth and make head against them. The kingdom in fact might be said to be conquered. The king himself was obliged to leave his palace, and to take refuge in disguise with one of the keepers of his cattle. It was while he resided in the man's hut that an incident happened with which all our readers are probably familiar: the scolding he one day received from the neatherd's wife—to whom his quality was unknown—for having, while engaged in trimming his bow and arrows, allowed some cakes to burn which she had appointed him in her absence to watch while toasting. The angry dame told him that it would have been but fair that he had attended to her cakes a little more, as he was generally ready enough to eat them.

Even while in this retreat, however, Alfred probably kept up a correspondence with some of his friends; and, after a short time, he collected his family and a small body of faithful adherents, and took up his residence along with them in the little island of Athelney in Somersetshire, formed by the inclosing waters of the Parret and the Thone. On this marshy spot he built a fort, which was from its situation almost impregnable, and from which he frequently sallied forth against the enemy at the head of his few but brave followers with no inconsiderable success. One day, some of the old histories tell us, he had been left alone in this fort with his queen, and was, as usual, engaged in reading, when he was roused from his book by the voice of a poor man asking alms. He desired the queen to see what store of provisions they had in the house; thereupon, opening the cupboard, she told him there was but one small loaf. He directed her, nevertheless, to give the half of it to the poor man, and expressed his trust that God would soon send them more. It is said that when this had been done he read for some time longer, and then both he and the queen fell asleep. When he awakened the king called to his consort, and told her that he had dreamed he had seen St. Cuthbert, who had informed him that God had at last determined to restore him to his throne, and that in token of the truth of the vision his servants, who had been sent out to seek supplies, would soon be back with a large quantity of fish. Her Majesty declared that she had had exactly the same dream; and in a few moments part of the prophecy was confirmed by the return of the servants overloaded with the produce of their nets. A portion of this story is probably

the manufacture of the monks; but the fancy is unwilling to part with the belief that there may be truth at least in the incident of the divided loaf, if not in that of the double dream. Alfred had been nearly a year in Athelney when news was brought to him of a great victory which had been obtained over the Danes by a body of his subjects led by the Earl of Devonshire. The general of the enemy, with many of their other captains, had been slain, and their celebrated magical standard, called the Raven, which was believed to have the power of predicting the issue of the battle in which it was carried, had fallen into the hands of the victors. On receiving this intelligence, Alfred immediately prepared to place himself once more at the head of his people, now that they had reawakened to a sense of their duty to themselves, and of the necessity of shaking off the yoke of their foreign oppressors. Having issued letters to his nobility, informing them where he was, and inviting them to come to him, he laid before them a proposal for a general attack upon the enemy, which was eagerly agreed to. The better, however, to ascertain their position and their strength, he determined first to adopt an extraordinary expedient; and having put on the disguise of a harper, actually, it is said, introduced himself in that character into the camp, and was admitted to give a sample of his musical skill in the presence of their princes. The appearance of the English army close upon the unsuspecting Danes soon followed this adventure of Alfred. A battle ensued at Eddington in Wiltshire, which ended in the complete defeat of the foreigners. The English monarch, however, on their giving hostages, and consenting to embrace Christianity, treated them with great generosity, and even assigned them the whole kingdom of East Angia—including the counties of Cambridge, Suffolk, and Norfolk—for their habitation.

No further annoyance was now received from this quarter till the year 884, when a numerous swarm of these northern pirates landed in Kent, and laid siege to Rochester. Alfred, however, attacked them, and forced them to raise the siege, and to fly from the country. In a battle at sea, also, which occurred shortly after, his fleet destroyed thirteen of their ships. There was now peace again for some years. But at last two large Danish fleets made their appearance nearly at the same time, the one consisting of two hundred and fifty sail on the coast of Kent, the other in the Thames. The crews of both effected a landing before they could be opposed, and fixed themselves severally at Appletree and at Middleton. The arrival of these new hordes was the signal for the revolt of large numbers of their countrymen who were settled in different parts of the kingdom, so that the situation of Alfred seemed now more perilous than ever. He prepared, however, to face the crisis with his characteristic boldness, skill, and activity. Various battles ensued, at Farnham in Surrey, at Exeter, and elsewhere, in all of which the English, led by their heroic monarch, were victorious. The Danes, however, were still far from being subdued, being in fact no sooner repulsed in one part of the country than they carried their devastations into another. A powerful band of them having come up the Thames, landed about twenty

miles from London, and there built a fort. From this stronghold, however, Alfred drove them by cutting certain trenches which left their ships dry, and then burning and destroying such of them as could not be got off. This and other successes at last reduced these barbarians again to subjection and quiet, after the war had continued for about three years, during a considerable portion of which time the miseries of famine and plague followed every where the ravages of the sword. A maritime engagement on the coast of Devonshire, in which five out of six ships of the enemy were sunk or driven on shore, concluded the triumphs of the English arms. The few remaining years of Alfred's reign were spent in tranquillity, of which he took advantage to repair the many mischiefs and disorders which so long a season of turbulence had introduced, and to establish such institutions as might secure the future prosperity of the kingdom.

It is generally allowed that Englishmen are indebted to this illustrious monarch, if not for the contrivance and first introduction, at any rate for the restoration and improvement, of several of their most valuable still existing safeguards of liberty and order. He did not, indeed, establish a representative government; but he ordered that the great council of the nation—the only species of legislative assembly suitable to the circumstances of the country in that age—should meet at least twice every year, thus providing a parliamentary, if not a popular check of considerable importance upon his own authority and that of his successors. The general application of trial by jury to civil and criminal cases is also thought to be due to Alfred. The common law is supposed to be founded principally on the regulations for the punishment of offences and the dispensing of justice which he promulgated. He settled the boundaries of the parishes, hundreds, into counties into which England still continues to be divided, and accomplished a survey of the whole, the results of which he caused to be recorded in what was called the book of Winchester, the foundation of the famous Domesday Book, compiled two centuries afterwards by the Conqueror. By an ingeniously arranged system of police also, he placed every man in his dominions as it were under his eye, so that it is said offences against property and the public peace became eventually almost unknown, and the king was wont, by way of putting the sovereignty of the laws to the proof, even to expose articles of gold on the highways without any one daring to touch them. He founded new towns in different parts of the kingdom, and restored many of the old ones which had fallen into decay. London especially, which, when he came to the throne, was in the possession of the Danes, he rebuilt, extended, and chose as his principal residence and the seat of government. To Alfred, likewise, England is indebted for the beginning of her naval greatness,—that arm of her national power which is at once the strongest for good and the weakest for evil.

Nor did this wise and patriotic king neglect the civilization any more than the defence and political independence of his country. He not only established schools for elementary instruction in most of the different great towns, but spared no

pains or cost to bring back and re-establish among his people that higher learning which the recent distractions had almost entirely banished. He was, according to some accounts, the founder of the university of Oxford; and it seems probable that he fixed and endowed a seminary of some description or other on the site afterwards occupied by this famous seat of education. So utterly had literature been extirpated from the land, that any one almost but Alfred would have looked upon the attempt to restore it as an altogether hopeless and impossible enterprise. The very few learned men—they do not appear to have been above three or four in number—who had survived the confusions and miseries to which the kingdom had so long been a prey, remained concealed and unheard of in remote religious retirements, which, naturally distrustful of the new-born and as yet unconfirmed tranquility, hardly any temptation could prevail upon them to leave. Alfred, nevertheless, left no efforts untried to attract to his court these depositories of the light; and his biographer, Asser, who was himself one of those whom he thus brought around him, has given us some very curious and illustrative details of the manner in which he was sought out and tempted from his monastery among the mountains in Wales by the good king. It was under the tuition of Asser that Alfred first carried his own acquaintance with literature beyond the knowledge of his mother-tongue, and engaged in the study of Latin. He had already reached his thirty-ninth year; but the time he had lost only spurred him to more zealous exertion, and he soon made such proficiency as to be able to read that language with ease. In his ardent and philanthropic mind, however, his new acquisition was not long permitted to remain a source of merely selfish gratification. He resolved that his people should have their share in his own advantages, and with this view he immediately set about the translation for public use of several of the works by which he had himself been most delighted, or which he conceived most likely to be generally serviceable.

The first work which he undertook appears to have been the *Liber Pastoralis Curae* of Pope Gregory, a treatise on ecclesiastical discipline, which he intended as a directory for the clergy. In an introductory address, in the form of an epistle to the bishop of London, which he prefixed to his translation of this performance, he states that when he began his reign there was not, so far as he knew, one priest to the south of the Thames who understood the prayers of the common church service, or could in fact translate a sentence of Latin into English. After this he either wrote or translated himself, or caused to be translated, so many books, that we may consider him as not only having laid the foundations of a literature for his country, but as having carried the superstructure to no ordinary height and extent. Among his other versions from the Latin is one of Boethius's "Consolations of Philosophy," which is in many respects rather an original work than a translation, the author's text being often expanded, or for a time entirely departed from, in order that he may introduce new ideas and illustrations of his own, many of which are in the highest degree interesting from their re-



ference to the circumstances of his age, his country, and even of his personal history. In his version, in like manner, of Orosius's Ancient History and Geography, he inserts from his own pen a sketch of the German nations, as well as an account of a voyage towards the North Pole made by a Norwegian navigator, from whom he had himself received the details. His greatest work is his translation of Bede's Ecclesiastical History, a truly splendid monument of his literary zeal and industry. A greater still would have been the complete version of the Scriptures, which some writers say he executed; but it is by no means clearly ascertained that he really translated the whole Bible, or even any considerable portion of it.\*

We may well wonder how the necessary leisure for all these literary exertions could be found by a monarch who, in the course of not a very long life, is recorded to have fought fifty-six battles; and who, even when no longer engaged among the ruder troubles of war, had so many public cares to occupy his time and thoughts. To add to all the other disadvantages he had to struggle with, he is stated to have been attacked, ere he had completed his twentieth year, with an agonizing internal disease, which, although it did not incapacitate him from the performance of any of his royal functions, tormented him so unremittingly as hardly to leave him an entire day's exemption from misery during the remainder of his life; or if it ever, to use the affecting language of Asser, was through the mercy of God withdrawn from him for a day, or a night, or even a single hour, it would yet continue to make him wretched by the thought of the excruciating distress he would have to suffer when it returned.

Alfred, who was, if ever any one was, literally the Father of his country, presiding over and directing the whole management of affairs, almost as if the people had been indeed his family, accomplished what he did chiefly by the golden rule of doing everything at its own time. The method which he took, in the want of a better time-piece, to measure the flight of the hours by means of graduated wax candles, inclosed in lanterns to protect them from the wind, is well known. He usually divided the day and night, we are told, into three portions, of eight hours each: the first of which he devoted to religious meditation and study, the second to public affairs, and the third to rest and necessary refreshment. Alfred died, as is generally stated, on the 26th of October, 901; but some authorities place his decease a year, and some two years earlier. By his wife Elswitha he had three sons, the second of whom, Edward, succeeded him on the throne—the eldest having died in his father's life-time—and three daughters. England has had no monarch, or patriot, of whom she had more reason to be proud, nor indeed does the history of any nation record a more perfect character, than this Anglo-Saxon sovereign.

The sum of *thirteen pence half-penny* is called *hangman's wages*, because the fee of the executioner used to be a Scottish mark, or thirteen pence and the third of a penny.

## LORETAN MARYANSKI.

*From the New Monthly Magazine.*

Or all the strange situations it has been the lot of my eventful youth to be placed in, the most remarkable was the temporary care of a private asylum for the insane.

In the course of my medical studies I had frequently been thrown into society with a young gentleman, nephew to the proprietor of an establishment of the kind in question, in which he acted as assistant or clerk. We soon formed an intimacy, and at length, when a necessity arose that he should visit some near relations in the North of Ireland, he requested me to favour him by performing his duty in the house for a week or two during his absence.

As it was not inconvenient to me at the time, and I was very desirous to see the mode of treatment practised by the proprietor, who, though not by profession a medical man, had no indifferent reputation in his peculiar line, I was very glad to take advantage of the offer, and soon found myself at the establishment.

I was particular to make inquiry of my friend with regard to the nature of the cases to be under my care, and was informed that the house was unusually empty at the time, there not being more than fifteen patients in it, and that few of the cases were possessed of much interest, with the exception of one, whose peculiarities he forthwith proceeded to explain to me.

"The individual," said he, "is a young Pole, by name Loretan Maryanski, a person of very high talent; and his hallucination is, that on the Pythagorean principle, his body is animated by no less a soul than that of the celebrated hero Kosciusko. So long as you avoid interference with this idea you will find him a most intelligent and accomplished young fellow—a gentleman in every respect. He was a student of medicine in London for some years; in fact he has not been many months with us, and strange enough he devoted all along very much attention to the study of the mental disorders, upon which subject you will find his information nearly unimpeachable. He believes that he is at present, as a pupil, prosecuting his studies of that class of disease in our asylum, and devotes much attention to all the cases, whilst his care and humanity to the sufferers is unremitting.

"His father was a nobleman of one of the lesser grades in Lithuania, I believe, who, having taken an energetic part in the last insurrection, found it necessary to flee to England, and along with others, in similar circumstances, to become a pensioner on the bounty of our countrymen. By this means, and also from a tolerable income he could make by acting as foreign clerk to an extensive mercantile house, and by employing his spare hours in teaching German and French, he has been enabled to rear a family in comfort, and also to educate his eldest son for the medical profession.

"Loretan was a good classical scholar before he was brought to England, and was acquainted with German, French, and English. The last he speaks with very little foreign accent, and is moreover familiar with almost all its idioms, a facility in acquiring which, as well as the accent, is, I am informed, a peculiar property of his countrymen,

\* See Hearne's notes upon Spelman, p. 213.



beyond the people of any other continental nation. As a student he was most devoted, giving his great talents completely to his tasks, nor ever allowing the usual temptations of youth to draw him for a moment from them. I have often thought that when a man of active and original intellect has never been allowed—by constraint, whether of others, or self-imposed—to mingle with society, but has, from his earliest experience, associated with books, and not with men (if you will allow me the expression,)—when in addition he has the strong motives of emulation and knowledge of his own powers, or the stronger still of necessity, to force him to his solitary studies—he creates around him a strange world—book-derived—which is quite different from that of ordinary life, and really constitutes a kind of insanity. The idea of madness from much learning would appear to have been a prevalent one, from the days of the apostle Paul to our own; and when you reflect how many of the most noble minds of this age have sunk, and been extinguished in imbecility and mania, you will probably have a clearer view than otherwise, as well of my precise drift in the argument, as of the case of my poor friend Maryanski.

"His disorder had long been suspected of overstepping the bounds of eccentricity. He began to talk mysteriously of the possibility of holding intercourse with superior beings, to mention the old doctrine of Rosicrucianism with approbation, and seriously express his belief in the theory of the transmigration of souls. At length his hallucination took form, and he coolly and frequently enough announced himself to be the dead hero revived. These ideas his fellow-students received at first with ridicule, till at length it proved somewhat more than a joke to one. Several of them were together in a bookseller's shop, which they were in the habit of frequenting. He was among them, and found means, in the course of conversation on a German physiological work, to introduce his favorite notion, narrating several interesting anecdotes of himself when Kosciuszko, which I am afraid are not to be found recorded in any life of that personage. But one of the students, more wagish than wise, ventured to tell him that he too had recollections of a similar kind, having in a former state of existence actually been the celebrated Marshal Suwarrow. The word had hardly left his lips, when the Pole, in a burst of frenzy that was plainly maniacal, seized a ponderous beam of iron, the bar used to fix the window-shutters at night, and heaving it aloft, brought it down with his whole strength in the direction of the unlucky jester's crown, accompanying the act with a wild shriek, that speedily collected a crowd round the door. Had the blow reached its aim, it would undoubtedly have sent the spirit of the Russian in quest of a less jocular tabernacle. As it was, the poor fellow had just time to start to one side, when the iron descended upon him; his arm, which he had instinctively thrown up, received it, and both bones were fractured.

"After this he went beyond all bounds, and in a few days, on the authority of the coroner, he was certified insane, and placed by his friends under our charge.

"Since then he has only had one paroxysm, which indeed happened closely after his arrival

and was so violent as to require the whirling chair.\* So far as we can judge, he appears to be now in a steady way of recovery.

"We make a practice never to allude to the hallucinations of any patient. The allusions they make to it themselves are allowed to pass apparently altogether unremarked; while, by affording them other pursuits, of an active and engrossing nature, we endeavour to lead them altogether from employing their thoughts on the topic. I considered it as well to mention this, in order that, as you will be constantly in his society, you may follow a course in consonance with our system.

"You will find he does clerk's business in the asylum; takes reports, keeps the journal, looks after the dieting, and affects to have a sharp eye over the keepers. Of course you will attend to all these duties yourself, though you will find him of amazing value to you in a variety of ways. You must take care that no historical work of any kind, no atlas, globes, nor any newspapers or periodicals, come where they can possibly be seen by him. The time not occupied with his fancied duties you will find him devote to the perusal of books from my uncle's library, all regarding or bearing upon his own malady, such as Abercromby, Pinel, Reports of Dr. Hibbert's book, and a host of others; or to the study of botany, which he prosecutes with very great ardour. He is allowed to go about the fields as often as he chooses, but Jackson, the keeper always accompanies him, on the pretext of carrying his plant-case, which we have purposely had made very clumsy and inconvenient, as if to require such attendance.

"I should state to you that you must never betray the slightest evidence of timorousness when alone with him; for if you attend to the above instructions he is altogether harmless, and, moreover, a most agreeable companion; whilst the least appearance of such a feeling gives him great uneasiness; for madmen, however strong may be their own notions, have always a suspicion about what people think of them, and any indication of the kind on your part will make him very despondent, and probably for a considerable time divert him from the salutary pursuits he is at present so much engrossed with. You may be as obstinate as you like with him in any discussion, you will always find his manner marked by good-humour and courtesy, whilst at the clear and masterly nature of his views on a multitude of subjects, you will be struck with surprise.

"One of his prime accomplishments, I had almost forgot to say, is drawing. Some of his productions in this way are admirable. They appear so to me, though I must confess I have no particular taste in the art, but I have heard them praised even more highly by others whose opinion is not so questionable."

Such was the account I received of this young

\*This machine, frequently used in the violent fits of maniacs consists of a chair fixed upon a pivot, and so constructed that with the unfortunate creature in it, it can be made to revolve with great rapidity. Its calming effect upon patients is complete at the time, but whether permanently useful must be questionable. Its use has been with rare exceptions confined to the Continental Asylums, and even from these it is now nearly abolished.

man, and my experience shortly convinced me of its correctness.

His appearance was somewhat remarkable. He was what is called a fine-looking man, and had about him that indescribable cast of features and gestures by which it is almost always possible to know a foreigner. His eyes especially, large, prominent and of a bluish gray colour, darted rapidly from one direction to another, and their glance had that peculiar expression whereby some think that they can detect, at the first look, an insane person, or one subject to epilepsy. His voice was very sweet in its sound, and the slight foreign accent lent it a degree of interest that rendered him a most pleasing companion to discourse with. In talent and information I found him to be indeed all that my friend had promised, and very soon got much attached to him; whilst the reflection that this fine intellect was unsound, and profitless to himself or his fellow-creatures, added a feeling of melancholy to the regret I felt for him.

He dressed plainly, but had a taste for jewellery and for fine linen. He was fond of smoking, too, a habit he had acquired long before his illness, and of which those under whose treatment he was, had thought it advisable to permit his continuance. He used Turkish tobacco, in a long pipe of straight stick, with the bark on, which had a red clay bowl at one end, and a gilded amber mouth-piece at the other. I have since seen these in common use in the eastern part of the Mediterranean, but it was quite novel to me at the time, and added to the strange and outlandish appearance of all the man.

After I had been some days in the asylum, he used to come every evening to my apartment, generally with a book or portfolio under his arm, and we would smoke and drink coffee by ourselves for an hour or so, and talk over the contents of the volume. His very large collection, too, of sketches and water-colour drawings, was a fruitful source of pleasurable amusement to me on such occasions. They were certainly most masterly productions. A number were anatomical—chiefly copies of dissections of the nervous system; and these were executed with a cleanliness and sharpness of outline, and a correctness of form and colouring, that was indeed remarkable.

I was particularly pleased with some drawings of the origin and distribution of the Trigeminal, or fifth pair.

The reader, who is in any degree acquainted with physiology, will know what a difficult subject this is, whether for demonstration or copying on paper; yet to such minuteness had the dissection apparently been carried, and with such accuracy and taste had it been depicted, that I was perfectly delighted, and emphatically expressed my admiration and preference of them to all the others.

"Yes," said he "they are the best—they were the last I ever did of that description. I was an enthusiast then for anatomy, especially physiological. I dissected eight hours out of the twenty-four for about two years, and when my other classes took up my time by day, I used to go at it by night. My grand subjects of investigation soon became the nervous system. I was incited and inspired by the discoveries of Bell, Marshall, Hall, and others, and convinced I too could do something,

gave so much of my mind to the study, that I regularly became unwell, and sometimes think there has been a strange confusion in my mind ever since."

"He said this with a look and tone so mournful, that I was much moved, and felt deeply for him. He paused awhile, then broke out suddenly, whilst his eyes flashed with strange lustre.

"But what do you think D—, my toils were at length rewarded, and gloriously. A discovery arose before me, in comparison with which all the boasted ones of the most distinguished names are but as dust. I actually found out and now know what is the nervous influence—where it resides—how to detect it, separate it from the body, accumulate it, treasure it up apart, make it obedient to my commands. Then first did I know what mind is, and how it acts upon matter, and is again reacted on. Then did I first ascertain the immortality of the soul, and—most interesting of discoveries!—find out the origin and transmigration of the spirit that animates my own frame.

"What do you think I came here for, but to render my knowledge complete, by watching in its deranged and unsound state that mind which I had so long and curiously studied in its perfect working?"

"In a year or two, when I have acquired a thorough intimacy with the subject in every possible point of view, and had time to digest and arrange the facts in my thoughts, I will bring out a work that will strike the world with wonder, as did the deeds of Columbus, and open up an entirely new field for the speculations of ingenious men. The benefit I shall have conferred upon mankind will be incalculable. Who then will dread death, when he knows that his spirit can never die—that this awful event is simple as the changing of a garment, and that by a method which I shall make public, when the body becomes no longer suited to him, he can choose another, in what rank or race best pleases him?"

"Oh, the wretched absurdity of hereditary honours! Could men but know when they lick the dust before a creature to whom the chance of bodily birth has given power, what sort of spiritual origin it hath, they would hide themselves for very shame of their monstrous folly. Shakspeare talks of the base uses our clay may come to, and traces the dust of Cæsar till he finds it stopping a lung-hole. But look at yonder youthful duchess in her box at the opera, glittering with jewels—herself more dazzling in her beauty—the focus to which the beams from all eyes converge; the theme of all conversation—the idol of all worship. Whence came the soul, that at the command of the chief spirit, entered into her frame when it first took form? From the body of a negro, which was corrupted to death by a loathsome leprosy, whilst itself was debased by ignorance, slavery, and unbridled passions, till it could scarcely be known from the disgusting matter of which it had been the life.

"When this bright discovery first opened upon me, and the transports of the joy attendant had subsided into the proud but calm consciousness of a mighty triumph, you can form no idea of the feelings with which I looked back upon the gropings of men whom the unlightened eal and honour by the name philosophers. When I



thought of their dreams about Matter and Mind, Consciousness, Cause and Effect, and other stumbling-blocks, I could only admire with how little talent a man may acquire the name. How could they regard my great revelation, when I choose to make it? Would they treat me as they did Harvey? No they could not—they would be overwhelmed with the vastness of the new intellectual world that would be displayed before them, and when they were, through its means, enabled to discern the nature of the mighty spirit animating the body of the discoverer, and to know the deeds it has originated in the different bodies it has sojourned in, they would fall down and worship, knowing it to be as far above them as the chief spirit again has marked the distance between it and himself.

"Would you know the manner in which this great discovery was made? It was terrible—(Here he shuddered)—as must always be any breaking through the laws of nature, for such is to be considered the first consciousness a man's material senses have of the presence of an immaterial being. For about six months I had been tormenting my mind, speculating upon what could be the precise nature of that Influence Fluid, or whatever else the ignorant call it, of which the brain is the reservoir, and the nerves the channels—whether it was a mere property of matter, or separately existent—if the latter, whether it was perishable or eternal. Methought if I could establish their separate and independent being—then matter and spirit would be proved to be the only things that had existence; but matter, we already know, is indestructible—why should not spirit then be indestructible likewise. And then wherefore should the connexion of a portion of spirit with matter be only solitary and temporary? should it not rather be continual; and as the organized portion of matter ceases in time to be capable of the connexion, should not a new portion be provided, and should not the spirit, upon the breaking up of one connexion, immediately form another, and thus migrate from body to body, suffering to be lost none of its power of being useful?

"Such is a specimen of the thoughts that filled my head, sleeping and waking, all the while I was endeavouring, by constant and most minute dissection, to gather facts whereon to build my hypotheses, and reading every book I could lay my hands upon, that bore in any degree upon the subject. I had a presentiment I should make some vast discovery, and grudged no labour nor expense which the most parsimonious living could enable me to afford. As the hospital dissecting-room was unsuitable for my pursuits, from the noise and continual interruption of young men, who appear to come to such places more as a lounge than for study, and also from the want of opportunity to dissect by night, I entered myself a pupil of Mr. P's private room.

"This place was situated in — Lane, Southwark, a dingy, disreputable hole, the unseemliness of which prevented the facilities for study which it afforded from being properly appreciated and taken advantage of. Only some of the very poorest students frequented it, though about a century ago, it was the best attended anatomical school in London.

"The proprietor made no emolument from it, its sole use being to afford him the title anatomist, which was of course of infinite advantage to him in practice. He was the descendant of two generations of eminent medical men who had lectured there, and whose valuable museums of morbid preparations he inherited. To find your way to it, you turned from the lane up a dark covered passage for about fifty feet, then emerging into a kind of court, with blind walls all around, you saw before you a tall, dark building. The lower stories had been used formerly for a leather factory, but had been long since deserted, and were now quite ruinous and empty. The upper stories formed the school, approachable by a staircase behind, to get at which you had to go through another arched passage, as dark, but shorter than the first. After mounting this, and entering within the wall of the building, you ascended two narrow staircases of wood, and traversed a long passage with two doors, the further of which opened into the dissecting-room, the nearer into the theatre or class-room. Immediately under these were two large rooms, the museum, which opened at the top of the first wooden staircase. Their walls were concealed by shelves, crowded with cylindrical crystal bottles, containing various portions and organs of the body of man, and of other animals, preserved in alcohol. Several of these were very ancient, and almost interesting, from the important phenomena of which they were the proofs or illustrations.

"In various cabinets, with glass fronts, were displayed bones varnished, preparations of the arteries, veins, and nerves—in short, the place had all the ghastly features of an anatomical museum, with the peculiar stillness, coldness, and strange earthy smell.

The dissecting-room was an extensive hall, lighted up by two large windows in the roof. From the ceiling, which was very high, depended a couple of skeletons, one of which had the thumb of its hand fixed up to the nose in an attitude of derision, and the other had stuck between its teeth a short pipe, whilst one hand was made to hold a quizzing-glass to its empty socket. All round the dead walls were hung up drawings of various organs, plans of their action, preparations of legs, arms, &c., in the process of drying, and the leather and cloth gowns of the pupils; whilst, to complete the picture, fancy a couple of tables, each bearing the cast-off and decaying tunic of a spirit, opened up in its intricate machinery to the eye, like a watch denuded of its case.

"Such was the scene in which I passed many a lonely night of hard and uninterrupted study, with no companion but my books, with a small voltaic battery and coil, and some other instruments and apparatus of my own construction, of which no man but myself understands the nature.

"The place was plentifully supplied with light, the two windows taking up nearly the whole of the ceiling. In one of them I had fixed the reflector of a small solar microscope, with which I prosecuted my physiological investigations.

"But the first step towards my grand discovery was the finding a substance which had power to harden the nervous matter to an infinitely greater degree than alcohol, alum, corrosive sublimate, or any other antiseptic previously known.

"When my views began to open up more dis-

tinctly, I became apprehensive that my experiments and dissections might be watched; and during the day I came only at those hours when I knew the other pupils were engaged elsewhere. The night was my chosen time for labour. To facilitate my proceedings in this way, the proprietor allowed me to have gas-light to what extent I liked, and to keep the keys of the various doors of the rooms.

"Night after night did I sit there, absorbed and rapt in my solitary study, my light visible to no human creature, and the only sound I heard being the dropping of a cinder from the fire, or the rattle of a mouse or rat among the bones in the glass-cases below.

"Well, one day I was told by a young man, one of the pupils, that as he was to go up to some examination next day, he wished to sit up all night to study the bones. Of course I could not object, and that evening he came.

"After we had smoked together for a little at the fire, he took his book and the bones, and began to pore silently upon them. I resumed my labour, and soon became so absorbed, as to be altogether unaware of his presence. I was dissecting on the side of the face, the branches of the fifth and seventh, where the moter twigs of the latter run into the sentient ones of the former—a fact into which an insight was essential to my progress. I was deeply engrossed with it for several hours.

"At length, when it was between midnight and one o'clock—(I knew the time from the cold feeling that always comes on one sitting up at that hour: if you have ever studied by night, you will know that there is no time when you feel so chilly, or when your fire, if you are inattentive to it, is so apt to go out, as this)—having been for a long time in a bent and cramped position, leaning over my task, I instinctively sat up erect, to relax my wearied muscles, and half absently looked out into the empty room.

"What was my surprise to behold another being besides myself, standing on the opposite side of the table, and apparently scrutinizing my dissection with much interest. My first impression was, that the other student had left his own work, and come to look at mine; but on turning my head to satisfy myself, I saw him laid along, sound asleep, on a form before the fire. My eyes now returned, with unspeakable awe and terror, to the figure before me, and rooted to my seat, with my forceps in one hand, and my scalpel in the other, I sat gazing on it, holding my breath, whilst my hair stood up, and a cold shivering ran through my limbs. But judge of my amazement, when regarding it steadily, I saw its features to be identical in form and expression with those of the subject under my knife.

"I could easily perceive this, for I had only dissected one side of the face, and the other half was untouched, the open glassy eye of the corpse being one in colour with that which sparkled with unearthly radiance in the head of the spectre.

"Paralysed with fear, I remained unable to remove my sight from its countenance. It stood with one hand behind, and the other in its bosom. The features had an expression of much intelligence, but seem to have been wasted with continual distress, and wore a look of humiliation and

hopelessness, apparently habitual to them. Had I met such a figure by day in the street, I should have taken it for an artisan out of employ—most likely a hand-loom weaver. Round the waist a white apron in appearance, was tied, which had been caught up and secured through the string to one side, leaving a triangular corner hanging down before.

"The feelings which actuated it in this strange inspection, appeared to be not at all of a wrathful description; deep interest and curiosity were all that I could read in the look that was so fixedly bent upon my work.

"Imagine the hour, the scene, the solitude, the silence, the ghastly remains that everywhere surrounded me!

"I looked around into the dim corners of the large hall, with the dark gowns, grim fragments of mortality, and blood-coloured pictures, darkly visible on the walls. Then my eye travelled to the yawning mouth of the pitchy passage leading down to the museum, and away to the far distant lane. I turned my gaze aloft; there swung the two skeletons, both turned towards me, their caged ribs and sharp limb-bones distinctly lined and shaded, under the light of the simple jet of gas that, depending from the ceiling over my table, illuminated the place, and their grotesque attitude adding a diabolical mockery to the dread and disgust themselves inspired; like the effect German romancers seek to produce when they tell of wild bursts of demoniac laughter, marking the ratification of unhallowed compacts of mortals with the fiend.

"A feeling of terror now possessed me, so strange and strong, that I can never express it in words. I wist not what to do—whether to address this unearthly visitant—to rise and flee from its presence, or experiment with the view to ascertain whether it might not be a delusion of the eye. You perhaps may consider, and many others with you, that this last would have been the most rational proceeding. It is all very well for one so to think, but let him be placed in the circumstances, and how will he act?

"Retreating backwards under the influence of overpowering fear, I went to where the other student lay asleep before the fire, and endeavoured to awake him—not with any view that he might witness the phenomenon of this breach of nature's laws, but solely from that master instinct that so urgently prompts us to seek the society of our own kind, when we deem that beings of another order are near us.

"He was sound asleep, and when I shook him, replied by some strangely murmured words of a dream. If you ever have had the nightmare, and when some hideous monster pounced upon you, and you essayed to spring away for very life, found yourself unaccountably devoid of powers to stir, you will have had an analogous, though far from equal feeling to what I experienced, when I found that though this young man was with me in the body, his spirit was away in far distant scenes. There was now an idea of forsakenness, desolation, and defencelessness, mixed with the feelings of awe and terror—the sense of vague and undefinable, but dreadful anger which had previously filled my mind. I would have cried out; but had I power to scream, which I had not, for a tem-



porary aphonia possessed me,\* who would have heard me? and if any did, how come to my help through those dismal and labyrinthine passages, black with the thickest darkness, and blocked with numerous gates and doors, of which the keys lay there on the table, close under the eyes of that dreadful phantom. For during my attempts to rouse my companions, it had moved round to where I had been sitting, and now stooping down, over my dissection, appeared to be closely and minutely inspecting it.

"As I looked at it, I perceived, that the peculiar apparatus which I have before alluded to, as planned and understood solely by myself, and which I had placed upon the table, around and over the subject, had become disarranged, and that various portions of it had fallen together, apparently by accident, forming entirely new combinations and co-operations.

"I could not help starting forward to remedy this, as my whole heart was fixed upon the success of my experiments, but had just hurriedly touched it, when the sceptre turned its head, and looked calmly and enquiringly at me.

"I leaped back in affright, my momentary interference having confounded the apparatus more than ever; in fact I could not help fearing that it was altogether ruined.

"My concern at this was, however, in an instant absorbed in a new excitement. All at once the air of the apartment seemed to have acquired form, colour, and motion. A confused intermixture of vapoury wreaths, of every shade and colour, here and there dim, and scarcely perceptible, but elsewhere more palpable and distinct, appeared to move hither and thither, all over the large hall. More and more clear and vivid did they become, till at length the whole place seemed alive with a multitude of spectral figures, as plain to the eye as the single apparition which erewhile so disconcerted me. They appeared to be of both sexes, and of all ages, from mere infants up to the most elderly, and they moved about, apparently each engrossed with some pursuit of its own.

"I remarked that they did not avoid, or make way for each other to pass, as they glided about, but seemed to penetrate or go through each other. Two would come together, coalesce, their colours and forms seeming confounded, like one picture on paper seen behind another against a window. Then emerging, they would become distinct and separate. Their features, too, were very clearly marked, and expressive, all different, and of a more or less intellectual cast. The same look, however, of deep interest, which I had remarked in the first instance, pervaded all their countenances. They gazed at me as they went, too, but again I perceived no appearance of anything like displeasure at me; in fact, they looked at me as they did at one another. They seemed to view with much attention the whole paraphernalia about the room, especially the morbid preparations and drawings that stood and hung every where around.

"It was, indeed a most striking spectacle. I stood crouching close to the fire, in wonder and fear, whilst my companion lay stretched in deep slumber, ever and anon murmuring in his dreams.

"They were continually changing their places, like a company in an exhibition-room, and moving along the passages to the lecturing theatre, and down toward the museum. By and by I could perceive they had some means of holding converse with each other, and communicating ideas—not by speech for I heard no sound. They even appeared now and then, as I watched them closely, to draw each other's attention to particular objects, and sometimes to myself, seeming to converse interestedly with regard to me, and then they would move on as if some other thing attracted their thoughts.

"At once the idea occurred to me that these were the spirits of the many hundreds of individuals that had, for three or four generations back, found their final earthly resting-place in these rooms, and whose remains were preserved in the glass bottles and cases. Of the truth of this surmise I became immediately convinced, and curiosity then began to rise in my mind from under the weight of dread that had oppressed it.

"I have said that they appeared to be of all ages—they also seemed to have been of all callings and professions, of which their external appearance gave evidence. They were, likewise, of all ranks, from the nobleman to the beggar; for the hand of the medical student of former times, like that of death, had no respect of persons, and it mattered not to him, whether his subject were snatched from the sculptured vault and leaden coffin, or from the shallow grassy heap of the open churchyard.

"In respect of dress, a more motley masquerade could hardly be conceived. Here I would remark the elderly physician of bygone times, with his peruke, full-frilled shirt, velvet suit, diamond buckles, and gold-headed cane; there the lady of quality, with her hooped petticoat, high-heeled shoes, monstrous head-dress, and the white of her complexion rendered more brilliant by fantastic patches of black; now my eye rested on a grotesque figure that seemed to have walked out of one of Hogarth's pictures; then it would be attracted by another in the old conical-capped, and white-breeched and gaitered uniform of a soldier; anon, it would shift to a beauty of the days of the latter Charles, with hat and feather, long train, luxuriant hair, deep stomacher, and necklace of pearl. All kinds of attire were there; old white-fronted naval uniforms, broad-skirted coats of silk and velvet, covered with lace, longflapped waistcoats, periwigs, farthingales, saques, hoods, plaids and phillibegs, quaker broad brims, and collarless coats, jewelled rapiers, and glancing decorations, though the majority seemed to have been of the lower classes, and wore dresses to suit their particular employments.

"Many there were that had their limbs in fetters; these were they who had expiated their crimes upon the tree, and had been afterwards given to the schools for dissection. Some were stout, muscular bullies—these were burglars and highwaymen; several were pale, thin, darkly-dressed, and wearing the aspect of mercantile and professional men—these were forgers, and others guilty of similar offences.

"But the excitement—the terror—added to the fag of long study, want of food and rest, were at last more than my exhausted frame was equal to,

\* Aphonia—Loss of voice—a symptom that may arise from various diseases of the larynx.

and I fell into some nervous fit, and remained for several hours insensible.

"I recovered consciousness, the morning was far advanced—the sun shining gaily down through the skylight, and gilding with joyous radiance, even the forbidding walls and furniture of that loathsome chamber.

"The other pupil had awakened and finding me laid senseless on the floor, had adopted some professional means to restore me, which were successful.

"I went home to my rooms, and all that day gave myself up to a deep and refreshing slumber. But time was not to be lost, so next night I was again at my work, alone.

"I now proceeded to arrange and disarrange my apparatus as formerly, convinced as I was that it had some influence in calling before my vision the remarkable spectacle I had that evening been witness to. My efforts were perfectly successful. Shortly before midnight I had again the spectral masquerade moving round me.

"I was now less under the influence of awe or alarm, and finding they had really no power to harm my body, I got familiar with them, and went on to experiment upon them night after night.

"At length I struck upon a plan whereby I could render these beings palpable to the sense of hearing as well as to that of sight. This was the crisis, the hinge upon which the whole of my after discoveries turned. A while and I could call to my presence not only them, but spiritual essences of all degrees and descriptions; for it the classes and orders of earthly things are numerous, upon those of spirits the process of mind we call numeration cannot be brought to bear so vast is the stupendous theme.

"It was not long before I could discourse with them, and to this nocturnal converse I devoted myself with my whole energy and enthusiasm. Things now all went on smoothly with me, and from one vast view to another, I leaped with lightning celerity.

"Was it not a proud, a maddening thought, that I had rent up the curtain that veils the world of spirits from the eye of sense—that the abyss which sinks between mortality and immortality, matter and pure mind, was spanned by an arch of my construction, and that I could now snatch unbounded knowledge: for time and space had no more power to check the excursions of my intellect?

"I now found not only that my former blind surmises and conclusions were all real, but that other facts existed, to the statement of which, in the wildest dreams of my unenlightened state, I could never have given credence. But the aphorism, "Know thyself," clung to me, and one of the first and most exciting of my investigations, was the inquiry into the nature and history of my own soul. With a delight beyond the conception of one whose spirit is not etherealized, I ascertained its origin, its migrations, and its destiny, and learned to at almost all the noblest deeds which have been consummated in this world, have been by bodies which it has animated; but my delight was increased to the wildest rapture, when I knew that the spirit now sojourning in my brain was that which had fixed to their high deeds, Sobieski,

the bulwark of Christendom, and Kosciuszko the—"Hillo!" cried I, starting as the poor Pole had got thus far in rhapsody. The thought struck me instantaneously. Was this the way to follow the instructions I had received with regard to his treatment—to fulfil my duty to my absent friend, and to him, too, my unfortunate patient, to whose ravings I was now listening with all interest and attention?"

"Up I sprang, covered with confusion, and unable to frame a pretence to break off the conference without exciting the suspicion or rousing the passion of the maniac.

"Excuse me for one moment," said I, "the recollection has just struck me, I left a taper burning in the midst of some papers down in the doctor's room."

"Away I ran but in place of returning sent one of the keepers to watch him. This man on entering, found him leaning forward upon the table, weeping piteously.

"Next day one of his fits of despondency seized him, nor did he recover his former cheerfulness while I remained at the asylum. He hardly ever spoke to me, appearing much chagrined and embarrassed in my company, as a person does in that of any one before whom he has committed himself unwarily.

"For my part I looked upon him now with far different thoughts from what I had entertained before this singular disclosure. The narrative had riveted my attention whilst he delivered it, by its originality, its interest, and the absolute belief he appeared to feel in every incident. I was struck with the linking together of accurate reasoning, extravagance, and preposterous absurdity it evinced—at the many instances it displayed of a wildly exuberant and lawless fancy, breaking up and confounding the more sober faculties, till sort of chaotic whole was produced, in which fantastic conception, beauty and vigour of description, richness and power of creative imagination, scientific acquirement and research, were all blended together in an incongruous tissue of delirium. I could not help thinking, was not this a mind, if properly regulated, and placed in suitable circumstances, to have conducted the most laborious investigations with adequate ability and success, and to have communicated the result, in a manner equal to the importance of the subject,—a mind whose graces would have been as ornamental to society as its labours would have been useful. And now misfortune, haply mismanagement, had rendered it a melancholy though by no means ridiculous satire upon the class of intellects to which it belonged.

"Shortly after quitting the asylum I went to travel, and did not return for eighteen months. The friend whose place I had thus temporarily filled was one of the first I sought on my arrival in England, and one of my earliest inquiries was with regard to what had become of my former patient, the Pole.

"Not long after my departure, Maryanski was removed by his relations, with the view of being placed under the care of a practitioner in France. Hereafter he disappeared from the notice of my friend for about three or four months, till he was vividly brought before it by the following circumstances:

"One night a young lady, an actress, was travelling by one of the coaches that run between London



and Exeter; she was the only passenger. The night was cold, wet, windless, and dark, and no living thing could be seen from the vehicle, the lanterns of which were the sole lights that cheered the dreary road. The only noises audible, besides the mournful howling of some distant watchdog, were the rattle of heavy drops on the roof, the hurried plashing of the horses' feet, and the occasional sounds of encouragement addressed to the animals by the coachman and guard, anxious to get forward to where they knew that a good fire and comfortable meal awaited them.

"The passenger endeavoured to while away the tedium of her midnight journey, by watching through the rain-dimmed glass the stunted trees, and cold-looking wet hedges, as, for a moment illumined by the passing glare of the lamps, they seemed to flit away ghost-like to the rear.

"On a sudden, as the vehicle was crossing one of the gloomy and extensive plains that abound on that line of road, it was hailed from the wayside by a person who stood alone, enveloped in a voluminous cloak, and drenched with wet. The coachman halted, and the stranger craving a passage to the next town, he opened the door for his entrance.

"The lady remarked, as he passed under the light, something peculiar and unusual about his aspect, something by which she was led to believe him one of her own profession, and most likely travelling with similar views to hers. She was consequently induced to notice him with some interest.

"As the vehicle drove on, he seated himself before her, with his back to the horses, and commenced a conversation, which—she being a woman of considerable talent—was kept up for some time with much spirit. The extraordinary manners and language of the stranger afforded her not a little entertainment at first, as she believed their peculiarities to be acted for the time, and she listened to him with great attention.

"At length his topics and words became so strange and wild, that she could not follow them, and ceased to understand him. A feeling of wonder, doubt, and vague alarm seized her, and she sat trembling, and fervently wishing for the termination of the stage. Suddenly she heard a slight clicking sound, as of a small spring, and her eye could catch a dim, metallic gleaming through the darkness of the vehicle—a moment, and the head of her fellow-traveller fell heavily forward upon her lap, and her hands were bathed with some scalding fluid. She screamed aloud—the horses were suddenly drawn up—the guard pulled open the door, and the light from the lantern showed him the lady, pale and gasping with terror, with the male passenger prone upon her knees, his head turned to one side, and air gurgling from a deep wound in his neck. The fluid that bathed her hands and dress was blood. In the bottom of the carriage was a pocket-case of surgical instruments, and a slender bright bistoury, falling out as the door was opened, tinkled among the stones of the roadway.

"I shall go no further with the scene.

"This traveller turned out to be the young Pole, my former patient. In a pocket of the instrument-case, was found a note addressed Alexis Maryanski, of such a street, London—his father. It was in

German, and merely stated, that finding his present body unsuited to him, he had made arrangements to divest himself of it, and take another."

## DON'T SAY ONE THING AND MEAN ANOTHER.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

The little lane—the greenwood lane—

Where Mary dwelt, was gay with singing,

For brook and bird in many a strain

Down vale and moor their notes were flinging;

But Mary's heart was deaf to song,

No longer she her tears could smother,

For she had learnt—at last—'twas wrong

To say one thing, and mean another!

'Tis right—'tis due, when hearts are true,

To show that heart without deceiving,

And not to speak, in idle freak,

To try if one's the power of grieving!

In Mary's heart, and Mary's mind,

She loved one youth, and loved no other,

But Mary's tongue was oft inclined

To say one thing, and mean another!

Would all might see how sweet 'twould be

If truth alone their words directed;

How many a day might then be gay

That passeth now, in tears, dejected.

Would all might learn, and all discern,

That truth keeps longest, friend or brother;

Then maids be kind, and speak your mind,

Nor say one thing, and mean another!

## A REMINISCENCE.

I knew thee when

Thou wert a little child,

And dream'd not then

A thing so sweet and mild

Could ever be

Aught but a child to me.

I watched thee growing

To beauteous womanhood,

And scarcely knowing

Why entranced I stood,

Unconscious duty

Offered to thy beauty.

The spell came on,

And thou in beauty's pride

Now brilliant shone;

Whilst standing at thy side

I altered grew,

And thou wert altered too.

In silent sadness

I gazed with deep devotion;

Love grew to madness—

When thou with sweet emotion,

Banished pain

By loving me again.

## THE WONDERS OF MINCING LANE.

THERE are few persons who have not in the course of their lives swallowed certain nauseous doses of bark, colocynth, aloes, or castor-oil; who have not indulged in the luxury of otto of rose or musk; who have not had some dealings with the colourman, or the dyer; and yet I feel tolerably certain that not one-hundredth portion of those same readers know anything of where such articles come from, how they arrive here, and through what channel they are finally distributed. It will not occur to them that these costly drugs, and dyes, and perfumes arrived in this country from all parts of the world in huge packages; that, in fact, ship-loads of them come at a time; that the bales and cases which contain them fill enormous piles of warehouses in three or four of our docks; that several hundred merchants and brokers obtain a handsome living, many realising fortunes, by their sale; and that some millions sterling are embarked in the trade.

These things form a little-known world of their own. They thrive mostly in Mincing Lane, London. Even the omniscient Times knows nothing about them. The Thunderer is powerless within the drug circle. Search its acres of advertisements, but it will be in vain; nothing is to be found there of the dye and drug sales which are to be held on Thursday next at Garraway's. These mysteries are only to be learnt at the "Jerusalem," in Mincing Lane, London, at the "Baltic," or from the columns of the Public Ledger, a daily periodical devoted to all such matters, and known only to the initiated. In its columns you will find a motley list of all the vile materials of the Pharmacopœia; and in such quantities as to justify a belief in the existence of some enormous conspiracy to poison all living creatures.

Mincing Lane is like no other lane, and Mincing Lane men are like no other men. Any Thursday morning, between the hours of ten and eleven, and at every alternate doorway, may be observed catalogues of various drugs and dyes that are to be on sale at noon, gibbeted against the door posts. Mincing Lane men will be seen rushing madly along the pavement, as if a fire had just broken out, and they were in quest of the engines, jamming innocent lookers-on against gateways, and waggon-wheels, and lamp-posts.

It was into one of these obscure passages that I turned with a companion, groping our slow way up a narrow staircase, at the risk of constant concussions with frantic Mincing Lane men. We found ourselves in a broker's office, and thence in his sample room. This was a large square apartment, with wide counters extending round the four sides, and several tables and stands across the centre. On these lay papers containing various odd looking, un-

pleasant-smelling substances. My attention was chiefly attracted by a number of rows of pretty-looking bottles, containing some pale bright liquid, which several of the "Lane men" were busily sipping, smacking their lips after each taste, with uncommon relish. I inquired if the thin-looking bottles contained Johannesberg or Tokay? "No," I was answered, "castor-oil!" After that, I was prepared to find the "Lane men" hob-an-nobbing in laudanum, or nibbling lumps of jalap or aloes.

The time appointed for the sale approached; and, leaving the dark broker's offices, we did our best to reach Garraway's, where the auction of these articles takes place. Scores of clerks and principals were proceeding from the Lane towards the same spot. We hurried along Fenchurch Street, across Gracechurch Street, and up a part of Lombard Street, following close to the rear of a rather portly broker, who cleared a way for us in quite an easy off-hand manner, that was very pleasant to us; but not so agreeable to the six men who were offering toasting-forks and wash-leather bags for sale at the corner of Birchin Lane. I never could account for the extraordinary demand existing for those two articles in that neighbourhood; unless it be that bankers' clerks indulge freely in toast-and-water, and carry their dinners to office in the leather bags.

Out of Birchin Lane, down one narrow passage to the left, and around another straight forward, and there was Garraway's. We soon lost sight of the pictures in frames for sale outside, and turned to study the pictures out of frames inside. In the dark, heavy-looking coffee-room, there were assembled some of the mightiest City potentates,—the Alexanders, Nimrods, and Cæsars of the drug and dye world. I drew in my breath as I viewed that knot of stout, well-favoured persons, congregated at the foot of the old-fashioned staircase leading to the public sale-room above. I trod those stairs lightly, half in veneration, and laid my hands gently and respectfully on the banisters that I knew must have been pressed of old by mighty men of commerce. Down those wide sweeping stairs many had oftentimes tripped lightly homewards, after a day of golden labour, laden with the fruit of the fabled garden; sometimes, too, with gloomy brows, and feverish, flushed faces.

What a strange scene presented itself in the sale-room, when, by dint of scuffling and squeezing, we managed to force our way in. There could not have been a man left in all Mincing Lane, to say nothing of Fenchurch Street. The fog had come up the stairs and choked up the gas-lights, as effectually as though all the Lane men had been smoking like double Dutchmen. The queer little pulpit was shrouded in a yellow haze. The windows were completely curtained, half with cobwebs, half with fog. The sale was about



to commence, and the din and war of words got to be bewildering; whilst hundreds of pens were plunging madly into invisible inkstands, and scratching imaginary sentences and figures upon myriads of catalogues.

Suddenly a cry burst upon my ear so dolefully and shrilly, that I fancied somebody had fallen down the old-fashioned staircase. It was only the "house-crier," proclaiming in a painful, distracted sort of voice, that the sales were "on." Every man to his place if he can find one! Old musty brokers, of the last century, with large watch-seals, white cravats, and double chins, grouped together in one dark corner: youthful brokers, with very new hats, zephyr ties, and well-trained whisks, hovered about the front of the auctioneer's pulpit; rising brokers, with ink hands, upturned sleeves of dusty coats, and an infinity of papers protruding from every pocket, were in all parts of the room ready to bid for anything. Ranged against the walls on either side were scores of incipient brokers—the lads of the Lane. Hundreds of pens began to scratch upon catalogues; hundreds of voices were hushed to a low grumbling whisper. The first seller (every vendor is an auctioneer at Garraway's) mounted the tribune, and the curious work began. My former experience had shown salesmen to be anxious to make the most of everything, and strive, and puff, and coax, and dally, until they felt convinced the utmost farthing had been bid; and then, and not until then, did the "going, going," merge into the "gone," and the coquetting hammer fell. But those were evidently old-fashioned, disreputable sales. They don't stand any nonsense at Garraway's. There is no time to consider. The biddings fly about like lightning. Buying and selling at Garraway's is done like conjuring—the lots are disposed of by *hocus-pocus*. So rapidly does the little nubby hammer fall on the desk, that one might well imagine himself near an undertaker's shop with a very lively business.

I said that the first "seller" was one of the *rising* men, with dark bushy whiskers, a sharp twinkling eye that was everywhere at once, and a strong piercing voice. He let off his words in sharp cracks like detonating balls. By way of starting pleasantly, he flung himself into an attitude that looked like one of stark defiance, scowling with his dark eyes on the assembled buyers, as though they were plotting together to poison him with his own drugs. Up went the first lots: a pleasant assortment of nine hundred cases of castor-oil, two hundred chests of rhubarb, and three hundred and fifty "serons" of yellow bark. The rising broker stormed and raved, as bid followed bid, piercing the murmuring din with sharp expletives. One, two, three, four—the nine hundred cases were disposed of in no time by some miraculous process of short-hand

auctioneering, known only at Garraway's. I thought the broker would have gone absolutely mad, as the bids went rapidly on: some slow man, of inferior intellect, would have given the buyers time to overbid each other: he seemed to take delight in perplexing the whole room, and as quickly as a voice cried out "Hep!" (the bidding interjection of Garraway's) so instantaneously fell the everlasting little hammer; and as surely did the seller scowl harder than ever, as much as to say, "I should just like to catch anybody else in time for that lot." In this fashion above three hundred lots were sold in less time than many people in the last century would have taken to count them up.

The "rising" broker was followed by one of the old school, a pleasant-looking, easy-going man, the very reverse of his predecessor. He consumed as much time in wiping and adjusting his spectacles, as had sufficed just before to knock down a score of lots. He couldn't find a pen that didn't splutter, and he couldn't make his catalogue lie flat on the desk; and at last the impatience of the "rising" men, and the Lane Lads—Young Mincing Lane—was manifested by a sharp rapping of boot-heels on the floor, which soon swelled to a storm. The quiet broker was not to be hurried; he looked mildly around over his glasses, and rebuked rebellion with "Boys, boys! no nonsense." The bids went smoothly along; patent drugs, rich dyes, and costly spices fell before the calculating hammer; but each time, ere it descended, the bland seller gazed inquiringly, and I almost fancied imploringly, at the bidder, lest he had made a mistake, and might wish to retract his rash "Hep!"

The broker who followed, dealt largely in flowing language, as well as drugs and dyes. He assured the company present—and looked very hard at me, as though I was perfectly aware of the fact, and was ready to back him—that he intended to give all his lots away; he was determined to get rid of them, and he really would not allow his friends to leave the room, without distributing his goods among them. Considering his liberal spirit, I thought his friends evinced very little thankfulness; for the lots moved as slowly as presents could be supposed to do. There was one nice little parcel—about twenty cases of aloes—that he was determined on giving away to a very musty old dealer, who, however, shook his ancient head, and declined the bitter bargain.

There were a few score tons of some mysterious article, with an unintelligible name, that hung somewhat heavily at two-pence three farthings per pound. It was amusing to see how politely anxious the broker was to work the figure up to threepence; not that he wanted the extra farthing; he'd rather have flung it all into the sea than have felt such a paltry desire; but he just wanted to see the thing go at even money; it would look so

much better in the Price Current, and would make the total so much more easy to cast in the account sales. His winning cloquence was fruitless; the unpronounceable drug was knocked down at two-pence three-farthings. When I expressed my astonishment that men of such undoubted substance as I saw there, should condescend to haggle, like any hucksters, at an odd farthing, I was told that trifling as the difference appeared by the single pound weight, the aggregate of the extra farthing upon the quantity offered for sale that day, would amount to some thousands of pounds sterling; and that, at certain seasons, some paltry odd farthing had realised or lost fortunes. There were a few more unintelligible things—Mincing Lane jargon—that required interpretation. What "overtakers" could mean, I was at a loss to know; but I learnt that they were certain extra packages required to re-pack goods, after they had been opened out in the dock warehouses. One smart-looking seller astonished me by putting up what he termed a lot of "good handy sweeps!"—not climbing-boys, but the sweepings of the warehouses.

When the day's work was over; when the last lot of "sweeps" was disposed of, and buyers and sellers, Lane men and Lane lads, once more mingled in Babel discord; the dense green fog in the narrow alley peeped in at the sooty windows; the hazy gas-light over the pulpit, winked at the murky fog through the glass, flickered, struggled, waned, and went out; we turned towards the old stair-case, slowly merging into the general crowd, and I again heard the names of strange chemicals, and gums, and substances, spoken of in kindly sympathising brotherhood. Cream of tartar had no doubt, felt rather poorly a short time since, for it was said to be "decidedly improving." Opium must have been in an undecided and vacillating mood during a long period, as I heard it reported to be "showing a little firmness at last." Scammon was said to be "drooping;" and as for castor-oil, there was not the slightest hope of its "recovering." It was curious to hear those articles destined for the cure of human maladies, or ease of human sufferings, thus intimately linked in their own capacities with wordly aillings and earthly infirmities. I almost expected to hear that some of the dyes had got the measles, or that hooping-cough had made its appearance in the younger branches of the drug family.

A better estimate of the actual amount of potent medicine which the human family, somehow or other, contrives to imbibe, can scarcely be arrived at than by an attendance or two at these sales. Twice in every month—on each alternate Thursday—whole fleets of deadly narcotics, drastic aperients, and nauseous tonics and febrifuge, are disposed of as sheer matter of course. At each of these auctions, as much castor-oil is sold

as would suffice to float a first-rate frigate. In the course of about three hours, what with drugs, dyes and perfumery, fully fifty thousand pounds worth of property is disposed of, and that, too, of articles which the world at large have no conception of, save as distributed by chemists and others in twopenny packets or sixpenny phials. Vast, indeed, must be the amount of mortal suffering and affluent luxury that can thus absorb, week by week, these gigantic cargoes of physic and fragrance. From east and west the freighted ships arrive. Every nook and corner, every mountain and desert place, is scoured for contributions to our Pharmacopocia. Let any new disease make its appearance among us, and immediately the busy hand of science is at work, and in some remote corner of this wondrous world, some root, or seed, or oozing gum, is found, to battle with the newly-found enemy. Cost is of little moment, so that the remedy be efficacious. It was not very many months since "Koussa," a new and valuable vegetable medicine from Abyssinia, was introduced; it was immediately bought up at a guinea an ounce, and that price drew such abundant supplies to this country, that the same article is now selling at two shillings the ounce.

It may be truly observed that every nation under the sun is busily occupied in collecting products for our dispensaries and hospitals. In China, Tartary, Egypt, America, in the most southern isle of the South Pacific, on the loftiest peaks of the mighty Andes, in the hottest deserts of Arabia or Africa, in the most pestilential bunds of India, men are toiling for the inmates of the sick-room, to aid that high and holy art, whose noble aim is to win our bodies from the penalty of pain.

#### THE DAYS GONE BY.

The burthen of the world's old song,  
Must have its share of truth,  
That the most honoured life and long  
Was happier in youth.  
It is only Memory's cheat  
That prompts the heart's deep sigh,  
When, mid prosperity's defeat,  
We think of days gone by.  
A feeling lost, we know not what,  
Sweet, because undefined,  
Replaced by knowledge sadly got,  
The cancer of the mind;  
A glory on the youthful head,  
A brightness in the eye,  
Hues of our native Heaven are fled,  
Among those days gone by.  
Yet, O my friends, if this be sooth,  
Yet faint not, but be sure  
The vanished freshness of your youth  
Was ignorant, not pure.  
Heaven's glories may again be won,  
And, streaming from on high,  
As after moonset comes the sun,  
Outshine the days gone by.

India, 1851.

H. G. K.



## THE BEAUTY OF OLD AGE.

OLD age owes a portion of its dignity to the authority it has won from experience, and a still greater degree consists in its proximity to that great future which will soon resolve the eternal destinies of men. Peace of soul beams unclouded from the brow of those devotees of excellence, who have preserved unstained the sacred treasure of moral virginity. Especially is its radiance majestically serene, as a halo of heavenly beams around the head of old age, when adorned with the attractiveness of frugal virtue and crowned with the memorials of a beneficent life. The termination of such an earthly sojourn is a repose calm and impressive, but a repose full of sublime vigour, like a mountain relieved against the clear evening sky, and radiant with the sun's richest splendours. The smile of heaven and the sweetest dew descend on brow and bosom, with the assurance that, though the shades of dun night are gathering round, the glories of a brighter morn will soon succeed. It is in relation to the same subject, that Wordsworth suggests :

‘ Rightly it is said

That man descends into the vale of years ;  
Yet have I thought that we might also speak,  
And not presumptuously, I trust, of age,  
As of a final eminence, though bare  
In aspect and forbidding, yet a point  
On which 'tis not impossible to sit  
In awful sovereignty—a place of power—  
A throne.’

An aged man, in whose soul purity and piety constitute the chief springs of action, and whose life, therefore, has been upright and useful, exercises a mild but potent magistracy upon earth. We instinctively revere him, and, without being commanded so to do, we are obedient to his exalted thoughts. In his presence animosities are subdued, passionate desires are calmed, guilt is stricken with compunction, and innocence is fortified with augmented strength. This power of venerable virtue is the more real and praiseworthy, because its control is not ostentatiously exercised. It is spontaneous in its goodness, and, like the sun, shines abroad quietly only to bless. It is a power that we approach with involuntary delight; we consult the venerated patriarch in the atmosphere of his own integrity, and feel ourselves better for honouring him; we covet his esteem, and the profoundness of our regard for his worth is the best commentary on the text, ‘The beauty of old men is the grey head.’

Purity of mind and habit is essential to vigour of body, manliness of soul, the greatest force of thought, and the longest duration of life. ‘A chaste soul,’ said Bernard, ‘is by virtue that which an angel is by nature; there is more happiness in the chastity of an angel, but there is more of courage in that of a man.’ The remark of Cicero on this subject is striking, if we consider the age and country in which it was made. ‘This grand law,’ says he, ‘differs but a little from the religious institutions of Numa. It requires that one should approach the gods with a pure heart, the central sanctuary of a chaste body; but we should understand that, if the body is required to be chaste, the soul is vastly superior to

the corporal frame, and therefore has still greater need to be pure: the stains of the body will of themselves disappear in a few days, or may be washed off by a little water; but neither time nor the greatest rivers can remove stains from the soul.’

It is an interesting fact, that Providence allows only such creatures as are pure long to remain among mankind as the objects of their admiration. Corrupt genius, however potent, has never created a lasting work of art that is lascivious in character. The hand of violence or contempt, despite the depraved instincts of the heart, soon consigns such works to oblivion. Paris, Florence, Rome, have no productions of art essentially beautiful, grand, or sublime, that are of a nature to create on the cheek of a vestal the slightest blush. Many have attempted lewd subjects, but, by the conservative law of God's holy government, such nuisances are speedily driven into darkness and consigned to the worm; while those masterpieces which illustrate and edify virtue, like truth, live on for ever. The virgin mothers and cherubic youth of Murillo and Raphael are heavenly beings on canvass, and will perish only when matter itself must die, and even then the recollection of them will live in the memories of the sanctified as an element of immortal bliss. The group of Laocoon, which sends a thrill of emotion through one's soul years after it was first seen; Niobe, and her despairing children; Brutus, with his impressive mien; the Gladiator, sinking in his own heart's gore; Apollo, beaming with supernatural glory; and the exquisite work of Cleomenes, ‘that bending statue that delights the world;’ are all imperishable, not because they are cut in marble, but because the ideas they embody are divinely pure.

But if sculptured excellence is worthy of admiration, how much more so is living worth. A virtuous and enlightened old man is the noblest object to be contemplated on earth. Says Solomon, ‘Children's children are the crown of old men; and the glory of children are their fathers.’ Priam, venerable in aspect as Mount Ida, like the bleached oaks of Gargara, hoary headed, and seated on his throne in the midst of an august court and his numerous household; and Plato, in the grove, or on the point of that cape, his favourite seat, where dashed the billows of the sea, bending his broad, venerable brow to teach throngs of youth the nature of God and eternal bliss, were among the ancient specimens of beautiful old age which we should do well to emulate.

When the affections have early been divorced from earth, and the wings of the mind have been accustomed through succeeding years to stretch further and further above the rank vapours of vice, they are prepared, when the ties of earth are sundered, to soar in triumph to the infinite expanse of immortal joys. *As in the ashes lives the wonted fire*, so, in the persons of the virtuous, the bright lamp which spiritual purity has kindled never grows dim. Mammon has not prostituted it; Baecus has not obscured it; and though its light expires to our limited vision, it is not extinguished: angels have raised it to a higher sphere, where it forever shines in unclouded day.

—Hogg's Instructor.

## A "MUSIC PARTY," AFTER WATTEAU.



Music, Oh, how faint, how weak!  
Language fades before thy spell!  
Why should feeling ever speak,  
When thou can'st breathe her soul so well.  
Friendship's balmy bonds may feign;  
Love's are still more false than they;  
Oh! tis only music's strain  
Can sweetly soothe and not betray.



## A DISH OF VEGETABLES.

FROM the moss to the palm-tree, the number of contributions made by the vegetable world towards the sustenance of man, would make a bulky list of benefactors. We have not room to advertise them all, still less to talk about them all. It may be well, however, and only grateful in us as human beings and recipients of vegetable bounty, to do a little trumpeting in honour of the great families of plants, which have contributed with more especial liberality towards the colonization of the world by man.

For example, there is, in the first place, the POTATO family, famous for its liberal principles, and the wide sphere over which its influence is spread. The members of this family, with equal generosity, are prompt to place a luxury upon the rich man's grave, or a heap of food beside the poor man's salt. The Potato family has been for many years one of the noblest benefactors to the human colony, and when it was prevented lately, by ill-health, from the fulfilment of its good intentions, great was the anxiety of men, and many were the bulletins of health sought for and issued. Its constitution still appears to be a little shaken, and we all still hope for the complete recovery of so sincere and influential a friend.

The family seat of the Potatoes is well known to be in America. They are a comparatively new race in our own country, since they did not come over until some time after the Conqueror. The genealogists have nearly settled, after much discussion, that all members of this family spread over the world, are descended from the Potatoes of Chili. Their town seat is in the neighbourhood of Valparaíso, upon hills facing the sea. The Potatoes were early spread over many portions of America, on missions for the benefit of man, who had not been long in discovering that they were friends worth cultivating properly. It is said that the first Potato who visited Europe, came over with Sir Francis Drake, in 1578; it is said, also, that some of the family had accompanied Sir John Hawkins, in 1563; it is certain that a body of Potatoes quitted Virginia, in 1586, and came to England with Sir Walter Raleigh. M. Dunal, who has written an elaborate history of the Potato family, shows it to be extremely probable that, before the time of Raleigh, a settlement of Potatoes had been formed in Spain. Reaching England in 1586, the benevolent Potato family was welcomed into Belgium in 1590. In 1610, the first Potatoes went to Ireland, where they eventually multiplied and grew, to form one of the most important branches of this worthy race. The Scotch Potatoes date their origin as a distinct branch, from 1728. It was at dates not very different from this, that other branches of the family settled in Germany. The Potatoes of Switzerland first settled in 1730, in the Canton of Berne. In 1738, the thriving family extended its benevolent assistance to the Prussians; but it was not until 1767 that its aid was solicited in Tuscany. In France, the kindly efforts of this family were not appreciated, until, in the middle of the last century, there arose a man, Parmentier, who backed the introduction of Potatoes into France with recommendations so emphatic, that it was designed to impute to him the interest of near relationship,

not indeed by calling him Potato, but by calling Potatoes by his name, Parmentiers. The benevolent exertions made by the Potato family on behalf of France, during the famine of 1793, completely established it in favour with the grateful people.

Potatoes, though so widely spread, are unable to maintain their health under too warm a climate. On the Andes, they fix their abode at a height of ten or thirteen thousand feet; in the Swiss Alps, they are comfortable on the mountain sides, and spread in Berne to a height of five thousand feet, or not very much less. Over the north of Europe the Potato family extends its labours farther on into the cold than even Barley, which is famous as the hardest of grain. There are Potatoes settled in Iceland, though that is a place in which barley declines to live. The Potato is so nutritious, and can be cultivated with so little skill and labour, that it tempts some nations to depend solely on it for sustenance. The recent blight, especially in Ireland, consequently occasioned the most disastrous effects.

THE BARLEY branch of the Grass family has, however, a large establishment in Scotland, even to the extreme north, in the Orkneys, Shetland, and, in fact, even in the Faroe Islands. They who are in the secrets of the Barleys, hint that they would be very glad to settle in the southern districts of Iceland—say about Reikiavik—if it were not for the annoyance of unseasonable rains. In Western Lapland, there may be found heads of the house of Barley as far north as Cape North, which is the most northern point of the continent of Europe. It has a settlement in Russia on the shores of the White Sea, beyond Archangel. Over a great mass of northern Siberia, no Barley will undertake to live, and as the Potatoes have found their way into such barren districts only here and there, the country that is too far north for Barley, is too far north for agriculture. There the people live a nomad life, and owe obligation in the world of plants, to lichens for their food, or to such families as offer them the contribution of roots, bark, or a few scraps of fruit.

It is not much that Barley asks as a condition of its gifts to any member of the human colony. It wants a summer heat, averaging about forty-six degrees, and it does not want to be perpetually moistened. If it is to do anything at all in moist places, like islands, it must have three degrees added to the average allowance of summer heat, with which it would otherwise be content. As for your broiling hot weather, no Barley will stand it. Other grasses may tolerate the tropics if they please; Barley refuses to be baked while it is growing. The Barleys are known to be settled as an old native family in Tartary and Sicily, two places very far apart. Their pedigree, however, and indeed the pedigrees of all the branches of the great Grass family, must remain a subject wrapt in uncertainty, buried in darkness, and lost in a great fog of conjecture.

We find Oats spread over Scotland to the extreme north point, and settled in Norway and Sweden to the latitudes sixty-three and sixty-five. Both Oats and Rye extend in Russia to about the same latitude of sixty-three degrees. The benevolent exertion of Oats is put forth on behalf not only of men, but also

of their horses. In Scotland and Lancashire, in some countries of Germany, especially south of Westphalia, the people look to Oats for sustenance. Scotch bone and muscle are chiefly indebted to oatmeal; for porridge (which consists of oatmeal and water, and is eaten with milk) is the staple—almost the only—food of the sturdy Scottish peasantry. Oatcake, a kind of mash, such as horses are fed on occasionally in this country, made into a thin cake and baked, is also much relished north of the Tweed. South of the parallel of Paris, however, the friendship of Oats is little cultivated. In Spain and Portugal nobody knows anything about Oats, except as a point of curiosity.

The RYE branch of the Grass family travels more to the north than Oats in Scandinavia. In our own country we decline to receive gifts from Rye: we succeed so well in the cultivation of more wealthy benefactors, that we consider the Ryes poor friends; and, like good Britons, hold them at arm's length accordingly. In countries where the land is poor, poor Rye is welcome to a settlement upon it. Rye is in great request in Russia, Germany, and parts of France, and one-third of the population of Europe look to its help for daily bread.

The most numerous and respectable members of the great Grass family, are those which bear the name of WHEAT. There are an immense number of different Wheats; as many Wheats among the grasses as there are in this country Smiths among the men. We know them best as summer and winter Wheats. The family seat of the Wheats, most probably will never be discovered. There is reason to believe that Tartary and Persia are the native countries of Wheat, Oats, and Rye. Strabo says that Wheat is native on the banks of the Indus. Probably, wherever the old seats may be, all trace of them was destroyed in very ancient times, when even a thousand years ago and more, the plough passed over them. The settlements of Wheat in Scotland extend to the north of Inverness; in Norway, to Drontheim; in Russia, to St. Petersburg. How far north the Wheats would consent to extend the sphere of their influence in America, it is not possible to tell, because enough attempt at cultivation has not yet been made there in the northern regions. Winter cold does not concern the Wheats. The spring-sown Wheat escapes it, and that sown in autumn is protected by a covering of snow. Wheat keeps a respectful distance of twenty degrees from the Equator. Indeed in the warm latitudes, new combinations of heat and moisture, grateful to new and very beautiful members of the vegetable world, who suit their gifts more accurately to the wishes of the people whom they feed, would cause the kind offices of Wheat to be rejected, even if they could be offered there. On mountains in warm climates, settlements of Wheat of course exist. On the north side of the Himalaya mountains Wheat and Barley flourish at a height of thirteen thousand feet.

The well-known name of RICE carries our thoughts to Asia. The family seat is somewhere in Asia, doubtless; but all trace of it is lost. The family has always lived in Southern Asia, where it supplies food, probably, to more men than any other race of plants has ever had occasion to support. No Rice can enjoy good health without

much heat and much moisture. If these could be found everywhere, everybody would cultivate a valuable friend, that is supposed to scatter over a given surface of ground more than a common share of nourishment.

Most liberal of all vegetables, however, in this respect, are the BANANAS. Humboldt tells us, that they spread over the said given extent of ground, forty-four times more nutritive matter than the Potatoes, and a hundred and thirty-three times more than any Wheat.

Where the benevolent among our Grasses cease to grow, because it is too far south, there it is just far enough north for the Cocoa-Nuts, who, within their limited sphere, supply a vast contribution towards the maintenance of man, that very wise and very independent creature. Very nearly three million of Cocoa-Nuts have been exported in one year from the Island of Ceylon.

Then there is in Brazil that excellent vegetable friend MANIOC, a shrub, whose roots yield almost the only kind of meal there used. An acre of Manioc is said to yield as much food as six acres of wheat.

And to come nearer home, there is a large-hearted plant, bearing the name of MAIZE, and the nickname of Turkish Wheat. Its native seat has not been fixed yet by the genealogist. It grows at a good height above the sea in tropical America, and it occurs in Eastern Europe on the banks of the Dniester, in latitude forty-nine. Maize does not care about the winter; it wants nothing but summer-heat, in a country which it is to choose as a congenial habitation. It will do, also, with less heat than the vine, for it has been grown in the Lower Pyrenees, at three thousand two hundred and eighty feet above the level of the sea, the vine stopping at two thousand six hundred and twenty.

We have here spoken only of a few of the great liberal families belonging to the world of plants; families, to which the human colony looks for support; upon whose aid we, in fact, depend for our existence. The whole list of our vegetable patrons would be very long. Respectable names must crowd down upon every memory, and take us off to

“Citron groves;  
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,  
With the deep orange, glowing through the green,  
Their lighter glories blend. Lay us reclined  
Beneath the spreading tamarind.”—

in fact take us a long dance among roots, and fruits, and vegetables. It must be enough, therefore, that we have here briefly expressed a general sense of obligation to our vegetable friends, and hinted at a fact which, in our high philosophy, we now and then forget, that the outer world may be a shadow, or a reflex of our own minds, or anything you please to call it; but that we, poor fellows, should be rather at a loss for dinner, if the earth did not send up for us, out of a kitchen that we did not build, our corn, and wine, and oil.—*Household Words.*

ENJOYMENT FROM STIMULANTS.—The enjoyment of persons who are in the habit of using stimulants is frantic while it lasts, but exceedingly short-lived. It is not the steady sunlight of the spirit, but the flash of the lightning passing from cloud to cloud.



## COURTING BY PROXY.

YOUNG Mr. Alonzo Romeo Rush was dreadfully in love—as, indeed, which of us is not? Everybody has a passion, though, fortunately, the objects are infinitely various. Mr. Alonzo was in love with himself for a year or two after he took leave of childhood and milk-and-water; but after that his grandmamma told him he ought to marry, and he forthwith fell violently in love with his future wife, and vowed to allow himself no rest till he had found her. This may be termed “love in the abstract,” which, as we shall see, is not without its perplexities.

Mr. Alonzo was a darling boy, an orphan, and the heir of a good Knickerbocker fortune. His grandmamma was his guardian, in a sense beyond the cold, legal meaning of the term. She picked the bones out of his fish, and reminded him of his pocket-handkerchief, during all the years of his tender boyhood; and, until he was full fourteen years old, he slept in her room, and had his face washed by her own hands, in warm water, every morning. Even after he called himself a man, she buttered his muffins and tucked up his bed-clothes, with a solicitude above all praise. Thanks to her care and attention, he reached the age of twenty-one in safety, excepting that he was very subject to colds, which alarmed his venerable relative extremely; and excepting also that he showed an unaccountable liking for the society of a little tailoress, who had always made his clothes during his minority.

But now, as we have said, he was dreadfully in love; and what made his situation the more puzzling was, that his grandmamma, in her various charges, had entirely omitted to specify the lady to whom his devotions ought to be paid. She even urged him to choose for himself. What a responsibility!

“Only remember, Alonzo,” said the good lady, “that you will never be happy with a girl that does not like muffins, and that it is as easy to love a rich girl as a poor one.”

“Yes,” responded Mr. Alonzo, with rather an absent air; “yes, and as to muffins—” here he sunk into a reverie. “Grandma!” exclaimed the darling, after some pause, “couldn’t you ask Parthenia Blinks here to tea?”

“Certainly, my dear,” said the good lady, and she rang the bell at once, preparatory to the making of several kinds of cake, and various other good things.

This invitation was duly sent, and as duly accepted by Miss Parthenia Blinks, who found it politic always to accept an invitation, that she might do as she pleased when the time came—a practice fully adopted by many fashionables.

The time did come, and there was the tea-table, set out with four kinds of preserves, arranged with the most exact quadrangularity; in the centre a large basket heaped with cake, and at the sides two mountains of toast and muffins; tea, coffee, and various accessories completed the prospect. The fine old Knickerbocker parlour was in its prime order, every chair standing exactly parallel with its brother; the tea-kettle singing on its ehafing-dish; the cat purring on the hearth-rug. Two sofas, covered with needle-work, were drawn up to the fire, and the man-

darins on the chimney-piece nodded at each other, and at the pink and azure shepherds and shepherdesses which ornamented the space between them. Mr. Alonzo Romeo Rush stood before the glass, giving the last twirl to an obstinate side-lock, which, in spite of persuasion and pomatum, *would* obey that fate called a cow-liek. An impetuous ring at the door. The little tailoress, who had been giving a parting glance at her own handiwork, slipped out of the room, sighing softly; and Alonzo and his grandmamma seated themselves on the opposite sofas, for symmetry’s sake. A billet in a gilded envelope. Miss Parthenia Blinks’ regrets.

“What an impudent thing!” said the old lady, with a toss of her cap. (We do not know whether she meant the act or the young lady.) “But come, my dear, you shall eat the muffins, and never mind her. The next time I ask Miss Blinks it will do her good, I know.”

Mr. Alonzo, nothing daunted by this mortifying slight, turned his thoughts next to Miss Justina Cuypers, a young lady who resided with two maiden aunts in a house which had suffered but little change since the revolution. The first step which suggested itself to the darling, was to ask Miss Cuypers to ride; but to reach this golden apple the aunts must be propitiated, and therefore it was judged best that grandmamma should make one of the party, in order that none of the proprieties might be violated. Alonzo was charioteer, but, as he was not much accustomed to driving, his grandmamma felt it her duty to take the reins out of his hands very frequently, besides giving him many directions as to which rein he ought to pull, in meeting the numerous vehicles which they encountered on the Harlem road. Whether from the excess of his passion for Miss Cuypers, who never spoke once the whole way, or whether from the confusion incident to reiterated instructions, poor Mr. Alonzo did finish the drive by an overturn, which did not kill anybody, but spoiled the young lady’s new bonnet, and covered her admirer with mud and mortification.

The failure of these kindly attempts of his grandmamma to save him the trouble of getting a wife, taught Mr. Alonzo a lesson. He drew the astute inference that old ladies were not good proxies in all cases. He even thought of taking the matter into his own hands; and with this view it was not long before he set out, like a prince in a fairy tale, to seek his fortune.

The first house he came to—that is to say, the one to which his footsteps turned most naturally—was one belonging to a distant connection of his grandmamma, a lady whose ancestor came over with Hendrik Hudson, or, as the family chroniclers insisted, a little before. Miss Alida Van Der Benschoten, the daughter of this lady—a fresh sprout from the time-honoured tree—might have been known to Alonzo, but that he had always hidden himself when her mamma brought her to pay her annual visit to his grandmamma. She resided with her mother, one ancient sister, and two great rude brothers, on the borders of the city, in one of those tempting ruralities called cottages, built of brick, three stories high, and furnished with balconies and verandahs of cast-iron, all very agricultural in-

deed, as a certain lady said of a green door. The idea of Miss Alida being once entertained, the shrubberies about the Van Der Benschoten cottage, consisting of three altheas, a privet hedge, and a Madeira vine, seemed to invite a Romeo, and our hero resolved to open his first act with a balcony scene. Not that he had a speech ready, for if he had he would have delivered it in the parlour; but he had heard much of the power of sweet sounds, and conceived the idea of trying them upon the heart of Miss Alida before he ventured upon words, as Hannibal (wasn't it?), having rocks to soften, tried vinegar before pickaxes. Having often encountered bands of music in the streets at night—or rather in the evening, for his grandmamma never allowed him to be out after ten—he concluded the business of these patrols to be serenading; and, making great exertions to find one of the most powerful companies, he engaged their leader to be in full force before Mrs. Van Der Benschoten's door on a certain evening, resolved himself to lie *perdu*, in a convenient spot, ready to speak if the young lady should appear on the balcony, as he did not doubt she would. The Coryphæus of the band was true to his promise, and he and his followers had played with all their might for half an hour or so, when, observing no demonstration from the house, and feeling rather chilly, they consulted their employer as to the propriety of continuing.

"Oh! go on, go on," whispered Mr. Alonzo; "she isn't waked up yet!" (The youth understood the true object of a serenade.) "Play away till you hear something."

And, on the word, "Washington's March" aroused the weary echoes, if not Miss Alida.

This new attack certainly was not in vain. A window was softly opened, and as the band, inspired by this sign of life, threw new vigour into their instrumentation, a copious shower of boots, boot-jacks, billets of wood, and various other missiles, untuned the performers, who, in spite of the martial spirit breathed but just before, all ran away forthwith.

Mr. Alonzo scorned to follow, particularly as he had a snug berth under one of the three altheas; but a voice crying, "Seek him—seek him, Vixen!" and the long bounds of a dog in the back yard, dislodged him, and he made an ignominious retreat.

We dare not describe the dreams of our hero that night, but we record it to his everlasting credit that he was not disheartened by this inauspicious conclusion of his daring adventure. He ascribed the rude interruption, very correctly, to one of Miss Alida's brothers; and every time he met one of them in the street he used to tell his grandmamma of it when he came home, always adding that he only wished he knew whether *that was the one!*

Music was still a good resource, and Mr. Alonzo resolved to try it in another form. He knew a young gentleman who played the guitar, and sang many a soft Spanish ditty to its seductive twanging; and, as this youth happened to be a good-natured fellow, and one who did a large amount of serenading on his own account, it was not difficult to persuade him to attempt something for a friend. So, when next the fair moon favoured the stricken-hearted, the two young men, choosing

a spot of deepest shade, beset Miss Alida with music of a far more insidious character than that first employed by the inexperienced Alonzo. Few female hearts can resist the influence of such bewitching airs as those with which good-natured Harry Blunt endeavoured to expound his friend's sweet meanings; and, after a whole round of sentiment had rung from the guitar, and the far sweeter tenor of its owner, a window opened once more, and poor Mr. Alonzo scampered off incontinent.

Harry, who had not been exposed to the storm which rewarded the previous serenade, stood his ground, and had the satisfaction of picking up a delicate bouquet which fell just before him in the moonlight. This he carried most honourably, to his friend, whom he supposed to be already in Miss Alida's good graces.

"What shall I do?" said Mr. Alonzo, who had a dim perception of the responsibility attached to this favour from a lady.

"Do!" exclaimed Harry, laughing, "why, order a splendid one at N——s, and send a servant with it to-morrow, with your compliments."

"So I will! See if I don't," said Mr. Alonzo, delighted. "I'll get one as big as a dinner-plate."

In pursuance of this resolve, he called up an old family servant, and, locking the door, gave him ample directions, and in the most solemn manner.

"And mind, Moses," said young master, "get one of the very largest size, and give whatever they ask."

Hapless Alonzo! Why not put on thy hat, and go forth to choose thy bouquet in person? Moses took the ten-dollar note which Alonzo handed him, and departed, with injunctions to utmost speed and inviolable discretion. Mr. Alonzo paced the floor, with the air of a man who, having done his best, feels that he ought to succeed, till at length the returning steps of his messenger greeted his ear.

"Well, Moses, have you carried it? Did you get a handsome one? Did you see her? What did she say?"

Poor Moses showed the entire white of his eyes.

"Why, massa," said he, "you ax me too many questions to onst. I got him, and I carried him to Miss Van Der Benschoten's house, but I no see the young woman; but I tell the coloured gentleman at the door who sent him."

"That was right," said Mr. Alonzo; "but was it large and handsome, Moses?"

"Monstrous big, massa; big as dat stand anyhow! And here's the change; I beat him down a good deal, for he ask two shillin', and I make him take eighteenpence."

And it was with much self-complacency that good old Moses pulled out of his pocket a handful of money.

"Change!" said Mr. Alonzo, with much misgiving, "change—eighteenpence—two shillings—what are you talking about? What kind of flowers were they?"

"Oh! beautiful flowers, massa. There was pi'nies and laylocks, and paas-blumechies, and eberyting!"

We will only say that, if hard words could break bones, poor old Moses would not have had a whole one left in his body—but of what avail?



Next day came out invitations for a large party at Mrs. Van Der Benschoten's, and Harry Blunt, who had been spied out by one of the belligerent brothers of Miss Alida, and recognised as the hero of the serenade *à l'Espagnol*, was invited, while our poor friend, Alonzo, was overlooked entirely, in spite of the laugh which his elegant bouquet had afforded the young ladies.

The morning after the party, Alonzo encountered his friend Harry, who had been much surprised at his absence.

'Why didn't you go?' he asked; it was a splendid affair. I heard of your bouquet, but I explained, and you need not mind. Write a note yourself—that will set all right again.'

'Would you really?' said Mr. Alonzo, earnestly.

'To be sure I would! Come do it at once.'

But Alonzo recollected that he had not yet found much time to bestow on his education, so that the writing of a note would be somewhat of an undertaking.

'Can't you do it for me?' said he; 'you are used to these things.'

'Oh, yes, certainly,' said the obliging Harry; and he dashed off a very pretty note, enveloped it, *comme il faut*, and directed to Miss Van Der Benschoten, Humming-bird Place.

A most obliging answer was returned—an answer requiring a reply; and, by the aid of his friend Harry, Mr. Alonzo Romeo Rush kept up his side of the correspondence with so much spirit, that, in the course of a few weeks, he was invited to call at the rural residence, with an understanding on all sides that this interview was to be the end of protocols, and the incipient stage of definitive arrangements which would involve the future happiness of a pair of hearts.

It was an anxious morning, that which fitted out Mr. Alonzo Romeo Rush for this expedition. His grandmamma washed and combed him, and the little tailoress brushed his clothes, picking off every particle of lint with her slender fingers, and thinking, when she had done, that he stood the very perfection of human loveliness.

'Thank you, Mary,' said he, very kindly; and, as he looked at her, he could not but notice the deep blush which covered a cheek usually pale for want of exercise and amusement.

However, this was no time to look at tailoresses; and Mr. Alonzo was soon on his way to Humming-bird Place. How his hand trembled as he fumbled for the bell-handle, and how reminiscences crowded upon him as he saw on the step a large dog, which he knew by intuition to be the very Vixen of the serenade. Then, to think of what different circumstances he stood in at present! Oh! it was overpowering, and Mr. Alonzo was all in a perspiration when the servant opened the door.

'Is Miss Van Der Benschoten at home?'

'Yes, Sir.' (A low bow.) 'Walk up stairs, sir.'

Another low bow. The servant must have guessed his errand.

He was ushered into a twilight drawing-room, and sat down, his heart throbbing so that it made the soft-cushions quiver. Hark!—a footstep—a lady—and in another instant Mr. Alonzo had taken a small hand without venturing to look at the face of the owner. He had forgotten to make a speech, so he held the little hand, and meditated one. At length he began—'Miss Van Der

Benschoten, my grandmamma——' and here, at fault, he looked up inadvertently.

'What is the matter, Mr. Rush?' exclaimed the lady.

'I—am sick,' said Alonzo, making a rush for the street door.

The lady was the elder sister of Miss Alida—diminutive, ill-formed, and with such a face as one sees in very severe nightmare.

Alonzo reached his grandmamma's, and the first person he met as he dashed through the hall was the little tailoress. We know not if he had made a Jephtha-like vow in the course of his transit, but he caught the hand of his humble friend, and said, with startling energy, 'Mary, will you marry me?'

'I! I!' said the poor girl, and she burst into tears.

But Alonzo, now in earnest, found no lack of words; and the result was that he drew Mary's arm through his, and half led, half carried her, straight to his grandmamma's sofa.

'Grandma,' said he, 'this shall be my wife or nobody. I have tried to love a rich girl, but I love Mary without trying. Give us your blessing, grandma, and let's have the wedding at once.'

The old lady, speechless, could only hold up both hands; but Alonzo, inspired by real feeling, looked so different from the soulless darling he had ever seemed, that she felt an involuntary respect which prevented her opposing his will very decidedly. It was not long before he obtained an absolute permission to be happy in his own way. Wise grandmamma!—say we.

Mary was always a good girl, and riding in her own carriage has made her a beauty too. She is not the only lady of the "aucune" family who flourishes within our bounds. As for our friend Alonzo, he smiles instead of sighing, as he passes Humming-bird Place.—*Hogg's Instructor*.

### THE WORLD GROWN OLD.

The world grows old, her beauty fadeth fast,  
More and more frequent cross her mind

The bodings of her doom:  
Two hundred generations all have passed,  
We only now remain behind,  
And populate their tomb.

On every face appears  
The trace of recent tears,  
Save where the laugh of madness rattles by,  
Or idiotery's idle eye  
Glances from Earth to Heaven in vacant gloom.

A TEACHER BY EXAMPLE.—I once escaped at table the well-meant persecutions of the kind-hearted wife of a medical friend, from whom, ever and anon, came the inquiry of what I would take next? This had been so often repeated, that I had begun to look round, fearing that my character, as a teacher by example, might suffer, and replied, 'If she pleased, I would take breath.' It was saucy and ungrateful, but it was good-naturedly received and understood.—*The Stomach and its Difficulties, by Sir James Eyre*.

## THE MONOSYLLABLE TRAVELLER.

I AM yet a young man, but I have led a wandering life so long (my friends call me *der Wandernde Vogel*—but that's a secret), and have seen so many queer sights, and undergone so many queer adventures, and met so many unaccountable people, that I sometimes fancy myself quite an octogenarian; and, truly, I have had more rough experience of life than usually falls to the lot of the 'most potent, grave, and reverend seniors.' But don't be alarmed by this bit of a preface, as I am not about to inflict a garrulous egotistical gossip, for the Editor himself knows me personally, and will bear ready witness that I am not the 'Monosyllable Traveller.' Nevertheless, 'the tale that I am going to tell is just as true as —' most tales told by the philosophical vagabonds, of whom I am a fair type.

On the evening of the 20th day of December, 1851 (you see the epoch of this veritable story is so very recent, that ladies and gentlemen can easily satisfy themselves of its perfect truth in these days of electric telegraphs), I was wandering in my usual aimless harebrained fashion in a wild district of the North Riding of Yorkshire. It was cold, oh! bitter cold! and the fierce wind blew the snow cuttingly in my face. But I am a case-hardened fellow, and I didn't care a pinch of snuff for the weather. I only settled my old gold-banded Danish cap firmer on my head, and 'drew my auld cloak about me,' and sucked the tip of my frozen moustache, and hummed *Den tappre Landsoldat*, and strode onward as careless and happy as a wood-sawyer's clerk. But whither was I going? Ay, that's what I didn't know myself. I had somehow lost the course I had been directed to steer at the village I passed, and as I knew nothing of the latitude and longitude of the country, and it was too cloudy overhead to admit of any celestial observation, I 'en sailed hap-hazard. But I thought to myself that I must surely stumble on a town, or a village, or an odd house sooner or later, and the worse come that might, I could lie down on the lee-side of a hedge or a tree, and take out my allowance of sleep in my dear old sea-cloak, as I had done many times before.

Well, about four bells of the first watch, as we used to say at sea (10 P. M.), I desisted a twinkling light ahead, and, making all sail, I came alongside of it, and found it to proceed from the porch of a very ancient solitary road-side inn, bearing the singular sign of the Mermaid. I shook off the snow from my cloak in the porch, and in a minute I was in the comfortable parlour of the inn. There was only one guest seated there, and him I cheerfully saluted with—'Good evening, sir!'

He stared vacantly at me a moment, but never opened his lips.

'Good evening!' I repeated.

This time he evinced a sort of consciousness, by emitting a low unintelligible growl, which I fancied at the time sounded like 'yah!'

I looked more particularly at him, and, perceiving that he wore beard and moustaches, and clothes of a fashion I had often seen in Scandinavia, it struck me that he must be a native of that region, and probably unacquainted with the English language. So I addressed him in Danish.—

'*Hvorledes befinder Dem? Taler de Dansk?*' He shook his head slowly from side to side.

'Do you speak English, sir?' continued I, rather vexed at his taciturnity.

'Yes.'

'Oh, I'm glad of that. I beg pardon, but I thought you were a foreigner.'

'No.'

'Stormy night, sir!'

'Eh?'

'Cold—windy—snowy—real wintry weather.'

'Ah!'

'Have you ever travelled this road before, sir?'

'Yes.'

'Lonely road, it seems—desolate country by daylight, I suppose?'

'Hum!'

'I was glad to stumble on this inn—queer place for one. Fancy it is never overerowed with customers?'

'No.'

'Any news in this part of the world—anything stirring?'

'Oh.'

'I asked you, sir,' repeated I with some asperity (for my best friends never reckoned me a Job), 'if there's any news?'

'Ay.'

'Well, what is it?'

'No.'

'Ay and No! What do you mean, sir?' and I stared in turn at the man, beginning to fancy him an escaped lunatic.

'Yes,' he mumbled.

'Sir!' exclaimed I, my hand involuntarily moving towards the poker (for I'm rather peppery—at least people say so), 'do you understand me?'

'No.'

'I thought not.'

'Yes,' drawled he.

I was now absolutely dumfounded, and said not another word. The landlord entered at the moment with a supper I had ordered, and, as he set a smoking stew before me, I jerked my thumb at the Monosyllable Traveller, and whispered, 'Who is he?'

The landlord contented himself with giving a short nod, a dry cough, and a droll wink. After this, I ate my supper in perfect silence; the ticking of the clock and an occasional sigh and groan from the stranger excepted. I actually began to think I had made a worse mistake than Goldsmith did when he entered a gentleman's house for an inn, for I fancied I must have taken up my quarters in an asylum, and the recollection I involuntarily conjured of the singular revelations which recently appeared in the papers about Hanwell Asylum, by no means tended to re-assure me. I am not a nervous man—far from it, but I am not ashamed to say that I very hastily swallowed my pint of sherry to strengthen my heart and clear my brain by the same operation. I also took the precaution to rear my blackthorn stick between my knees; for who can tell what freak a madman may take in his head at any moment? It is true that my monosyllable companion sat very quietly on one side of the fire, with a half-drained glass of liquor on a little round table before him, and his eyes calmly fixed on the blazing sea-coal, but how could I tell how soon he might wildly grasp the tongs,



and put an end to all the wanderings of *der Wandernde Vogel*?

The entrance of the worthy landlord to clear my table, relieved me from the worst part of my apprehensions, for *he* at any rate at once proved himself to be a sane man, by inquiring whether my supper was to my liking, and whether I was comfortable, &c. I looked at his rosy, intelligent face with secret satisfaction, and, bidding him bring me a bottle of his best wine, I invited him to help me to drain it, and nothing loth, he seated himself by my side, and certainly I had no reason to complain of *his* taciturnity. He was 'as good as an almanack,' as seamen say, for he knew what the weather would be better than Murphy; he knew the times, the tides, and the coming events; he knew, or pretended to know, everybody and everything.

This is a somewhat out-o'-the way place for an inn, landlord,' remarked I.

'Well, yes, sir; but it isn't what it was when I first knew it. I know'd it when we've been so full that we haint known wheer to put folks; but times is altered now.'

'It seems so,' dryly answered I.

'It's all along o' them railways,' ejaculated he, fiercely striking the table with his fist. 'You see, sir, the ould *Mermaid* stands on the great high road, and, afore them things was invented, we used to have coaches changing every hour, and gentle-folk's carriages putting up by dozens. But now, except it be a gentleman like yourself as knows better nor to trust his precious limbs on sich break-necks, we often doesn't see a living body but our precious selves from week's end to week's end.'

'How, then, do you make both ends meet, eh?'

'That's what sometimes puzzles me, sir. But we've a bit of a farm, you see, and—oh! them railways!'

'Hem!' said I, glancing significantly towards the Monosyllable guest, who steadily continued his occupation of gazing at the fire, apparently quite unconscious that anybody but himself was in the room—'hem! you must have strange sort of company at times though?'

The landlord perfectly understood me, for he put his finger to his nose, winked thrice with great solemnity, and then pointed to the clock, which approached the hour of twelve.

Precisely when the last stoke had boomed, the Monosyllable Traveller arose to his feet, sighed profoundly, muttered—'Bed!' and stalked out of the room.

'Who is that man?' exclaimed I, the moment he was gone.

'Ay, there's the mystery, sir,' replied the landlord, with a very queer look. 'For the last seven years he has regularly arrived here on horseback, on the evening of the 20th of December—that is to say, as to-night—and, after sleeping here, he leaves at the same hour on the following evening, and we never see any thing of him again, till the anniversary of his visit comes round.'

'And don't you know who or what he is?'

'Not at all, sir. What is yet more wonderful, he never utters more than one short word at a time, and even when giving his orders, he merely says, 'steak,' 'ale,' or 'what not; and, when questioned, he never makes any reply but 'yes,' 'no,' 'hum,' 'ah,' 'oh,' 'eh,' 'ay.' Whoever speaks

to him, he replies by a single word only, and he invariably sits, as he did to-night, for many hours, doing nothing but staring at the fire.

'But, landlord, whom do you *suppose* him to be?'

'Why, sir,' laughed he, a 'gentleman here once said he must be the man born to discover the perpetual motion, and that he is yet studying it; but I myself have fancied that he is merely the ghost of some wicked fellow who committed an awful deed in this old house centuries ago, and is doomed to revisit it to the end of time, on the anniversary of his crime.'

'Ah, but you know that ghosts don't eat and drink—and this mysterious personage does both.'

'Very true, I forgot that. But what is your own opinion, sir, for you have now seen almost as much of him as any of us?'

'Why, landlord, if I may speak in strict confidence, between ourselves, my firm private belief is that he is no other than —'

'Who, sir?' eagerly interrupted the landlord.

'The Wandering Jew!' whispered I.

The landlord nodded thrice, and drained his glass with the air of a man perfectly satisfied by an unexpected solution of a most difficult enigma. —*Chamber's Journal.*

## JULY WEATHER.

The storms of wind, and rain, and *hail*, in this month, are not unfrequently accompanied by thunder and lightning. The awful and terror-striking, but salutary phenomena of thunder and lightning, are well depicted by Mr. Balfour, in the following powerful lines.—*Ed.*

Sudden, on the dazzled sight,  
Darts the keen electric light;  
Shooting from the lurid sky,  
Quick as thought it mocks the eye:  
Rolling thunder rends the ear,  
Seems to shake earth's solid sphere:  
Hill and dale prolong the sound,  
Echoes deep each cavern round;  
Till afar, in distant skies,  
Fainter still, it fades and dies.

Hushed the peal—a pause succeeds—  
Again the forked lightning speeds;  
Bursting from the black cloud's womb,  
Blazing o'er the deepening gloom.  
Shattered by the arrowy flash,  
At my feet, with groaning crash,  
Falls the forest's branching pride,  
All its honours scattered wide!

Louder peals, and louder still,  
Shake the vale, and rock the hill;  
Mountains tremble, green woods nod;  
Nature hears, and owns her God!

Soon the rushing shower descends,  
The dark cloud melts, the tempest ends;  
Bright again the lord of day  
Sheds abroad his cheering ray;  
Creation smiles, and joy and love  
Enliven mountain, glen, and grove;  
Reviving blossoms pour their rich perfume;  
And Nature glows in renovated bloom.

## A VENETIAN ADVENTURE OF YESTERDAY

I was induced last summer to do rather a foolish thing for a middle-aged spinster—I undertook to chaperon a volatile young niece upon a continental tour. We travelled the usual course up the Rhine into Switzerland, which we enjoyed rapturously. Then passing the Alps, we spent a few days at Milan, and next proceeded to Verona. In all this journey, nothing occurred to mar our English frankness, or disturb our good humour. We beheld, indeed, the subjection of the Lombardese people with pain. Still, it was no business of ours; and I may as well candidly state that to the best of my recollection, we gave exceedingly little thought to the subject.

At Verona, the romance of Claudia's character found some scope. She raved at the so-called tomb of Juliet, was never tired of rambling among the ruins of the Roman amphitheatre, and made herself ill with the fresh figs and grapes presented in such abundance in the picturesque old marketplace. I confess I should as soon have dreamed of danger from some ancient volcano of the Alps, as from the political system of the country which we were traversing. Indeed, it never could have occurred to us that a quiet lady of a certain age, and a young one just emancipated from frocks, were persons about whom a great empire could have been in any alarm. It was destined that we should find ourselves of much more consequence than we gave ourselves credit for.

On returning from our ramble, and entering the great *sala* of the *Due Torre*, I remember experiencing a slight sense of alarm at sight of the large proportion of Austrian officers amongst those sitting down to dinner. Still, as the feeling sprang from no definite cause, I readily gave up my wish for a separate dinner; and, yielding to the solicitations of an officious waiter, allowed myself and niece to take seats at table. My first feeling returned in some force when I saw a tall, bearded officer, after depositing his sword in a corner of the room, seat himself next to Claudia. A request on her part for the salt, sufficed to open a conversation between them; but as it was in German, I could not follow its meaning. I observed, however, that by and by it waxed more warm than is customary in the languid hour of a *table d'hôte*; and, what was more, a silence ensued among a considerable number of those within hearing, as if the subject of their conversation were of an interesting character. A kind-looking English gentleman, on the opposite side of the table, seemed to become uneasy, and he soon telegraphed to me with a look which I could not misunderstand. In real alarm, I touched Claudia's arm, and indicated my wish to retire. As soon as we reached our own apartment, I anxiously asked her what she had been saying, and what that animated conversation was about. "Oh, nothing particular, Tantie, dear. We were talking politics; but I am not a Republican, you know. You need not look afraid. I am a Royalist, and I told him so. Only, I said I thought it would be better for Italy to have an Italian king than an Austrian emperor. He did not seem to think so; but you know every one cannot think alike."

"Oh, you unfortunate little girl!" I exclaimed,

"you little know the imprudence of which you have been guilty," and I bitterly regretted my ignorance of German, which had allowed her to make such a demonstration of her sentiments. Still, she was but a child—what she had said was but a foolish sentiment. I could scarcely, after all, think that any serious consequences would ensue from so simple a matter; nevertheless I felt that the sooner we left Verona the better. We accordingly started for Venice next morning.

It was a most lovely day. The sun shone richly on the thousands of grape-bunches that hung on the vines, and on the wild-flowers that grew at their feet; and then the beautiful languid way in which the vines grow added another charm to the scene: apparently overcome by heat and lassitude, they throw themselves from one tree to another for their support, and hang between them in graceful festoons. We were not long, however in the region of the green, and now slightly autumn-tinted leaves; our steam-engine seemed suddenly to have conceived the idea of drowning us, for we darted into the sea, and with nothing but water on either side, we appeared to be hurried on by some gigantic rope-dancer, so light was the bridge over which we were carried. Involuntarily, I seized hold of Claudia's arm; but gradually I saw in the distance so beautiful a thing—such a silent, white, fairy-like city, under such a brilliant sky, that I lost all earthly fear, and, in spite of the tangible railway carriage in which I was, I felt as if, like King Arthur, I was being borne by fairies to their fairy home.

At last we arrived, and entered by a long dusty passage the *dogana*, in order to be examined. All romantic visions had now faded away: ordinary mortals were in attendance to look over our boxes; and it being the middle of a hot day, I began to feel both thirsty and tired, and most anxious to arrive quickly at the hotel, in order to secure comfortable apartments. Claudia stood for some time with the keys in her hand, vainly endeavouring to induce one of the custom-house officers to look at our boxes. The examination did not appear very strict, and we observed many of our fellow passengers had their boxes just opened, and then were allowed to depart, with scarcely any delay. At last, one of the men approached us, and Claudia pointed to her open box, and asked him to examine it. The man looked up into her face—I thought, in a very scrutinising manner—then at the name on the box, and then retired, and whispered to one of his companions, who came back with him, and asked in Italian for our passport. This I immediately produced. They examined it, and said something to each other in German; upon which Claudia, who was more familiar with that language than with Italian, asked them in it to be kind enough to examine our boxes quickly, as her aunt was much tired. I saw the men exchange glances, and then they came forward to examine us. Being utterly unconscious of any necessity for concealment, we had left several English books at the very top of the box. These they carefully took out and laid on one side, and then proceeded to rummage the boxes from top to bottom. By this time, as most of our fellow-passengers had been examined, and had proceeded to their hotels, I was getting fatigued and nervous, when it struck me that a small *douceur* would



perhaps set matters right. This idea I communicated to Claudia, and she, speaking privately to a superior sort of man, who was overlooking the other, assured him that we were two perfectly unoffending English ladies, travelling for pleasure, having nothing whatever to do with politics, and entreated him to let us go on, at the same time putting some money in a hand conveniently placed for its reception. No sooner, however, had it been safely pocketed, than the man assured her that he could do nothing whatever for us, and that he must take some opportunity, when nobody was looking, of giving her back the money. It is needless to say, that this opportunity never arrived; and in the meantime, we were taken into a small room, to be more particularly examined.

Here another box was opened, when, to the great vexation of my dear Claudia, her journal was found. Hitherto she had been very patient, but now she could bear it no longer. What! her journal, so carefully locked that nobody had ever been allowed to read it, to be at the mercy of these strange men! Claudia remonstrated loudly. "They might have anything else they chose," she said, "but that she really could not give them." She did not perceive that the more anxious she appeared about the book, the more important it seemed in their eyes, and the more anxious they, of course, were to retain it. After a long discussion, and many prayers and entreaties on Claudia's part, the books and papers were sealed up before us. They inquired what hotel we were going to, and told us we must call the next day for our books at a certain custom-house office they mentioned. Feeling harassed and persecuted, we proceeded to our hotel, my unhappiness being rendered more acute by our being separated from our *Murray*, without which I felt myself a perfectly helpless being, entirely at the mercy of any one who chose to impose upon me.

We obtained apartments at the hotel we intended lodging at, and as it was now late in the day, ordered our dinner, and retired early to rest, very anxious for the morrow, that we might know the fate of our books. Accordingly, the first thing we did the next day was to take a gondola, and proceed to the custom-house that had been mentioned to us. There, however, they knew nothing of our books. So we went to the British Consulate, to inform them of our case, and then returned to the hotel. During this voyage, I had several times observed a paper stuck against the walls, with *Notificazione* written in large letters on it, with some smaller printing beneath it. With a very uneasy heart, I asked Claudia to read it, and tell me what it meant. She did so, and found that it was informing the world in general, that two noble Italians were condemned, one to death, and the other to the galleys, for political offences. Of course, we were no judges of the rights of the case; but it is impossible not to feel one's heart saddened by the approaching death of a fellow-creature; besides which, my heart trembled for Claudia, and I conjured up to my mind the leaden-roof prisons; those beneath the dual palace, those under water; the Bridge of Sighs; and that fearful part of the lagoon where no fishing was allowed, lest it should reveal some fearful

secret, known only to the dead, and to certain minions of the dread Council. In vain I repeated to myself, that those days were past; in vain was it that Claudia laughed at my fears, and told me it was disgraceful for a British subject to feel them: still my heart felt heavy, and I shall not soon forget the anxiety of that hour.

We returned to the hotel, where we had not long been, when we were informed that a gentleman wished to speak to us. Fearful moment! I pictured to myself a ferocious-looking officer with a guard, like those who come upon the stage with Jaffer. Somewhat to my relief, the reality turned out to be of a gentler character. I found myself introduced to a polite-looking personage, who, however, speedily informed me, through the medium of the waiter—for we had no common language—that he did not want me, but a younger lady! O, my poor Claudia! My heart beating violently, I returned to her, and informed her that she was wanted. Instead of being at all alarmed, she appeared rather gratified at finding herself of so much importance, and hastened to join the person who was waiting for her. He, in a very polite and respectful manner, told us that our books were at the police-office, and only awaited our arrival to be examined. Accordingly, we ordered a gondola, and accompanied him there. On the way, he took an opportunity of informing Claudia, that he was not what was called in England a policeman, but a gentleman, and that the person who would examine her was a count. Claudia replied rather haughtily, that she was an English lady, and had never been examined by any one. At last we arrived, and proceeded to the apartment of the count; but what was my distress when I was informed that Claudia was to be examined alone! Claudia declared that she was a British subject, and that such a proceeding was an insult. I was almost hysterics, and with tears entreated to be permitted to accompany my niece; but the obdurate though polite count was immovable. He merely said to Claudia: "Madame, you have avowed that you have in your possession papers which have never been read by anybody but yourself; therefore you must be examined alone." Further opposition was hopeless, so I returned disconsolate to my gondola, to await the issue.

When Claudia was left alone with the count, he shewed her a paper in which he was officially informed, that a lady of her name and appearance was coming to Venice, who was suspected of being a dangerous political character. To hear such a character attributed to her—to her, who was only last year boarding in a school—to her, who knew little more of politics than that Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were the most amiable young couple in England—was ludicrous even in that hour of trouble. I do not exactly know how she comported herself during her examination; but I suspect she not merely laughed at the whole affair, but felt a little elated at the idea of being held as of so much importance. She was really anxious, however, about her journal and writing-case, as they contained so many things "of no importance to any but the owner." When the count informed her, that the journal and papers must, in the first place, be subjected to translation, she could set no bounds to her vexa-

tion; and yet the thing had its ridiculous aspect also. She had been pretty free, in the journal, with her criticisms on the Austrian army, though only with regard to the appearance and manners of the officers. How they were to take her remarks on their moustaches, their everlasting smoking, and their almost as constant perseverance in *dining*, was not to be conceived. Then her papers—scraps of paper on which she had tried rhymes, such as love, dove; heart, part; fame, name; with a view to embodiment in her poems—letters from young friends, telling all about the parties of their respective mammas, and how interesting the last baby was: to think of these being subjected to the rigid scrutiny of a council of either Ten or Three, was too whimsical. To the count, on the other hand, everything was grave and official. He said he could well believe, that she was innocent of all that had been imputed to her; still, his instructions must be obeyed. He could not promise the restoration of her papers in less than ten days. At the end of the examination, he courteously dismissed her, but not without letting her know, that she and her companion would be under the surveillance of the police till the papers were fully examined.

My light-hearted niece returned to me with an air of importance quite new to her, and which did not abate till she observed how exceedingly I had suffered during our separation. I felt reassured on learning that every thing depended on the examination of the papers, as I had no doubt they were of a sufficiently innocent character. The shock, however, had been enough to mar my power of enjoying Venice. We did, indeed, go about to see the usual sights; and even the shadow-like attendance of the policeman ceased at length to give us much annoyance. But I saw everything through an unpleasant medium, and heartily wished myself out of a region where the government of pure force seems the only one attainable. At the end of a fortnight, we received back our papers, with many apologies for their detention, and for the scrutiny to which we had been exposed; which, however, it too truly appeared, had been brought upon us by that one incautious expression of Claudia at Verona. Very soon after, we left Venice, and regained the safe shores of England with little further adventure.

[*Note.*—Let no one suppose that this is in any degree an exaggeration of the present state of things in Venice. Only about a month after the adventure of the two ladies, two individuals of that city were condemned for having been in correspondence with political exiles. One, a nobleman, had his sentence commuted to the galleys, at the intercession of a Spanish princess, daughter of Don Carlos; the other, a bookseller in the Piazza di San Marco, was hanged on the morning of Saturday, the 11th October, during the whole of which day his body was exposed to the public gaze. The walls were next day found extensively inscribed with, "Venetians! remember the murder of yesterday, and revenge it!"—*Ed.*]—*Chamber's Ed. Jour.*

AMBIGUOUS SIGN.—The following is said to be copied from a sign-board at D—: "Boarding-school for young laddies."

## THE SCHOOL-MASTER'S STORY.

'Now, monsieur,' said my host, as he folded up his napkin in a complicated way, 'draw your chair to that chimney-corner, and I will establish myself in this one. When my wife has cleared away the things, she will come and sit between us.'

I did as I was told to do, my friend seated himself with a comfortable look, crossed his legs, and began to twirl his thumbs. And the old lady having soon finished her work, threw a fresh log on the fire, which quickly gave out a famous blaze. She then blew out the candle, took her place, and smoothed down her apron. 'There!' said she, and she began to knit.

'Would monsieur like to hear me tell a story?' asked her husband, putting his head on one side with an air that seemed to say, 'You do not probably know what a rare privilege you may now enjoy.'

'With the greatest pleasure,' said I.

'Well, do, Jean,' said his wife.

'I am very fond of a telling a good story by the fireside, after supper on a Saturday night,' said the schoolmaster; 'and I think,' he continued, after a moment's reflection, 'that I will tell you about a strange thing that once took place at Vallerançon, a village not far from this.'

'O do, Jean!' cried the good lady. 'I always like to hear that story, I have heard it so often. Besides, of course, I know all about it.'

'Of course, you do, Marie. You see, monsieur, my wife was housekeeper to one of the parties concerned in it, so it is natural enough—'

'Well, begin, Jean,' said the impatient little woman.

'I will at once, and do you put me right if I go wrong.'

'To be sure; but begin, begin!'

'At Vallerançon,' said my host, after clearing his throat, and assuming a solemn air, 'there is a Protestant temple. A few years back—about twenty years back—the curé of the parish—'

'The pastor, you mean,' interrupted madame.

'The pastor, I mean,' resumed the narrator; 'though there was a curé too, and I might have been speaking of him, for all you knew. But no matter. His name was Martin, and an excellent man he was; for, though I am a Catholic, I trust, monsieur, that I can appreciate a good man of a different creed. One day he went to say mass as usual—'

'To say mass! To preach, you mean, Jean.'

'To be sure I do; to preach as usual. When he had got into the pulpit, he began to give out his text from a small Bible he held in his hand, and had read some verses, when suddenly he seemed agitated, stood for some moments silently looking on the book, and then, without any explanation put it into his pocket, and made his way rapidly out of the church, crossing himself.'

'What are you about, Jean, with your masses, and curés, and crosses?' cried madame, laying down her knitting, and looking full at her husband. 'Don't you know that Protestants never cross themselves? What do you mean?'

'I really do not know,' replied the poor man, evidently much annoyed; 'I never told a story so ill before. I cannot tell what is the matter



with me to-night; I am afraid I must really give it up——'

'O pray don't,' said I; 'I am very anxious to know what caused the pastor's emotion. Pray, go on.'

'Well, if monsieur will excuse me——'

'Proceed, Jean, and take more care,' said madame.

'I will. The pastor went straight from the church to the house of the mayor. Now this man kept an inn, and, as he was very busy from its being a fête day, he was much annoyed at the pastor's asking for a private interview with him; but, from his own position and the character of the clergyman, who told him he had something of great importance to communicate to him, he was obliged to grant it. He was, moreover, struck with the firmness and warmth of M. Martin on this occasion, as the pastor was in general the mildest of men. I may say also that he was one of the simplest; he was in fact not too well fitted to deal with the world—he was too unsuspecting.'

Here madame nodded her head approvingly, and said, 'That's true' Jean.' For my part, I could scarcely suppress a smile at the worthy man's innocence—he had been, from the little I had seen of him, exactly describing himself. He resumed as follows:—

'When they were alone, the pastor said, 'M. Mayor, here is my business with you in a single word. On opening my Bible to-day to give out my text, I found this in it;' and he handed the mayor a slip of paper. The mayor took it and read it. He was a long time about it, but at last he finished, and when he did so he burst into a loud laugh. At this moment his son came into the room to ask him for the key of the cellar, on which his father, still laughing, cried out, 'What do you think, Pierre? here is Pastor Martin who has found a slip of paper in his Bible, stating that a murder has been committed somewhere——'—'I wished to have spoken to you alone,' said the pastor, with emphasis; 'but, since young M. Masson has heard so much, let him hear all. It is not because I found this slip in the way I told you that it has so much struck me; it is because it was not there when I looked at the very passage a few moments' before in the vestry, and that during that time the book never left my hands.'—'You must have put it in yourself then, that's clear,' said the innkeeper, laughing louder than ever.—'I am speaking very seriously, M. Masson, and——'—'Perhaps it will disappear as oddly as it came,' interrupted the mayor. 'There, put it off, and let me go; I am very busy to-day, and must attend to my customers.' The pastor insisted for some time longer, but the mayor said the thing was too absurd, and that he would do nothing. M. Martin had wished him to make some search at a place indicated in the mysterious slip, but finding remonstrance useless, or worse, for the mayor was becoming very rude, the pastor took his leave, escorted to the door by the young man, who was civil enough, and apologised for his father's conduct. M. Martin then bent his way to the residence of the nearest commissary of police. This gentleman listened to him attentively, and, when he had heard the story, asked of course to see the slip. M. Martin pulled out

his Bible, found the place of his text, and turned very pale. The slip was gone——'

'Ah!' said I, 'that was strange enough.'

'Gone!' repeated madame, who had evidently been watching the effect the announcement would have on me, and was delighted at my surprise. 'Gone! And the commissary was my master, so I know all about it.'

'This is very strange,' said the commissary, rather coldly.—'I had it when I left the mayor's,' replied M. Martin. 'My Bible has never left my pocket, and now the slip is gone. There is something supernatural in this.'—'It will be difficult to get a commissary to believe in supernatural appearances of the sort,' said the other, pointedly.—'M. Commissary,' said the pastor, solemnly, 'so deeply were the words impressed on me, that, having read them twice, I can now repeat them. They were these:—'On the night of the 10th, a man was murdered by two others, on the highway, going from Valerançon towards Bellevue, and his body was thrown into the old well, under the willow-tree, a little beyond the Croix-Rousse.'—'Hum!' said the magistrate.—'I assure you, M. Commissary, that I cannot be mistaken. At all events a search in the well could do no harm.' The commissary, though he did not say much, had been not a little impressed by the earnestness and evident sincerity of the pastor, so, after considering some time, he said, 'Continue your walk a little farther, as far as Lourdigneux, then go back by another road than that you came, and don't speak of the matter till I see you again.' When the pastor was gone, the commissary considered a little, and then a sudden thought seized him. 'Saddle me a horse,' he said, 'and send Besnard here.' When Besnard——

'Who was Besnard, may I ask?' said I.

'Why, the gendarme, of course. When Besnard came, he told him, after a short consideration, to go to the Croix-Rousse, and, concealing himself a little beyond it, to remark any one who should happen particularly to observe the old well under the willow-tree. Then he got on horseback, and went straight to the Mayor's inn, at Valerançon, after, however, having made the pastor recount more particularly, and indeed very particularly, all that had passed between him and the two Massons. When the commissary reached the inn, he was received with great deference by its proprietor, and they talked on other matters for some time, the magistrate gradually insisting on the increasing influence of the Protestants in that quarter, and on the possibility of their uniting with the more strict Catholics to make him shut up his house at certain times, especially on Sundays. On this the mayor got excited, the more so that he had already been drinking; in short, and at last, he told the story of the pastor's application to him, calling him a fool and a madman. 'But the slip of paper,' said the commissary, 'what did it contain?'—'Oh, I don't remember,' said the mayor, 'neither I nor my son.'—'Then you both saw it?' asked the magistrate.—'Yes—that is to say—yes, we both saw it.' The commissary talked for some time on other subjects, and then left the inn, riding slowly and by a circuitous path towards the Croix-Rousse, saying to himself, 'This slip has been lost, for it existed; and so must be found, for it was found; and was

lost, and so must have existed; and existed, for it was lost, and must be——'

'Jean! Jean!' cried my hostess, 'I never heard you tell that story so before. Found and lost! Existed and found! Why, my old master never spoke in that way. Lost and found! Get on with the story. Monsieur, we are coming to the best of it. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Jean. Wake up, or—(and here, in her zeal, the worthy woman drew from her knitting one of the needles)—I'll run this into the calf of your leg.'

On this the schoolmaster mechanically changed the crossing of his legs—a movement which disclosed the fact that they were calves on either—and went on.

'When the commissary got a little beyond the Croix-Rousse, he found Besnard, and asked him what intelligence he had. Besnard told him that several people had passed that way, but that none had gone near the old well except young Masson, the mayor's son, who had come at a quick pace to the spot, and, after looking down the well, had returned the way he came, 'Ride on to Bellevue,' said the commissary, 'buy a lantern, a cord, and a tinder-box, and be back as soon as you can. Discretion, remember, Besnard! It is curious, very curious. Stay a moment; let us look down first.' (They had approached the well as they were talking, and now dismounted.) 'Do you see anything particular about that bush growing out of the side, Besnard?' continued the magistrate, after both had peered into the dark pit for a minute or two; 'there about five feet down—to the left.'—'Some of the twigs seem to have been broken, sir, said the gendarme, 'and I think I see something like a bit of cloth, sticking to it.'—'Just so,' said the commissary. 'I have no longer any doubts. Ride off, and, as there is no time be lost, you will not only bring a lantern, but you will desire two men that can be depended on to follow you hither, and to bring with them a long and stout rope.' Besnard soon returned. The lantern was lighted, and lowered into the well. It disclosed——'

Here the schoolmaster paused, to give effect to his story, while his wife stopped her knitting, and, bending forward, looked me in the face with widely-opened eyes. 'It disclosed——' said she.

'It disclosed,' continued her husband, speaking slowly, and in a hollow voice, 'something like a bundle of clothes.'

'I expected as much,' said I, at which remark the schoolmaster looked disappointed. But he resumed:

'The two men sent for soon came up, and Besnard was let down in the well by the rope they brought. He found at the bottom a dead body! It is impossible to describe the way in which the schoolmaster pronounced these words, nor the theatrical air with which he passed his hand over his forehead, as if a cold sweat had broken out upon it. 'A dead body monsieur! He disengaged himself from the rope, fastened it to the dead body, and called to the men to hoist away.

This they did; but, when the dead body came in sight, and they saw it was not Besnard, as they expected, but a dead body, they were so frightened, that they almost let go their hold; and if the commissary, who was a very strong man, had not

caught the rope himself, poor Besnard might have been killed by the fall of the dead body.'

'In which case,' said I, 'there would have been two dead bodies.'

At this somewhat unfeeling remark, my two companions seemed hurt, and madame, in a reproving tone, said, 'Yes, monsieur; and Besnard was an excellent man, and the father of a family, and a pretty figure he was when he came back. He was all covered with mud from the bottom of the old well, and with blood, from handling the dead body, and his uniform was much torn by the briars on the sides. I know that, for I mended it myself. And,' continued she, reproachfully, 'it is not every one that would venture down into an old well to bring up a dead body.'

I said nothing, and the narrator went on to tell, in a somewhat prolix way, how 'the dead body' was conveyed to Bellevue; how it was recognised to be the corpse of a pedlar well known in that part of the country; how it appeared he had received no fewer than thirteen wounds; how, on inquiry, it was found that he had passed through the village of Vallerançon on the evening of the 10th; how he taken some refreshment at Masson's inn, and had disposed of some of his wares there; how he had incautiously exhibited a large sum of money in his possession; how, about dusk, he set off for Bellevue, which he never reached; and how the commissary immediately caused the mayor and all his family to be arrested on suspicion. My host also entered minutely into the details of the circumstantial evidence brought against the father and son; all of which, however, with one exception, I may pass over. At their final examination, the commissary observed to the elder Masson that his coat wanted a button, and asked him where he had lost it. The prisoner said he did not know. 'I know,' returned the magistrate, 'You lost it at the well near the Croix-Rousse. I found it in the bosom of the murdered man; and here, sir, it is,' said he, turning to the *juge d'instruction*; 'I place it among the *pièces de conviction*.' And truly enough the button corresponded with the others on Masson's coat. It had evidently been torn off, either in a struggle with the pedlar, or in the effort of throwing the corpse into the well.

'The Massons were tried, condemned, and executed,' said the schoolmaster. 'There's my story—that's all.'

'Not quite, I think,' returned I. 'You have not explained the mystery of the slip of paper—how it so strangely appeared and disappeared. How was it?'

My two friends looked at each other triumphantly, as much as to say respectively, 'I knew he would ask that,' and then my host resumed; 'As to its disappearance, that was soon found out; the younger Masson, after his conviction, confessed that, when he followed Pastor Martin to the door, after his interview with the father, he had managed to pick the worthy man's pocket of his Bible, to abstract the slip, and to replace the book without being detected. But as to how it originally came into the pastor's Bible, the secret was not discovered till long after. It was thus: M. Martin had a servant called Antoine Pouzadoux, who acted also as beadle at the Temple. On the night in which the murder was committed, he had gone,



without his master's knowledge or permission, to see a young woman at Bellevue whom he was courting. On the way home, he saw two men approaching, carrying between them what seemed a dead body. He concealed himself in a ditch, and saw them throw the dead body into the old well near the Croix-Rousse. He was very much terrified, and did not know what to do. Next day he thought of informing the authorities, but, like many of our peasants, he had a horror of having anything to do with the police in any way whatever; so he thought of writing what he had seen on a slip of paper, and putting it into the pastor's Bible; which he did. That was the way the thing happened.'

'But,' interrupted I, 'the pastor declared that when he looked at his text in the vestry the slip was not there, and that the book never left his hands till he found it—how was that accounted for?'

'I shall tell you presently; it was the commissary explained that. Antoine Pouzadoux married the girl of Bellevue, and told his wife the secret. She advised him to confess all to the pastor. He did so, much to M. Martin's relief, for the worthy man had been sorely puzzled on the subject. The pastor told the commissary, who sent for Antoine, and gave him a terrible scolding for not having declared openly what he had seen. He then came to the pastor's, and asked him to show him his Bible, and the text he had intended to preach from on the memorable Sunday. M. Martin complied; and, after a short examination of the book, he said, 'I think I understand the thing. You see, M. Martin, that the last verse of your text is over the page. When you looked at the passage in the vestry, either from hurry, or from knowing this last verse by heart, you did not turn the page, and so did not see the slip of paper, which was placed, not between the leaves where you began, but between those where you ended.' And the pastor said it was likely enough.'

'So it was,' said I; 'but how did Antoine know where the pastor was to preach from?'

'The pastor,' replied the schoolmaster, 'had always a few written notes placed at his text—that guided Antoine. There, that's my story.'

'And a very good one it is, and capitally well told. I am indeed much obliged to you,' said I.

The schoolmaster seemed much gratified, crossed his legs the other way, and gave the fire a poke with his wooden shoe.

'And there,' cried his wife, who had risen and taken something out of a drawer—'there'—here she thrust the object close to my nose—'there's the button! Besnard got it for me after the trial, and I keep it as a souvenir of the commissary, who was such a good clever man.'

LONG BREAKFAST.—A farmer observing his servant a long time at breakfast, said "John, you make a long breakfast." "Master," answered John "a cheese of this size is not so soon eaten as you would think of."

REVENGE.—A person being asked why he had given his daughter to a person with whom he was at enmity, answered, "I did it out of pure revenge."

## ANGEL EYES.

THE cold night-wind blew bitterly ;  
The rain fell thick and fast;  
The withered trees sighed mournfully,  
As a Woman hurried past.  
What does she here, on a night so drear,  
Alone amid the blast!

Her face, though fair and youthful,  
Is worn with want and pain;  
And her hair, that was once a mother's care,  
Is tangled with wind and rain;  
And nights of sin and days of woe  
Have wrought their work on her brain.

There is no tear upon her cheek;  
But a wild light in her eye,  
And she turns her sin-seared countenance  
Up to the frowning sky,  
And prays the quivering lightning flash  
To strike—that she may die!

The wild sky gazed unpitiful  
On the wilder face below;  
The lightning mocked her desperate prayer  
As it darted to and fro;  
And the rain ceased and the stars came forth,  
And the wind was hushed and low.

"Oh, stars! have ye come forth to gaze  
Upon me in my shame!  
I left the city's wicked streets,  
For I could not bear the blame  
That was heaped upon me as I went,  
And that cruel, cruel name!

"I passed the house of the false, false one,  
Who tempted me to sin;  
I stopped and gazed through the window pane,  
And saw the bright fire within;  
And he sat there with wine and cheer,  
While I stood wet to the skin.

"Behind me, on the wintry sky,  
There gleams the city's light;  
Before me, shine the clear cold stars,  
Like the eyes of angels bright;  
I cannot hide from men's eyes by day,  
Nor from angels eyes by night.

"I know a pool that's still and deep,  
Where, 'neath the willow's shade,  
When a happy child, the water-weeds  
And rushes I would braid;  
But I little thought within that pool  
My grave would e'er be made."

She sought the place with hasty steps,  
And a wild and rigid stare;  
But she saw the mild, bright eyes of the stars  
Had got before her there;  
And to Him who sent them to soften her heart,  
She fell on her knees in prayer.

## THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

:O:

## PROLOGUE.

SOME one has said or written, in some place or in some book, at some period heretofore, (the precise authority, medium and date, are unimportant, and have passed from our memory,) that a prologue is a kind of officious interloper—a useless advertisement of persons and things that must be judged entirely by their own merits. Despite this oracular pronouncement, we follow in the wake of many a bright example, and proceed to introduce our readers to the design of this department of our publication, by giving a brief description of the origin of the undertaking, the persons with whom they will regularly be brought into familiar, and we hope, pleasurable, intercourse; as well as the place in which the editorial symposia are periodically held, and of which the following pages contain a faithful record.

The difficulties with which literary enterprise has to encounter in these days of utilitarian philosophy, encyclopædic knowledge, and almost limitless facilities of multiplication and reproduction, are in no trifling degree encreased in this country, where the "battle of life" is mainly fought in the fields of commerce and labour, and in which the combatants, and of these comparatively few, have neither the leisure or means—alas! that we should think the inclination also wanting to partake of the relaxation of intellectual pursuits and to encourage the attempts which are made to promote them. We believe, however, and we rejoice in the belief, that as the stern asperities of life's chequered way are rapidly diminishing under the triumphs of energetic and successful enterprise, so the desire, natural to the race from which we spring, of enjoying to the fullest extent those fruits of mental culture and those benefits of refinement, which have been aptly termed "the embellishments of life," will grow stronger. Limited as the influence of this desire is, the materials for its gratification, particularly in the lighter class of publications, we speak strictly of those produced on this continent, are more abundant than profitable. It is with no desire to detract from their literary merits that we venture on this bold assertion. The talent displayed in many of the original compositions which they contain, is unquestionable; the industry evinced in their compilation is most commendable; we have no doubt also, that much discrimination is em-

ployed in selecting such articles as are best suited to the tastes of the majority of the people among whom they circulate; but it is precisely in this particular that we deem them deficient and inapposite for the Canadian public.

It is with the hope and intention of remedying this defect that the "*Anglo-American Magazine*" has been commenced. By making our selections from sources seldom used by our contemporaries and by regulating the nature of the articles published in our pages, we shall endeavour to maintain in their integrity, what we believe to be, those characteristic elements of the genius of British Colonists—monarchical principles.

## THE PLACE AND THE MAN.

On a gentle slope some four miles to the westward of the "Muddy clearing," as Solomon of Streetsville delighteth to call our city, may be seen one of those primitive fabrics yeclpt in Cannuckian vernacular a "Shanty." Now dear, good, gentle, wise readers, you at least who are familiar with the physical peculiarities of these buildings, will continue the perusal of our description, with associations awakened little calculated for sympathy with the "poetry of our feelings," as we gaze on that quiet-looking simple dwelling. True, there are the rudely fashioned logs with their notched ends overlaid—there the rough bark and plastered seams—but over them creep the mingled foliage of the wild grape and honey-suckle.

The thatch has been replaced by a shingled roof—the loop holes which ordinarily represent windows have been neatly cased and glazed—the doorway has an unpretending porch with a trelliswork of vines—there is a patch of bright green sward in front, over which droop the gracile branches of a spreading willow. One or two noble elms flank the rustic gateway which opens on a path gliding among the pines which clothe the bank of the Humber, of which we catch a furtive glance, as it steals silently along its sedgy bed on its course to the lake. A few sturdy oaks give a partial shade to the small enclosure which is dignified by the classic title *olitorium*; on the window sill or on stands beneath the window, are seen some neatly painted boxes and small kegs with geraniums, roses, oleanders, balsams and carnations, the especial favorites and objects of tender solicitude to one with whom we shall shortly make you acquainted. As we sit in the cozy



little porch enjoying the cool breeze after a sultry day, Ontario sleeps before us without the dream of a wavelet. In the distant south-west can oft-times be seen a vapour-like cloud kissed by the warm lips of the setting sun. Homage to the fleecy ensign of the mighty Niagara! the signal of its giant leap over the rocky fastness which stands between it and the expecting and longed for lake! Distantly to the East are seen the shining spires of the City, while the view to the West is bounded by the woods above the Mimico. Within this retreat all bespeaks an air of frugal comfort—the plainest materials compose its furniture—while a small gem by Teniers and a good old print after Claude, convey some faint inkling of the tastes of the owner. Nor is evidence wanting that a gentler influence is at work than that of the *Celebs Magister*. The neat arrangement of every object within the narrow limits of the modest apartment devoted to the common uses of dining hall and sitting room, with due attention to effect and economy of space, betoken a woman's head and hand. Alas! Poor Mrs. Grundy—how often thy patient spirit has been tried by the merciless forgetfulness and carelessness of thy masculine friend. Quietly the misplaced book is returned to its wonted shelf—the scattered papers arranged with care—the missing extract preserved from the ruthless breeze which would have swept it into the oblivion of the waters beneath. Yet how well your labours are repaid with the kindly smile and cheerful praise of that same eccentric mass of quaint readings and odd sayings. In one corner of the room may be seen one of those modern contrivances of mechanical skill, which put the escrivoires of our forefathers to as deep a blush as their mahogany surface will permit—one of those ingeniously arranged receptacles in which every thing seems as it were by instinct to be just in its proper place, at the precise moment when it is wanted, and within the most convenient distance possible from our hand. On the opened cover of this are writing materials; to the left stands a frame, in which is stretched a piece of German canvass on which neatly traced, appears the last device of slipper pattern. On the turned knob of one of its supporting pillars, there is an Editorial smoking cap, waiting for the last finishing touch of braid. Over the protecting end of the axle on which it swings, hangs a bag, from the puckered mouth of which peer the truant ends of many hued wools. To the right, on a small ledge conveniently disposed, are the latest numbers of all sorts of volumes and papers, with illustrations in ink, in colours, from steel, wood and stone. Here it is that the good dame prepares with consummate judgment the matter for her part in the editorial labours, and to which we can with confidence and satisfaction refer our lady readers. Of dear, good Mrs. Grundy and her gatherings we shall often have occasion to

speak and mayhap we may one day beguile her into telling a tale of other times. At the opposite corner of the room just a little removed from the window there is an old and quaint oaken desk, the very antithesis of Mrs. Grundy's table; a pen or two worn to stumps are heedlessly thrown among slips of paper, open books and scraps of every size. One of Jacques and Hays' most delectable study chairs (the only piece of extravagance in the place) is placed "forenent" the desk and in it sits in all the sombre gravity of editorial abstraction our friend and gossip—our editor—CULPEPPER CRABTREE, Esq., of that ilk. The Government have recently promoted him in the militia service of the Province, at the special instigation of the Adjutant General, and on account of his services in the rebellion he passes among his familiars by his military style "The Major." Here it is his wont to receive the visits of several choice and congenial spirits who monthly convene for the purpose of discussing the topics of the day—when men and books, music and art, are spoken of with a freedom somewhat unusual in the ordinary intercourse of quiet people. Nor are these sederunts always unprovided with the creature comforts. On these state occasions, the Major directs that if the weather permits it, the "shield of Bacchus" as he facetiously calls the principal table, shall be placed at the foot of the Willow and there provided with a proper quantum of Davis' best "Port Hope" for his friends, his own particular jug, and the requisite paraphernalia. Nor is the South forgotten. The redolent Havannah too is there—and for those who prefer them the T. D. cutties. Having now performed our duty of introducing the two principal personages of our *Dramatis Personæ* we will leave them to speak for themselves.

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One thing we forgot to mention. The Major abominates the affectation of quoting latin—but has nevertheless given us permission to reveal the motto under which he has for years followed out his favoured lucubrations.

"Homo sum et humani a me nil alienum puto."

SEDERUNT I.

THE MAJOR (*soliloquises*).—There! the last dash of the old quill has accomplished a task which has occupied my mind for days. When next I resume thee oh! nicely nibbed friend, thy labour shall be devoted to a more social strain—a letter to ——— ah! how strangely do our thoughts obey some mysterious influence! here comes the very man: *Doctissimus*, thou art welcome to our Shanty—here have I been musing on the desire of inflicting upon thee one of my rambling scrips, and thou hast most opportunely came to hear me speak what else thou wouldest have had to spell.

THE DOCTOR.—That pleasure I trust is but postponed. The day has been so sultry in

the city that taking the omnibus as far as the gate of the Asylum, I have trudged the remainder of the way through dust and heat for the luxury of a cool evening and a quiet chat. Nay more have I to say—our worthy friend the LAIRD promised to follow close on my heels. I left him about to submit himself to the tender mercies of Mr. Wright, nor was the resolution ill-timed. His chin being the very semblance of one of his own newly cradled fields. Nor should I be at all surprised if he persuades his Hibernian chum to accompany him, and then indeed we shall have work enough to do.

THE MAJOR.—The more the merrier say I! What a pity it is that popular prejudice has been aroused against the institution which you made the starting point of your pedestrian feat. It is a noble evidence of the civilization and philanthropy of this land of our adoption, and despite its architectural deficiencies, speaks well for the enterprize of the people.

THE DOCTOR.—It is a great fact, Major, but it is a great mistake. It never should have been built where it is. Although situated in the healthiest spot in the neighbourhood of the City, it is nevertheless under the influence of many combining causes of pathogenesis.

THE MAJOR.—Pray speak plainly, let us have none of your technicalities.

THE DOCTOR.—*Peccavi*; The situation of a Lunatic Asylum above all things should be carefully selected. Quietude, salubrity, variety of scenery, and ample space are the requisites. Picture to yourself the misery the unfortunate inmates are daily subjected to. Gazing on the busy crowd passing and repassing along the road in the enjoyment of personal liberty, the *idea* of their incarceration is ever present to their darkened minds and warped imaginations—and this is a point on which the insane are peculiarly sensitive. Then again the ground about it is too limited. There is no variety, and if the proposition of cultivation for useful purposes only is completely carried out, this defect will be still further increased. The internal arrangements also are very unsatisfactory. The accommodation is insufficient for the purposes of classification, a most important feature in the management of Lunatics; indeed it is said not to be sufficient for the numbers who require treatment.

THE MAJOR.—What is the number of inmates?

THE DOCTOR.—About three hundred, I believe.

THE MAJOR.—What? Do you tell me that there are more madmen still to treat?

THE DOCTOR.—Aye truly, Major! The proportion of insane to the population is not greater I believe in Canada than it is in other countries, not so great as it is in some—but still it seems strange that it should be even

as large as it is, in a country where the means of livelihood would seem to be within the reach of all. But this is a question too purely professional for you, and therefore let us change the subject.

THE MAJOR.—One word before we do. An impression seems to prevail that the present Medical Officer is incompetent to discharge the duties of his responsible position. What say you?

THE DOCTOR.—I have known Scott for many years. We were at Edinburgh together. I believe him to be as well qualified by education as any man in the country. I have not had much opportunity of observing him personally since he entered the busy scenes of life, but the evidence of those who have enjoyed his friendship is all in his favor. If anything goes wrong in the Institution it is not his fault. He has too much put upon him, and is too hampered. He should have assistants, and the benefit of consulting men. He should be perfectly untrammelled by any other duties than the treatment of the *Malady*, and be fortified by the counsel of those who would assist him in the investigations he must necessarily carry on. But to other matters.

THE MAJOR.—First wet your whistle. Have you anything new in the shape of books?

THE DOCTOR.—Nothing very new to many perhaps, but I have lately been vastly taken with a production from the pen of an old mutual acquaintance.

THE MAJOR.—Name your friend.

THE DOCTOR.—William Gregory.

THE MAJOR.—I know the man, and I guess the book. "Letters on Animal Magnetism."

THE DOCTOR.—The same, and a very remarkable one it is. The subject is engaging the minds of men of every calibre at the present day. And Gregory among others has come in for a very liberal allowance of harsh criticism. Now from what we both know of him, I think you will agree with me, that although always a little visionary in his views, he at least is a man on whose probity the utmost reliance is to be placed, and who would not assert anything which he did not from conviction believe to be true. Still he relates some very remarkable circumstances, and is apparently in some degree led away, by the enthusiasm with which he is imbued, to receive the statements of *all persons* with the same good faith as he would himself record his own observations.

THE MAJOR.—But believing them, is he wrong in using their evidence in support of his argument?

THE DOCTOR.—Certainly not, but he should not forget that every one is not as firmly impressed with the truth of the doctrines of magnetism as he is, and therefore he ought carefully to have avoided the relation of any fact bordering on the marvellous.

THE MAJOR.—But what of the literary merits



of the book? The science of the thing passeth my comprehension at present—I have yet to make up my mind on the subject and will require to cogitate and read upon it for some time longer, before I venture upon a judgment or an opinion.

THE DOCTOR.—Said with the caution of your country. The book is written in an easy epistolary style, a little too verbose perhaps, but then you know Gregory is an awful German scholar, and has picked up this style in his study of that language. It is the reputation which he enjoys in the scientific and literary world, which probably arouses the jealous enmity of others less gifted. It is no small praise that such a man as LIEBIG should have sent him the manuscript of one of his best works to translate for publication.

THE MAJOR.—Oh he has great talent. I could tell you some amusing anecdotes of him in years gone by. Do you think he has made out a good case for his science?

THE DOCTOR.—He puts the argument for unprejudiced investigation fairly and forcibly. He applauds his correspondent for “a rational incredulity, without any share of that irrational scepticism which is often applied to new investigations.” Dwelling on the fallacy of the latter spirit, he declares that time alone can conquer it, and thus illustrates his position:—

“Time put an end to the violent opposition which was offered to the system of Copernicus, on the ground that it not only contradicted the evidence of our senses, according to which the sun revolves round the earth, but was directly contrary to the plainest declarations of Scripture. It was time which, aided by the discovery of the New World, finally established, in the public mind, the truth that the earth is spherical; a truth rejected by the most learned professors, on account of the inherent absurdity of the idea of antipodes, its necessary consequence; of the impossibility of the existence of countries, where men walked head downwards, and trees grew downwards in the air from their roots in the soil; and also on account of its inconsistency with the scriptural truth, that the heavens are spread over the earth like a tent. Let us think of Columbus trying in vain to convince geographers and astronomers of the probable existence of a western hemisphere, and branded by them as an adventurer and impostor, up to the day of his sailing on his first voyage, and only two years before his return to Spain, with his ships laden with the gold of the new continent: let us think of his fate, and we can easily see how the promulgator of true facts in Animal Magnetism may be decried and reviled as a visionary and a cheat.

“Time alone established the doctrine of the circulation of the blood, a doctrine so obviously founded on the most easily observable facts, that we can hardly now conceive how it could be doubted. Many learned doctors rejected it till their dying day. And, at the present day, it is Time which is gradually but surely dissipating the prejudices which we can all remember to have seen in full

vigor against Geology, because, in the opinion of many good men, it contradicted the Mosaic account of the creation. Men now begin to perceive that, the better geology is understood, the more perfectly does it harmonize even with the brief account given by Moses; and that, to reconcile them, we need not to abandon one established fact. No one thinks now of maintaining that mountain ranges, of miles in depth, bearing, in unmistakable characters, the evidence that hundreds and thousands of generations of living creatures lived, died, and were embalmed in the rock during its formation; that such masses of rock were formed in their present shape within one or even six of our present days. Time is producing the conviction that the facts of geology, like those of astronomy, cannot really clash with scriptural truth; in short, that one truth cannot possibly contradict another truth; and that, instead of injuring the scriptural truth, geology, like all true science, serves only more firmly to establish it. So also will it be with the truths of Animal Magnetism.”

Again in reasoning on the general tenor of the objections raised against the study he writes:—

“There are some things which we know to be impossible. It is, for example, impossible for two and two to make more or less than four. It is impossible for the three angles of any triangle to exceed or fall short of two right angles, or 180°. It is impossible for a living or dead mass of matter to be in two or more places at the same time. But it will be found on examination, that none of the facts, alleged to occur in Animal Magnetism, are impossible in this sense. They are only, at the utmost, exceedingly difficult, or rather, it is exceedingly difficult to account for or explain them. We cannot even say that it is impossible to transmute lead into gold; for we are ignorant of the intimate nature of these metals; nay we only call them elements or simple bodies, because we cannot *prove* them to be otherwise. And, even if they were absolutely simple, it is not inconceivable, nor absolutely impossible, that they might be mutually convertible, and that the difference in their properties might depend on a mere difference in the mode of arrangement of the ultimate atoms, these last being, in their own nature, all identical; just as phosphorus, sulphur and carbon, three non-metallic elements (as far as we know) appear to us each of them in at least two totally distinct forms, differing as much from each other as sulphur does from phosphorus, or phosphorus from carbon, that is, in physical external properties. And yet, while we cannot say that the transmutation of lead to gold is *impossible*, no one has, in modern times, professed to transmute lead into gold, and still less has any one ventured to say that all can accomplish that transmutation. Whereas, the alleged facts of Animal Magnetism have not only been repeatedly observed and produced by well-qualified experimenters, but they have been described in such a way as to enable all, who choose, to produce them at pleasure.

It is, therefore, in the highest degree illogical to reject these facts, because of their alleged impossibility or incredibility; which can mean nothing more, than that we find it impossible to

account for them, and are, therefore, entitled without inquiry to reject them."

THE MAJOR.—Very good. But why does he not come out at once like a man and tell what this Animal Magnetism is?

THE DOCTOR.—Nay, the science is in the germ as yet; we are on the threshold only of the great truths connected with psychological phenomena, and not until Gregory's appeal to study the subject dispassionately and philosophically is complied with, can we hope to elicit much. Read the book, Major, you will lose nothing by it, but may gain many wrinkles.

THE MAJOR.—I will, but methinks I hear the Squireen's chuckle.

THE DOCTOR.—Yes! here they come!

[Enter the Squireen and the Laird.]

THE SQUIREEN.—The fag end of a purty day to you. When next I venture on an excursion to your shanty, I will undoubtedly apply to Mr. Mink for his choicest team!

THE LAIRD.—Ech! Sirs, Whew!

THE MAJOR.—Ah Laird, this is nothing to the Sauchy Hall road, nor yet to the plains of Egypt.

THE LAIRD.—Whisht man, stop your chaffing. You're unco gleg with that cutty in cheek. Gie me a drink to wash the gritty dust frae my teeth and then I wull express myself in the polite language o' modern salutation.

THE DOCTOR.—Perhaps you would prefer a little Alloa ale, pale and bright as amber, to the limpid fluid from the Humber?

THE LAIRD.—Wha instructed you touching the weakness o' my nature? Or is the remembrance o' Mrs. Rutherford's powter still fresh on your lips, as when last you smacked them, in Register Street, on your way to Surgeon's Square?

THE DOCTOR.—Perhaps, Laird, a little of the ginger still sticks to your's?

THE SQUIREEN.—By the tongs of St. Dunstan! friend Crabtree, but you have created quite a metamorphosis in this crib of yours. Why, a few months ago, and a decent thorough-bred pointer would have scrupled to make this same chamber his kennel, and now—

THE MAJOR.—And now even the fastidious O'Blarney commendeth it! What more need or can be said? "Praise from Sir Hubert Stanley!" Permit me to recommend a fresh cheroot from Lyons' last importation.

THE DOCTOR.—We have just been discussing Gregory's letters on "Animal Magnetism," and here I find two books on the Major's table, which I confess I am surprised at, for more trashy stuff I never looked into.

THE MAJOR.—What may the books be which call forth such wholesale condemnation?

THE DOCTOR.—"*Light from the Spirit World*," and "*The Pilgrimage of Thomas*

*Paine and others to the seventh circle of the Spirit World.*"

THE LAIRD.—The Speerit warld! The region o' Glenleevit?

THE DOCTOR.—No, Sir! The emanations of a disordered imagination; the fruits of the Rochester Knockings—one of the most glaring and impious impostures ever practised on the human mind.

THE LAIRD.—The exhalations o' a pint-stoup!—the fumes o' a whiskey-bottle!

THE DOCTOR.—Probably the effect of similar causes. The author professes to write under the dictation of a spiritual monitor, nay, the very penmanship is executed by an invisible agency,—his hand is guided by the spirit of Paine, and he declares himself not responsible for the sentiments expressed against his volition. He only professes to supervise the orthography and punctuation.

THE LAIRD.—Gie us a touch o' his speerituality.

THE DOCTOR.—(Reads):—

"We came to a world of eternal reality. I entered within a sacred repository of wisdom, where I saw minds renowned in history, whose countenances reflected a light which illumined all who came near them. The wide arch of heaven rung with song, and waste places felt the genial influence of virtue. Before us were written in letters of gold the words, "Worthy art thou to receive glory, and honor, and praise, and power." On the right were crowns at the feet of saints, and on the left were gems of silver brightness, linked with a chain of light. These gems were so arranged as to represent in a miniature the words, "Poverty and riches embrace wisdom, when one receives what the other gives." Near the entrance of this magnificent theatre of wisdom, rose a writing, "Enter thou into the joy of wisdom." Beneath our feet were clouds of vapor, on which the sun shone, giving them a smiling appearance. A vase of flowers stood in the centre, and near by it a well, out of whose mouth came a gushing current of the water of life. As we passed the well, the Worthy said, "This is the water that whosoever drinketh thereof shall never thirst, but it shall be in him a fountain of water springing up into everlasting life. Drink freely."

THE LAIRD.—Aye, there it is, drink freely! That's the cream o' the wicked ranting.

THE DOCTOR.—(Reads):—

"But who will work the necessary change? I see a change in the human condition approaching. I see a mighty revolution in the organization of human society. I see means which can accomplish the result. There is a progress in the rudimental world. The crowns of kings are growing old with mind. Reverence for human authority will not last forever. The relics of other days, are monuments of wrong. The tide of progression will sweep into oblivion the injustice of tyranny. The sun of truth will enlighten the nations of earth. The glory of God will be revealed, and all flesh shall enjoy it together. But, until the change shall come, no human wisdom can control the disorders of society. Efforts will be made by



philanthropic minds, to rectify the evils, but without success. Organized communities will be established, but the evil, in some form, will remain. Something more than a change of external conditions is required. Externals affect internals, but the external should not control the internal. The external is the stream, the internal the fountain. Nature provides that the internal, the fountain, should control the external, the effect. Not until the fountain becomes pure, will the stream be worthy. The wrongs of society, are the manifestations of wisdom in embryo. It is enshrouded in the darkness of other days. The night of superstition is far spent. The morning light of truth must break from this sphere. The fountain of pure water must refresh the desolate earth. The well of sympathy must flow freely, to nourish the plants of immortal progress.

THE LAIRD.—Nae mair! nae mair o' that! Light your pipe wi' that last passage, man. I feel ma *internals* all in a boil at the thoct, that ane o' my kind should commit such egregious folly—such moral sin, as to send abroad upon the warld the foul iniquity. It's a blasphemous paraphrase o' the Revelations—a clear passport to the torments o' the damned! Put the wicked buik in the fire, and let us talk o' something mair rational.

THE SQUIREEN.—I say, Major, what book is that in your fist, with binding coloured like a pickled beet? The crathur seems blushing at its own contints!

THE MAJOR.—It has no cause to do so, then, my lad, for the *tome* is one of the most readable duodecimos which I have met with for some time.

THE SQUIREEN.—And pray what may the modest spalpeen call itself?

THE MAJOR.—“*Papers from the Quarterly Review*,” being the latest number of “*Appleton's Popular Library*.”

THE SQUIREEN.—Faith and throth the compiler of the same must have had no small botheration in making such a *weeny* selection from such a mountain of materials! Twenty volumes would hardly suffice to give even a taste of the ould Quarterly's *crame*!

THE MAJOR.—The difficulty, I admit, was great, but the Editor has accomplished his task in a very satisfactory manner. He has managed to present “the million,”—(to use one of the slang terms of the day),—with a most delightful afternoon's reading.

THE LAIRD.—Afternoon, div ye say? Od, the man's clean gyte! Are ye in earnest when ye say that ye wud sook the juice o' that gaucy buik between denner and supper-time?

THE MAJOR.—Of course I am! Why, I would make no bones of discussing three such affairs in that period!

THE LAIRD.—Weel, weel! that beats a'! I fear your lair maun be a thoct superficial! Nae wonder that Tam Carlyle ca't his “the age o' puff paste and Vauxhall sandwiches!” Why, I am gae and gleg at the uptak, but still

I wud like twa days, at least, to disgeest sic a turreen fu' o' literature!

THE SQUIREEN.—You have got behind the “go-a-headishness” of the times during your exile in the bush! A few sederunts in our friend Crabtree's *shanty* will brighten up your wits like blazes! But to come back to the point in hand,—What are the gems that Appleton has culled from the Quarterly?

THE MAJOR.—They are only five in number, but are all of *first Cheop* water. The following are their titles:—“*The Printer's Devil*,”—“*Gastronomy and Gastronomers*,”—“*The Honey Bee*,”—“*Music*,”—and “*Art of Dress*.”

THE LAIRD.—There's *variety*, at ony rate, if there's naething mair—as Dugald McHaggis said when he was praisin' the colours o' his auld torth kilt! Pray, Major, whilk o' the papers is your pet?

THE MAJOR.—Why, I should say the first; the writer of which has invested the various processes of typography with all the interest of romance. In the following quaint style does the article commence:—

“*And noo, ma freends*,”—some fifty years ago, said an old Highland preacher, suddenly lowering a voice which for nearly an hour had been giving fervid utterance to a series of supplications for the welfare, temporal as well as spiritual, of his flock,—“*And noo, ma freends*,”—the good man repeated, as, wiping his bedewed brow, he looked down upon a congregation who with outstretched chins sat listening in respectful astonishment to this new proof that their pastor's subject, unlike his body, was still unexhausted; “*And noo, ma freends*,”—he once more exclaimed, with a look of parental benevolence it would be utterly impossible to describe.—“*Let us praigh for the puir Deil! There's naeboddy praighs for the puir Deil.*”

THE LAIRD.—My grandfather kent weel the honest man that said that! He was minister o' the parish o' *Rumbly-thump*, in Argyleshire. I mind anither story about him, nearly as sappy!

THE SQUIREEN.—Let us have it, by all means!

THE LAIRD.—You see, the parishioners o' Rumbly-thump had got unco lazy, and didna come regularly to kirk in the mornings; so Maister McBain (for so he was named) determined to gie them a red face. Accordingly, on a particular afternoon, he thus addressed his truant sheep on the enormity o' their conduct, concluding in the following words, which my grandsire heard wi' his ain lugs:—“*Oich! oich! ye'll stay at hame in your beds in the mornings, instead o' coming to the preaching. And iver are your companions there? Wha but the Deil and the fleas?—and your blankets no scoored since they cam' frae the weavin'!*”

THE SQUIREEN.—Ha! ha! ha! We are forgetting our book, however. I say, Crabtree, can you give us another tasting of the same?

THE MAJOR.—With pleasure. In the *Printer's Devil* we are presented with an exceedingly graphic description of the gigantic

establishment of Messrs. Clowes, from which I shall read to you the following interesting account of the process of impressing coloured maps. To me, at least, the passage has all the freshness of novelty :—

"By his beautiful invention, the new artist has not only imparted to woodcut blocks the advantages of impressing, by little metallic circles, and by actual type, the positions, as well as the various names of cities, towns, rivers, &c., which it would be difficult as well as expensive to delineate in wood, but he has also, as we will endeavour to explain, succeeded in giving, by machinery, that bloom, or in other words, those colours to his maps, which had hitherto been laboriously painted on by human hands.

"On entering the small room of the house in which the inventor has placed his machine, the attention of the stranger is at once violently excited by seeing several printer's rollers, which, though hitherto deemed to be as black and unchangeable as an Ethiopian's skin, appear before him bright yellow, bright red, and beautiful blue! "*Tempora mutantur,*" they exultingly seem to say, "*nos et mutamur in illis!*" In the middle of the chamber stands the machine, consisting of a sort of open box, which, instead of having, as is usual, one lid only, has one fixed to every side, by which means the box can evidently be shut or covered by turning down either the lid on the north, on the south, on the east, or on the west.

"The process of impressing with this engine is thus effected. A large sheet of pure white drawing paper is, by the chief superintendent, placed at the bottom of the box, where it lies, the emblem of innocence, perfectly unconscious of the impending fate that awaits it. Before, however, it has had any time for reflection, the north lid, upon which is imbedded a metal plate, coloured *blue*, suddenly revolves over upon the paper, when, by the turn of a press underneath the whole apparatus, a severe pressure is instantaneously inflicted. The north lid is no sooner raised than the south one, upon which is imbedded a metal plate coloured *yellow*, performs the same operation; which is immediately repeated by the eastern lid, the plates of which are coloured *red*; and, lastly, by the western lid, whose plates contain nothing but *black* lines, marks of cities, and names.

"By these four operations, which are consecutively performed, quite as rapidly as we have detailed them, the sheet of white paper is seen successfully and happily transformed into a most lovely and prolific picture, in *seven* colours, of oceans, empires, kingdoms, principalities, cities, flowing rivers, mountains (the tops of which are left white), lakes, &c., each not only pronouncing its own name, but declaring the lines of latitude and longitude under which it exists. The picture, or, as it terms itself, "*The Patent Illuminated Map,*" proclaims to the world its own title: it gratefully avows the name of its ingenious parent to be *Charles Knight*.

"A few details are yet wanting to fill up the rapid sketch or outline we have just given of the mode of imprinting these maps. On the northern block, which imparts the first impression, the oceans and the lakes are cut in wavy lines, by which means, when the whole block is covered

*blue*, the wavy parts are impressed quite light, while principalities, kingdoms, &c., are deeply designated, and thus by one process *two blues* are imprinted.

"When the southern block which is coloured *yellow*, descends, besides marking out the principalities, &c., which are to be permanently designated by that colour, a portion of it re-covers countries, which by the first process had been marked *blue*, but which by the admixture of the *yellow*, are beautifully coloured *green*. By this second process, therefore, *two* colours are again imprinted. When the eastern lid, which is coloured *red*, turning upon its axis, impinges upon the paper, besides stamping the districts which are to be designated by its own colour it intrudes upon a portion of the *blue* impression, which it instantly changes into *brown*; and thus by the single operation, *three* colours are imprinted.

"But the three lids conjointly have performed another very necessary operation—namely, they have moistened the paper sufficiently to enable it to receive the typographical lines of longitude and latitude, the course of rivers, the little round marks denoting cities, and the letterpress, all of which, by the last pressure, are imparted, in common black printer's ink, to a map distinguishing, under the beautiful process we have described, the various regions of the globe, by light blue, dark blue, yellow, green, red, brown, and purple."

THE SQUIRE.—Wonders will never cease, as Paddy observed when he saw the primary *Tee-totaller* refuse a gratuitous sup of potheen!

THE MAJOR.—Laird a-hoy, there! Why, man, you seem to have been in *Cloud Land*, for the last five minutes! What work is that which you are delving into?

THE LAIRD.—It is "*The Days of Bruce—a story from Scottish history,*" by that clever Jewish lassie, Grace Aguiar. Puir thing! she's dead and gane noo!

THE MAJOR.—And what hand has the Hebrew damsel made of the "*Bruce of Bannockburn*?"

THE LAIRD.—The remark that Dandie Dinmont made anent the Gypsy, is applicable to Grace's story—there's baith bad and good about it!

THE SQUIRE.—Pray expound! as the man in the play says.

THE LAIRD.—Weel, ye see that sae far as a narrative o' facts is concerned, the thing is weel done. The reader, wha, to his misfortune, chances to be ignorant o' the matchless pages o' Tytler, will find many incidents weel worth the kenning. Generally speaking, too, the style o' the story is dignified, and the "stage effect," as Crabtree wud ca' it, far from contemptible.

THE SQUIRE.—A pretty liberal amount of commendation! Now for the *per contra* side of the account.

THE LAIRD.—The main fault that I have to the tale is, that the personages thereof speak as if they were Lords and Leddies, and Priests and Generals o' the present day and generation! They want that indescribable raciness



with which Scott invests his auld-worl'd heroes and heroines.

THE MAJOR.—I presume, from what you say, that Grace Aguilar's work bears some resemblance to Miss Porter's *Scottish Chiefs*?

THE LAIRD.—Na, na! "The Days of Bruce" are far superior to that fashionless, wishy-washy piece o' twaddle! Why, though the "Bruce" o' Grace converses with unnatural smoothness, minding you o' a blackthorn walking-stick polished up and varnished, he is far from wanting birr and smeddum! Through a' the artificial gloss ye can recognize the blackthorn! Miss Porter's "Wallace," on the ither haun, is just like a play-actor warrior. Ye can never help thinking that he wears French kid gloves below his gauntlets, and that he patronizes otto o' roses and bear's creesh!

THE SQUIREEN.—Are you not a fraction too severe on the "Chiefs?" They used to have a great run, as our friend Maclear would say.

THE LAIRD.—They never had "a run" wif ony that kent what Scotland is, or what the Wallace was! It is true that when the romance first appeared there was a sad lack o' national prose fictional literature—naething worth speaking o', in fact, being to the fore, save the "Cottagers o' Glenburnie," and consequently folk, in the desperation o' hunger, read it, just as they would eat raw kail kustocks rather than starve. But when Miss Ferrier, and Mrs. Johnston, and aboon a' the matchless Wizard o' Abbotsford, appeared, Miss Porter and her feckless bantling gaed oot like a superannuated fardin caunle!

THE MAJOR.—It is still reprinted, however.

THE LAIRD.—Like enuech! And so is that conglomeration o' trash, "The Children of the Abbey," by Regina Maria Roche. Budding milliners and sprouting tailors will ever require sic-like sickly viands, and consequently they will never gang oot o' the market; mair's the pity!

THE MAJOR.—Returning to "The Days of the Bruce"; you are bound to cite some evidence in justification of your censure.

THE LAIRD.—I will do that, Crabtree, my man, in the cracking o' a hazel nut! Just listen to this sentence; Nigel Bruce is speaking to his great brither, Robin:—

"Oh, I have watched thee, studied thee, even as I loved thee, long; and I have hoped, felt, known that this day would dawn; that thou wouldst rise for Scotland, and she would rise for thee. Ah, now thou smilest as thyself, and I will to my tale. The patriot died—let me not utter how; no Scottish tongue should speak those words, save with the upraised arm and trumpet shout of vengeance; I could not rest in England then; I could not face the tyrant who dared proclaim and execute as traitor the noblest hero, purest patriot, that ever walked this earth. But men said I sought the lyric schools, the poet's haunts in Provence, and I welcomed the delusion; but it was to Scotland that I came, unknown, and

silently, to mark if with her Wallace all life and soul had fled. I saw enough to know that were there but a fitting head, her hardy sons would struggle yet for freedom—but not yet; that chief art thou, and at the close of the last year I took passage to Denmark, intending to rest there till Scotland called me."

THE SQUIREEN.—Pretty considerable polished lingo, for rough old Nigel to use, I must admit.

THE LAIRD.—Wæsock! wæsock! Just to think o' the burly warrior lisping and spouting, touching "lyric schools," "poet's haunts," and what not, as if he had been an assistant dominie in the Upper Canada College! Rax me a cigar, Squireen, to put the taste o' the sugar-and-water abomination oot o' my gab!

THE SQUIREEN.—Here is the precious weed, oh, luckless Laird! and whilst you are undergoing the process of fumigation, I shall tip you a bit of my mind about another novel, which has greatly won my young affections. I mean "*Pequinillo*."

THE MAJOR.—Who is the concoctor thereof?

THE SQUIREEN.—That man whose pen is gifted with perpetual motion—George Prince Regent James.

THE MAJOR.—Is the story really a clever one?

THE SQUIREEN.—It is, and no mistake! The interest of the narrative is sustained from first to last, and never wavers or flags. The cove with the aristocratic handles to his surname, seems as fresh at author-craft as he was when he first enlisted in the active service of the Republic of Letters!

THE MAJOR.—What is the plot of "*Pequinillo*"?

THE SQUIREEN.—In a beautiful part of that beautiful country called Buckingham, there lived, once upon a time, a——"

THE LAIRD.—Haud your haun, Squireen, or I'll throw this jug o' toddy at your head!

THE MAJOR.—Why, what's the row, now, old ridge-and-furrow?

THE LAIRD.—Row enuech! Here's a land-loupin' loon, wha first maks your teeth water by praising a tale, and then begins to rob ye o' a pleasure in its perusal, by telling ye o' its drift before-hand! Why, Paddy, I really thocht ye had mair gumption than to play sic a trick!

THE SQUIREEN.—I sit corrected, oh thou Caledonian agriculturist! and shall suffer you to open and eat the oyster for yourself! By way of *relet*, however, perchance you will permit me to indoctrinate you with a lively sketch of an English country fair?

THE LAIRD.—Read awa', my man!

THE SQUIREEN.—Here goes, then:—

"On one side were fat oxen, and fatter pigs, Atlasian sheep which had much ado to carry the world of wool upon their backs, and horses with their tails done up with straw, as an indication of the intention of selling themselves as readily as any political rogue to a winning party. Samples

of grain, and peas, and beans, were there also, and a variety of vegetable specimens of the big things that the power of man can force out of the bowels of mother Earth. Men hawking brandy balls were seen, and stalls with gingerbread, some plain, some gilt—as if gingerbread ever wanted gilding! I vow, though I hate medicine, that I would at this moment take a hundred pills of it, totally unlight, upon the smallest consideration—or upon no consideration at all, if I could but get it. Then there were boys with apples in their hands; and bigger boys with a devilish invention for scraping people's backs, and making ladies think that their gowns were torn; and less boys with penny trumpets—more diabolical still.

Moreover—worse than all—was a man with a big trumpet, mounted upon the stage of a perambulatory theatre, and dressed in the worn-out suit of a beef-eater, with a countenance as resplendent as his coat, although the Tyrian dye with which it was tinged, was probably limpid and white when he swallowed it. He blew, and he spoke, by turns, to the gaping crowd which stood beneath, hanging on his words. When he blew, he seemed to blow all the blood into his nose—unluckily he did not blow it all out of it. When he spoke, he seemed as if he would have burst his whole frame, and certain it is, he had already gone so far as to crack his voice. Though not a soul could distinguish a word that he said, his eloquence,—it was action, action, action, according to Demosthenes—persuaded a great number of people to mount, and walk in, to see a bloody tragedy that was to be performed within, of which a pictorial representation was given without displaying horrors such as the tyrant of Padua himself had never conceived. Probably he would have persuaded more, but that hard by, was an enormous caravan, of what people frequently called dumb animals—a slander upon them, to which they indignantly gave the lie from time to time, by outroaring the trumpeter, and outscreeching the trumpet; while over all the din, rose up the dong, dong, dong, the clash, clash, and the jingle, jingle of the drums, cymbals and triangles of half a dozen wandering bands, each playing a different tune. At a remote and respectful distance from these grander shows, but still near one of the principal entrances to the fair, was a booth of less pretensions, across the caravan front of which, was painted, in letters two foot long, an invitation to men, women, and children, to enter; and behold feats of mighty necromancy, performed by the great and celebrated Doctor Pequinillo, the world-renowned magician of Toledo. Before this booth there was less din, and the only living attractions apparent without, were a man with lugubrious face, dressed as a Merry-Andrew, and a little girl, with her hair tricked out with pink ribbons, and her person not too much covered by a spangled frock, of very dirty muslin. The man in the clown's jacket, might be an Andrew; but he certainly was not very merry—outside the booth, at least—and he seemed to have taken offence against some one; for his only audible words were—addressed to the girl by the way—“D—n him. I haven't had a gill all day, and its half-past ten now. Curse me if I'll be witty on cold water!”

THE MAJOR.—A life-like picture, which we

have all witnessed, I doubt not, a dozen times.

THE SQUIREEN.—There is likewise a good deal of point in the following little *bit*, as our chum Paul Kane would say:—

“Julian retired to his seat again, but left the door partly open, and in a few minutes after, a stranger presented himself: a stout man of about forty, or perhaps a little more, tightly buttoned up in a military coat, with a good deal of black lace about it. His face was broad, and not remarkable for beauty; but there was a sort of jovial, good-humored expression in it, far from repulsive; and a certain little foppery—shown in the attempt to conceal his corpulence, in the jingling spurs upon his heels, and the exceedingly neat cane he carried in his hand—exhibited an amusing specimen of the man, so frequently seen, *who never learns how to pass gracefully from one stage of life to another.*”

THE MAJOR.—Bravo! It is a capital idea that of would-be youthful Pantaloon “never learning how to pass gracefully from one stage of life to another!” I vote, that on the strength of this bright thought, (not forgetting scores of other *bon bons*) the Prince Regent be voted an honorary member of our Club! Say I well, my masters?

THE LAIRD, SQUIREEN AND DOCTOR.—Agreed! agreed!

THE MAJOR.—I shall write the *shantyist elect* of the honour conferred upon him, and I doubt not that we shall have his legs under our mahogany ere long.

THE LAIRD (*lugging a couple of volumes out of his pocket*).—Hae ony o' you seen this work?

THE MAJOR.—I see it now, but am not much wiser in consequence of the vision!

THE LAIRD.—Oh, Crabtree, but ye are unco gleg, in catching at a body, whenever ye think ye discover a *lapsus linguae*! You mind me o' what the Fox o' Kelso once said.

THE MAJOR.—And pray, gossip, what was the remark of the North British Reynard?

THE LAIRD.—The *Tod* in question was walking, ae warm simmer's day, through a gentleman's *policy*, near Kelso, and sair did he perspire in the heat. “*Oh*,” quoth he, at length, “*I wish that this thick tail o' mine were awa! It is mair than I can thole!—its a perfect burden in sic weather!*” Nae sooner were the words oot o' his mouth, than bang! went a trap in the grass, and knippit aff his fud close to the rump! “*Its a queer place this*,” cried the purr fox, “*where folk are taken sae sharply at their word!*”

THE SQUIREEN.—Having thus hit Crabtree pretty hard, perhaps you will now tell us the title of the book?

THE LAIRD.—It is “*The Life and Works of Robert Burns, edited by Robert Chambers*”—at least the first and second volumes thereof.

THE MAJOR.—With all due deference to my friend Chambers, I think that he might have employed his brains upon a less beaten field! Can anything new be said or sung, touching the glorious Exciseman?



THE LAIRD.—I shall let Chambers himself answer your question. He says in his business-like, and modestly-written preface:—

“The writings of Burns—his poems, songs, and letters—are most of them so expressly the coinage of his immediate experiences and feelings, that his life might be read in them alone. As hitherto arranged, each series might be likened to a fragmentary view of the poet's life, supplementary to the meagre memoir usually prefixed. So arranged, the biographic effect of the whole is either imperfectly developed, or lost by dissipation. It occurred to me,—and I find that the same idea had latterly occurred to Allan Cunningham, and even been proceeded with to some length by the late Mr. Alexander Peterkin—that if the various compositions were strung in strict chronological order upon the memoir, they might be made to render up the whole light which they are qualified to throw upon the history of the life and mental progress of Burns, at the same time that a new significance was given to them by their being read in connection with the current of events and emotions which led to their production. Such is the plan here adopted, and the result is not merely a great amount of new biographical detail, but a new sense, efficacy, and feeling, in what many would perhaps describe as hackneyed, the writings of the poet himself.”

THE SQUIREEN.—And has Chambers executed his task in a satisfactory manner?

THE LAIRD.—Sae far as he has gane, entirely sae! Sma' as my library is, it contains every life, o' moment, o' the “Ayrshire Bard,” and I would-na gie the present biography for the whole lot o' them! I see, Major, that your attention is arrested by something which you see in the first volume o' the work;—read it out, if you please.

THE MAJOR.—It is a little notice of the poet's mother, which I have now perused for the first time. I have done so with the greater interest, believing, as I do, that, in general, men take their characteristics from their mothers, rather than from their sires. Here is the passage:—

“Mrs. Burness had a fine complexion, with pale red hair, and beautiful dark eyes. She was of a neat small figure, extremely active and industrious—naturally cheerful, but in latter life possessed by anxieties, no doubt a consequence of the life of hardships and difficulties through which it had been her lot to pass. She sang very well, and had a never-failing store of old ballads and songs, on which her poetical son must have fed in his boyhood. As a trait of the life of Mrs. Burness in the days of sadness which preceded her husband's death, Mrs. Begg remembers the old man coming in one day from sowing, very weary. He had used all the thrashed-up grain, and was now desirous of preparing some for dinner to the horses; but his worthy helpmate, on seeing his fatigued state, insisted that he should refresh himself by a rest, while she herself would see that the beasts were duly cared for. The heroic little woman then went to the barn with her servant Lizzy Paton, and the two soon had the necessary

corn for the horses both thrashed and winnowed. Such was the household of the youthful Burns. Who can but regret that the lot of such a family was not from the first a kindlier one!”

THE LAIRD.—I hae twa or three things to say, touching Burns, but shall reserve them till I hae received and read—(read, mind ye, Crabtree!)—the remaining volumes o' the series.

THE LAIRD.—Hae ye ony mair buiks to talk about? or aiblins ye wad prefer to follow the auld-farran doctor's example and tak a snoozle!

THE DOCTOR.—Pardon me laird and friends if I have been apparently absent, but this little pamphlet has thoroughly engrossed my attention.

THE SQUIREEN.—Is it the life of Molly Carew, or does it contain unadulterated poesy from the pen of Adela Nambina Pamby?

THE DOCTOR.—Nay, it cannot claim for itself such qualities as entitle it to be classed in the same category with those most captivating productions, but nevertheless it is worthy of perusal by all who honour genius and can appreciate well bestowed homage.

THE MAJOR.—I am glad you have introduced the book to our attention. I read it last evening with great interest. It is a fitting tribute to a man of peculiar merit, to a—

THE LAIRD.—Hoot man! tell us the name o' the subject o' this commendation.

THE MAJOR.—It is styled a “Memorial of Cooper,” and is really a pleasingly compiled record of certain proceedings which have recently taken place in New York, with the view of giving expression to the public sentiment on the death of that illustrious novelist. It contains also an eloquent discourse on the life, character and genius of Cooper, by one who apparently knew him well and has shewn himself capable for the task he has undertaken, W. C. Bryant.

THE DOCTOR.—I have been much struck with the candour and fairness of Mr. Bryant's criticisms. It is well to make much of Cooper, for he certainly possessed a great quality of authorship—originality. His “Leather Stocking” is a *chef d'œuvre*, and the great feature of his writings. It was the character of the day, unequalled and not to be surpassed. It grew out of the circumstances, scenery and people by whom he was surrounded. It was the off-spring of associations which could have been awakened by no other less peculiar or less forcible influences—awakened in a mind whose qualities were singularly well-balanced—where imagination seems to rove freely over the wild field of nature—kept constantly in check by sound discriminating judgment.

THE LAIRD.—I like his writings weel enouch, but ah! man, he's no to compare wi' Walter Scott.

THE DOCTOR.—“Comparisons are odorous,”

Laird, but still I will venture to affirm that in some points he approached so nearly to the standard of your countryman's genius as to render it difficult to discriminate.

THE SQUIREEN.—There's Bulver, few would think of classing them together either.

THE DOCTOR.—In some respects I prefer Cooper.

THE MAJOR.—May I venture to suggest Marryatt as a name worthy to be placed along with his.

THE DOCTOR.—You certainly have made admirable selections for the purpose of your comparison, may I not rather as correctly say, contrast. Each of those authors is a type of a peculiar style, in which they certainly have not as yet been excelled. But the great charm of Cooper in my estimation is, that in each of these varieties of style he has written with a vigour and success which render his works generally acceptable. Nor is this feeling confined to those speaking the same language. Of this, as well as the reputation enjoyed by his novels, Mr. Bryant adduces the following evidence:—

"Such are the works so widely read, and so universally admired, in all the zones of the globe, and by men of every kindred and every tongue; works which have made of those who dwell in remote latitudes, wanderers in our forests, and observers of our manners, and have inspired them with an interest in our history. A gentleman who had returned from Europe, just before the death of Cooper, was asked what he found the people of the Continent doing. 'They are all reading Cooper,' he answered; 'in the little kingdom of Holland, with its three millions of inhabitants, I looked into four different translations of Cooper in the language of the country.' A traveller, who has seen much of the middle classes of Italy, lately said to me, 'I found that all they knew of America, and that was not little, they had learned from Cooper's novels; from him they had learned the story of American liberty, and through him they had been introduced to our Washington; they had read his works till the shores of the Hudson and the valleys of Westchester, and the banks of Otsego lake had become to them familiar ground.'"

THE SQUIREEN.—By the powers, I believe that after all, that is the best praise any author can expect.

THE DOCTOR.—I would fain read, for your enjoyment, the peroration of Mr. Bryant's address if it would not tire you.

OMNES.—Not at all! Fire away!

"He is gone! but the creations of his genius, fixed in living words, survive the frail material organs by which the words were first traced. They partake of a middle nature, between the deathless mind and the decaying body of which they are the common offspring, and are, therefore, destined to a duration, if not eternal, yet indefinite. The examples he has given in his glorious fictions, of heroism, honour and truth, of large sympathies between man and man, of all that is

good, great and excellent, embodied in personages marked with so strong an individuality that we place them among our friends and favorites; his frank and generous men, his gentle and noble women, shall live through centuries to come, and only perish with our language. I have said with our language; but who shall say when it may be the fate of the English language to be numbered with the extinct forms of human speech? Who shall declare which of the present tongues of the civilized world will survive its fellows? It may be that some one of them, more fortunate than the rest, will long outlast them, in some undisturbed quarter of the globe, and in the midst of a new civilization. The creations of Cooper's genius, even now transferred to that language, may remain to be the delight of the nations through another great cycle of centuries, beginning after the English language and its contemporaneous form of civilization shall have passed away."

THE SQUIREEN.—Ah! how swately the dew of praise must fall on the sensibilities of departed genius, if the spiritual essence be cognizant of the incense of corporeal votaries at its shrine and susceptible of its influence.

THE LAIRD.—Nane o' your poetical flights of fancy. Dinna forget we hae four miles o' limestone to hirlie o'er afore the sma' hours come ringin' frae the St. Lawrence Ha'! Guid nicht, Major. [Exit.

## COLONIAL CHIT-CHAT.

### BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

THE June Colonial annals present few items of general interest, and consequently our readers must not blame us if the abstract we lay before them be correspondingly meagre. It is difficult, as the old proverb teaches, to manufacture a silken purse from the ear of a sow, and this difficulty we at least, have not been able to overcome!

On the 6th a signally calamitous fire visited Montreal, which consumed an immense number of buildings in the densest business portion of the City. The *Herald* in trying to estimate the loss says that

"The rental of buildings destroyed amounted to £5,915; and taking it for granted that real property pays ten per cent per annum, this gives a total value of nearly £60,000, or \$240,000. The value of the land should be deducted from the amount. The property destroyed within the buildings was probably much in excess of the value of the buildings themselves, for this calamity has fallen upon us, at a time when every merchant had just completed his Spring importations. It is not at all easy to arrive at the proximate amount of this part of the loss. But we have gone into detail over the several commercial establishments which have been wholly or partially



burned, and we think do not over estimate the loss, when we state it at £144,000. To what extent this property is insured it is quite impossible to say. Many of the sufferers are insured to the full amount; but many more, we hear of, who either bear the entire loss or a very large part of it. It is certain, however that all the leading insurance offices must be heavy losers."

Two young Children lost their lives, one being burned, and the second mortally injured in leaping from a window.

Montreal has on former occasions suffered severely by fire. In 1765—only two years after the cession of the country to Great Britain, one-fourth part of the City was consumed, and about the third part of its value. The loss amounted to £87,500 sterling. Again in 1768 upwards of ninety houses and two churches were burned. And on the 6th of June, 1803, a conflagration occurred greater in extent than the one which took place last month.

In Upper Canada, likewise, the number of fires during the byegone few weeks has been great; and the damage occasioned considerable. One which occurred at Cooksville, on Dundas Street, sixteen miles west of Toronto, destroyed nearly half of that village.

Messrs. Chandler and Hincks have failed to procure the Imperial guarantee for the Halifax and Quebec Railroad. The latter gentleman in a letter addressed to Sir John Pakington written on the eve of his departure for Canada, observes: "I have reason to believe that I can effect arrangements on the spot with eminent capitalists to construct all the railroads necessary for Canada, with our own unaided credit. I have likewise reason to think that the European line from Halifax to the frontier of Maine can be constructed by the unaided credit of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick."

Considerable excitement prevails in Newfoundland in consequence of the receipt of a despatch from the Home Government refusing to concede Responsible Government to that Province.

Canadian credit stands high at present in the Home market. Our six per cents were, last month, quoted three per cent higher in London than corresponding United States securities. It is to be hoped that no excessive and ill-digested railroad speculations on our

part, will have the effect of marring this gratifying state of things.

It is with pleasure we notice that an increasing desire prevails throughout the Province, to ameliorate the condition of mercantile employers, by shortening the hours of labour. In Hamilton the shopkeepers have resolved to close their places of business at 7 o'clock, p.m.; and the wholesale drygoods dealers of Toronto (with one exception) have agreed to close their establishments at 6 o'clock, p.m.

Three convict inmates of the Provincial Penitentiary have recently been transferred from that establishment to the Lunatic Asylum, Toronto, in a state of insanity. Surely it is incumbent upon our executive to inquire whether the discipline of the Penitentiary may not have been to a great extent the cause of the mental ruin of these unhappy persons.

The Crown Land Department has set apart a block of land in the thriving village of Sydenham, C.W., for a public pleasure ground. Sincerely do we trust that such an excellent precedent will be universally followed in time to come by the Provincial Government. Nothing more conduces to the health of civic communities than parks for exercise and recreation, and if the appropriation be not made at the commencement of a town the chances are great that the object will never be attained at any future period.

During the last month several persons convicted of murder both in Upper and Lower Canada have had their sentences commuted from death to that of imprisonment for life. In more than one instance the clemency of the Executive appears to have been exercised without sufficient warrant for any extenuating circumstances. We would be the last to advocate an excessive severity in the infliction of capital punishment, but at the same time must express our firm persuasion that *maudlin mercy* is the most dangerous error into which a government could fall. Unless an undoubted plea in mitigation can be advanced and made good, every crime should be visited with its statutory penalty.

That ingenious Yankee Showman Barnum, is at present itinerating through Canada West

with a gigantic exhibition, comprising beasts, dwarfs, wax figures, and miscellaneous "wonders." By way of attracting additional notice the long-headed speculator delivers lectures upon *temperance* in the towns which he visits. Barnum has fairly earned his *soubriquet* of "*the Napoleon of the Jack Pudding tribe.*"

In Montreal and Toronto receiving offices for letters in connection with the main post-office have recently been established. The inconvenience resulting from the lack of such *dépôts* has long been severely felt, and much credit is due to the postal authorities for having conceded them.

Mr. Cochrane in the British House of Commons, recently gave notice of the following motion, which we trust will be discussed in a genial spirit, and with favourable results:

"That it is desirable that our important colonies of the Canadas and Newfoundland should have their resources developed by direct steam communication with the Mother Country, and that while Parliament votes large sums of money for the packet service between Great Britain and foreign countries, the interests of our colonies should not be overlooked."

The telegraphic communications of Canada are greatly on the increase. A new line is in course of erection to extend from Hamilton to

Quebec. The wire goes by the way of Prince Edward District, crossing the Bay under water, at Lambton's Landing. The portion from Kingston to Quebec will be finished this fall. It is computed that the total number of miles of telegraph that will be erected in Canada this season will exceed one thousand. This is the country which a handful of shallow-brained alarmists recently pronounced to be in a state of "*ruin and decay!*"

From Halifax we learn that the prospects of the mackerel and herring fisheries are exceedingly encouraging. The authorities of Newfoundland have fitted out an armed steam vessel to protect their piscatorial grounds from the poachings of the French. These gentry require to be sharply looked after, for if conceded an inch, they invariably strive to acquire an ell!

The Quebec Bar have presented a congratulatory address to the Hon. Sir James Stuart, Bart., Chief Justice of Lower Canada, upon "his restoration to health, and his return to this Province, to resume the duties of his high office." Sir James is deservedly held in high esteem, as one of the ripest lawyers, and most upright Judges upon the Canadian Bench.



The papers which have arrived during the past month contain a large amount of intelligence, each particular of which must be interesting to some of our readers. But we profess only to give the leading features of the current news—nor would our space permit us to extend this department.

The promise of an abundant harvest seems to be very great notwithstanding the unfavorable state of the weather in the earlier

part of the season. Commerce never was so flourishing and money is most abundant. One result of this plenteousness of capital has been a very considerable demand for Canadian debentures which have attained a high price in the Stock market—prices having been quoted as high as 13½ per cent.

The aspect of political affairs is one of the most singular which has been presented to the contemplation of the historian for a long pe-



ried of time. We find a minister of the Crown resigning his trust into the hands of his Sovereign from reasons apparently of private pique, at least no very satisfactory explanation is given to the country for the step. The reins of Government are taken up by a party who have been for years in opposition, and who ostensibly assumed power upon principles opposed to the popular doctrines of free trade. This change may be considered but the usual one—but the singularity of the position is that the New Ministry continue to carry on the Government of the Country with the same parliament which sustained their opponent predecessors—use the material which the latter had prepared for their purpose, by modifying the several measures to meet their own views—are sustained in many instances by large majorities—and appear to entertain no doubt that they will successfully carry public opinion with them at the ensuing general election. Meanwhile both parties are arming for the strife, and it is as yet, problematical who shall win.

Sir John Pakington, the new Colonial Secretary has granted a Constitution to New Zealand, and refused responsible government to Newfoundland.

Gold has been discovered in both England and Scotland, but the astounding reports which daily arrive from Australia appear to have engrossed the public mind to the exclusion of the advantages of possessing the precious metal so much nearer home. Emigration to an unexampled extent is taking place in the direction of the new California; where it is said the flocks, hitherto the great staple of wealth to the South Sea farmer, are most shamefully neglected, and are consequently perishing. Much apprehension appears to be entertained that the Wool trade will suffer materially in consequence.

News from India does not show that Britain has given any very decided check to the Birman depredators; nor have matters at the Cape of Good Hope assumed that satisfactory aspect which the despatches of Sir Harry Smith would lead one to expect.

The malancholy fate of a Missionary party to Patagonia has engrossed the Christian sympathy of the World, the particulars of which are most harrowing.

“The vessel that took them out landed at Picton Island, off the southern coast of Terra del Fuego, on the 6th December, 1850, and kept hovering about to see how they were likely to be received. The natives seemed menacing: but on the 18th of December the missionaries left the ship, and with their stores of provisions, Bibles, &c., embarked in two boats, meaning to make for the coast of Terra del Fuego. On the 19th the ship sailed; and no news of them having reached England, the ship *Dido* was ordered by the Ad-

miralty in October, 1850, to touch there, and ascertain their fate. The *Dido* reached the coast in January, and after ten or twelve days of search, on a rock near where they first landed on Picton Island, a writing was found directing them to go to Spaniard Harbor, on the opposite Fuegian coast. Here were found, near a large cavern, the unburied bodies of Captain Gardiner and another of the party; and the next day the bodies of three others were found. A manuscript journal, kept by Captain Gardiner, down to the last day when, only two or three days before his death, he became too weak to write, was also found, from which it appears that the parties were driven off by the natives whenever they attempted to land; that they were thus compelled to go backward and forward in their boats, and at last took refuge in Spaniard harbor, as the only spot where they could be safe; that they lived there eight months, partly in a cavern and partly under shelter of one of the boats, and that three of them died by sickness, and the others by literal and lingering starvation. Four months elapsed between the death of the last of the party and the discovery of their bodies.”

The diary found, which was kept by Capt. Gardiner breathes the purest spirit of piety and resignation.

The Continental intelligence has not exhibited any very striking feature. Louis Napoleon is carrying out his several ingenious devices to amuse and conciliate the French people with apparent success. The desertion however of the most illustrious and celebrated Generals will probably have a decided effect upon the Army who may not be found to sustain him should a time of needful exertion arrive. A meeting of the Crowned heads of Russia and Austria seems to have been regarded as a most significant indication of the manner in which his assumption of the title and rights of Emperor will be received. In the mean time the peace of Europe is profound. Whether it is the bodeful calm which precedes the awful tornado, time alone will reveal.

In the United States the ferment which quaternally precedes the Presidential election is at its height. Conventions of all political denominations are daily taking place in the several States for the purpose of nomination and numerous ballots are taken before the point is settled. It is impossible to say who the favorite is, but we presume some man will be chosen who shall represent the popular voice, as it is not conceivable that after the distillation and concentration of opinion which must be produced after 50 or 60 Ballots, in each State, this result can be avoided.

It is contemplated to hold an exhibition of all nations upon a similar principle as that on which the Great Industrial one of England last year was established, and active preparations are in progress for its accomplishment.



## FACTS FOR THE FARMER.

It is far from our aim to assume a scientific portion in reference to Agriculture, or to attempt to supersede in any way those periodicals exclusively devoted to its interests. We do think, however, that the want of a column devoted to information on that subject in a publication that must look for its main support to a community almost wholly agricultural, would be a capital blunder, and by no means in accordance with that wisdom and prudence we fancy ourselves possessed of.

What we contemplate is to bring before our readers practical hints from the best authors, bearing upon the business of the farm, so as to impress them with the necessity of keeping pace with the discoveries and improvements of the day.

In one word, we would aspire to act as a pioneer, so to speak, to the agricultural press; and a stimulant to the young Colonial farmer to greater and more intelligent efforts in his noble profession.

## THE FARMER'S WIFE.

There is matter suggestive of serious consideration in the following paper which we derive from that excellent journal the *Albany Cultivator*. We recommend it to the thoughtful perusal of our unmarried agricultural clients.

THE FARMER'S WIFE should be an independent, healthy, and cultivated woman—one on whose culture, both physical and mental, the agriculturist has bestowed at least *as much* thought as he has upon that of his swine or his turnips—but is it so?

When a young farmer arrives at an age that he wishes to choose for himself a fitting wife, he naturally desires one whose intellect and taste has been enlarged and educated to an equal degree with his own, and generally he prefers one who has either been reared upon a farm, or has become

personally acquainted with rural pursuits; and his wishes are easily gratified, for girls who have been carefully trained and well educated, are happily, at this day, far from being rare, or difficult to find. A genuine love of good books, skill and taste in music, and the arts, combined with depth and strength of intellect, are possessed by many of the young girls who have enjoyed the privilege of a country birth and residence.

Such a person, not unfrequently unites her fate with that of a farmer, thinking no doubt, from what she has read in agricultural periodicals, that thus she can more certainly gratify her taste for horticulture and the embellishment of her home and at the same time fulfil a more exalted destiny than she could expect, if she was to become a part of the fashionable circle of the city or village. Yet she is ambitious to perform as much labor as her neighbor, who has for years been engaged in household labor, and therefore assumes the duties of house-wife, and maid-of-all-work, and her husband, who has been accustomed to see his neighbor's wives toiling from morning until night, in the cook and dairy-room, thinks it all right, with as little reflection as the peasant of Europe bestows upon the coupling his wife and mule together at the plough or cart; and thus from mere custom, and want of thought, he allows the woman of his love to become his most devoted slave.

From this time forth, the life of the farmer's wife is one of confinement and unrelenting toil. From early dawn until late at night, it is nothing but mend and botch, cook and bake, wash and sweep, churn and make cheese, wait upon her husband and his band of laborers, bear children and nurse them. No time for relaxation or enjoyment, or the improvement of her mental or social faculties is found. As the means of the farmer and his family increase, the *husband* becomes more noticed, and his circle of acquaintances and friends enlarges; he daily meets his associates and mingles with the world, but his wife toils on in the old dull routine, with nothing to break in upon the monotony of her existence, except perhaps the advent of another child, or the death of one to whom her heart is bound in the strongest ties.

The husband, it may be, is engaged in some public business, or drives frequently to town for a market or for his pleasure, but he never thinks of his martyr wife, and the necessity there is in her nature, that *she* should share with him his pleasures and relaxations. *Her* labors are never



ended, her cares never cease, until premature old age has come upon her, and with blanched and bowed form, she sinks into an early grave, leaving the children of her love, and the property she had saved and earned, to the care of a more youthful successor, who not seldom avenges these wrongs by tyrannising over her husband and abusing the children.

This is no fancy picture, or a delineation of what was in by-gone days, but unfortunately the original can be found in almost every neighborhood, and even among those who are called model farmers. Neither is it confined to the cultivators of the soil. All classes and occupations of men include too many in their ranks, who practically scout the idea that their wives and daughters are human beings, with *souls* in some way connected with their bodies, and that they are "endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights and privileges," among which are life and the rights to enjoy the pure air of Heaven, uncontaminated with the odours of the kitchen or the steam of the wash-tub—that their social and intellectual nature is an essential part of them,—and that to live, in the full sense of the word, is to enjoy and increase the ability of enjoying these higher attributes, by a free and varied intercourse with the pure and the gifted of their own and the opposite sex.

We hope to see the day when men, even those who consider it a privilege as well as a duty to gain a livelihood from honest toil, will take as much pains to secure these social pleasures and innocent amusements for their wives and their daughters, as they do to give proper exercise and recreation to their horses and their cattle.

When farmers will consider it proper for the females of their families, to join with them in forming and executing their plans for the improvement of the soil and of society—when they become aware of the fact that their wisest advisers and their truest friends are to be found within the limits of their own households; and will invite their friends to their homes, and there form their *farmer's clubs*, and arrange their plans and examine their prospects, they will discover that the female part of the community have a genius above being simply their maids-of-all-work, mere labor-saving machines, designed to cook potafoes, or mend stockings; or to make fashionable calls, and repeat the silly nothings and nonsense of polite society.

Let farmers take as much pains to increase the happiness and cultivate the minds of the females of their households, as they do to enlarge their fields and fertilize the soil, and they will secure a harvest of more value than any or all to which a premium has ever been awarded by any agricultural committee ever chosen.

#### MANAGEMENT OF SWINE.

In the New York *Plough* (or *Plow*, as the word is spelt, with a savage and heretical disregard of everything in the shape of orthodox precedent) we meet with the subjoined judicious remarks touching the breeding and management of swine.

"It is said that a certain old lady once upon a time, endeavoring to initiate a friend into the

mysteries of making *rabbit pie*, commenced her instructions in this way:—"First catch a rabbit." In like manner I would say to the person who sets out to breed swine—"First get a breeding sow." This, it may be thought, is a very easy matter; but such has not been my own experience, nor do I think it has been the experience of many others. Certainly it is easy enough to get a sow that will breed; but to get one that will breed well—that will produce a numerous, healthy, and thrifty litter, and by keeping them thrifty until old enough to wean, will thus give them an impetus at the outset, without which I have never known one of this race to prove really profitable, is anything but easy; it is, in fact, very rare and very difficult to find such an animal. In the course of ten or twelve years I have known only one such, and could I get her back again at a cost of \$20, I should think myself a very great gainer by the contract. Her name was Bina, and she was the sister of Betsey. Betsey was a beautiful thrifty animal, having all, or at least, most of those points, which take the eye and satisfy the judgment in hogs, together with as strong a disposition to take on fat at moderate feeding, as can be found. She was a great pet, and great calculations were made on her as a breeder. Bina, on the other hand, though equally thrifty, was not so pleasing to look upon. She was more dumpy—wanting the graceful length, rounded barrel, tapering legs and feet, delicate head, pointed ears, and, in brief, the "*je ne sais quoi*" of her sister."

"In process of time, these two sisters each produced a litter of pigs; but it was not long before my attention was arrested by certain facts in regard to them. While Betsy retained her rotundity, sleekness of coat, and symmetry of figure, almost in perfection, her young ones, small and puny from their birth, exhibited no appearance of thrift. Feed as I would, it made no difference; the mother grew fat—the children grew poor. In a short time their hair began to stiffen—then to stand erect like "quills upon the fretful porcupine;" next, they became mangy, and finally infested with vermin. They thus got what is commonly called a *back-set*, and from it they never recovered, being at last brought to the pickling tub at a much greater expense than I could have purchased an equal quantity of pork out of the droves daily passing before my door, from Kentucky to the South. Bina, on the contrary, always the most ungainly of the two, from the very birth of the family, began to grow thin. She lost flesh so fast, and became so Gothic in her architecture, that I really began to fear she would die. But just as fast as she lost, her young ones gained. At the end of two months they were more than twice the size of her sister's, and such beautiful, chubby, sleek, comfortable-looking little fellows, I never saw. They resembled their sire, a pure Grazier, more than their dam—a cross, if memory does her office, of Berkshire upon some common stock, thriving and fattening upon comparatively nothing to the close of their life."

In due time, each of these sisters produced a new litter, and with very similar results: the one, converting all that was given her to eat, into fat, flesh, &c., to cover her own ribs: the other.

like a good nursing mother, keeping scarcely anything to herself, but imparting almost the whole to her offspring. Betsy being found worthless as a breeder, was brought to the shambles; but Bina was kept four years, and uniformly managed her family matters in the same way. Take her for all in all, I do not expect to look upon her like again. She bred rapidly and numerous; always more after her sire than herself, and never failed, though almost at the expense of her own life, to leave her litters in that healthy, thrifty condition, which, perhaps, more than any other one thing contributes to make a hog profitable. It is at least two years since I parted with this sow, and though I have since owned many, having purchased several at high prices, I have never found one really good breeder. Invariably there has been some great defect; either shy breeding, both as to time and number, sickness after parturition, a very common case, or most generally, a disposition to take on fat from what they consumed, instead of converting it into milk for the benefit of their young. This may seem a needlessly long story; but in all things pertaining to rural economy, facts are important; and besides, as Byron says of one of his poems, "it hath a moral." The moral and practical lesson is this:—When you stumble on a really good breeder, keep her. Let not bad treatment destroy her, let not friendship nor flattery wheedle you out of her, nor money buy her, nor increasing years induce you to kill her for pork. Let her live while she will breed, if she dies upon your hands with old age, for you will not be likely to find another, soon, and may not in a lifetime.

#### FACTS ABOUT MILK.

In Canada, too little attention, is generally paid to the economy of the Dairy. The *Agriculturist* (a periodical of which our Province has just cause to be proud) contains, in the June number, some useful facts relating to the temperature of milk. Our contemporary says:

Cream cannot rise through a great depth of milk. If, therefore, milk is desired to retain its cream for a time, it should be put into a deep, narrow dish; and, if it be desired to free itself most completely of cream, it should be poured into a broad, flat dish, not much exceeding one inch in depth. The evolution of cream is facilitated by a rise, and retarded by a depression of temperature. At the usual temperature of the dairy—50 degrees Fahrenheit—all the cream will probably rise in thirty-six hours; but at 70 degrees, it will, perhaps, rise in half that time; and, when the milk is kept near the freezing point, the cream will rise very slowly, because it becomes solidified. In wet and cold weather, the milk is less rich than in dry and warm; and, on this account, more cheese is obtained in cold than in warm, though not in thundery weather. The season has its effects. The milk, in spring, is supposed to be best for drinking, and hence it would be best suited for cheese; and, in autumn,—the butter keeping better than that of summer,—the cows less frequently milked give richer milk, and, consequently, more butter. The morning's milk is richer than the evening's. The last drawn milk of each milking, at all time

and seasons, is richer than the first drawn, which is the poorest.

#### A LIQUID FERTILIZER.

Are our readers acquainted with the *Horticulturist*, edited by A. J. Downing, and published in Albany by Luther Tucker? If not, we would strongly advise them to introduce themselves thereto through the medium of a subscription without delay. The *Horticulturist* treats of Pomology, Landscape, Gardening, Botany, Entomology, and Rural Economy in general, and the name of its conductor (of European as well as American celebrity) is a sufficient guarantee that its *dicta* on these topics may be safely relied on. From the last number we extract the following account of "A Liquid Fertilizer for Choice Plants":—

#### A LIQUID FERTILIZER FOR CHOICE PLANTS.—BY AN AMATEUR.

DEAR SIR,—I am confident that there are many of your lady readers, and perhaps many of the other sex, who are puzzled among the many *new manures*, and having failed with some, and injured their plants with others, they end by raising only sickly and meagre plants, when they might have them presenting a luxuriant and satisfactory appearance—with leaves of the darkest green, and flowers or fruit of double the usual size.

Having made a trial for three years past, with a *perfectly safe and satisfactory liquid fertilizer*, which appears to suit all kinds of vegetation, which is clean and easily applied, and procured without difficulty, in any town, I confidently recommend it to your readers, especially those who wish to give especial pains to, and get uncommon results from, certain favorite plants—either in pots, or in the open garden—plants whose roots are within such a moderate compass, that they can be reached two or three times a week, if not oftener by the watering-pot.

This liquid fertilizer is made by *dissolving half an ounce of sulphate of ammonia in a gallon of water*.

Nothing so good can be cheaper, and the substance may be obtained at almost any apothecary's.

Now for the mode of using it. I may say, at the outset, that weak as this solution appears to be, and is, if plants are watered with it daily, they will die—just as certainly as a man will who drinks nothing but pure brandy.

The right way to apply it is to water the plant with this solution *every sixth time*; the other five times with plain water.

The proportion is so simple, and the mode of using it so easy to understand, that the most ignorant person cannot possibly blunder about it—*if he can count six*. If we prepare the solution occasionally, and water our plants in pots *every Saturday*, with this ammonia water, and all the rest of the time with plain water, we shall have a safe rule.

The result will, I am sure, both delight and surprise every person who will make a trial of it



It has become such an indispensable thing with me, that I regularly mix a barrel of it every Friday, and use it on Saturday, upon any plants that I particularly wish to invigorate and stimulate. I do not know that I have seen a single instance of its disagreeing with any plant—ammonia being the universal food of vegetation. Of course, the more rapid growing plants—those with foliage that perspire a great deal, are most strikingly benefitted by it. Of course, also, *plants* that are *at rest*, or not in a growing state, should not be fed with it; but any plant that is about starting, or *is actually in a growing state*, will not fail to be wonderfully improved by it. Many plants that have fallen into a sickly state by reason of poor, or worn out soil, will, usually, in the course of a month, take quite another aspect and begin to develope rich, dark green foliage. I will enumerate some of the things that I have had great success with.

**STRAWBERRIES.**—Beds of indifferent appearance at the opening of the spring, last season, after being watered four times with this solution, grew very luxuriantly, and bore a crop of remarkably fine fruit. This year I have repeated the experiment on half of every bed; both foliage and blossoms are as large again on the watered, as on the unwatered bed; and by way of comparison, I have watered some with plain water also—and find, though rather benefitted, (for the strawberry loves water,) they have none of the extra depth of verdure and luxuriance of those watered with the ammonia.

**EARLY PEAS.**—At least a week earlier than those not watered, and much stronger in leaf and pod.

**FUCHSIAS.**—A surprising effect is produced on this plant, which, with the aid of ammonia water, will grow in very small pots, with a depth of verdure, a luxuriance, and a profusion and brilliancy of bloom, that I have never seen equalled. Old and stunted plants are directly invigorated by it.

**DWARF PEARS.**—Some sickly trees that I have given the best attention to for three years previously, without being able to get either good fruit, or healthy foliage, after being watered four times with the solution—of course with the usual intermediate supply of common water—became perfectly healthy and luxuriant, and have ever since, (two years,) remained so.

**DAHLIAS.**—Which I have never succeeded well with before, have done beautifully with me since, flowering most abundantly and brilliantly, when watered in this way. In all out-of-door plants, if mulching is used, only half the quantity of plain water is needed. For plants in pots, I consider it invaluable; and gardeners who wish to raise specimen plants for exhibition, will find this mode of watering them, *every sixth time*, with the solution, to produce a perfection of growth not to be surpassed in any other way.

Yours truly,  
AN AMATEUR.

We endorse our correspondent's testimony to the value of the solution of sulphate of ammonia, applied in the manner he directs, having witnessed its satisfactory effects.—Ed.

#### THE ECONOMY OF TIME

is of vital importance in every profession and imperative on the farmer. Every day has its own duties to perform, which if trifled away in unprofitable amusements is often attended with the most serious consequences. Stephens in his book of the Farm, (a book by-the by, we would seriously advise our agricultural reader to get intimately acquainted with,) thus endeavours to demonstrate its value to the young farmer.

“It is a paramount duty of every farmer of an arable farm to have his field operations in an advanced state at all seasons. He should remember that if by forgetfulness or delay any important operation is postponed for even a week beyond its most proper season, it may not be only overtaken by the succeeding bad weather but he thereby invites a deficient crop. When his field operations are in advance of the season it is in his power to wait a few days at any time for the land to be in the best possible state; and when every operation is finished with the land in that condition he may cherish the well founded hope of a good return.”

#### WORK OF THE MONTH.

##### HAY-MAKING.

THERE are but few departments of husbandry which demand more attention than this, for the weather adapted for making good hay can seldom be depended upon for a long period of time together, the most vigilant circumspection is therefore necessary for the due performance of the work. Mowing should commence with the dawn of day, and care be taken that the grass is cut close and clean, never forgetting that whilst an hour in the morning is as good as two at noon, so an inch at the bottom is worth two at the top.

Every farmer ought to provide himself with a horse-rake, the common revolving one is the best, which with a horse and man, will keep at least eight hands actively employed in cocking, and raking between the cocks. The chief points to be observed in the making of hay are thus given by Professor Norton:—

1. To cut the grass while a considerable portion of it is yet in flower.
2. To cut no more than can be properly attended to.
3. To commence the shaking out of the

partially dry hay as soon as the dew is sufficiently dried off the ground.

4. To be active in turning during the middle of the day, and to do it thoroughly leaving no locks unshaken. When the hay is nearly made, little shaking is necessary, but when green it should be well shaken and made to be as even as possible.

5. To commence the raking in good time so that the cocks should be put up before the hay begins to feel damp and flexible in the hands.

We cannot better conclude than by reminding our readers of the old adage:—"Make hay while the sun shines."



UNDER this heading we have placed some interesting records, derived from various sources. The discovery of a new Telescopic Planet is now becoming a matter of almost every-day occurrence, which, except to the strictly scientific reader, possesses no charm. It is sufficient for the general reader to know that such an event has taken place, and that the discoverer is a German, whose persevering and skilful observations are doing much to elucidate the riches of celestial scenery.

Gold appears to be turning up in every direction; it has even been hinted that Canada is not to be an exception to the general rule. In some of the Islands of Scotland, in the South of England, in Australia, in California, *hic et ubique gentium*. The abundance of this hitherto precious metal, will, no doubt, exercise a powerful influence over the social condition of the world, and perhaps not the least interesting result will be its general adaptation to the purposes of scientific apparatus, and its more extended employment in works of Art.

The fate of the Crystal Palace has been finally and irrevocably fixed. The work of demolition is going on, and in a few months

it will rear its frame in another locality. The materials have been purchased by an enterprising Company, who propose to reconstruct them at Sydenham, a short distance from London, on the line of the Brighton railway. It is to be appropriated as a Winter Garden, and will, no doubt, contribute much to the health and comfort of the people.

On the subject of this remarkable structure, and the events which occurred in it, we give the following:—

"In looking back over the career of this vast enterprise, so happily originated and carried out, the consideration which most strongly impresses itself upon the mind is its unprecedented popularity. As an illustration of this, it is stated, that in the month of May, 734,782 visits were paid to the building; in June, 1,133,116; in July, 1,314,176; in August, 1,023,435; in September, 1,155,240; and in the first 11 days of October, 841,107. These figures give a total of 6,201,856, as the sum of visits to the Exhibition. The greatest number of persons ascertained to have been in the building at any one time was on the 7th of October, when 93,224 were present. On the same day the number of visitors reached its *maximum*, and was 109,915. The total amount of expenditure, from the commencement of the Exhibition to its close, including the cost of the building, was £170,743. The receipts of the Exhibition, from subscriptions at the commencement and from fees of entrance, were £469,115; leaving a large balance in the hands of the Commissioners."



## MRS. GRUNDY'S GATHERINGS.

### HOME EXERCISES.

WE only repeat an established truism, familiar to us all, when we say that there is nothing which conduces so much to the health and consequent happiness of our fair friends as moderate exercise, or voluntary labor. We very naturally compassionate the condition of those who are compelled to work at some sedentary occupation from "early dawn" to the mid-watches of the night, for a mere subsistence, shut in from the freshness and healthfulness of the morning and evening breeze; from the brightness of the sun, at this season of the year, from the enchanting loveliness of nature. And yet, we can scarcely feel less compassion for those who voluntarily fall into idle, listless, and enervating habits, which not only destroy the buoyancy and elasticity of the mind, but absolutely deform the beauty and paralyze the energies of the body.

However unfashionable the sentiment may appear to some of our more than usually romantic and fastidious readers, we shall not hesitate to confess the fact, that we seldom meet with a more agreeable sight on a bright sunny morning, as we trudge to our daily labor through a fashionable part of Toronto, than to behold the daughters of some of our opulent citizens dusting the sills of the windows, brush in hand, or, with broom in hand, sweeping the hall or parlour carpet. There is that in the bright eyes, and in the rosy flush of their cheeks, as they sparkle and bloom from beneath the closely drawn bonnet or hood, which to us are irresistible evidence of health and cheerfulness. There is something, indeed, in such a sight, not merely encouraging on account of the assurances it gives of the practical wisdom which pervades the whole family circle—but also of the industry, comfort, peace, dignity, and purity of mind which reign over all within the little kingdom.

But besides a class of fashionables who may not choose to take regular exercise at the brush or broom handle, there is another unhappy class, the members of which, either through ignorance of, or inattention to the requirements of their bodies, or through forced mental labor while yet in their childhood, have in fact lost the muscular power to apply themselves to such voluntary labor as we have been describing. To both these classes, with whose necessities, infirmities, and prejudices we have been made somewhat familiar, we propose to recommend for their consideration, and for their adoption, should they follow our advice, a series of practical exercises which, we verily believe, will have the most beneficial effects on their systems, whether diseased, deformed, or simply suffering from the absence of those physical energies, and that buoyancy of spirit, which exercise scarcely ever fails to reproduce in those who apply themselves to it prudently, in time, and with a will.

We shall here endeavour to explain to our readers the use of an instrument formed of two elastic bands, which is furnished with a hook and handle, or a catch, and can be fixed upon any object, either in or out of doors, and be at once

ready for use without delay, such as the corner of a table, the handle or frame of a door, window-sill, or bed-post. The hook acts somewhat in the manner of a "claw," or pair of "dogs," viz.: the greater the strain the firmer the hold, and out of doors can be attached to the top of a wall, railing, or branch of a tree. The exercises to be performed by it are varied, numerous, entertaining, and exciting. They may be increased to upwards of two hundred, and have been recognized in England, where the instrument was first introduced, as the most conducive towards the full development of the bodily frame, and the increase of muscular power.

In the future notices of this subject, we shall avail ourselves of the opportunity which will be afforded of impressing upon our readers not merely the importance of the exercises it embraces, to the healthy, but to those who are laboring under diseases of the chest and spine. The information in relation to the origin and formation of such diseases will be drawn from unquestionable authority, and will be interesting to parents as furnishing the means of prevention, as well as affording to the afflicted the most probable means of relief, if not of cure.

### PARIS FASHIONS.

THE ball given on the 23d, at the Ministère des Travaux Publiques, affords us an opportunity of describing to our readers the newest fashion, for *bals*, which will as usual shine in London, Baden Baden, Vichy, and the Pyrenees. The return of the fashions worn during the Empire such as head-dresses *à la Grecque*, bringing to our recollection the bad taste of that period, had been for some time apprehended; but we are happy to learn that the flattery will not be entertained.

Bonnets are worn almost covered with small flowers, such as polyanthus, roses pompon, &c. The fronts and crowns are literally covered with flowers without leaves—a bunch on each side, and inside are bunches that are lengthened so as to come round the face. The bonnets this year are very much trimmed, the face seeming buried in a mass of flowers, ribbon, tulle, blonde, &c.

For half-dress, percales, book-muslins, and printed muslins are worn, with flounces or stripes; they resemble *barège* and *mousseline de soie*, and have the advantage of being light wear in very warm weather. They are printed in different ways, so as to make up as "redingotes" for morning; the bodies being also printed for this make. "Albanaises" are likewise printed cross-wise in various widths. All these dresses are made up full in the waist, and worn with long sashes; but they cannot be made up with tight bodies.

For the country we cannot say too much in favour of white muslins; they wash admirably. Bows of ribbon, tastefully placed, form an elegant dress. Dark ribbons completely change the appearance of the dress; with pink or blue petticoats the dress appears metamorphosed for travelling.

The number of flounces varies from three to seven; they are scalloped large, round or pointed.

At present much trimming is worn, coloured or white: for example, a tulle dress, looped up with bows of pink, blue, or cherry colour, dark figured ribbon, or even Scotch plaids; this fashion we believe to be imported from England. Organdie is also worn with this same trimming. We have seen one with five flounces. A pink ribbon is drawn through the hem of each flounce, at the fast making a bow, with long ends, which join the next flounce; bows of ribbon on the shoulders, with streamers, completing an elegant dress. On a petticoat of white taffetas are four skirts of tulle, also white, each looped up by blue ribbon, with *mauds contraires*—of course, smaller as they reach the waist. Another dress in tulle: Four jupes, two pink and two white; the pink being the hem longer than the white: the hem to be eight centimetres in width. The body is *bonillonné de rose et de blanc*. The *coiffure* is of roses the same tint.

A new article for dress has appeared—*la batiste de laine*. It is plain *et sec*; particularly adapted for travelling. It is made *à disposition*, and wears extremely well.

Head-dress is worn of natural flowers, velvet, ribbon, and lace; with a dress of worked muslin, two *volans*, pointed body, bows and streamers on shoulders. Berthe, two rows of lace on the chest; a bouquet of natural flowers, to match the *coiffure*. Bouquets are worn smaller than last year. A favourite *capotte* is made in vegetable straw, trimmed in *cérise*; inside, flowers of the same colour.

The mantelet is made up in taffetas, with rows of narrow velvet: *volant* of lace. Albanaise or Valencia, grey ground, red and *cérise* stripes.

Bonnets, straw and horsehair, of different patterns.

DRESSES OF THE QUEEN AND MRS. ABBOTT LAWRENCE AT THE LATE DRAWING-ROOM.—The queen wore a train of white poplin, embroidered with small wreaths of the rose, thistle, and shamrock in colors; the petticoat was of white satin. The head-dress was composed of feathers and a wreath of red roses. Mrs. Lawrence wore a train of green velvet, lined with pink glacé, and trimmed with point de Venise; dress of pink *chiné moiré antique*. The head-dress was composed of feathers, point de Venise lappets, and the ornaments were a profusion of diamonds and emeralds.

#### ANGLO-JAPANESE WORK.

This elegant and most useful work is very easy in its execution, while the means and appliances for its performance are within the reach of every one. The materials are simply yellow withered leaves, a little dissolved gum, black paint, and copal varnish; while the objects to be ornamented may be a box, cupboard, table, &c., in fact, any old furniture that has been rendered unsightly by age or long use. A plain deal box, costing about a shilling, may by this process, so far as the outside goes, be converted into a costly-looking dressing-case. An exquisite chess-board may be made, with very little skill, from a square piece of deal. Flower-pots, polo-screens, folding and hand-screens, may all be decorated in this manner, and from untidy-looking lumber, may be converted

into articles of use, elegance, and beauty; and this at a merely nominal expense, *taste* being the chief requisite in the production. The employment forms one of the most agreeable and pleasing amusements for summer days and winter evenings; in the summer giving a purpose and an aim to many a joyous ramble, for in these desultory walks a goodly collection may be made of Nature's ambered jewels.

All leaves that are small, of uneven shape, and serrated at the edges, are well adapted for this work. As they are collected, they should be placed between sheets of paper, but not close together, then pressed by placing a board on the top, with a weight upon it, to express any moisture that may be therein, and to render them quite flat. In the autumn, the sweet-scented geranium-leaves, the maple, thorn, chrysanthemum, wild parsley, fern, and a multitude of others may be found, including the smaller sycamore and small vine leaves; but they must all have turned of a golden hue, or reddish-tinted yellow. Prepare the article to be ornamented thus: First rub the surface smoothly down with sand-paper; then coat it over with black paint, which can be procured ready mixed at any oil-shop; when dry, rub it down smoothly with pumice-stone, and give two more coats. When these are dry, arrange the leaves on the surface in a careless manner, but not in groups, unless preferred. Butterflies, drawn and colored yellow with gamboge, or cut out of prints, and then colored, may be struck at different spaces with advantage; but there should be no other color than the brown and different tints of yellow in the leaves. Gum the wrong side of the leaf, and press it on its appointed place with a hard tuft of wadding, fastened tightly up in a piece of silk. Continue this with the whole of the leaves; and when they are all gummed on, dissolve some gelatine or isinglass in warm water, and while rather warm, brush it well over every portion of the work, using the brush entirely one way, not forward and back. When dry, give the work three coats of the best copal varnish, letting the article remain a day or two between each coat. This process, though elaborate in detail, is easily and even quickly done, and will well repay any trouble that may be taken, as, with a renewed coat of varnish every five or six years, it will remain, as long as the wood will hold together, as bright in appearance as when first finished.

#### CANDLE-LAMP MAT.

*Materials*.—Half ounce each of stone-color and shaded violet, 8-thread; half ounce of shaded amber, 4-thread Berlin wool; 4 yards of ordinary-sized blind or skirt-cord; 77 small curtain rings, the size measuring across five-eighths of an inch; Nos. 1 and 2 Penelope Hook; 2 bunches No. 6 steel beads.

With No. 1 hook, and drab wool, work 11 stitches over the end of the cord; double in as small a circle as possible, unite, and work 2 stitches into every loop for three more rounds.

5th round.—1 stitch into every loop.

6th.—Increase 1 stitch in every 2d loop. There must be 72 stitches in this round.

7th.—Place a pin in every 9th loop, and in this same 9th loop work with 8-thread violet, 1 stitch; then 2 stitches drab in the next 8 loops, that is,



increasing 1 stitch in about the 4th loop; repeat this all round.

8th.—Work 3 stitches violet into the 1 violet stitch; then 9 stitches drab, working only 8 stitches in the last compartment, to commence next row.

9th.—In the last drab stitch that was not worked into, work 1 violet stitch; then 4 more violet; then 7 drab, increasing 1 in 4th stitch; in the last compartment make only 2 drab after the increased stitch, in order to make 8 violet in next round.

10th.—8 violet, the 1st to come before the 5th violet of last row, and the last to come after the 5th violet, but increasing 1 violet on the 5th stitch; then 7 drab, increasing one in the 4th drab stitch.

11th.—All violet, increasing 1 in every 5th stitch.

12th.—All violet, but without increasing, unless required.

The diameter of the mat should now measure six inches across; but, should it be required larger, another row of cord, or even two, will give the increased size.

Now do under all the rings, about 30 to 32 stitches for each ring are necessary; unite and tie the knot very neatly, and sew six of these rings round a 7th, sewing them with cotton the color, and sewing them at the parts where each ring is joined, about 6 stitches in length; be careful that no stitches are seen on the right side; then sew steel beads round the centre ring, taking up five to six beads at a time on the needle; then place the needle between the joinings of the rings, take upon it about 25 beads, and draw the cotton across to the opposite point; repeat this twice more; sew the circles of rings on to the mat by two of the rings, and sew the circles together by one ring. Any other color beside amber will do for the rings. If the table-cover is scarlet, green wool should be used; if blue, amber; or if green, scarlet or pink.

#### RECEIPTS, &c.

A VERY PLEASANT PERFUME, AND ALSO PREVENTIVE AGAINST MOTHS.—Take of cloves, caraway seeds, nutmeg, mace, cinnamon, and Tonquin beans, of each one ounce; then add as much Florentine orris-root as will equal the other ingredients put together. Grind the whole well to powder, and then put it in little bags, among your clothes, &c.

AN EXCELLENT DISH.—*Potatoes "à la Maitre d'Hotel."*—Boil the potatoes, and let them become cold; then cut them into rather thick slices. Put a lump of fresh butter into a stewpan, and add a little flour—about a teaspoonful for a middling-sized dish. When the flour has boiled a little while in butter, add by degrees a cupful of broth or water; when this has boiled up, put in the potatoes, with chopped parsley, pepper, and salt. Let the potatoes stew a few minutes, then take them from the fire, and when quite off the boil add the yolk of an egg beat up with a little lemon juice and a table-spoonful of cold water. As soon as the sauce has set, the potatoes may be dished up and sent to table.

#### HOUSEKEEPER'S KEYS.

DISINFECTANTS.—Do our lady readers understand

the simple theory of disinfectants? Every house keeper has had occasion to use chloride of lime: half a pound to five gallons of water, is the quantity recommended by a very able chemist. Aromatic vinegar poured upon a heated iron plate is perhaps the pleasantest of all, though not always to be had, or remarkably economical. The cheapest, and, at the same time, one of the most convenient and agreeable of all, is common coffee. Pound the well-dried *raw* bean in a mortar, and strew the powder on a moderately heated iron plate. Just traversing the house with a roaster containing freshly burned coffee will clear it from all offensive smells.

#### THE BUSINESS OF BEING BEAUTIFUL.

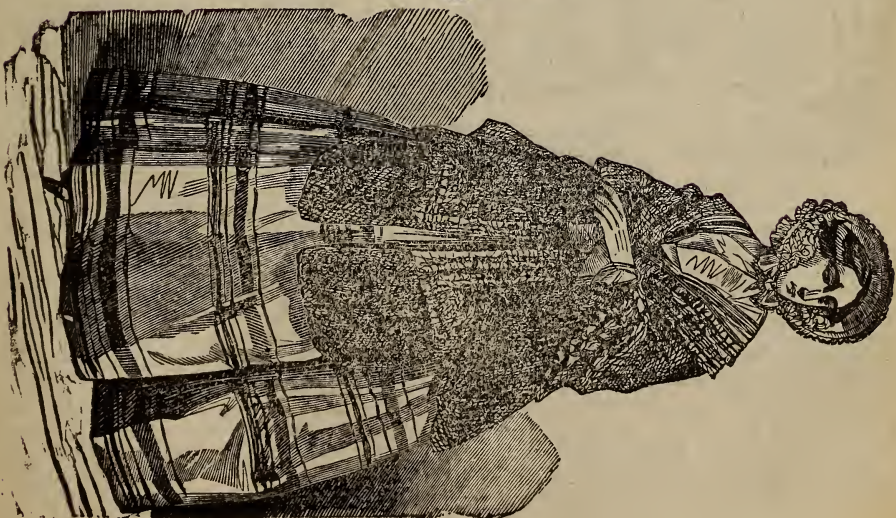
We commend the following notes on the "business of being beautiful" to the attention of our younger ladies, who are just commencing a self-forming process of character. We know it is rather a new doctrine; that the world, as a general thing, will cry it down under the name of vanity; but we separate the consciousness of giving pleasure by grace or deficiency from the vulgar pride in physical advantages, to which, and their display, the name more properly belongs. It is not a selfish motive, that of giving pleasure to others, and every one knows that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." The "Quarterly" is a good authority, moreover, and we quote from the "Quarterly," so, ladies, it is your duty to be beautiful, whether you like it or not.

"Man's face is bound to be clean, and may be allowed to be picturesque; but it is a woman's business to be beautiful. Beauty of some kind is so much the attribute of the sex, that a woman can hardly be said to feel herself a woman who has not, at one time of her life, at all events, felt herself to be fair. Beauty confers an education of its own, and that always a feminine one. Most celebrated beauties have owed their highest charms to the refining education which their native ones have given them. It was the wisdom as well as the poetry of the age of chivalry that it supposed all women to be beautiful, and treated them as such.

"What can be more false or cruel than the common plan of forcing upon a young girl the withering conviction of her own plainness? If this be only a foolish sham to counteract the supposed demoralizing consciousness of beauty, the world will soon counteract that; but, if the victim have really but a scanty supply of charms, it will, in addition to incalculable anguish of mind, only diminish those further still. To such a system alone can we ascribe an unhappy anomalous style of young woman, occasionally met with, who seems to have taken on herself the vows of voluntary ugliness—who neither eats enough to keep her complexion clear, nor smiles enough to set her pleasing muscles in action—who prides herself on a skinny parsimony of attire which she calls neatness—thinks that alone respectable which is most unbecoming—is always thin, and seldom well, and passes through the society of the lovely, the graceful, and the happy, with the vanity that apes humility on her poor disappointed countenance, as if to say, 'Stand back, I am uncomelier than thou!'"



Fashions for July.







## THE LAW OF CROCHET.



PARLIAMENT has at length been compelled to give its ever-tardy attention to a question deeply affecting the domestic happiness of thousands of her MAJESTY'S married subjects. We allude to the Crochet question. The measure is entitled, "*An Act to Amend, Consolidate, and Define the Law of the Crochet-Hook.*"

The PREAMBLE recites that the power of the Crochet-Hook has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished.

Clause 3, exempts a husband from all the penalties of looking grumpy and

being a disagreeable cross old thing, in certain cases; namely,—

*When a lovely anti-macassar is held up for his admiration, he having at the time one or more buttons deficient in his shirt.*

Clause 5, provides that nothing in that Act contained shall prevent a devoted wife from sitting up till any hour of the night darning stockings, or mending the children's things.

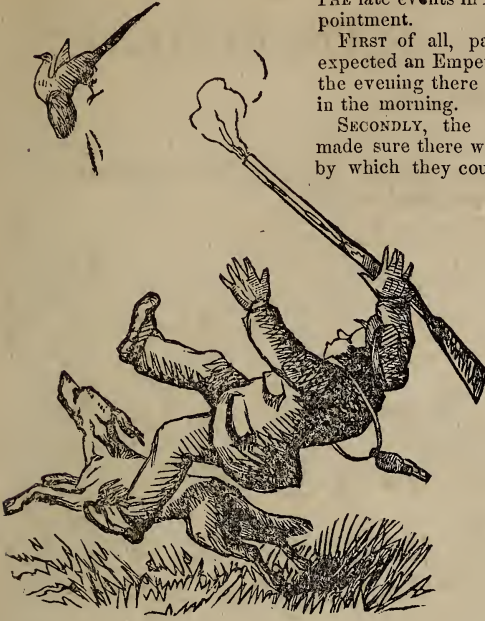
Clause 6, declares that all disputes arising as to the meaning of any words in the Act shall be settled by the husband, without appeal.

Clause 8, provides that the husband shall be obliged to furnish his wife with the means of

rational and sensible amusement during his absence from home; namely, if a lawyer, he had better give her some copying to do; if a merchant, he can send her account-books to cast up; and, if an author, he can desire her to read his works; but this latter task (which no author's wife can condescend to perform) is to be prescribed in moderation.

There are some other Clauses, but their nature will be explained on the discussion of the measure. The charge of the Bill in the House of Lords will be entrusted to LORD BROUGHAM, who is celebrated for his Crochet work, and in the House of Commons to MR. DISRAELI, because he really works very fairly—with a hook.

## A GRAND DISAPPOINTMENT.



THE late events in Paris may be characterised as a Grand Disappointment.

FIRST of all, part of the Army was disappointed. They expected an Emperor before the day was half over; whereas in the evening there was only a Prince President just the same as in the morning.

SECONDLY, the Orleanists were disappointed, because they made sure there would have been a row of some sort or other by which they could not fail to have profited; whereas things passed off so quietly, that they were no nearer the throne after the review than they had been before it.

THIRDLY, the Legitimists were disappointed for the same reason.

FOURTHLY, the Republicans were on the lookout for a *coup d'état*, and were in hopes that something good to their cause might come out of it; but no *coup d'état* occurring, they were equally disappointed with all the others.

FIFTHLY, the foreigners and strangers, who flocked to Paris in the strong expectation that the Empire was to be proclaimed, came away terribly disappointed, declaring that they had been seduced there under false pretences, as nothing had taken place beyond a stupid review, of which the dust took very good care to prevent them seeing anything.

And LASTLY, LOUIS NAPOLEON was more the soldiers, because they had all the hard work to do, without any of the feasting that followed afterwards. They expected showers of champagne and *saucissons* at least, but had nothing to swallow but dust and disappointment.

So, under all the circumstances, we think we are perfectly justified in characterising the late Fêtes of Paris as a—

GRAND DISAPPOINTMENT.

disappointed than anyone else, as he rose in the morning with the full certainty that the Army would proclaim him Emperor, and went to bed at eight o'clock with the unpleasant conviction that some one had made a slight mistake.

And the fact is, every one was disappointed, officers and soldiers included. The officers because they had several days' pay deducted to pay the expenses of a fête that only ended in smoke; and

## IMPROMPTU DINNERS.

An Advertisement with the above heading annoys us daily. We are by no means *gourmands*, but we cannot say we relish the idea of an *impromptu* dinner. The very word "*impromptu*" seems inevitably to imply haste. Now, if there's one thing more than another that an Englishman hates to hurry over, it is unquestionably his dinner. The suggestion is, therefore, nationally repugnant to our taste. In America we could fancy "*impromptu* dinners" would be in great request. Celerity is there the motto of the people, and nowhere is the spirit of go-aheadism more conspicuously manifested than at the dinner-table.

Intrinsically, by no means would we depreciate these dinners. We have never tasted, and, therefore, cannot judge them. But nominally we must repeat, the notion is to us a disagreeable one. And if ever we are asked to an *impromptu* dinner, we shall certainly stipulate that it be what Molière calls "*un impromptu, fait à loisir.*"



## THE GREAT DERBY DAY.

Rt. Hon. Mr. Punch. "Now, MY LORD, WHICH DO YOU DECLARE TO WIN WITH—FREE TRADE, OR PROTECTION?"



# "AT GLOAMIN I'LL BE THERE, LOVE!"

## A Ballad.

WORDS BY JAMES PATERSON, ESQUIRE: MUSIC COMPOSED AND DEDICATED TO MISS HARRIS,  
BY J. P. CLARKE, MUS. BAC.

ANDANTE.

Voice.~~~~~

Piano-Forte.

Sym. mf

When

a's to rest and nane trows, Doun among the green knowes, Whaur bonnie grows,  
the broom

Fine. Verse.

Wilt thou meet me there, love? What time the bleat dees frae the fauld, And

Fine.

sleep by wea - ry na-ture tauld, Seals up the e'en o' young and auld, At

*retard.*

Gloamin I'll be there, love!

*col. voce.*

*Da Capo. Allegro.*

## II.

The setting sun may e'erie fa',  
 And wild the gathering blast may blaw,  
 Wi' fearfu' din, yet still for a',  
     At Gloamin I'll be there, love!  
 When a's to rest and nane trows, &c.

## III.

There's something to my bosom dear,  
 I wadna' tyne for world's gear,  
 And just to whisper 't in thy ear,  
     At Gloamin I'll be there, love!  
 When a's to rest and nane trows, &c.

## IV.

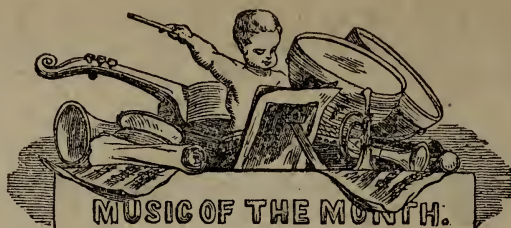
My plaid frae scaith to row thee in,  
 An artless tale your heart to win,  
 Just whaur the burn louns o'er the linn,  
     At Gloamin I'll be there, love!  
 When a's to rest and nane trows, &c.

## V.

In pity, Katy, listen then,  
 Your wakriefe mither ne'er will ken;  
 Steal softly out, and doun the glen.  
     At Gloamin I'll be there, love!  
 When a's to rest and nane trows,  
 Don amang the green knowes,  
 Whaur the bonnie broom grows,  
 Wilt thou meet me there, love?







## MUSICAL EVENTS AND NEW MUSIC.

THE most striking Musical features of the past month have been the Concerts by "The Paiges," "The Germanians," and "The Vocal Music Society."

The Selections for the first of these events struck us as injudicious, and not of a popular cast. We do not think, moreover, that it is indispensable for every *debutante* to sing "Casta Diva." Miss Paige is a pleasing young singer, requiring age and practice to mature a voice of moderate compass. She lacks neither talent, taste, or feeling, and will, doubtless, become a pleasing stock singer. Mr. Paige has a fine voice, but is too *manieré* for our taste; and, to do justice to his organ, he must adopt a simpler style.

THE GERMANIANS.—These Concerts afforded, as was anticipated, a rich treat to such lovers of harmony as, from the cultivation of their taste, are enabled to comprehend and appreciate the higher developments of genius. The concerted pieces performed on Friday included the Overtures to Masaniello and Guillaume Tell, the Wedding March in "Midsummer Night's Dream," a Terzetto by Verdi; besides waltzes and galops by Wittman, &c. Of these, the Overture to "Guillaume Tell," was the most exquisitely performed, and was listened to with breathless attention by the audience. The terzetto for Clarionette, Corno and Bassoon, was charmingly given, and deservedly encored. M. Schultze's fantasia on the violin, was most favourably received, and deserved great commendation: the *artiste* possesses an accuracy of ear, and a facility of execution, which argues a brilliant career.

The Saturday evening's Concert was a gem in every sense of the word. Everything was perfect of its kind; and M. Alfred Jaell created

a complete *furor* by the mingled sweetness and brilliancy of his execution. Except Leopold DeMeyer, no artist has visited Toronto who can be compared to Jaell. A greater musical feast than was afforded us on Saturday evening, we never expect-ed to listen to; but the Concert on Monday evening was even a more brilliant display, and more easily imagined than described. The programme was delightfully arranged, and selected from the most popular works of "Beethoven," "Rossini," "Verdi," "Herold," "Lanner," &c., and it would be impossible to say which of the pieces were best executed. We, however, think Verdi's Grand Overture to Nabucco and Rossini's dramatic "Siege of Corinth," not to be compared with the massive grandeur of Beethoven's grand finale from the symphony in C Minor. Lanner's lively and sparkling waltzes always please us, and the "Congress Ball Dance," was a gem, as well as the Aria from "Pré aux Clercs," for violin and clarionette. The "Merry Figaro," a piece containing seventeen different airs, closed the evening's entertainments.

The foregoing notice of these performers will satisfy them and the public, that we are quite ready and anxious to do justice to meritorious talent, wherever it exists. We have no doubt that the interests of the press generally were not overlooked by the agents of these performers, but we must remark that we were an exception to the courtesy usually extended to those connected with the periodical literature of the city. We had to pay for our gratification. We are well aware that we may be accused of a somewhat close imitation of the New York *Albion*, in its strictures recently passed on Goldschmidt, for a similar instance of neglect; but agreeing so completely, as we do, with our contemporary, we can not conceive that we err in following his

example. Artists should never overlook the fact that when their evident interest is to conciliate public opinion and favour, for the purpose of future fame and emolument, the easiest, the customary, and the cheapest way of effecting this, is to invite the candid criticism of the Press, and this is always best done by forwarding tickets of admission to the office of publication.

It may be argued that we were not yet in existence, and that therefore we were not considered in the distribution which did take place.—But it was pretty generally known throughout the city, that our publication would issue on the 1st July, and that our notices would be therefore for the past month; we consequently take this early opportunity of checking what we must consider as culpable negligence and indifference, which cannot be allowed to exist with impunity.

The Concert by the Vocal Music Society was, in excellent taste, dedicated to the Memory of Moore, and the selection was rewarded with what it merited—a “bumper.” This Society improves most rapidly, and reflects great credit alike on the exertions of the Conductor J. P. Clarke, Mus. Bac. and the application of the pupils.

“The Banshee,” “Hark! the Vesper Hymn,” “The Canadian Boat Song,” were most effectively given, as were also some of the Solos. We forbear particularizing, as it is hard from a pretty *bouquet* to select the prettiest flower; we will, therefore, only remark, that they well deserve the liberal meed of praise bestowed on them by the various daily journals.

Mr. and Miss Paige most kindly lent their aid, and most sweetly and touchingly were the delicious “Believe me if all these endearing young charms,” and “The last rose of summer,” sung,—melodies which have so linked soul, sentiment and song, as to come ever fresh upon the ear.

We think the compliment paid to the large Irish population of Canada, by the tribute offered to Erin's bard, should recommend this most deserving Society to their gratitude, for we cannot doubt that amongst the most treasured relics of his Fatherland, which the emigrant carries in his heart of hearts, are the well-remembered melodies of his native country. Almost painfully sweet must those strains

have fallen on the ear of the Irish present, awaking in their bosoms that indescribable home-sickness, so peculiar to the natives of mountainous countries. Such emotions are difficult to describe; but Moore himself has pictured similar in his exquisite lines on Music, when he says:—

“Oh, how welcome breathes the strain!  
Wakening thoughts that long have slept!  
Kindling former smiles again,  
In faded eyes that long have wept.”

We see it announced that Sontag will come to America, but when her *debut* may be expected, is, as yet involved in much uncertainty. Grisi and the veteran Lablache are also spoken of as meditating a visit, but when? or can we expect so much good fortune in one year?

#### NEW MUSIC.

We perceive amongst the collection of New Music at Messrs. Nordheimer's establishment, “The Maple Leaf,” by J. P. Clarke, Mus. Bac.; this we most heartily recommend to all lovers of music. Either as a solo or arranged as a chorus, as we have heard it, it is a beautiful song, and worthy the composer's reputation. “The Belle of the Ball,” will also be found to be very pretty, as are “Stars of Love,” “Song of the Exile,”—both by Wallace—“Ruth and Naomi,” “Every land my home,” and the “Emigrant Ship.” Amongst the Waltzes are “The Mayflower,” “Echo of Home,” and “Tantallon.” The Polkas are “The Scotch Fusilier,” and the “Osborne House.”

#### ALBONI.

The great contralto, perhaps the greatest in the World, with whom no one is ever compared, unless it be Angri, arrived in New York on the 7th June, in the Hermann, accompanied by Signori Roviére and Sangiovanni and made her debut on Wednesday the 23rd June at Metropolitan Hall.

The reception which greeted her was one of the warmest description; and the plaudits occupied some time, before the symphony to her opening song, the *cavatina* from “Semi-ramide” was allowed to proceed. This is a flattering testimonial of approbation, and one which we do not often witness. Her success was the more remarkable, as a proof of the great intrinsic interest and power which Madame Alboni's singing possesses, since



*contralti* generally require the contrast of *soprani* to give them proper relish. The ear naturally awaits those acute and brilliant tones of the higher treble, which so perfectly distinguish the voices of the female from those of the opposite sex; but Madame Alboni scarce leaves us anything to wish for. The upper and lower notes are so beautifully balanced and contrasted in themselves; such are the grace, the ease, and the finish, with which her ornaments (and not too exuberantly either) are applied; and above all, such is the *sincerity* of her style, that it seems to create a place for itself in the mind which for the time brings us completely under its influence.

The first song was sung by the new tenor, Signor Sangiovanni. This is an exquisite voice, a pure Italian tenor; and his singing afforded us very great gratification throughout the evening. The delicacy of his tones may at present be rather at the expense of power (perhaps from recent labour in the attainment of the polish and culture which he exhibited); but such a voice in the musical drama, when the opera season comes round again, would be a great acquisition to any manager. Signor Rovere seemed to forget that he was not exactly on his native element, the boards of the operatic stage, and entered with such a spirit into Donizetti's comic duo from "*L'Elisir d'Amore*," as must have appeared a little extraordinary to those unacquainted with its genius. He is a capital *buffo* however.

#### FOREIGN.

EACH week's report from London is a perfect wilderness of all sorts of Concerts. As well might we try to enumerate the qualities of each particular nest of Songbirds in the June woods, as to keep the run of them. The Illustrated News says, with a heavy sigh, "This has been a trying week for the musical critics, who have been daily called upon to attend divers grand Morning and Evening Concerts, Classical Meetings, *Matinees* and *Soirees Musicales*, sometimes two or three in a day." We may however mention the debut of two new *Prima Donnas*. M<sup>me</sup>. Jullienne at the Royal Italian Opera, and M<sup>me</sup>. Lagrange at 'Her Majesty's.' Madame Jullienne's debut is thus noticed,

"Her *début* in Donizetti's "*Martiri*," on the 20th of April last, has been duly recorded in the columns of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS Her Majesty and Prince Albert were present on the occasion. Four times has this work been given, and the third and fourth acts twice, the last time on Tuesday night, and no *artiste* has ever produced a more striking impression on the public than M<sup>me</sup>. Jullienne. The duo between her and Tamberlik in the last scene of the "*Martiri*," for veritable enthusiasm, has never been exceeded. On the 20th of May, M<sup>me</sup>. Jullienne sang for the first time in London the part of *Rachèle* in

the Italian version of "*La Juive*," the Queen and Prince Albert honouring the representation with their presence, and remaining from the first scene to the fall of the curtain. In this magnificent opera, which, in addition to its intensely interesting libretto, contains some of the finest dramatic music ever heard, M<sup>me</sup>. Jullienne has permanently established her fame as a great lyric *artiste*. In all operas in which a powerful soprano is required for strong passions, Madame Jullienne is invaluable. She is yet but young in the profession, and her coming in contact with the refined school of Italian vocalisation cannot fail to develop ultimately the liberal gifts with which she has been endowed by nature, in a still higher degree.

Madame de Lagrange is thus estimated by Musical Savans.

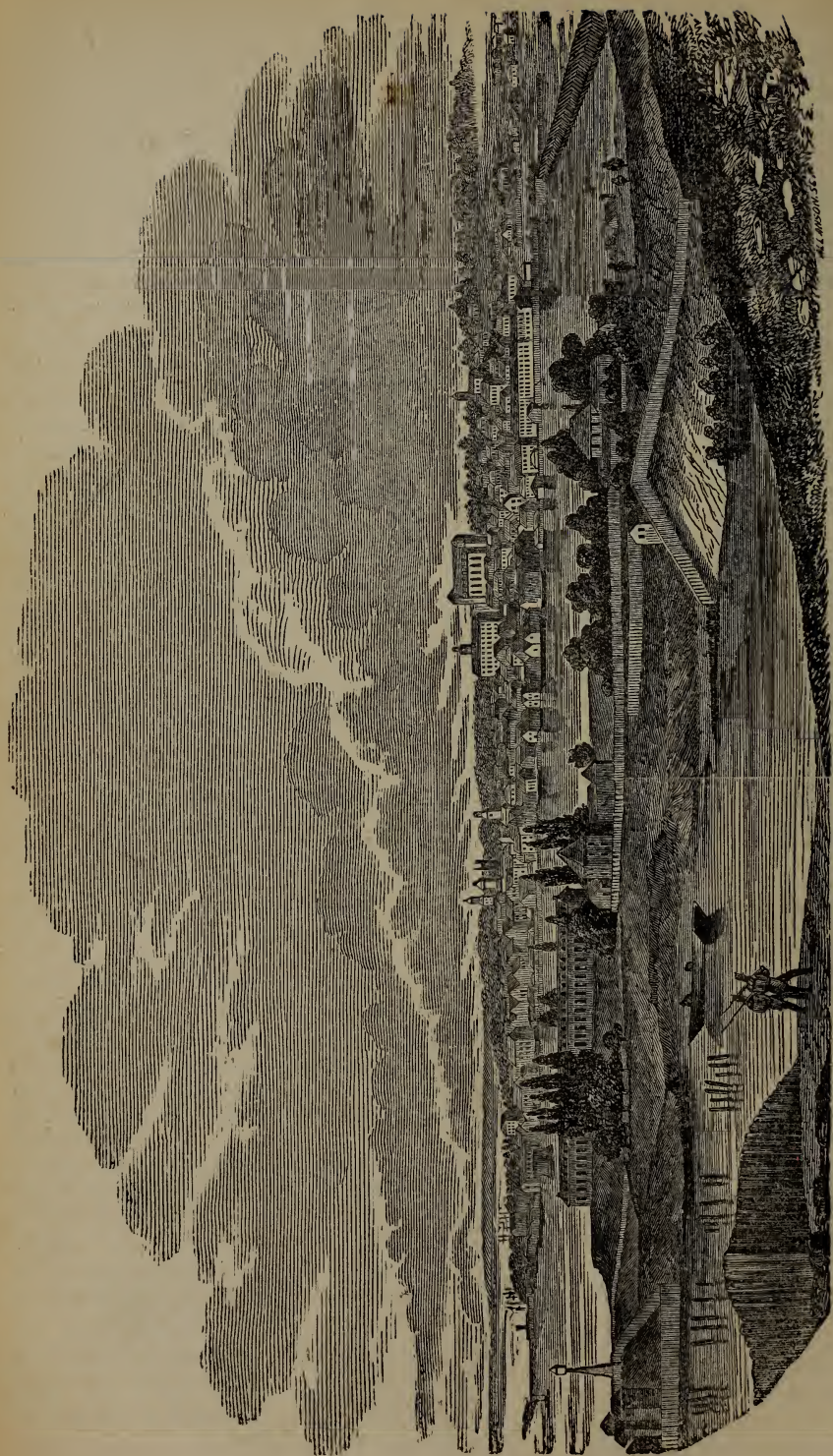
"Madame de Lagrange, the new *prima donna*, whose name we have just mentioned, is a French lady of rank, who originally appeared in 1839 on the stage of the Renaissance (Théâtre des Italiens), in Paris, as an amateur, in Flotow's opera "*La Duchesse de Guise*." Such was the impression made by her talent, that she subsequently began an operatic career in Italy; and for some years has sung on the lyric boards of that country as well as in Germany. On Saturday night she appeared as *Lucia*, and repeated the performance on Tuesday—Gardoni being the *Edgardo*, Susini *Bidebent*, Mercuriali *Arturo*, and Ferlotti *Enrico*. Madame de Lagrange's version of Sir Walter Scott's heroine is in accordance with the picture of the novelist: it is gentle, lady-like, and unassuming; and even in the provocative to exaggeration supplied by the Italian librettist in the mad scene, her style was subdued. A tall and commanding figure and an expressive face are her physical advantages; but, as an actress, she is more to be distinguished by elegance and correctness, than by impulse and passion. Her vocalisation is that of an *artiste* who has studied in the best schools, but whose organ has been exposed to much wear and tear as in the Verdi operas. The quality of the voice is not sympathetic but it is penetrating, and in the concerted pieces will be distinctly heard. It is in the florid passages of the upper octave that the brilliancy of M<sup>me</sup>. de Lagrange's singing is most striking and effective.

Mario by his late achievements in Song seems to have totally disproved the statements advanced by some of the London Journals "That his voice is breaking" as his singing the famous "*A te O Cara*" appears to have been most enthusiastically received, and his phrasing, intonation, and expression are commented on as "beyond all praise" "his execution admirable" and "his falsetto in every respect perfect."

Of the unfortunate Miss Wagner, the bird that can sing, and would fain sing, but shant sing, we may state that the injunction continues, and that Lovers of Song are still deprived of the pleasure they so eagerly anticipated.







VIEW OF KINGSTON, C. W.

THE

# ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.—TORONTO: AUGUST, 1852.—No. 2.

## THE CITIES OF CANADA.

### KINGSTON.

THERE are few circumstances better calculated to convey a correct impression of the progressive condition of this colony, than an occasional journey over Lake Ontario in one of the water palaces which now float on its surface. When gliding along the coast with such speed, the mind is irresistibly led to contrast the scene with that which first met the eye, and old associations are awakened touching batteaux, schooners, head winds and the multifarious discomforts attending the primitive navigation of earlier voyagers. Fifteen hours, stoppages included, now constitute the utmost limit of time which the grumbling traveller can sanction for the performance of that journey which not very many years ago, as many are able to testify from personal experience, occupied commonly three weeks and occasionally a more extended period. Then, one dense forest clothed the landscape in unbroken line along the coast; here and there a few blackened stumps indicated the points of rest and refuge to the weary paddler and the storm-staid vessel. Now the meadow and the corn-field cover the slopes which border on the Lake. The cosy farm house is seen peeping from among clumps of wisely cherished trees, and flourishing towns with goodly harbours re-

ceive the cleaving prow. The character of the country we pass in our trip to Kingston, is in pleasing contrast to the upper part or even the opposite coast of the Lake. A rolling surface, with frequent bold and projecting cliffs, vary the monotony of flatness elsewhere seen, and something like a distance is observable in many places, the blue tinge so celebrated by the poet as adding enchantment to the scene, being rather more discernible, and at some places decidedly picturesque.

COBourg strikes the eye very forcibly from its situation, and makes us think we again look upon some of those coast-towns we were wont to admire, in our summer trips, about the eastern coast of our father-land.

The approach to the blue city offers, to the contemplation of the visitor, a landscape of singular feature and pleasing aspect. The approximating shores of the Lake indented with numerous inlets, the islands scattered about before us, among which we glide with pleasant smoothness, the river stealing its way from behind the buildings and the distant prospect up the Bay of Quinte, cannot be regarded with indifference, and impart an air of romance to the whole view, of a most agreeable nature. Standing in clear and bold relief against the sky, on a considerable elevation, the prominent buildings are at once perceived. The outline is one of peculiar tracing, at least



so it seems to the eye accustomed to the uniform frontage presented by Toronto. The height, position and the concomitant advantages resulting from these, and a few other peculiarities to which we shall presently allude, compel us to give the preference to Kingston over any other city on the Lake.

Our loyalty is not to be impugned, and therefore in wishing that the example so judiciously established in the case of Toronto in changing its name should be followed as regards Kingston, we cannot possibly be understood to imply anything but a wish to see a decided character given to the nomenclature of a country, whose history will hereafter afford so many points of interesting inquiry to the historian and antiquarian. The associations connected with the aboriginal names are so remarkable and the words themselves so euphonious and striking, that this alone would induce the desire to retain for Kingston its Indian appellation *Cataragui*.

The geographical position of this city, clearly establishes its claim to be considered what it undoubtedly still is, the key-stone of military defence at this end of the Lake. The crumbling ruins of Frontenac mark the keen perception of the early French settlers, and the fortifications of Fort Henry, unsurpassed in America, prove how well the Government understood its superior advantage in this respect.

On first landing from the steamer, the attention of the visitor is at once arrested by the peculiar sombre hue which everything around him seems to wear. It is impossible to divest the mind of a feeling that the inhabitants have put their city into half mourning; and it is a long time before the eye becomes familiar with this appearance, which is due to the bluish limestone, of which it is built.

But while we are startled by the uniform sobriety of colour, we cannot fail to admire the substantial character imparted to its buildings by the stone with which they are constructed. Lying on a bed of stone, the material is easily and economically obtained; indeed, in many instances, it may truthfully and literally be said, that the dwellings are hewn out of the rock. The care and finish with which the abundant stone has

been wrought into form, is highly creditable to the parties concerned, and nowhere in Canada can a better piece of masonry be seen, than that exhibited by the City Hall, with the fortifications in front of it. The streets are laid out with as much regularity as the nature of the locality would permit, the situation being on a narrow and angular promontory, running out into the Lake, and forming the western bank of the *Cataragui*.

Evidence is to be discovered of the successive checks which Kingston has received, from the external influences which have controlled its destinies, but we rejoice to think that its course is now onward, that under steadily increasing commercial relations, it will soon regain its wonted prosperity. At a time when between this point and Montreal and Albany, communication was infrequent and expensive, and scarcely a town existed to the westward, it rapidly assumed an importance which its physical advantages amply justified, and even at a later date, when the tide of emigration had set in strongly towards the west, it still retained its superiority over the other and newer cities, by becoming the place of trans-shipment for imports and exports. The war of 1812, while it disturbed, for a season, the mercantile enterprise of the place, brought with it other sources of wealth and influence. It now became the principal seat of military and naval operations, and the noble fortifications on Point Henry, with the large body of soldiery stationed there, were good reasons, one would imagine, for making it also the seat of Government of the Province. After a season this result was compassed, in spite of the outcry of its propinquity to a hostile frontier. Then it was that an impulse was given to it, which bid fair to render it the capital indeed of the West. This hope was, however, blighted—the Union of the Provinces, and the mutability of human opinion, combined to remove this cause of prosperity, and for a time the city felt severely the consequence of hasty and overstrained speculation. Nor was this the only adverse cause at work to mar its fortunes. The improvement in the navigation of both Lake and River,—the construction of the Canals on the St. Lawrence, by which vessels of considerable tonnage could pass directly through to Montreal; and latterly the discovery of the practicable navigation of the once-

dreaded Long Sault and other Rapids,—all tended to divert the stream of population and trade, and carry past its wharves and store-houses the merchandize and traffic at one time its almost prescriptive right. The want of a productive farming country in its immediate vicinity, has, doubtless had the effect of deterring emigrants from selecting this as a halting point; but a little previous information, or a pause of investigation, which it is true few can afford, and many more are unwilling to make,—would satisfy the seeker after a home, that although not close around the city, there is within a reasonable distance of it, one of the most magnificent agricultural districts in the Province. If the Canal navigation brought with it detriment to the commerce of Kingston in one direction, it has, combined with increased mercantile relations with the United States, opened up a traffic which has been gradually telling upon its progress. The great water privileges enjoyed along the course of the Rideau, the facility of transport of the vast resources of the country lying to the north, and, above all, the fact of its being the nearest and most direct route to the greatest lumber mart at present existing, must secure for it a large proportion of the trade in this particular article. Some idea may be formed of the extent of this growing business done in the neighbourhood of the city alone, by the fact that, during this season, there has been already shipped, from *one* mill two millions of feet of lumber, and that there are one million and a half feet ready for exportation. Nor do the forwarders, as they are technically termed, despair that their peculiar department of business will again revive to a considerable extent, indeed they are now enjoying an earnest of its revival. The experiment of *through* shipment would seem to be failing, in as far as the heavier goods are concerned.—The loss of time and increased expense of navigating the rivers and canals does not pay the owners of sailing vessels; they declare that they can make more by quick and rapid runs between the lake ports. Should this eventually prove to be demonstrable beyond dispute, and should the fleet of steam-propellers, capable of performing the work efficiently, not increase in proportion to the swelling importations yearly exhibited by the Customs' returns, we have no doubt that

the expectations of the Kingstonians will be realized.

We have said that evidence existed of these periodical changes in the progress of the city. It is to be found in the statistics of its population, as well as in the variations of its trade. No very satisfactory statements are obtainable of the earlier days of its existence, but about the time of the war its inhabitants are presumed to have numbered 1,100. In 1837, they were found to have increased to 3,700. At the period of its incorporation, this number was much extended by including the population of several contiguous villages or settlements, and the next census shewed 8,000 inhabitants. From the removal of the Seat of Government to the census of 1849, the fluctuation was such that no great addition was made, but the census recently taken gives the population as 11,609. Following this increase in numbers within the last three years, there has also been a corresponding stimulus given to building, and the number of large stores and dwellings now in course of erection is proportionately as great as what is observed in Toronto. There is in fact a decided aspect of awakening energy about the place, like a man who has resolutely shaken himself out of a fit of apathy or somnolence, and is now determined to go to work in earnest. We wish we could say as much for the architectural excellence of the buildings as for their substantiality. There is a laboured effort at ornamentation, and a want of due proportion about some of them which is truly painful, and not in keeping with the material employed. In the few instances in which freestone or sandstone has been used for the frontage of buildings the contrast is most marked. The city is admirably drained, and now possesses an abundant supply of excellent water, brought from the lake into every cellar by efficient works. The view from the highest point of the city looking down Princess Street is remarkably fine. The commencement of the Thousand Islands, the Fort, the distant American coast, the winding Cataragui on the left, and the far stretching Bay of Quinte on the right; the broken and detached character of the city, with clumps of trees intervening, present a landscape rarely equalled.

To the great scandal of the authorities, pub-



lic auctions are permitted to be held every day in the principal business street. At one corner may be seen a collection of old stoves and decaying furniture, with the auctioneer standing on a three-legged table, shouting out the merits of some antiquated frying-pan; at another, and not very far distant, we catch sight of a piece of red calico flaunting in the breeze, and hear the stentorian lungs of the seller resounding in praise of its colour and texture, and so on along the range of vision. This taking place opposite to the doors of the principal hotel, is little calculated to convey a favourable idea of the business activity of the place—faint but distinct glimmerings come through the mind of Dickens' pictures of Bailiffs' Sales and Rag Fair.

It is somewhat singular that the most prominent object the spectator sees in approaching or entering nearly every city with which we are acquainted is its prison—as if it were a monitor put to warn the visitor against any breach of those laws, under the security of which he was moving about and enjoying himself. So it is with Kingston, on entering the bay from the westward—the Provincial Penitentiary is the principal object of interest. A large and apparently secure place it is. Horribly dismal to look at, and much more so to think of. In spite of all exertions to render this system of punishment as complete as can be, at considerable expense, statesmen are fast losing confidence in it. It is not found to be productive of that amount of moral reform which was anticipated, and daily experience shews that the confirmed offender gains no good, while the novice in crime runs a great risk of being confirmed in his evil course. In the meantime it is the only effective institution for long-continued personal restraint in the country, and is generally well filled. Indeed, it may be questioned whether it is not a happy mode of existence to many a poor creature, whose physical defects or acquired habits unfit them for obtaining a livelihood in a less constrained state of existence. Here they are provided with a sufficient amount of wholesome nourishment, and made to keep themselves in health by proper occupation and exercise. It is a premium upon laziness and waywardness; nor are instances wanting in which it can be shewn that crime has been committed for the purpose of

obtaining the shelter and comfort it bestows.

There is one advantage which Kingston possesses over Toronto, for which its inhabitants cannot be too grateful. The number of pleasant outlets for recreation which exist. An evening's row up the Cataraqui to Kingston Mills, is a treat in which many a Torontonians would rejoice on a sultry summer's day. It was here we saw, for the first time in Canada, the delightful river scenery so familiar to us in boyhood. The bold overhanging rocky banks covered with parasitical drapery, the cool refreshing pools, in which we will be bound there sported some of our finny friends of yore—and here too we pulled a bunch of green filberts in their long jackets. The rushes—the lilies—all, all were here. But for those stupendous piles of masonry before us with their large gates of wood, we never could have believed we were on the far famed Rideau Canal. Then there is the daily trip up the Bay of Quinté to Picton, Napanee, Belleville and Trentport, with all the varied scenery around the tortuous journey. The visit to Amherst and the cruise among the Thousand Isles which dot the waters before them. These are all resources which cannot be over-rated, where, as in this climate, retreat from the sultriness and confinement of City life is so desirable and so necessary for healthful enjoyment.

We have said that this is the easiest and quickest point of communication with the neighbouring states. Kingston is five hours nearer New York than any other point of Upper Canada, and an enterprising company is now cutting a canal through one of the Islands, which will reduce the distance between Kingston and Cape Vincent from twenty-one to twelve and a-half miles, by this means they will much facilitate the trade between the two countries and forge a link which will bind still more closely the growing bonds of union between them. The inevitable current thus given to the commerce of Western Canada, is truly unfortunate, and would seem to call loudly for some active measures to secure a more speedy and direct communication with the Mother Country. It is a matter of regret, to find individual localities directing all their energies to the furtherance of their individual interests, irrespective of the national prosperity. Until we possess fre-

quent ocean communication with Britain and more complete means of internal intercourse, we must be to a certain extent dependent upon our neighbours for trans-Atlantic commerce.

The sketch which accompanies this notice is taken from Point Henry, on which is built the Fort of that name. Overlooking Haldimand Cove and Navy Point, the arsenal of Kingston, we obtain an extensive view of the Eastern side of the City. It is placed rather too distant, it would be almost impossible, in the compass of so small a drawing to give, with any accuracy of detail, the principal buildings. It is impossible not to individualize one building however, as it certainly forms the most prominent and characteristic feature of the City from whatever point we see it, we allude to the Roman Catholic Church, the large building which stands to the right of the centre, and near it to the left is Regiopolis College. To the right of these may be seen St. Andrew's Church and Queen's College. The Episcopal Churches do not form such conspicuous objects as in Toronto, but still St. James' may be recognized to the left of the centre. The City Hall is in front, and in the distance appears the Hospital. There are several Martello towers forming an extended line of defence in front of the City, from Point Frederick to the western confines of the City. On the right is seen the bridge across the Catarqui, which connects the City with Barriefeld, Navy Point, and Fort Henry. It is a work of some magnitude, is kept up at considerable expense, but the tolls on it are most exorbitant. The splendid sheet of water which lies before this City, offers every temptation to the pleasures of yatching, an amusement which is kept up with much spirit, the boats built at this place being celebrated for their sailing qualities. It is, however, sometimes very dangerous, the wind blowing in severe and gusty squalls, and sweeping through the Islands with great violence. Several wrecks have occurred in consequence of the unskilfulness or temerity of the crews, and last year one accident of this kind was attended with a melancholy loss of life. Kingston was in former days the point of rendezvous for the Indian tribes when they assembled to receive the presents annually bestowed upon them by the British Government,

and when the squadron of canoes gathered in this bay, from all parts of the Continent, the sight is described to have been one of a singular and romantic kind. They used to encamp principally on a small Island opposite the town called Garden Island. Here the games, dances and other entertainments, customary on such occasions, became an object of great interest to all classes. On this Island the Aborigines would also appear to have been in the habit of depositing their dead, killed during their sanguinary conflicts with the first French settlers, and recent excavations have brought to light numerous silver ornaments and coins bearing the name *Montreal* stamped upon them, which would seem to indicate the latter City as the place of their manufacture. The society of Kingston is of a very social and pleasant kind; like all military stations it partakes of the polish and freedom resulting from the intercourse of men who have seen much of the world, and who, during the period of their service expatriation, seek to pass life as agreeably as circumstances will permit. This mutual dependence produces the greatest harmony and good feeling. The value of property is rapidly increasing. The establishment of manufactories of various kinds in addition to those which exist, for which there are great *privileges*, would tend much to promote its welfare.

It is also like most Canadian Towns devoid of a public Library or museum. There is a Mechanics Institute which possesses a tolerable collection of books, and several societies of a social and charitable nature.

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A LONG DAY.—When Sir Thomas More was Chancellor, he enjoined a gentleman to pay a large sum of money to a poor widow who had been wronged by him. "I hope your Lordship will give me a good long day to pay it in," said the debtor. "You shall have your request" replied Sir Thomas. "Monday next is St. Barnabas's day, the longest day in all the year; do you pay her then, or else you shall kiss the Fleet!"

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NINE HUSBANDS.—At Birdbroke was buried in May, 1681, Martha Blewitt, who was the wife of nine husbands successively. The text to her funeral sermon was—"Last of all the women died also."—*Wanley*.

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LOVE.—Love is a debt which inclination always pays, obligation never.—*Swift*.



# EMIGRATION TO NORTH AMERICA, CONSIDERED IN REFERENCE TO THE UNITED STATES.

It is an established axiom that "the nature of everything in this world changes with the course of time," and so it is with emigration, its advantages, and evils, its influences and consequences generally.

Emigration, from Europe to the United States presents by no means the same favorable features that it did some twenty or thirty years ago; then, it was natural, now, it is the reverse, and the truth of the adage "too much of one thing" becomes strikingly apparent with reference to our neighbours. It is our aim, then, to show, that emigration to the United States is attended with incalculable moral and physical disadvantages to all parties. This has been long felt and understood by the reflecting classes in the States, and in vain have they protested against foreign invasion while conducted by jobbing land companies and ship-owners.

The masses of the people, who only consider present pecuniary advantages, irrespective of ultimate results, are decidedly in favor of the present movement, and are either unable to perceive, or lose sight of the evils which must result; nay, which even now they suffer, from the present ill regulated system that is yearly bringing to their shores, and planting there, the seeds of future evils.

One of the most obvious and important consequences of the present movement is that the Anglo-Americans are no longer the masters of the soil; the Irish and German settlers, by their rapid increase, have wrested from them even the semblance of power. They may possess intellectual superiority but physical force is with the other party, and the process of Americanizing the population can no longer go on, while Irish and German influences are daily increasing and becoming more visible.

The great changes that have lately taken place in Europe, have produced yet more marked effects on this Continent.

The emigrants of to-day are no longer the simple, industrious and moral settlers of twenty, or even ten years ago, but to them have succeeded elements of the very opposite character—and it ought particularly to be remembered by the better classes of emigrants, that a very large majority of the European revolutionary leaders are settled in the States, indoctrinating their followers with social, political, and religious ideas, but little in consonance with Anglo-American

views, principles, and institutions. They operate secretly and openly, chiefly against Europe it is true, but Europe is far distant, and they and their army of followers have not the means of transporting themselves across the Atlantic, and if they had, they would hesitate ere they exposed themselves to the certain destruction which would await them there—dangers which these political demagogues know perfectly well how to appreciate; although they may not be so thoroughly instructed in those points which might conduce to the prosperity of the land of their adoption. Meanwhile these leaders and their supporters remain to agitate in America.

It is a well ascertained fact that throughout the Union, communistic, socialistic, and other equally dangerous associations exist, diffusing their principles among the masses of the people to an extent that Americans would not care openly to admit.

Absorbed, in their mercantile operations and difficulties, they resolutely close their eyes to all that is passing around them, and, we hope they may not delay, until it be too late, taking the necessary measures for guarding against the certain consequences of these demoralising influences.

Poverty, and we fear its necessary attendant, misery, prevail, much more generally than is admitted, in the larger American cities, and even in the more densely populated parts of the country. Competition, in every branch of business, in every part of the country, is enormous, and philanthropists are but little aware of the intense sufferings, to which the poorer classes of agricultural laborers and mechanics are exposed.

The New York *Tribune*, we think in one of the February issues for 1852, states "that, on an average, there are 100,000 souls in that city desirous of procuring work, who are unable to obtain it." In all the larger American cities a similar state of affairs more or less prevails, and the certainty of agriculturists or mechanics finding work at all is but problematical—the difficulty of finding permanent employment we know to be very great and uncertain, and even when steady work is procured it is generally of the most laborious description. Few native Americans are to be found labouring, on extensive public or private undertakings, throughout the Union.

Under these circumstances can the situation of the respectable, though poor emigrant be so desirable, or is he likely to be as contented with his lot as American writers would fain induce us to believe.

The favorite and often repeated proverb of the

Americans "Every one in this country can become rich" has long since become a mere matter of moonshine, and it would perhaps be nearer the truth were it to run "There is ample room in this country for every adventurer to succeed ;" but, even in this latter case, we fear that difficulties exist, as competition in this branch of business has of late increased amazingly.

The facility of rapidly importing, whatever is required, from Europe, daily adds to the difficulties that the mechanic has to encounter on his arrival in any of the larger Atlantic cities. In 1850 the imports exceeded the exports by fifty million of dollars, so that the mechanic has not alone to compete with his rivals in the New World, but also to no trifling extent with the master capitalists of the old, while railroads and water communication supply, the more distant parts of the country, with every thing that is required at a cheaper and better rate than they can be manufactured on the spot. All this was entirely different a few years ago, competition did not then prevail to such an extent, and the industrious emigrant had a certainty of as much work as he could perform at a remunerative price. Now, if in any part of the country there is a temporary scarcity of operatives, either for mechanical or or agricultural purposes, the railroad or the steamboat at once conveys not only a sufficiency of laborers but ten times more than is actually necessary. In short the same difficulty of living, experienced by the operatives in Europe, is yearly becoming more felt throughout the Union. To capitalists all this is most desirable ; but we would ask is this the place to which the poor man in quest of work should direct his attention? It has been calculated that on an average the emigrants to the States do not bring with them twenty dollars a-head, and consequently they have to seek for immediate employment to support themselves and their families. The emigrant on landing is beset by sharpers of every description, and but too generally his little stock of ready money is dissipated, before he has been able to carry out his original plans of proceeding West. We know from personal inquiries and observation that thousands are thus compelled to remain in the Eastern cities, adding still more, by the increase of competition, to the difficulties of obtaining work. It ought, we repeat, to be borne in mind, by that class of emigrants who have anything to lose, that emigration to the States within the last ten years has undergone a visible change in its character, and that the more peaceable classes of Europeans, anxious to emigrate, have now ceased to direct their attention to the United

States, preferring anarchy at home to social disorder in the land of the stranger. To such classes we assert that the British Provinces present a far more desirable asylum than the States, for at least they will be free from those political convulsions which are constantly agitating our neighbours. We think it peculiarly the province of the local government, to endeavour to dissipate the ignorance, which generally prevails, as to the advantages offered by this country to that respectable portion of society who wish to seek, in a new land, present support and future competence for their families. Other means, however, must be adopted than those already employed by American speculators, it would be otherwise vain to make an exertion.

Germans, French, and Belgians should be carefully put in possession of this fact, that emigration to these Provinces is not merely a transference of Irish, Germans, or other Europeans, bringing with them their language and peculiar institutions ; but that, to borrow from our neighbours somewhat their high-flown phraseology,—even as the Atlantic takes our rivers into its bosom, and assimilates all their waters to itself, imparting to them its colour, and salting them with its salt, so does our country receive into her arms the multitudes that crowd to her ; that with us there is a paternal Government, where no opportunity or encouragement is afforded to the *intrigant* of agitating, and that even as different ingredients, thrown together, yield, by a chemical process, each its peculiar properties, and blend,—here, all are so fused into one harmonious substance. It must be also carefully demonstrated to each one who is anxious to seek other shores, that emigration, with us, has hitherto been on a natural system,—that reference to a future state of society has not been lost sight of—that vast and fertile tracts are ready for their reception—and that competition has not yet reached with us the extreme pitch to which it has been forced in the States.

In our next we will endeavour to show the particular advantages offered by these colonies in comparison with the United States, and meanwhile give place to the lively and interesting "Run through the Eastern Provinces," by Amicus, who does not intend to confine his excursions to that region alone, but will follow the emigrant's course, and as he progresses westward, will give to each Province an equal attention. We warn our readers however, that we do not in this work pretend to trench on the province of the more statistical writer, and that he will give no more than a slight sketch similar to what has already appeared.



## THE EASTERN BRITISH PROVINCES.

## No. I.

THE overcrowded state of society in Great Britain and Ireland, together with limited and uncertain employment, and the recurrence of partial or general famine in the latter country, must inevitably lead to continued emigration from the British Isles. Hence the attention of the philanthropist and patriot, should be earnestly directed to discovering those points which may be most easily reached, and at the least expense; where the voluntary exile may find a congenial climate, and institutions with which he has been hitherto familiar, and establish for himself and the objects of his love and affection, by industry and perseverance, an abiding, plentiful and happy home. This consideration has induced the writer of the following pages to believe, that a description of the British Colonies which bound the Atlantic, founded on an extensive acquaintance with the Eastern Provinces, will not be unacceptable to the general reader, and may exercise a beneficial effect, in directing the course of those, who at present are undetermined as to whither they shall direct their steps.

And that the work may be rendered more attractive to others, who shall seek in its pages to find amusement for a leisure hour, he has deemed it the preferable plan, to mix up with his account of the several colonies, something of personal narrative, and allusions to events, often of a local but sometimes of a more extended character, that still exist in a recollection embracing half a century.

Descended from a parent, who at the period of the American revolution, retained his attachment and allegiance to his Sovereign, the first impressions that his youthful mind received, were formed by the conversations to which he eagerly listened in his childhood; and which were of frequent occurrence among those, who had taken part in that eventful struggle; and who, at its termination, forsook all, and left for ever their native land, to seek in the wilds of the faithful Provinces, the means of future support; where beneath the ample folds of the meteor flag of England, they would be fostered and protected, could retain their allegiance to the Parent State, and enjoy those institutions to which they had been accustomed, and to which they remained attached.

Among the frequenters of the parlour fireside, was a gentleman of the name of Moody, who resided in the western part of Nova Scotia, and who by his acts of daring and heroism, during the American revolution, had rendered himself pecu-

liarily obnoxious to those who had embarked in the popular cause, and who had several hair-breadth escapes—not only during the heat of battle, but subsequently at the hands of an infuriate mob, or those of the public executioner. On one occasion, he was so closely pursued during the night, by a party of the enemy, that his only means of escaping capture, was to lie down in a stagnant gutter on the road side, while his pursuers passed on. Fortunately for Captain Moody, their dogs were left behind, as they approached his place of concealment, or he must have been discovered. On another occasion, with some four or five other friends of the royal cause, he was surprised in a house where they were assembled, but fortunately effected a retreat by the back door, while the Americans entered at the front.

Sometimes, however, and not unfrequently, he acted on the offensive. On one occasion a number of British prisoners were confined in a village Jail, and a party with Capt. Moody at their head, decided upon their liberation. They accordingly proceeded to the prison, and waking the jailor up, they pretended to be Americans, and informed him they had captured Capt. Moody, whom they wished to commit to his custody. Deeming this intelligence too extraordinary to be true, he expressed his doubts of its correctness, until satisfied by the assurance of the pretended prisoner himself. Thus thrown off his guard he descended, and on opening the door was immediately secured, and the inmates of the prison, one of whom was to have been executed on the following day, were thus restored to liberty.

At length, however, Capt. Moody was taken prisoner, but the keeper of his prison, having a dance there a few nights after his capture, with the aid of associates outside, and facilitated in the attempt to escape, by the noise made by the bumpkin dancers, he sawed the bars of a window and the next moment was free.

At the breaking out of the French revolutionary war, Col. Moody—for such then was his Militia title—received a commission as Captain in a Provincial regiment, that was raised in Nova Scotia, where he resided; and as such performed duty in the garrison at Halifax, when commanded by His Royal Highness the late Duke of Kent, father of Her present Majesty. He subsequently retired to his farm, and lived to a good old age.

Sometime previous to his death, he was attacked by apoplexy, shortly after leaving home on an old and favorite horse; and on this occasion was exhibited an instance of affection and sagacity by that animal, which probably is not

exceeded by any other on record. The creature finding that his master did not recover after falling from his back, promptly returned home. The distance was considerable and he did not arrive there until after the gate was fastened and the family had retired to rest; but, as was evident from his footprints, he galloped round the enclosure, either for the purpose of attracting attention or finding an opening; failing in this, he went to the house of a neighbouring farmer, whom he succeeded in awaking by the noise he made. The man finding Col. Moody's horse without a rider, naturally concluded that some accident had befallen its master, and proceeded to alarm the family. Lanthorns were obtained; and following the faithful creature, they were conducted to the spot where the Colonel still lay in a state of unconsciousness; he was conveyed home, and lived some years afterwards, reciprocating the attachment of the noble quadruped.

It is much to be regretted, while the Americans have manufactured so many popular tales from the occurrences connected with the revolution, to which they have given their own version, and placed their opponents not only in the wrong, but as always labouring under defeat,—that some talented individual in the Provinces has not been found, to collect some of the numerous facts that are still stored in the minds of the few remaining loyalists, and by publication, to rescue them from that oblivion into which they are fast falling. Probably no better means exist, of comprehending the intense loyalty of those who adhered to the Parent State, or the feeling of deadly hostility that pervaded the public mind at that unhappy period, when civil war spread its devastating and murderous influences everywhere throughout the land.

During one of my tours in New Brunswick, I happened to call at the house of an old gentleman of the name of Brittain, who had commanded a troop of horse at the commencement of the revolution, and was on his return to the city of New York, when he was intercepted by a party of the rebels. Years had rolled on since the occurrence of the event, the snows of age had gathered on his head, and he was fast approaching the tomb, to which he soon afterwards descended; but in describing the transaction of that day, all his youthful fire was reawakened; he repeated with vividness and apparent exactness, the dialogue and epithets that were reciprocated between the Dutch officer, who commanded the hostile party, and himself; when, giving the necessary orders to his men, they cut their way through the opposing force, having, as he said, the honour of

firing the first gun discharged in that part of the country, when hostilities commenced.

And yet there were redeeming traits in that unnatural war between brethren of the same race and nation. On another occasion, I met an old lady, who resided near Sussex Dale, in the same Province. She told me, that one day a British regiment passed the house of her parents: the male portion of the family were from home, having assembled to oppose the force then marching to the attack. Two young soldiers dropped out of the advancing ranks, and completely exhausted by the march, were laid down beneath a tree, expecting to die.

The females in the house had observed what took place, and hastened to succour the exhausted youths. "Providentially," said the old lady, we had veal broth for dinner that day;" which was prudently administered to the invalids; by evening they had recovered sufficiently to reach the house, and after a few days, were able to resume their march, and to re-join their regiment; which some time afterwards returned by the same route, and the grateful fellows obtained leave to enter the house, and reiterate their thanks to those who had in all probability saved their lives: through whose instrumentality, they were enabled eventually to return to their native country, re-visit their paternal home, and cause a mother's heart to leap for joy.

In referring to Her Majesty's North American possessions, persons beyond the Atlantic, and even in the United States, are under the impression, that Canada embraces the entire range of those Provinces, whereas Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, form separate and independent governments; presided over by Lieutenant Governors, with Legislatures of their own. In New Brunswick, as well as in Canada, there are extensive tracts of ungranted land, inviting the sturdy settler; and where immigrants from the British Isles, will find corresponding and kindred minds.

The tract of country embraced within the limits of the Eastern Provinces, commences at the mouth of the Bay of Fundy, at the Island of Grand Manan; the boundary line extending up St. Andrew's Bay, and the Scoddie or St. Croix River, which empties into it, to the source of the Cheputneticook, thence by a line, running due north in longitude sixty-eight, until it strikes the River St. John, near Grand Falls; along the middle of that river, with a slight but important deviation, in accordance with the Ashburton treaty (of which I shall hereafter have to speak) to



the source of its south-west branch; all the territory on the opposite side of the St. John, belong to Canada or New Brunswick, with the exception alluded to, till it reaches the northern boundary of the latter Province—the Restigouche River, which falls into the Baie des Chaleurs, so named by Jaques Cartier in 1534, on account of the excessive heat which he there experienced, and which opens into the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

From this bay, the boundary continues in a south-east direction, including Prince Edward Island, to the most easterly part of Cape Breton; thence westwardly, along the south coast of that island and Nova Scotia, to the entrance of the Bay of Fundy, nearly opposite the place of beginning; the waters of which bay separate the two Provinces. Within these extended limits, reside a hardy, intelligent and contented people; who, although at present agitated by local politics, are no where to be exceeded in attachment to the government and institutions of their country, in loyalty to the Sovereign to whom they owe allegiance, or in obedience to the laws.

As the Bay of Fundy is distinct from either Province, probably a brief description of its extraordinary natural features may not be inappropriate here. This bay is an immense arm of the Atlantic, extending from one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles, in a north-east direction, into which the waters of the ocean pour with every returning and receding tide, with incredible velocity; rising from about thirty feet at St. Andrew's, near its entrance, to sixty and even seventy, at the mouth of the Shubenacadie, its eastern termination, in Nova Scotia.

The Bay of Fundy, at its mouth, is about fifty miles across, and retains nearly that width until it reaches St. John, fifty or sixty miles distant, when it suddenly contracts to forty. Fifty miles farther inland, the bay separates into two branches—that at the left continuing nearly in its original direction for fifty miles, and forming what is called Chignect's Bay, which is again divided—part of its waters flowing onward, till lost in the extensive marshes near Amherst, which, to a considerable extent, have been dyked for the purpose of pasture and cultivation. The other, rushing into Dorehester Bay and the Memremcook and Petitcodiac Rivers, which head within twelve or fourteen miles of the Gulf of St. Lawrence; so that while at one extreme of this short distance the tide rises fifty or sixty feet—at Shediac, at the other extremity, it rises but five or six.

The flow of waters, if such it may be called, advances with a perpendicular front of several feet, which is termed the "boar," sweeping

away everything in its course, for nothing can withstand its force; and, should a vessel take the ground in the Petitcodiac at ebb tide, so as to present her broadside, she is instantly overturned, and borne onward with the advancing tide. There are immense banks of red alluvial deposit, which forms an excellent manure for land, and is extensively used for that purpose, extending at considerable distances from either shore of the Memremcook and Petitcodiac, in consequence of which it is indispensable almost to effect a landing at high water; sometimes, however, it becomes necessary, owing to the exigency of the occasion, to land when the tide is partially out.

Such was the case with myself, the first time I visited the Memremcook. It was a delightful Sunday morning, and the passengers had all dressed themselves in their best apparel, with a view of going on shore,—not anticipating the process by which we were to get there. The boat's crew pulled till they came to the mud-bank, when we were told we must take off our nether garments, for the purpose of wading from two to three hundred yards. There was no other course than to comply, and as we set about doing so, I must confess, I felt very much like preparing to walk the plank. All being prepared, over the side we went, and the first step we made, it was knee-deep. Among the passengers was a female, who, after the male portion of the community had left, drew off her shoes and stockings, and took up her position on the back of one of the boat's crew. It was fortunate that she took this precaution, to which she was doubtless impelled by the man, who must have had some misgivings as to the result of the enterprise, for when he had carried her about half way, finding his fair burthen rather heavy, he relieved himself of the load, and the good woman had to wade the rest of the distance.

The eastern branch of the Bay of Fundy flows into Minas' Basin, and after filling the Horton, St. Croix and Windsor Rivers, and washing the shores of Londonderry, Truro and Onslow, where there is an extensive shad fishery during the summer season, enters the Shubenacadie about sixty miles to the northward of Halifax. An attempt was made, about five-and-twenty years since, to connect that harbour with the Bay of Fundy at this point, the river having its rise in a lake at no great distance from that harbour. Considerable funds were obtained for that purpose both in England and in the Province, and it was commenced under the most favourable auspices, the Earl of Dalhousie, then Governor General of

Canada, accompanied by Sir James Kempt, Governor of the Province, turning the first sod. Owing, however, to gross mismanagement and extravagance, the undertaking failed—and those who had embarked their capital, under a Provincial guarantee, securing the interest for a certain number of years, unfortunately lost their all, the object is a desirable one, and had the project succeeded, must have conferred lasting benefit on the Province, as it would have substituted a short, secure and direct route, for a circuitous and dangerous navigation.

Directly opposite the harbour of St. John, in the Bay of Fundy, into which the river of that name discharges itself, is Digby Gut in Nova Scotia, an opening which penetrates the range of mountains that skirt the coast. This has evidently been formed by some convulsion of nature, and through this channel the waters of the Bay of Fundy penetrate into Annapolis Basin, and entering the river of that name, flow some distance into the interior, through a delightful and fertile country, backing up the river, and overflowing those portions of the adjacent land which are not protected by dykes.

The coast on both sides of the Bay of Fundy is rocky and precipitous. That of Nova Scotia is formed by a continuous range of mountains, called the north mountains, which terminate at Cape Blomidon, or Blommedown, as it is called, owing to the frequent and heavy gusts of wind that rush down its abrupt declivity. The cape in itself is an object of interest to the scientific and curious, as during the thawing of the frost in spring its steep sides crumble down, depositing at its base abundance of the finest agate, amethysts and other productions of the mineral kingdom, of great beauty and variety. Amethysts are also found about Parrsboro', on the opposite shore; and on the eastern side of Chebucto Bay, near Amherst, are petrified tropical trees, standing or lying where they once flourished in their native luxuriance and foliage.

Within the north mountains in Nova Scotia is a highly fertile and well cultivated country—the garden of the Province, called Cornwallis—to which I shall advert when I enter more into detail,—extending from Cape Blomidon to the Gut of Annapolis, to the westward of which, as you approach that place, are the Aylesford Plains, where the late Bishop of Nova Scotia had his country residence, and where Sir Charles Lyell thinks there are indications of gold. It is a sandy tract, over which the post road from Halifax passes, which has evidently been the bottom of a former lake, of which Annapolis

Basin formed a part, until the pent up waters pressing upon a weaker point, and probably aided in their attempt to escape by some convulsion of nature, dashed through the opening just formed into the Bay of Fundy, and were ultimately lost in the great Atlantic. As an evidence in proof of this, the bottom outside Digby Gut is composed of masses of broken rock, or what is called debris.

An equally marked change is observable on the opposite coast, at the mouth of the St. John River, which has doubtless changed its original course; the marsh in the rear of the city having evidently been its former bed. When this occurred, it seems impossible to discover. In 1663 there happened in Canada a remarkable series of earthquakes, extending over a period of six months, which were felt from Gaspé, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, to Montreal—one hundred and eighty miles above Quebec, and over an area of six hundred miles in length, and three hundred in breadth, by which one hundred and eighty thousand square miles were convulsed at the same moment. From a MSS. in the Jesuits' College at Quebec, we learn that “the hills were torn up from their foundations, lakes appeared where previously none existed, mountains were overthrown, and falls and rapids were changed into gentle streams, and gentle streams into falls and rapids.”

At the period when this event happened, Europeans were but little acquainted with the portion of the American continent of which I am speaking. It may have been that at this time the event occurred by which the waters of the St. John formed their present outlet, and those of the inland fresh water sea of Nova Scotia burst through the confines that had hitherto restrained it. But the probability is, that it took place at some period more remote, as the French at a very early date had established themselves in that vicinity, and their writers, I believe, make no mention of the occurrence of so extraordinary an event.

At present, the River St. John discharges itself at an opening called the “Falls,” on the side opposite the city, and possesses a peculiarity of which no other can boast; the fall of water being inland during part of the flood tide, and outwards during the ebb; that is, there are alternately falls of water descending in opposite directions. This is caused by a ledge of rock that occupies the centre of the channel, which has but a few feet of water over it at half tide. The result is, the waters of the Bay of Fundy, which there rise about forty feet during the latter



part of flood tide, fall inwards towards the river, till both become perfectly level; during the latter part of the ebb the reverse takes place, and at low tide the descent outwards is probably from fifteen to twenty feet. At high water for about a quarter of an hour, vessels and boats may pass in comparative safety, but should the ebb tide overtake them, they must inevitably be dashed to pieces. On each side the rocks are rugged and precipitous, as if they had been rent asunder, and displaced fragments occupy the intervening channel. An attempt was made about fifteen years since to extend a truss-bridge across this chasm, or rather a little below it, but the fabrics gave way, and a number of lives were lost on that occasion.

AMICUS.

## THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.

### No. 2.

TOUCHING THE BEWITCHMENT OF BEAU BALDERSTON.

[We deem it expedient to mention here, once for all, that in the following "Chronicles" considerable liberties have been taken with the text of our late friend Peter Powhead. In point of fact the honest "Barber Chirurgeon" left behind him little more than skeletons or memoranda of the memorabilia which diversified the annals of his beloved Dreedpaily; and, consequently, the task of filling up the outlines became a matter of absolute necessity. Wherever it was practicable, however, we have allowed Peter to speak for himself, and tell his story in his own way. After this preliminary explanation our *Anglo-American* friends will not be scandalized if they should now and then stumble upon a seeming anachronism, in the course of these veritable legends—and the critic who seeks to make capital out of such apparent blunders will *ipso facto* stand convicted of snobbery in the first degree, and "*write himself down an ass!*""]

It has often struck me, Peter Powhead to wit, that the most difficult question which could be propounded for solution to General Council or University, is, whether witchcraft still holds its place in this restless and ever-changing world of ours?

That it *did* exist when Time was a younger man than he now is, cannot be gainsayed except by some infidel Sadducee who idioti-

cally believes in nothing that he can neither see nor handle. Not to speak of "Peden's Prophecies,"—and "Satan's Invisible World Discovered"—(a work of singular learning and piety, written by a Professor of Divinity in the Glasgow College)—not to speak, I say, of these and many other similar pieces which could be cited, we have the statute law of Scotland, denouncing "*pit, gallows, and faggot*" against the inter-communers with Mahoun.

There are many, it is true, who halve the difference, so to speak. There are many who maintain that though haply the "black art" once existed and was practised, still it has long ceased, and become extinct, like the volcanoes which in the spring-time of creation vomited smoke and flames over the hills and dales of bonnie Scotland. These parties triumphantly call upon you to show proofs to the contrary, and challenge you to produce a witch or a warlock in contravention of their assertion.

Whilst I am free to admit that in modern times the facts demanded, are few and far between as angel's visits, or Queen Anne farthings, still there are some which, as Robin the immortal ploughman sings:

"Winna ding, and downa' be disputed!"

One of these tough and incontrovertible verities shall form the subject of the present narration.

Before, however, descending into the pit of my story, it may be permitted me to hazard a hypothesis (as Dominie Paumy would observe) touching the diminution of witchcraft in the present enlightened century.

It is a matter of history that the she vassals and servitors of the Foul Thief, used to resemble their blasted liege lord in nothing more than his preposterous ugliness! A wrinkled brow—toothless gums—parchment skin—and bleared blood-shot eyes, being essential requisites—*sine qua nons*—(to use the jargon of Quirk McQuibble the lawyer) of all candidates for perdition. This is a fact

"Which nobody can deny!"

Now, from all that I can read or hear tell of, the beldames of "Auld Langsyne" had a churlish and grewsome ill-favouredness far surpassing anything that is now to be met with! In our day and generation, the breed

of women (not to speak it profanely) has greatly improven, like that of milch cows, and draught mares—and as a natural and logical consequence, witchcraft has been diminished in an equal proportion! With this simple key the lock of the problem is opened with ease, and the question set at rest in the most satisfactory and philosophical manner!

In corroboration of the foregoing, I may add that in Lancashire (as I am certior: tel by responsible witnesses), where the natives batten upon fat pork, and such like unorthodox viands, the women are as ill-favoured as sin. And what is the consequence? Why, sorcery there abounds to such a rampant extent, that at their revellings people are in the habit and repute of shamelessly proclaiming the profane and unblushing toast of "*The Witches of Lancashire!*"

But it is high time that I proceeded to wind up the clock of my narration!

Mr. Benjamin Balderston for many a long year enjoyed the undisputed reputation of being the "cock of the walk" in the Royal Burgh town of Dleepdaily, so far as manners and refinement were concerned.

Of his *antecedents* (to use one of the new coined *whigmaleerie* terms of the day) comparatively little was known. A tradition currently prevailed, that he had spent the summer of his life in the King's Court at London, where he had some office, the nature of which I could never clearly expiscate. Be that as it may, he was as perfect a sample of the old world beau as you could hope to see between Whitsunday and Martinmas. His dress, (mind you that I am speaking of the last century) consisted of a red coat trimmed with lace, the richness whereof made many a comely maiden's teeth to water;—blue silk knee-breeches—white stockings;—and high-heeled shoes, with buckles in the seam, of the dimensions of tea saucers, or overgrown oyster shells. His hair was as white with powder as the top of Ben Nevis after a snow storm;—and he sported a tie like a rat's tail, which reached half way down to his back settlements. Such another conceit I never saw before or after, except, may be, in a troop of tumblers and rope-dancers;—and, indeed, a stranger meeting with him for the first time, would naturally have set him down as a runaway journeyman of the play-actering craft!

The naked truth was that Benjamin was a Tory of the ancieut school, and had as great a detestation of change in any shape or form as a certain personage entertains towards consecrated water. Hence the dogged determination with which he retained the style of garmenture which had been current fifty years before the epoch of which I speak. Verily do I believe that he would sooner have undergone the operation qualifying him to be the great Mogul, than cover his person with the degenerate raiment of modern times!

In full keeping with his habiliments were the manners of the illustrious Beau Balderston!

You could have sworn that his language had been gathered from "*The Academy of Compliments*," or "*The Court Letter Writer*,"—it was so perjink and precise. If he chanced to run against you in the street, off would fly his three-cornered cocked-hat, even though it should be raining cats and dogs, and he would have bowed and palavared for the larger balance of ten minutes, before permitting you to pass on your way!

I recollect a comical passage connected with this head of my discourse, which once happened to him. He had gone out one dour misty October morning, before breakfast, about some business or another, and on suddenly turning the gavel of Saunders Smayll's public house, he ran right against some body, who immediately commenced to beat a retreat before him. As a matter of course, the wee cocked-hat was doffed instanter, and out came a gush of apologies as long as the Balled of Chevey Chace, or the "Death and Burial of Cock Robin." Still, the mysterious unknown continued to retrograde, and Benjamin to advance, till all of a sudden he found himself up to the middle in the mazes of Saunder's dung-pit—which had not been emptied within the memory of man—and a huge sow prostrate before him in all the spasmodic agonies of terror and suffocation!—From which came the proverbial saying still current in Dleepdaily, "*I beg your pardon, as the Beau said to the sow!*"

I need hardly indoctrinate you with the fact that Mr. Balderston was far too grand and magnificent a personage to keep company—that is in a social hob-nob-way—with the plebeian community of our town. Indeed, when I mention the Minister, Doctor Scougall,



and two or three ancient damsels of quality run to seed, who then vegetated in our territory, I think I have nearly exhausted the muster roll of his intimates.

To the last specified class, be attached himself in an especial degree, with all the adhesiveness of a hungry lawyer to his solitary client,—and to none more so than the Dowager Lady Sourocks, aunt to Lord Clay-slap.

She was just such another anti-diluvian curiosity as the Beau himself, seeming as if formed by Nature to be his marrow. As the old song hath it :

"A Jock is made for ilka' Jenny,  
So naie need lig alane!"

On her head was constructed a perfect mountain of borrowed hair, plastered and stiffened up with hog's-lard, and such like combustibles, surmounted by a cap adorned with pearls and stones of price. She had a hoop (or *girr*, as the juvenile lieges of Dleepdaily used to style it,) hung around her waist like the wheel of a cart, which swelled out her gown to the dimensions of the Cross-well;—and her shoes were garnished with red heels, at least six inches high. Her jointure was respectable, but she was too saving of the same to keep a chaise, and, consequently, seldom stirred out of doors, except in the best of weather. At such seasons she might be espied picking her steps along the "*croon o' the causeway*," a huge Chinese fan in her hand (though the mercury would be at the freezing point)—and an apopleptic-like cur-dog in her lap, which she petted, and cuddled, and hugged, as if it had been a Christian being!

As I said before, Beau Benjamin attached himself to her Ladyship in an extra-especial manner. On the Sundays he was generally in waiting at the stair leading to the *Laird's laft*, to conduct her to her seat;—and regularly twice a year he drove her to the Ayr races in Hosea Napkin's Shandridan, which convenience was always trysted six weeks before hand for the occasion.

From these and similar indications a rumour was hatched that more unlikely things had come to pass than that the couple should make a joint adventure of their common stock in the great business of matrimony. It is true that they had been billing and cooing

for the better part of ten years without the Minister once getting in his word. On the other hand, however, it was to be kept in mind that they belonged to a school as formal and precise as the cut of their garments, and did things, courtship included, with greater deliberation than the hair-brained, *glaiiket* tribe of modern times. The main difficulty which the gossips of the Burgh made to the matter was, that the lass was not overly well-faur'ed,—but as daft Will, the town fool, remarked,—"*If her beard was lang, sae was her purse, which covered a multitude o' sins!*"

Having thus introduced the illustrious couple to your acquaintance, I will, under favour, leave them to the prosecution of their leisurely and methodical wooing, and turn for a season to other matters necessary to the development of this strange but most veritable history.

It was on a gloomy winter morning, about eight of the clock, that the community of Dleepdaily were startled from their propriety by the sudden row-de-dowing of a bass drum, and the shrill blast of a wind-broken, cracked trumpet!

As there were rumours of bloody wars at this conjuncture—the first French revolution just then being in the act of chipping the shell—the untimely and unlooked for concert created no small consternation and dismay. All the sashed windows in the neighbourhood were thrown open on the sudden, and many a luckless spider was sorely inconvenienced and discomposed by the hasty dislodgement of certain hats and Kilmarnock night-caps which filled up the vacancies of absent *lozens*. I, myself, being then a youngster in the third year of my apprenticeship, and naturally headstrong and regardless of danger, threw down the horn spoon with which I was cleansing the interior of the porridge-pot, and rushed to the door without waiting to perform the ceremony of putting on my small-clothes. At this period I had no slight touch of the "*scarlet fever*,"—a soldier's life was invested by my imagination with charms exceeding those of royalty itself;—and I thought that perchance the martial music which rendered vocal the Main Street of Dleepdaily, indicated Corporal McCraw, and his ribband-decked recruiting party come with the benevolent intention of making Generals of all who would

condescend to accept from his Gracious Majesty the donation of a shilling! How it chanced that the invincible McCraw had never himself attained even the rank of a sergeant, was a question which I never thought of asking!

When I reached the street, the first thing which arrested my attention was a portable ark, or house, on four gigantic wheels and drawn by horses. A coal-black Sambo with a flaming red turban, and long glass drops in his ears, officiated as charioteer, whilst two starved looking boys perched upon the top of the vehicle, like pyets in a mist, drummed and blew away, as if their existence depended upon the amount of sound which they engendered!

Behind the peripatetic mansion (again I owe a word to Mr. Paumy) rode the most outré and extraordinary apparition I had ever beheld, Lady Sourocks and Beau Balderston not even excepted. He was a wee, shrunken, shrivelled up-like Brounie of a creature, sporting an abortive cocked hat, for all the world like the stopper of a vinegar cruet, and a wig, the curls whereof hung down his back like hanks of carded wool, reaching almost to the tail of his gaunt grey mare! His nose was the very model of the beak of the ancient grey parrot brought home from Barbadoes by Captain Pepperpot, and his chin had such a brotherly affection for its upper brother, that it seemed unwilling to be far apart from it! Indeed I verily believe that a sixpence would have found a secure place of refuge between the two! The muzzle of this incomprehensible phenomenon was as blue as that which ancient historians unanimously attribute to the Pagan polygamist who committed homicide on so many of his over curious spouses; and his cheeks were stringently drawn in at the sides as if he had masticated nothing but alum, from the era of his nativity! To make a long story short, he was the very essence and incarnation of ugliness, resembling more the effigy of the monkey, as the same is exhibited and set forth in the "*The Hundred Animals*," than one of the Lords of the creation!

Multiform and erudite were the conjectures which were hazarded touching the personality and history of this wonder-creating personage. Thomas Treddles the poetical weaver opined

that it was his namesake *Thomas the Rhymers*, awakened from his long slumber, and come to restore a king to the deserted Palace of Holyrood House. The Town Clerk, who was ever on the look out for suspicious characters, had a strong notion that the unknown was George Washington the notorious American rebel arrived to melt down if possible the crown of George III, and coin Republican eagles of the same! Whilst David Dridles the club-footed beadle, and Minister's man, who, by virtue of his office, was presumed to know something of Church history, offered to wager his half years' salary that it was neither more nor less than the Wandering Jew, come to take up his abode for a brief period in our loyal town! This latter conjecture, I may mention, gained a host of adherents, particularly amongst the ancient matrons and spinsters with whom David had long borne the reputation of an oracle!

Ingenious as were the foregoing theories, they all proved to be erroneous, and an end was speedily put to the anxiety of the lieges, which, in a few minutes, had reached an almost intolerable degree of sharpness. The vehicle having drawn up opposite to the principal Inn, which then was the Clayslap Arms, the new-come party adjourned forthwith into the same, and, after a brief interval, the black-amoor made his appearance at the bow window on the first flat. Waving his hand for silence, as majestically as the Indian Emperor in the shoemaker's procession of St. Crispin, the grim-looking herald made proclamation to the congregated multitude, that the great and illustrious natural philosopher, Monsheer Nong-tong-paw, had visited Dleepdaily, on his road to the Court of Japan, and condescendingly purposed to exhibit his supernatural skill in the Town Hall on that evening, whilst his steeds were recruiting themselves after their travels. Before retiring, the sable spokesman added that the entry or admission was necessarily taxed at one shilling per head, in order to prevent over pressure. Still as the object of the Magi was not to make money, (which, indeed, he could coin at pleasure out of slates and withered leaves,) but the diffusion of knowledge,—candles, oat-meal, bacon, and such like viands, would be received in lieu of the currency of the realm! Having thus said his say, the Ethiopian retired into



the Inn, and presently afterwards appeared in the streets, his oriental finery covered with a white wrap-rascal, which apparently had witnessed better days. His mission was to procure, if possible, a dozen or two of frogs (*puddocks* as we call them in our town) for the nourishment of the philosopher. As, however, it was the dead of winter, no such heathen dainties were to be procured for love or money, and the great man had to content himself with Christian mutton, which Girzy Collops, the head cook of the Clayslap Arms, used to affirm to the day of her death, that he fried in train-oil, and eat with pills that he called *capers*! Be this true or false, a pretty caper my gentleman cut before he evacuated our famous burgh!

Little business or work, you may rest assured, was done in Dreepdaily on that eventful day—the most eventful, I may add, it ever witnessed, since the riot at the imposition of the malt tax, when Sleeky Simon, the Quaker exciseman, was hanged by the left leg from a dyer's poll, for trying to seize the brewing of Lucky Grainer, the mid-wife! Bands of mothers and maidens might be seen congregated at the head of each close and lane, canvassing the nature of the marvels that were to be forthcoming in the evening. The weavers, who were proverbially an unruly and restless generation, particularly when trade was flourishing, threw down their shuttles simultaneously, and over foaming tankards of *tip-penny* in the change-houses, discussed alternately politics, divinity, and the art of necromancy. The children, like their seniors, owned the power of the prevailing epidemic. Crowds of them might be espied stealing cautiously to the tinkers, who were then encamped at the Lovers Loan,—with old iron, rags, bottles, and such domestic waifs and strays, in order to raise the means of procuring admission to the Temple of Science, by which high-sounding title the Town Hall was designated “for that night only!” Even I, Peter Powhead, must candidly confess, that I did not escape the universal ferment. So excited were my nerves, that I nearly amputated the nose of Bailie Brisket, the butcher, as I was denuding him of his beard, for which, besides blaspheming like a Flanders trooper, (the Bailie swore fearfully when his birse was up!) he crowned me with the basin of soap-

suds, from which I had just lathered him, and in that guise, kicked me into the middle of the causeway, yelling like a bedlamite at the pain of my smarting eyes! Next day, however, he made me a donation of a groat, by way of peace-offering for the fright he had given me; but, indeed, he had the greatest reason of the two to complain, as even when placed in the coffin, his proboscis (as Dr. Scougall calls it,) bore the impress and marks of the sharpness of my razor!

The important gloamin came round at last, and few were the houses in Dreepdaily which did not furnish a contribution to the multitude who then sought the open air, despite of a storm of sleet, such as the oldest inhabitant did not remember to have seen equalled. In after times, many a one called to mind the demented-like fury with which the wind yelled and shrieked through the elms and ashes of the kirk-yard, and raged and rioted among the crazy chimney-cans, shivering them by scores on the flag-stones beneath. The martyrs tree, on which the famous Patrick Walker had carved the names of many a confessor, was torn up by the roots, and the cuddy-ass of Egg Geordie, the cursing cadger, killed by the fall thereof, and two creel-fulls of eggs on its back, crushed to atoms! Verily if folk could have soberly considered these signs and portents, they would have thought twice before becoming disciples of a professor of magic! As Burns says in his glorious Tam o' Shanter:—

“The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;  
The rattling showers rose on the blast;  
The speedy gleams the darkness swa' flow'd;  
Loud, deep and long the thunder bellow'd;  
That night a child might understand  
The De'il had business on his hand!”

As I said before, however, the lieges of Dreepdaily had made up their minds to witness the pranks of the Magi, and as the old proverb hath it, “Folk that maun to Cupar, will to Cupar!” A gathering equal to what attended to witness the justification of Rough Rab, the carter, for murder, assembled round the place of meeting long before the coveted hour; and the door being opened, it was filled in less than no time. Every one and his wife was there, as the saying runs. The minister and the Kirk Session occupied one bench, and Master Whiggie, the Old Light Burgher, and his six Elders, sat cheek by jowl, a most wonderful conjunction, as Mr.

Paumy afterwards remarked, reminding him of the union of cat and dog! The observation of the Dominie was not so far-fetched, seeing that the two Mess Johns had been carrying on a bitter warfare, for the better part of twenty years, touching the nature of some Hebrew root. Some affirmed that the said root was a parsnip, and others that it was a Jerusalem potato, but I never could manage to obtain correct information on the subject. One thing is certain, that a more bitter root, if we may judge from the controversy which it gave rise to, could not easily be found even in the fields of Sodom itself!

In the front row sat Beau Balderston, in extra particular puff and full dress. There was a special reason for this, as it behoves me to inform the reader. He had made an appointment to eat a *rizzard haddie* at Lady Sourock's, that night after the performance, with a number of their mutual grand acquaintance, to whom, as it was currently reported through the town, a declaration of the intended nuptials of the antediluvian pair was to be made.

I got admission gratuitously by the back-door, having worked my passage by dressing and powdering the caput of the philosopher, who, on this occasion, was a mightier man in Dleepdaily than the Pope of Rome could be, or even the illustrious Lord Clayslap himself!

No one who has not read the Arabian Night's Entertainments, could form the slightest conception of the magnificence which flashed upon our eyes, when the negro before mentioned drew aside a curtain at the ringing of a bell, and displayed the paraphernalia which glittered upon the tables of Monsheer Nong-tong-paw! Everything was composed of gold and silver, garnished with diamonds and rubies, thick sown as raisins in a generously concocted currant-bun! Mammon himself could not have turned out a grander display upon his sideboard, when he gave a dinner to his miserly retainers! Even at this long interval, the spectacle appears to me like a nightmare dream, brought on by a surfeit of the apples of the Hesperides, which, as the Dominie assures me, were of pure bullion, having priceless gems, instead of seeds!

After the congregation had waited patiently for a quarter of an hour, feasting upon the glittering marvels before them, the modern

Pythagorean, as he denominated himself, made his august and eagerly looked-for appearance. He was habited in a long loose gown or mantle of black velvet, garnished with grim representations of skulls, cross-bones, snakes, scorpions, toads and such like unwholesome commodities. On his head was a cap, shaped much after the manner of a sugar loaf, glittering with silver stars and golden comets, and in his hand he waved a long ebony rod, something like an ell-wand. Altogether the Pythagorean had an unearthly and most unorthodox look about him. He reminded one strongly of the similitude of Doctor Faustus, in the old story-book, in the act of raising Mahoun, and I could notice with half an eye that the douce, sober Elders did not feel completely at ease in such company. Indeed, for that matter, one of their number, Gilbert Goose, Deacon of the Corporation of Tailors, turned as white as a clout before the proceedings had well commenced, and had to be carried home by his wife and put to bed, from which he did not rise for a fortnight.

As for me, though truth constrains me to confess that I felt a fluttering at the heart, I kept my courage up better than could have been expected. My chief apprehension, in fact, was lest I should be detained overly late, my master having promised to Lady Sourocks that I should be forthcoming to curl and beautify her Ladyship's hair, or rather wig, precisely at nine o'clock, being one hour preceding the era at which her route was to take place.

The performance commenced with a doleful and blood-curdling flourish on the trumpet, and then Monsheer came slowly forward, and in broken English made a speech as mysterious-like as himself. Sure am I that nobody made either head or tail of it, except perchance the Minister and Doctor Scougall, and I doubt whether even they understood a large per centage thereof. He gabbled and chattered about sympathies and attractions, and the conglomeration of prismatic affinities, and then having taken a draught, from a unicorn's horn, of drink which I fear never was brewed by Christian hand, he proceeded to the operative business of the evening.

Here, however, I must needs call a halt! The occurrences which I am about to detail are of such a wild and superhuman nature,



that rest is necessary, in order to fit me for the task. Bridle your impatience, therefore, honest reader, for a short season, when you shall learn the upshot of Beau Balderston's unheard-of adventure.

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A DUEL IN 1830.

I HAD just arrived at Marseilles with the diligence, in which three young men, apparently merchants or commercial travellers, were the companions of my journey. They came from Paris, and were enthusiastic about the events which had lately happened there, and in which they boasted of having taken part. I was, for my part, quiet and reserved; for I thought it much better, at a time of such political excitement in the south of France, where party passions always rise so high, to do nothing that would attract attention; and my three fellow-travellers no doubt looked on me as a plain, common-place scaman, who had been to the luxurious metropolis for his pleasure or on business. My presence, it seemed, did not incommode them, for they talked on as if I had not been there. Two of them were gay, merry, but rather coarse boon-companions; the third, an elegant youth, blooming and tall, with luxuriant black curling hair, and dark soft eyes. In the hotel where we dined, and where I sat a little distance off, smoking my cigar, the conversation turned on various love-adventures, and the young man, whom they called Alfred, shewed his comrades a packet of delicately perfumed letters, and a superb lock of beautiful fair hair.

He told them, that in the days of July he had been slightly wounded, and that his only fear, while he lay on the ground, was that if he died, some mischance might prevent Clotilde from weeping over his grave. "But now all is well," he continued. "I am going to fetch a nice little sum from my uncle at Marseilles, who is just at this moment in good-humour, on account of the discomfiture of the Jesuits and the Bourbons. In my character of one of the heroes of July, he will forgive me all my present and past follies: I shall pass an examination at Paris, and then settle down in quiet, and live happily with my Clotilde." Thus they talked together; and by and by we parted in the court-yard of the coach-office.

Close by was a brilliantly illumined coffee-house. I entered, and seated myself at a little table, in a distant corner of the room. Two persons only were still in the saloon, in an opposite corner, and before them stood two glasses of brandy. One was an elderly, stately, and portly gentleman, with dark-red face, and dressed in a quiet coloured suit; it was easy to perceive that he was a clergyman. But the appearance of the other was very striking. He could not be far from sixty years of age, was tall and thin, and his gray, indeed almost white hair, which, however, rose from his head in luxurious fulness, gave to his pale countenance a peculiar expression that made one feel uncomfortable. The brawny neck was almost bare; a simple, carelessly-knotted black kerchief alone encircled it; thick, silver-gray whiskers met together at his chin; a blue frock-coat, pantaloons of the same colour, silk stockings,

shoes with thick soles, and a dazzlingly-white waistcoat and linen, completed his equipment. A thick stick leant in one corner, and his broad-brimmed hat hung against the wall. There was a certain convulsive twitching of the thin lips of this person, which was very remarkable; and there seemed, when he looked fixedly, to be a smouldering fire in his large, glassy, grayish-blue eyes. He was, it was evident, a seaman like myself—a strong oak that fate had shaped into a mast, over which many a storm had blustered, but which had been too tough to be shivered, and still defied the tempest and the lightning. There lay a gloomy resignation as well as a wild fanaticism in those features. The large bony hand, with its immense fingers, was spread out or clenched, according to the turn which the conversation with the clergyman took. Suddenly he stepped up to me. I was reading a royalist newspaper. He lighted his cigar.

"You are right, sir; you are quite right not to read those infamous Jacobin journals," I looked up and made no answer. He continued:—"A sailor?"

"Yes, sir."

"And have seen service?"

"Yes."

"You are still in active service?"

"No." And then to my great satisfaction, for my patience was well nigh exhausted, the examination was brought to a conclusion.

Just then an evil-destiny led my three young fellow-travellers into the room. They soon seated themselves at a table, and drank some glasses of champagne to Clotilde's health. All went on well; but when they began to sing the *Marseillaise* and the *Parisienne*, the face of the gray man began to twitch, and it was evident a storm was brewing. Calling to the waiter, he said with a loud voice:—"Tell those blackguards yonder not to annoy me with their low songs!"

The young men sprang up in a fury, and asked if it was to them he alluded.

"Whom else should I mean?" said the gray man, with a contemptuous sneer.

"But we may drink and sing if we like, and to whom we like," said the young man. "*Vive la République et vive Clotilde!*"

"One as blackguardly as the other!" cried the grey-beard tauntingly; and a wine-glass that flew at his head from the hand of the dark-haired youth, was the immediate rejoinder. Slowly wiping his forehead, which bled and dripped with the spilled wine, the old man said quite quietly:—"To-morrow, at the Cap Verd!" and seated himself again with the most perfect composure.

The young man expressed his determination to take the matter on himself; that he alone would settle the quarrel, and promised to appear on the morrow at the appointed time. They then all departed noisily. The old man rose quietly, and turning to me, said:—"Sir, you have been witness to the insult; be witness also to the satisfaction. Here is my address: I shall expect you at five o'clock. Good-night, Monsieur l'Abbé! To-morrow, there will be one Jacobin less, and one lost soul the more. Good-night!" and taking his hat and stick, he departed. His companion the Abbé, followed soon after.

I now learned the history of this singular man.

He was descended from a good family of Marseilles. Destined for the navy while still young, he was sent on board ship before the Revolution, and while yet of tender years. Later, he was taken prisoner; and after many strange adventures, returned in 1793 to France; was about to marry, but having been mixed up with the disturbances of Toulon, managed to escape by a miracle to England: and learned before long that his father, mother, one brother, a sister of sixteen years of age, and his betrothed, had all been led to the guillotine, to the tune of the *Marseillaise*. Thirst for revenge, revenge on the detested Jacobins, was now his sole aim. For a long time he roved about in the Indian seas, sometimes as a privateer, at others as a slave-dealer; and was said to have caused the tri-coloured flag much damage, while he acquired a considerable fortune for himself. With the return of the Bourbons, he came back to France, and settled at Marseilles. He lived, however, very retired, and employed his large fortune solely for the poor, for distressed seamen, and for the clergy. Alms and masses were his only objects of expense. It may easily be believed, that he acquired no small degree of popularity among the lower classes and the clergy. But, strangely enough, when not at church, he spent his time with the most celebrated fencing-masters, and had acquired in the use of the pistol and the sword, a dexterity that was hardly to be paralleled. In the year 1815, when the royalist reaction broke out in La Vendée, he roved about for a long time, at the head of a band of followers. When at last this opportunity of cooling his rage was taken from him by the return of order, he looked out for some victim who was known to him by his revolutionary principles, and sought to provoke him to combat. The younger, the richer, the happier, the chosen victim was, the more desirable did he seem. The landlord told me he himself knew of seven young persons who had fallen before his redoubted sword.

The next morning at five o'clock, I was at the house of this singular character. He lived on the ground-floor, in a small simple room, where, excepting a large crucifix, and a picture covered with black crape, with the date, 1794, under it, the only ornaments were some nautical instruments, a trombone, and a human skull. The picture was a portrait of his guillotined bride; it remained always veiled, excepting only when he had slaked his revenge with blood; then he uncovered it for eight days, and indulged himself in the sight. The skull was that of his mother. His bed consisted of the usual hammock, slung from the ceiling. When I entered, he was at his devotions, and a little negro brought me meanwhile a cup of chocolate and a cigar. When he had risen from his knees, he saluted me in a friendly manner, as if we were merely going for a morning walk together; afterwards he opened a closet, took out of it a case with a pair of English pistols, and a couple of excellent swords, which I put under my arm; and thus provided, we proceeded along the quay towards the port. The boatmen seemed all to know him. "Peter, your boat!" He seated himself in the stern.

"You will have the goodness to row," he said; "I will take the tiller, so that my hand may not become unsteady."

I took off my coat, rowed away briskly, and as the wind was favorable, we hoisted sail, and soon reached Cap Verd. We could remark from afar our three young men, who were sitting at breakfast in a garden not far from the shore. This was the garden of a *restaurateur*, and was the favourite resort of the inhabitants of Marseilles. Here you find excellent fish; and also in high perfection, the famous *bollenbresse*, a national dish in Provence, as celebrated as the *olla podrida* of Spain. How many a love-meeting has occurred in this place! But this time it was not Love that brought the parties together, but Hate, his step-brother; and in Provence the one is as ardent, quick, and impatient as the other.

My business was soon accomplished. It consisted in asking the young men what weapons they chose, and with which of them the duel was to be fought. The dark-haired youth—his name was M—— L——, —insisted that he alone should settle the business, and his friends were obliged to give their word not to interfere.

"You are too stout," he said to the one, pointing to his portly figure; "and you,"—to the other—"are going to be married; besides, I am a first-rate hand with the sword. However, I will not take advantage of my youth and strength but will choose the pistol, unless the gentleman yonder prefers the sword."

A movement of convulsive joy animated the face of my old captain. "The sword is the weapon of the French gentleman," he said; "I shall be happy to die with it in my hand."

"Be it so. But your age?"

"Never mind; make haste, and *en garde*."

It was a strange sight: the handsome young man on one side, overbearing confidence in his look, with his youthful form full of grace and suppleness; and opposite him that long figure, half naked—for his blue shirt was furled up from his sinewy arm, and his broad scarred breast was entirely bare. In the old man every sinew was like iron wire; his whole weight resting on his left hip, the long arm—on which, in sailor fashion, a red cross, three lilies, and other marks, were tattooed—held out before him, and the cunning, murderous gaze rivetted on his adversary.

"'Twill be but a mere scratch," said one of the three friends to me. I made no reply, but was convinced beforehand that my captain, who was an old practitioner, would treat the matter more seriously. Young L——, whose perfumed coat was lying near, appeared to me to be already given over to corruption. He began the attack, advancing quickly. This confirmed me in my opinion; for although he might be a practised fencer in the schools, this was proof that he could not frequently have been engaged in serious combat, or he would not have rushed forwards so incautiously against an adversary whom he did not as yet know. His opponent profited by his ardour, and retired step by step, and at first only with an occasional ward and half thrust. Young L——, getting hotter and hotter, grew flurried; while every ward of his adversary proclaimed, by its force and exactness, the master of the art of fence. At length the young man made a lunge; the captain parried it with a powerful movement, and, before L—— could recover his position, made a thrust in return, his whole body falling



forward as he did so, exactly like a picture at the Académie des Armes—"the hand elevated, the leg stretched out"—and his sword went through his antagonist, for nearly half its length, just under the shoulder. The captain made an almost imperceptible turn with his hand, and in an instant was again *en garde*.—L—— felt himself wounded; he let his sword fall, while with his other hand he pressed his side; his eyes grew dim, and he sank into the arms of his friends. The captain wiped his sword carefully, gave it to me, and dressed himself with the most perfect composure. "I have the honour to wish you good morning, gentlemen; had you not sung yesterday, you would not have had to weep to-day; and thus saying, he went towards his boat. 'Tis the seventeenth!" he murmured; "but this was easy work—a mere greenhorn from the fencing-schools of Paris. 'Twas a very different thing when I had to do with the old Bonapartist officers, those brigands of the Loire." But it is quite impossible to translate into another language the fierce energy of this speech. Arrived at this port, he threw the boatman a few pieces of silver, saying: "Here, Peter; here's something for you."

"Another requiem and a mass for a departed soul, at the church of St. Gèneviève—is it not so, captain? But that is a matter of course." And soon after we reached the dwelling of the captain.

The little negro brought us a cold pasty, oysters and two bottles of *vin d'Artois*. "Such a walk betimes gives an appetite," said the captain, gaily. "How strangely things fall out!" he continued in a serious tone. "I have long wished to draw the crape veil from before that picture, for you must know I only deem myself worthy to do so when I have sent some Jacobin or Bonapartist into the other world, to crave pardon from that murdered angel; and so I went yesterday to the coffee-house with my old friend the abbé, whom I knew ever since he was a field-preacher to the Chouans, in the hope of finding a victim for the sacrifice among the readers of the liberal journals. The confounded waiters, however, betray my intention; and when I am there nobody will ask for a radical paper. When you appeared, my worthy friend, I at first thought I had found the right man, and I was impatient—for I had been waiting for more than three hours for a reader of the *National* or of *Figaro*. How glad I am that I at once discovered you to be no friend of such infamous papers! How grieved should I be, if I had had to do with you, instead of with that young fellow!" For my part, I was in no mood even for self-felicitations. At that time I was a reckless young fellow, going through the conventionalisms of society without a thought; but the event of the morning had made even me reflect.

"Do you think he will die, captain?" I asked: "is the wound mortal?"

"For certain!" he replied with a slight smile. "I have a knack—of course for Jacobins and Bonapartists only—when I thrust *en quarte*, to draw out the sword by an imperceptible movement of the hand, *en tierce* or *vice versa*, according to circumstances; and thus the blade turns in the wound—and that kills; for the lung is injured, and mortification is sure to follow."

On returning to my hotel, where L—— also

was staying, I met the physician who had just visited him. He gave up all hope. The captain spoke truly, for the slight movement of the hand and the turn of the blade had accomplished their aim, and the lung was injured beyond the power of cure. The next morning early L—— died. I went to the captain, who was just returning home with the abbé. "The abbé has just been to read a mass for him," he said; "it is a benefit which, on such occasions, I am willing he should enjoy—more, however, from friendship for him, than out of pity for the accursed soul of a Jacobin, which, in my eyes, is worth less than a dog's! But walk in, sir."

The picture, a wonderfully lovely maidenly face, with rich curls falling around it, and in the costume of the last ten years of the preceding century, was now unveiled. A good breakfast, like that of yesterday, stood on the table. With a moistened eye, and turning to the portrait, he said: "Thérèse, to thy memory!" and emptied his glass at a draught. Surprised and moved, I quitted the strange man. On the stairs of the hotel I met the coffin, which was just being carried up for L——; and I thought to myself:—"Poor Clotilde! you will not be able to weep over his grave."—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*.

## LAST HOMES.

WE are all born, and we all wish to be buried—not quite at present—that point is settled. But it still remains an open question how and where, we are all to be disposed of by-and-bye. Shall we be potted with quick-lime in a general mess—as at Naples; shall we be thrust into places where we must offend and injure the survivors whom we now profess to love—as in most English towns; shall we be horribly and indescribably put out of the way, after forms and appearances have been complied with—as in London; or, shall we condescend to follow the example of any other nation; not hesitating even if it be one whose paganism we may despise, or another whose superstitions we may at once fear and ridicule? Shall we take pattern by any people whose morals we slander, our own being so faultless? Shall we for once be humble enough to observe what is done in other places, and then consent to lay the remains of our departed friends in some spot where they may continue to prolong our tender affections, and keep our hearts soft and unpetrified, instead of becoming a dangerous nuisance, and a pest?

The more a town is crowded by the living, the less room is left to spare for the dead. Usually, when a place is thrifty, and its population increases, it spreads with them in due proportion. The mass of dust and ashes cannot be piled beyond a certain height, without enlarging its circumference. But there are many towns so circumstanced that they cannot spread.

"I wonder how they manage here for churchyards," said I to myself, as I was taking an inspective stroll about the streets of a strongly fortified town in no part of the present British Empire. Every spot was occupied; streets, public buildings, and the open spaces necessarily required, left not a patch of ground appropriated for interments; though Englishmen might have

found room, had it still been subject to their rule. "No sign of a churchyard to be seen! Curious! What, then, do they do with their dead?"

I continued to search along the principal streets in vain. Passing through the gates of the town, at which young, blue-coated, red-pantalooned conscripts were apprenticed as sentinels, and over the bridges, on which horses and asses are forbidden to trot, on pain of a fine, I was in the country, outside the fortifications. Not far removed were extensive suburbs, regularly built, with tall chimneys, and large manufactories established by the English, with timber-yards, canals, and baker's shops, full of great leaves a yard long, and places where one can lodge on foot as on horseback, though I prefer a night's lodging in bed. The main street was the one to follow. At a Magazine full of odd curiosities, fitted up on purpose to amuse such of the straggling English as have eyes, I looked in the window to watch a lady in a bob-tailed jacket suiting herself with a smart pair of wooden shoes of the first quality; before she had decided, a pattering and clattering was heard, which I knew must come from a large party of those females who conspire to starve the curriers by an Anti Shoe-leather League. Looking round, there was the very thing I wanted—a funeral.

It was headed by the priest, at a good stiff pace. The mourners followed, a numerous assemblage; the men by themselves, and the women with their shoes by themselves, all decently and warmly clad; earnest and serious, though their step would not have kept time to the Dead March in Saul, as we usually hear it performed. Their rapid progress seemed odd, and I was beginning to think it disrespectful to the deceased; when it came to mind that we now and then despatch our departed friends by Express Trains; and no great harm done either.

Why did they move so quickly? Because the distance of the cemetery from the town is so laudably great; and, because time is a matter of measurement in which there cannot be cheating. No day contains more than a certain number of hours; no life has more than a limited number of days. The duty of interment ought not to be set aside, but to dove-tail nicely with, the other duties of life.

The cemetery was some way beyond the wooden shoe-shop; and, not having pressing business to transact, I reached it leisurely. Entering, not the funeral gates, but a little side-door next, to the sexton's cottage, I found myself in a large quadrangular space, laid out on a very simple plan, and in great part filled with the little domains and narrow tenements of those who have ceased to require more space here below. The outer portion of the area, adjoining the low inclosing wall, was divided into narrow freeholds, inscribed with words to the effect that the ground is for ever unbroken, except by the family whose members repose there. Lasting monuments of marble and stone are appropriate in these permanent possessions, especially as they do not exclude the further decorations of growing flowers, and wreaths, and bouquets, as tokens of friendship, affection, and remembrance. The central portion was mostly filled by occupants not *à perpétuité*, but with a reasonable time allowed for their dissolution. Here, consequently, the memorial

tables were almost all of wood. Those dropping nearly to decay would indicate that the bodies beneath them had, likewise, advanced in the same natural course of yielding up their elements to nature. In a sunny portion of a further part of the cemetery, the English lie, all interred together.

Even if what we call natural feeling is the same all the world over, (which some have doubted,) the modes of expressing it certainly vary exceedingly among nations. What is only conventional propriety among our people, is thought almost ludicrous by another. Here, a heart-shaped tablet is used to denote true cordial love. Some, too, will allow opinions and matters of faith to creep out, which others would conceal. Thus, after "reposes the body of Naines Gleneur," a strange apostrophe to the dead is added; "Friendship, esteem, and regrets follow thee to the tomb in the eternal night where thou hast descended. Receive, O tender daughter, a confession of grief. Thy relations, thy friends, while watching over thy ashes, will bless thy virtues, and will shed tears."

Well; tears, we know, are a frequent accompaniment of sorrow: and, accordingly, at the bottom of the inscription on most of these wooden gravestones, are painted large black tears, as fitting emblems, but looking more like bulls' eyes, or Prince Rupert's crackers, made of bottle-glass, than anything else which is usually seen. It must be a peculiarly constituted eye to keep such inky monsters. The usual number depicted is three. Sometimes, in profuse cases, there are five, and even seven; but, now and then, grief is economised, and the sad shower is represented by a single drop. There were but few painted tears on the English memorials, and those might be guessed to be not ordered, but the spontaneous work of native artists.

A "Pray for the repose of his soul," is a natural address to a Roman Catholic visitor; but French politeness finds its way even upon gravestones, when you read there, "*If you please, pray for the repose of his soul.*"

It is to be noticed, with admiration, that even on those neglected tombs, nothing is displaced which the affectionate hand has once arranged. Ornaments, which we should call childish, such as shells, painted medallions of glass, and artificial flowers, remain untouched and uninjured, as long as wind and weather permit. The wreaths of *eternelles* hang till the flowers rot off, and their straw foundation alone remains; still they are not tossed aside in scorn or mischief. The feelings of survivors, as well as the memory of the departed, are treated with respectful forbearance. And, therefore, we ought not to more than smile on reading the announcement near the sexton's door, that he keeps by him, for immediate supply to customers, an assortment of crowns, or wreaths, made of everlasting, of ivory shavings, of feathers and everlastings, and of artificial flowers, from forty *centimes*, or a four-penny piece, as high as two *francs*, or one shilling and eightpence sterling.

To linger a little longer among the tombs;—some mystery is contained in one inscription; "Well-beloved wife, unfortunate mother-in-law, \* \* \* &c. Pray God to watch over your husband, up to that moment when he comes to



rejoin you in heaven. Adieu." This, with a little help as to facts, would go some way towards a tale. A cautiously worded epitaph records the end of an Englishman—"Many years a Medical Practitioner in this town, who met his death under peculiar and melancholy circumstances." Very peculiar!—His most intimate friend was the Commissary of Police. They had been spending the evening pleasantly with other friends; they left together, and had taken a little stimulant. It is supposed that the Doctor reminded the Commissary of a debt due to himself, though no one can say exactly what might have been at the bottom of all. They just crossed the Market-place, and entered the official Bureau, from which the Englishman soon staggered out, stabbed to the heart with the dagger which the Commissary had kept in his desk. No witness saw the deed: the victim never spoke after; and the culprit, in consequence (through the forbearance of French law), was acquitted, with a very severe reprimand from his Judge, and remained a long time in Paris without being allowed to resume any official appointment in the Police.

A long mile further into the country is another cemetery; for this is filling, and the churchyard of the suburb is already full, and therefore is closed for seven years. The new burial-ground is a dry, sandy, square plot, enclosed on all sides by a moat, filled with water, and accessible only at the entrance gates. Here, for some years to come, the dead, both from the suburbs and the fortified town, may be deposited, without affecting the health, or shocking the feelings of either.

"But what is all that to us?" asks the reader. "We do not live in fortified towns, hemmed in by rampart and ditch, like a beetle caught in the middle of a Chinese nest of tea-cups. We do not want any French fashions here."

Very well, sir or madam, have your own way. Shut your eyes to what is good, as well as what seems to you absurd. But if London, and scores of other towns in England, are not fortified towns, as far as room for interment is concerned, I will consent to pitch my tent—and dwell in it too—in the midst of one of *your* cemeteries, for the remaining portion of my life.—*Household Words*.

## TALES OF THE SLAVE SQUADRON.

### THE FAIR ROSAMOND.

I HAVE witnessed in my time—more than a quarter of a century has slipped past since then—many strange scenes, and taken part in not a few dashing enterprises in connection with the Slave Squadron on the south-west coast of Africa. Some of these will, I think, interest and amuse the general reader, especially if, in telling them, I can manage to avoid the profuse use of, to landsmen, unintelligible sea-terms, in which nautical tale-writers are so unmercifully prone to indulge. Without further preface, then, I start, almost necessarily, with the story of the "Fair Rosamond," although incidentally only connected with the exertions of the Slave Squadron, and partaking more of a shore than a sea character.

Just previous to entering the service, I was a gawky stripling of nineteen, residing in the Vale of Bath, county Surrey, Jamaica; my boyish

head full of silly romance, and my heart alternately swayed by two master passions,—love of bright eyes, and blue water. Two attractive objects pointed and individualized this double *penchant*,—one, the "Fair Rosamond," the other, a beautiful maid of Bath—Jamaica, not Somersetshire Bath. I found it difficult to decide between these rival beauties: the elegant, finely-moulded frame of the "Fair Rosamond" reposed gracefully as a swan upon the waters, and there was a light, airy, coquetish way about all her movements,—rakish I should say, but that I am speaking of a lady,—especially when an hour or so after the rising of the land-breeze she unfolded her white wings in the bright morning sunlight, and glided from Kingston Roads towards Point Morant, the fresh waves leaping and sparkling to embrace her as she passed, and then, doubling on her path, shot back to her moorings with the undulating sweep and velocity of a sea-bird, which was perfectly irresistible. As frequently happens, I had become enamoured of this beauty before informing myself of her true character, which, upon inquiry, I found to be anything but immaculate.

"You know her captain, of course?" remarked young Freestun, the nephew of a Kingston merchant, who, like me, was watching the brigantine's motions on such a morning as I have described.

"By sight, only. A slim young man, of perhaps eight or nine-and-twenty: I saw him come on shore in his fancy gig yesterday. What is his name?"

"It is odd, you do not know; ask Mademoiselle Tollemache," replied Freestun, with a light sarcastic laugh; "she can give you more information than any one else. As to his name, that which he bears here is no secret; he is called Charles Hubert—*Captain Charles Hubert*."

"And pray what trade is Captain Charles Hubert engaged in?" I asked, after a moment's reflection.

"What trade—humph! Well, whilst here, Captain Hubert's trade, as far as I have seen, consists in gaming, drinking, racing, betting, and so on; pleasant, all that, if it would but last."

"He is a man of fortune, then?"

"Of amazingly good fortune, I am told," replied Freestun, still in the same light ironical tone; "and if one might credit," he added, "what our Jamaica gossips say,—but they are such slanderers, you know,—Captain Hubert can play at the now forbidden game of *Blanc et Noir*, *blanc* to win five times out of six, as well as any skipper north or south of the Line."

"I understand; but what does he here, then?"

"Ask Mademoiselle Virginie, I repeat; she is, I have reason to suspect, particularly intimate with this interesting captain, or at least—but there goes old Squaretoes to the office: I must begone; farewell!"

This was odd,—perplexing. This same Virginie Tollemache was the fair maid of Bath I have spoken of; and how, in the name of all the Saints, could there be any sympathy between that bright particular star in the galaxy of woman-kind, and a mercenary trader in human beings,—a vulgar slave-dealing ruffian? It could only

be a scurvy jest of Freestun's,—nothing more. To suppose otherwise were sheer blasphemy; and yet I had scarcely a right to arrive at so peremptory a conclusion, my knowledge of Mademoiselle Tollemache being, as with the treacherous "Fair Rosamond," of a very distant and superficial kind. All I knew of her, and of her family, may be summed up in a very few words:

My father, Mr. Peregrine Sutcliffe, had arrived in Jamaica about fifteen months previously, as manager and superintendent of an estate, chiefly situate in the Vale of Bath, belonging to Augustus Penshurst, Esq., a Cornish gentleman and member of parliament, and was succeeding in his arduous vocation remarkably well. I, his only surviving son, of course accompanied him. Mr. Andrew Tollemache, a Scotch gentleman, married to a French lady, resided in Vale Lodge, about a mile nearer to town, or village, of Bath than our domicile. Mr. Tollemache, formerly of Trinidad, was a prosperous planter, and Virginie was his only child. She was, I concluded, called Virginie, Mademoiselle Virginie, because her mother was known as *Madame* Tollemache. The practice of hospitality is a religion in the Antilles, and it thus happened that my father and myself were frequent guests at Vale Lodge, and that I, as a matter of course, fancied myself desperately in love with the divine Virginie. Beautiful exceedingly, of stately and elegant form,—lustrous as a tropical star, a radiance by the way, very different from that of the pale points of light which dot our northern hemisphere,—dreamy, dark-eyed as a gazelle, and three years my senior, she would, I doubt not, have half-expired with laughter had any one suggested that she was an object of serious admiration to such a lubberly young cub as I then was. This was transparently clear, even to my own silly self; and, spite of the charm of her occasional presence and society, and, descending to mundane attractions, the beauty of the island, the splendour of its luxurious vegetation, and the many *agrémens* incident to a West India *habitant*, the ardent longings for a sea life, first awakened on the beaches of Devon, returned strongly upon me, and gathered force and intensity with every passing hour. Wearied at length with my incessant importunities, my father was induced to promise that, at the first favourable opportunity, my wishes should be complied with. We had thought of opening negotiations with the captain of the "Fair Rosamond," but the morning revelations would of necessity put an end to such a purpose at once and for ever.

The reader is now sufficiently cognizant of the state of affairs in connection with myself, relatives, and neighbours, as they existed on the day when Captain Charles Hubert's character and vocation, and his asserted intimacy with Virginie Tollemache, were so broadly hinted at by young Mr. Freestun. I sauntered homewards late in the evening,—if that could be called evening of which the silvery splendour rivalled in luminous transparency the golden glory of the day, rendering distant and surrounding objects as distinctly visible as at noontide. My father was not at home; he might be at Vale Lodge, and I bent my not unwilling feet thither in quest of him. A

quarter of an hour brought me to a sharp turn in the path, distant only about two or three hundred yards from the avenue of palms leading directly to Mr. Tollemache's house. Before I could myself be seen, I caught a glimpse of two persons standing close by each other, just within the shadow of the trees. I leapt back to the concealing shelter of some bushes as hastily as if a deadly serpent had suddenly confronted me. One of those persons I recognized at a glance,—it was Virginie Tollemache; there was no mistake about that; but who could her companion be? He stood more within the shadow than his companion did, and his back, as he conversed, apparently with great earnestness, with her, was towards me; yet did Freestun's words flash, with instantaneous conviction of their truth across my mind! The fellow's height, his figure, were those of the captain of the slaver: but I should be sure presently, for they were about to part. The lady, by her frequent and hurried glances in the direction of her father's house, appeared to apprehend interruption or discovery from that quarter, and by her impatient gestures, as she forcibly disengaged her hands from his, it was evident she was urging his immediate departure. At last he yielded to her entreaties; they embraced each other tenderly, and separated, the lady speeding along the avenue towards her home, and the gentleman, after a moment's hesitation, walking gaily towards me, whistling as he came. I at once stepped into the broad path, and we rapidly neared each other. Captain Charles Hubert—it was he—was somewhat startled at seeing me, and made a kind of irresolute pause as if to speak, but his half-formed purpose did not hold, and with a defiant toss of his head, a twirl of his cane, and a louder whistle, he passed on. I walked slowly towards Vale Lodge, where I found my father, as I expected, profoundly immersed in the game of backgammon with Mr. Tollemache; Madame Tollemache was busy with some accounts at a side table, and Mademoiselle Virginie was sitting as demurely and tranquilly at the pianoforte as if she had just come in from church, or a prayer-meeting; only when she approached the table to bid us farewell, the light of the candles showed me, though no one else noticed it, that her eyes were full of tears, and there was a trembling sadness in her "Good night" which sounded on my ear like the echo of a recent and painful agitation. Boy as I was, and apart from any silly, selfish sentiment, I felt deeply grieved—shocked I may say. The proud, sensitive, beautiful girl had, I feared, ventured upon a slippery and dangerous path, in which one false step were ruin. I did not, however, feel that I had any right to betray her secret, and except to my father, who uttered not a word of reply or comment, I did not breathe a syllable of the matter to a living soul.

I rose the next morning very late, and with more vehemence than ever, intreated my father to redeem his promise of sending me to sea, no matter in what ship, scarcely in what capacity.

"Well, well," he half ironically replied, "I'll see what can be done; you're not fit for a civilized shore life, that's very certain; perhaps, however, a strict man-of-war captain may be able to drill you into sense as well as seamanship; and, if I



mistake not, Commander Penshurst is just the man for such a task."

"Commander Penshurst!"

"Ay, cousin to the proprietor of this estate; he commands his Majesty's sloop of war *Curlew*, just arrived at Port Royal. He will be here to-morrow, and I think it not unlikely that he may obtain you a midshipman's warrant."

I jumped on my feet, and clasped my hands with ecstasy. "My dear father! do you really think so?"

"Why yes, I know him well, and I think he would even strain a point to oblige me. I see by the papers that he has had a smart boat affair with an armed Spanish slaver off Cuba, in which several of his crew, including a middy, have lost the number of their mess. The prize has been sent into the Havanna for adjudication by the Mixed Commission there, and he has brought three of her hands,—Englishmen, and said to be deserters,—to Jamaica. The *Curlew* will remain here ten days or a fortnight, some repairs being necessary. You are aware, Tom," he added, gravely, "that she is attached to the African Slave Squadron?"

Certainly, I was aware of that; but when did a madcap greenhorn, eager for novelty and adventure, stop to calculate the danger of the course he was bent upon pursuing. I was entranced by the sudden brilliancy of the prospect opening before me. As to Mademoiselle Virginie, my dominant thought, I remember, with regard to that terrestrial angel, was one of exultation at the mortification and regret she must infallibly experience when, dazzled with my new uniform, she became aware what a promising young Nelson she had slighted and passed over for a rascally slave-monger!

Commander Penshurst was punctual to his appointment, went over the plantation, and expressed himself extremely pleased with the condition of his relative's estate. This was a favourable opening, and my father made the request agreed upon. Captain Penshurst was a fine-looking, dashing officer, in the early prime of life; and, as my father spoke, his dark hawk-eye measured me from head to foot, in a way that sent the hot blood to my toe and finger-ends in a gallop. "Humph! by no means an ill-favoured young fellow, Sutcliffe, this son of yours, though it's rather late in the day with him for a start in naval life: I can, however, give him an acting warrant, which I dare say the admiral will confirm; the sooner, therefore, he gets his sea-togs on, and reports himself on board, the better."

These words decided my destiny, and three days afterwards I stepped, handsomely rigged out, upon the *Curlew's* deck. I was kindly received by Lieutenant Armstrong, a strict disciplinarian, but a kind-hearted gentlemanly man, though he did in sailor-phrases, come in at the hawse-holes. The *Curlew* was a powerful vessel of her class, carrying eighteen guns, four of which were carronades, upon a flush deck, besides a long nine-pounder brass swivel gun about midships, and had a prime crew of one hundred and seventy-five men and boys. The required repairs were nearly completed, and but a few days would elapse, I was informed, before we again steered for the south-west of Africa. The *Fair Rosamond* was

still at her moorings, at no great distance from the *Curlew*, but quite ready for a sudden start, having cleared at the Custom-House some days previously for the Cape Verde Islands, and thence to the Gambia and Rio Grande, in quest of palm oil,—a common dodge of slavers in those days, because affording them an excuse for taking on board a large number of empty casks destined to hold the water necessary for the crowd of human beings they expected to bring off. Keen eyes on board the sloop were frequently bent upon the *Fair Rosamond*; and it was the opinion of most of the old hands that they had seen the brigantine before, though not within such easy speaking distance, and when not painted in quite such false-lal style as at present. We saw very little of Captain Penshurst—business or pleasure kept him almost constantly ashore,—but the service of the ship was carried on with order and despatch by the lieutenant in command, and the *Curlew* was reported ready for sea some time before it was expected she would be. I obtained leave to go on shore for the purpose of bidding my friends good-by, and on reaching home I was not a little surprised to find my father, togged smartly off for a grand dinner-party at the Tollemaches, and that I was to accompany him. He almost laughed out, as I, on hearing this, frizzed up my hair with my fingers and glanced complacently at my new uniform, in a mirror opposite. "You silly jackanapes," he pleasantly broke out, "what chance, think you, can a beardless stripling, like you" (this was a libel as regards beard) "have against a man wearing two gold epaulettes?" I made no reply to this courteous speech,—one reason being that I did not comprehend it,—but a short time after setting foot in Vale Lodge it was perfectly intelligible. Captain Penshurst was there; and it was plain as daylight that he and the enchanting Virginie were acknowledged, contracted lovers,—so rapid is the growth of sentiment and passion in those hot, tropical climes. Mr. and Madame Tollemache were also evidently aware of, and gratified with, their daughter's important conquest,—the captain of the *Curlew* had wealth as well as social rank to bestow. Whilst I, for more reasons than one, was exceedingly ill at ease. How about the moonlight meeting with the skipper of the brigantine beneath the palm-trees? Ought I not to inform Captain Penshurst of that significant circumstance? "Virginie," I bitterly cogitated, "Virginie is a vain, heartless coquette, and it is my duty, therefore, to ——" "Don't make a fool of yourself, Tom," broke in upon my reverie, from my father's voice, carefully pitched in an under tone. I was standing, at the moment, in a window-recess, apart from the company. "Don't make a fool of yourself, Tom: I know what you are muttering about, quite well: a mere girlish caprice, depend upon it, that could not for a moment be expected to survive the addresses of a *bonâ fide* captain of the royal navy. Be silent, therefore, upon matters that concern you not."

I deferred to this parental counsel, and as quickly as possible took my leave of the very agreeable party. This was on a Sunday. On the Tuesday we were to sail; and, late on the previous evening, we were surprised by the captain's hail from a shore-boat nearly alongside,—he not being

expected on board till the next morning. There was a brilliant moon; and the instant Captain Penshurst reached the deck, I saw that he was in a state of extreme excitement. His face was white as stone; and so were his firmly-compressed, yet quivering lips; and a volcano of passionate rage gleamed in his burning eyes. He walked sharply aft, and spoke briefly with Lieutenant Armstrong: the subject was, I could hear, the *Fair Rosamond* and her captain. Presently he came forward and abruptly addressed me:—"Sutcliffe, you know something of this Captain Charles Hubert, as he calls himself: so, at least, your father hints. Is this so?"

"I know very little of him, sir—and that—"

"Do you know where he is likely to be met with just now?" interrupted Captain Penshurst, impatiently.

"Very probably at the Royal Hotel."

"Show me: I know the fellow by sight, myself, but you had better come with me."

The shore-boat was still alongside, and in ten minutes we were landed. The Royal Hotel was soon reached, but we passed through several crowded rooms without meeting the object of our search. At length we found him in a billiard-room, with three or four companions. He was playing for a large stake, and did not notice our entrance. At last his eye caught the fixed, angry stare with which Captain Penshurst regarded him. It shook him somewhat; but quickly rallying, he returned it with one equally fierce and menacing. His self-possession and steadiness of hand were however gone: he missed the easiest of strokes, and finally threw down his cue, with a curse. He had lost a considerable sum. Captain Penshurst's fiery glance was now, it seemed to me, riveted upon a curiously-twisted guard-chain round Hubert's neck, to which, I supposed, a watch was attached. "Will you play with me?" exclaimed the commander of the *Curlew*, with startling abruptness, as he seized a cue, and approached close to Hubert: "you and I are, I am sure, old, though, I think, never before such near acquaintances as just now." A deep flush crimsoned the slave-captain's features, but he said nothing, and was moving away, when Captain Penshurst, who was fairly beside himself with passion, suddenly raised his cue, and, by a dexterous lateral jerk, struck open Hubert's waistcoat by the butt-end, thereby revealing a locket suspended by the curiously-twisted gold neck-chain. To seize it, glare at it with dilated eyes, and cast it wildly from him, was, with Captain Penshurst the work of an instant. "Rascal," he shouted, "from whom do you steal that portrait?" Hubert instantly saw his advantage; a mocking, triumphant light shot athwart his countenance, and his lips curled derisively, as he slowly rejoined, "Where did I steal this portrait of *la belle Virginie*, you ask? A pleasant question, truly. It strikes me now you have chanced to see mine, similarly chained and mounted, in that charming person's possession, eh? most valorous captain? But here is something you have not yet seen. Look! Read! '*A mon bien-aimé, Charles Hubert:—Virginie T.*' And, see, the date is June 9, 1824: an old friendship, you perceive; and I believe, your companion there can satisfy you that it is a very intimate, affectionate one."

A terrific blow on the face of the taunting rascal was Captain Penshurst's answer. Hubert reeled, lost his balance, and fell heavily on the floor; but regained his feet in an instant, and sprang towards his assailant with the leap and yell of a tiger. A bowie knife glittered for a moment in his hand; the next, an agonizing cry, and sudden jet of blood, proclaimed how fatally he had avenged himself. The terror and confusion of such a scene may be imagined. Hubert and his companions rushed out of the room, and I was left alone with the apparently dying captain. But a few moments, however, passed before the landlord and others made their appearance; the sufferer, who had fainted, was carried to bed, and medical assistance was instantly obtained. This done, I started off to inform the shore authorities of what had happened, and next made for the *Curlew* in all haste. Lieutenant Armstrong, after listening to the account I gave, with much emotion, instantly determined on boarding the *Fair Rosamond*, and seizing her captain, if on board by the sole warranty of force; and hastily left the cabin for that purpose. He was too late: the *Fair Rosamond* had given us the slip: and all we could discern of her was the faint gleam of her white sails, already far away to the eastward.

The lieutenant resolved upon instant pursuit: the necessary orders were given, and in less than no time we were cracking on in the wake of the brigantine, under a ten-knot breeze from the north-west. But the Atlantic is a wide place; and the morning light revealed to us nothing but a vast expanse of air and ocean, untenanted by a ship or human being, save ourselves. Our friend had, for the present, at least, escaped. We, however, kept on; reached in due time the Cape Verde Islands, looked in there and subsequently ran down the African coast to about ten degrees of south latitude, without falling in with either the *Fair Rosamond* or any other prizeable craft. We did not, however, despair of overhauling the brigantine, for we heard of her repeatedly, and at length our hopes were realized. The sloop had just rounded a headland at no great distance from the mouth of the Coanza river, when the look-out aloft sung out "Sail, ho! and right ahead." Every glass was instantly directed towards the stranger—distinctly visible, at the distance of about half a league, though evening was fast closing in. There was no mistaking her: it was the *Fair Rosamond*, plain enough, under crowded canvas, and slipping away to the westward at the rate of six knots at least, light as the wind was. She was well down in the water, and had, it was nothing doubted, a closely-packed living cargo on board. Every possible inch of canvass was instantly spread in pursuit; and, as it was evident we were seen, a gun was cast loose, and a shot sent across the slaver's bows; and at the same moment St. George's glorious ensign flew aloft, immediately greeted—as I have hundreds of times exulted to hear—by the incense of the man-stealer's maledictions. The impudent rascals returned the shot, hoisted Spanish colours, and, changing her course a point or two, ran off at a spanking rate. The *Curlew's* guns would have reached her, but, sending round shot after a vessel whose hold was crowded with human beings, was not to be thought of, except in the last extremity,



and all our efforts were consequently directed to run alongside and capture her by boarding. This was more easily proposed than brought to pass. A stern-chase is proverbially a long chase; and our dance across the Atlantic after the *Fair Rosamond* proved no exception to the rule. The nights, were, however, fine and clear, so that we fortunately contrived not to lose sight of her. Cuba, or possibly Porto Rico seemed to be her destination; but the wind and the *Curlew* baffled her efforts to reach either of the desired havens, and so far was she driven out of her course that the blue mountains of Jamaica had been for some time visible from the deck, when the fitful, varying breeze fell suddenly to a dead calm. This occurred in the night; and, as a thick mist, which came on at the same time, rose, like a curtain in the dawning light, the *Fair Rosamond* was descried, as motionless as ourselves, at about two leagues distance on the starboard bow. Unless the devil could help his own, at such a pinch, with a speedy breeze, we were now sure of her. Three of the *Curlew's* boats fell quickly from the davits into the water, and were off in a crack, fully manned and armed, to take possession of the, at last, luckless brigantine. Two hours' lusty pulling brought us alongside, and though a foolish attempt at resistance was made, the contest was brief as it was sharp, and the *Fair Rosamond*, with 175 likely negroes on board, was the lawful prize of the *Curlew*. We had scarcely breathed after the struggle, when the second lieutenant, Mr. Burbage, called my attention to the brigantine's launch, already at a considerable distance from the vessel. "Captain Penshurst's murderer," said he, "is escaping in that boat; do you follow, as you know his person, and be sure that no effort is spared to effect his capture." A small barrel of water, a bag of biscuit, and a compass, were tumbled into the sloop's pinnace, and away we started in chase. I need not dwell on the details of this boat-race: suffice it to say that, by about eleven at night, we were so close upon our quarry, that the fugitives had no resource but to run their boat ashore near Yallah Point, Jamaica, and make for the interior of the island. One of them—the captain, I was pretty sure—was carried off in the arms of the men, having been, I presumed, wounded in resisting the *Curlew's* boats. Unacquainted as I was with the locality about Yallah Point, a night pursuit of the runaways would have been hopeless,—absurd. The only thing to be done was to secure the captured launch, and get on myself towards Kingston, as fast as possible, across the country, leaving the men to follow, more at leisure, with the boats, coastwise. After several hours' delay, I succeeded in procuring a horse, though a sorry one, and was thus enabled to reach the Vale of Bath at about noon the succeeding day. I had a strong suspicion as to where the wounded fox would run to earth, and I was not, it proved mistaken. My father, after attentively listening to my story, informed me that he happened to be at Vale Lodge early in the morning, when a cry, taken up by a score of voices, suddenly rang through the house to the effect, that Captain Charles Hubert was at the gate, mortally wounded—dying. The panic which instantly ensued was terrible. Madame Tollémache swooned,—her husband, usually so imperturbable,

was greatly agitated; and as to Virginie, her wild demeanour and passionate exclamations of sorrow, love, terror, and remorse, were vehement,—overwhelming.

"This is strange news," I remarked. "Did he appear much hurt?"

"Past all surgery, I should say, judging from his death-like aspect. That which especially astounds me," added my father, in a peevish tone, "in this strange business, is, that I understood from the Tollémaches themselves, that every vestige of a causeless jealousy had been removed from Captain Penshurst's mind (he is quite recovered, I should tell you, though still weak, and not permitted to leave his room), and that the preparations for his union with this precious Mademoiselle Virginie have been resumed. You must see him, Tom, without delay. So frank and honourable a man ought not to be so scandalously trifled with—deceived—bamboozled."

I assented, and was speedily on the road to Kingston. Captain Penshurst expressed much pleasure at seeing me, and, although still pale and weak from loss of blood, appeared in jocund spirits. I minutely related all that had occurred up to the time of landing at Yallah Point, and the narrative manifestly increased his good humour. I am glad the fellow has escaped," he said, "I have chiefly my own rash folly to blame for what occurred. And I may mention to *you*," he added, "that the affair of the portraits, and other matters you wot of, are, Mr. Tollémache has solemnly assured me, capable of the most satisfactory solution. It was merely by accident Mademoiselle Tollémache met Captain Hubert,—and—but the particulars of the explanation, Virginie insists, I shall first hear from her own lips." The lover's eye lightened, and his pale countenance flushed pleasantly as he thus spoke, as if he already felt Virginie's sweet breath upon his cheek dissipating with its silvery tones, the foolish suspicions he had entertained.

It was cruel, though necessary, to destroy this illusion. "It is also, I suppose, then," I began, "by pure accident that Captain Hubert is at this very moment, sheltered at Vale Lodge,—that—"

"How!—what is that?" exclaimed Captain Penshurst, starting fiercely to his feet. "What do you say?"

I repeated the account my father had given me, *verbatim*. As I spoke, a stern, almost frightful, expression, gathered upon Captain Penshurst's countenance—the same that I had seen him wear on the evening of the quarrel with Hubert.

"Can this be?" he muttered, with clenched teeth. "It seems impossible: but I will, at least, be satisfied, and at once. Do you, young sir," he added, "have a vehicle capable of containing two persons, brought to the door immediately." I was about to remonstrate, but a peremptory, commanding officer sort of gesture, cut me short, and I hastened off to perform his bidding. In less than a quarter of an hour we were being driven, at a rapid pace, towards Vale Lodge. He had dressed himself in full uniform,—had, I knew, pistols in his side-coat pockets, and was taciturn as a mute during the entire ride.

We reached Vale Lodge just at the close of day. Scipio, a house-slave, reconnoitred us from a window, and immediately disappeared, leaving us

at the wrong side of the gateway. Captain Penshurst again rang the bell violently. After a while the negro returned, accompanied by Mr. Tollemache, and the entrance to the house was unbarred. There was a strangely stern look about Mr. Tollemache's face. "This visit is an ill-timed one, Captain Penshurst," he said; "at a future day any explanation you require shall—"

"Nay—nay, sir," broke in Captain Penshurst, with explosive wrath, "I will be fooled no longer; Hubert—the slave-stealer, and intentional assassin—is at this moment concealed here."

"That is true," replied Mr. Tollemache, sadly. "Charles Hubert *is* here, and dying."

"Dying! I will make sure of that. Lead on, sir, if you please."

"Be it as you will:—yet stay,—the excitement may be injurious. You are ill, I see—fainting—"

"It is nothing; show me where he is: I *will* be satisfied." Mr. Tollemache moved away without further remark, and we silently followed. "He is in that room," said Mr. Tollemache, pointing to a door on our right hand.

"And who with him?" gasped Captain Penshurst, who was scarcely able to stand, from weakness and agitation.

"Virginie and—"

"Ha! I thought so," shouted Captain Penshurst, throwing, as he spoke, the door impetuously open; and we both stood upon the threshold of the death-chamber,—fast rooted there! So sad a sight is seldom seen as there disclosed itself. Charles Hubert,—pale as his shirt—death-stricken, was reclining on a couch, his head sustained upon the bosom of the weeping Virginie, whose broken words breathed only love, and sorrow, and despair! Madame Tollemache sat close by, holding one of the patient's hands in hers, and apparently bowed down,—overwhelmed,—with grief. Neither of them appeared to be aware of our presence. "Kind,—generous,—ever faithful,—Virginie," murmured the dying man, as he gazed, with loving eyes, in her face, "I have not deserved to die thus calmly—happily. And you too," he added, faintly pressing Madame Tollemache's hand, "in this supreme hour, forgive me." A lamentable burst of grief replied to him, and a moment afterwards his failing vision fell upon Captain Penshurst. A faint, exultant smile, played upon his lips, and he feebly beckoned him to approach. Captain Penshurst complied, and, whether from physical weakness, or from awe of the dread presence whose shadow fell darker with every passing moment over the sufferer's countenance, sank on his knees beside the couch.

"Give me your hand, my friend," murmured Hubert, "deeply do I repent me of the evil I have wrought you. But this dear hand in which I place yours, will, I know, repay all. You will be kind," he added, with increasing difficulty; "you will be good and kind, I know, because you—you deeply love my—MY SISTER!"

"Sister!" almost shrieked Captain Penshurst, springing to his feet, as if impelled by a galvanic shock. "Sister!"

"Ay," interposed Mr. Tollemache, gravely, "Virginie and Charles Hubert are brother and sister. But hush! This is no time for explanation."

Not another word was spoken, whilst we kept solemn watch over the passing of an immortal

soul. The day, as I have said, was fading, and in the tropics there is but brief twilight; day and night embrace each other closely. Darkness quickly veiled the pale, yet living features from our gaze, and when the moon shone with sufficient power into the room, we looked and saw that he was gone,—but at what precise moment he departed, we knew not.

I have but a few words to add. Charles Hubert was Madame Tollemache's son by a former marriage. He had taken to wild courses, and had offended his parents beyond forgiveness by a disgraceful marriage. They had left Trinidad and settled in Jamaica to avoid him. Virginie's love for her brother alone suffered no change,—but she was compelled studiously to conceal her interviews with him from her parents, and thus it was that we were all so egregiously misled.

Captain Penshurst soon afterwards left the service; in due time espoused Virginie Tollemache, and settled in Jamaica. The bride was given away by Admiral Sir Charles Rowley.—*Eliza Cook's Journal*.

#### BARBARA'S SEA-SIDE EXCURSION.

It certainly appeared a most improbable circumstance, that any event should occur worthy of being recorded, to vary the even tenor of life which Mr. and Mrs. Norman enjoyed in the holy state of matrimony. They were young folks—they had married from affection—and, moreover, their union had been a strictly prudent one, for their income was more than sufficient for all their unassuming wants and tastes; and it was also a 'certainty,' a great good in these days of speculation and going ahead. Charles Norman held a government situation, with a small but yearly increasing income salary; his residence was at Pentonville; and his domestic circle comprised, besides his good, meek help-mate, and two little children, an only sister, some years Charles's junior; indeed, Bab Norman had not very long quitted a boarding-school. Bab and Charles were orphans, and had no near relatives in the world; therefore Bab came home to live with her dear brother and his wife until she had a home of her own—a contingency which people whispered need not be far off, if Miss Barbara Norman so inclined. This piece of gossip perhaps arose from the frequent visits of Mr. Norman's chosen friend, Edward Leslie—a steady and excellent young man, who filled an appointment of great trust and confidence in an old established commercial house. Edward Leslie was not distinguished for personal attractions or captivating manners; but he was an honest, manly, generous-hearted fellow, and sensitive enough to feel very keenly sometimes that the pretty little Barbara laughed at and snubbed him. Notwithstanding Bab's folly, however, it would have given her great pain had Edward Leslie courted another. He was patient and forbearing; and she fluttered and fussed about, determined to make the most of her liberty while it lasted.

'Of course she meant to marry some day,' she said with a demure smile, but it would take a long time to make up her mind.'

Charles quite doted on his pretty sister, and often could not find it in his heart to rebuke her, because she was motherless, and had only him



and Cary to look to; and Cary's office was not to rebuke any one, much less her dear little sister-in-law. So Barbara was spoiled and humoured; while the children were kept in high order—a proper discipline being exercised in the nursery, as became a well regulated and nicely-decorated house. Cary thought Bab a beauty, and so did Charles; the young lady herself was not at all backward in estimating her own charms; and it was a pity to see them so often obscured by affection, for Bab had a kind heart and an affectionate disposition. One day when Charles returned home after business-hours were over, Bab flew towards him with an unusually animated countenance, holding an open letter in her hand, and exclaiming: 'Oh, dear Charles, read this! You'll let me go—won't you? I never was at the seaside in my life, you know; and it will do me such a deal of good.'

Charles smiled, took the letter, and tapping his sister's dimpled rosy cheek, he said fondly: 'I don't think, Bab, that you want "doing good to" so far as health is concerned. The sea-air cannot improve these roses.'

'Well, well, Charles, never mind the roses—there's a dear. They only ask me to go for a fortnight, and I should so like it; it will be so nice to be with one's schoolmates at the sea. Bell and Lucy Combermere are *such* bathers, they say; and as for me I shall drown myself for love of the sea! Oh, you must let me go—do!'

'Cary thinks it will be delightful for me,' added Barbara: 'she's always a good-natured darling.' And Bab felt sure of going, if Charles talked the matter over with Cary; so she flew off in an ecstasy of joy, dancing and singing, and forthwith commenced preparations, by pulling off the faded pink ribbons which adorned her bonnet, and substituting gay bright new streamers.

The invitation in question came from Mrs. Combermere, who, with her two unmarried daughters, were sojourning at a favorite watering-place, always crowded during the season—and where Mr. Combermere, a rich citizen, could join his family every week, and inhale a breath of pure air. Charles did not particularly like the Combermeres. Mrs. Combermere was a fussy woman, full of absurd pretension, and with a weakness for forming aristocratic acquaintance, which had more than once led her into extravagance, ending in disappointment and mortification. The Misses Combermere inherited their mamma's weakness; they were comely damsels, and expectant sharers of papa's wealth, who was 'very particular' on whom he bestowed his treasures. Bell and Lucy had been at school with Barbara Norman, and a strong friendship—a school friendship—had been struck up amongst the trio, whom the French dancing-master denominated 'the Graces.' And now Barbara had received an invitation to stay with them for a fortnight, a private postscript being inserted by Miss Bell, to the effect that 'Bab must be sure to come very smart, for there were most elegant people there, and *such* beaux!'

Bab found Mrs. Combermere and the girls in the full swing of sea-side dissipation—quite open-houses kept, free-and-easy manners which at home would not have been tolerated. But it came only once a-year, and they could afford it. Quite established as an intimate, was a tall young

gentleman, with delicate moustache, who seemed to be on terms of friendly familiarity with half the aristocracy of the nation. Mrs. Combermere whispered to Bab, that Mr. Newton was a most 'patrician person,' of the 'highest connections;' they had met with him on the sands, where he had been of signal use in assisting Mrs. Combermere over the shingles on a stormy day. He was so gentlemanly and agreeable, that they could not do otherwise than ask him in; he had remained to tea, and since then he had been a regular visitor.

Mr. Newton had been at first treated with great coolness by Mr. Combermere; the latter gentleman did not like strangers, and always looked on a moustache with suspicion. But Mr. Newton was so deferential, so unexceptionable in deportment, and prudent in his general sentiments, warmly advocating Mr. Combermere's political opinions, that he had at last won the good opinion even of the father of the family. Besides, he paid no particular attention to the Misses Combermere; there was no danger of his making up to them—that was clear; and Mrs. Combermere, mother-like, felt a little mortified and chagrined at such palpable indifference. But when pretty Bab Norman appeared the case was different; her brunette complexion and sparkling dark eyes elicited marked admiration from the patrician Mr. Newton; and he remarked in an off-hand way—*sotto voce*, as if to himself; 'By Jupiter! how like she is to dear Lady Mary Manvers.' Bab felt very much flattered by the comparison, and immediately began to like Mr. Newton immensely; he was so distinguished, so fascinating, so refined. Bab did not add, that he had singled her out as an especial object of attention, even when the fair-dashing Misses Combermere challenged competition.

The fortnight passed swiftly away—too swiftly! alas! thought little Barbara Norman; for at the expiration of the term, Mrs. Combermere did not ask her to prolong the visit, but suffered her to depart, again under the escort of Mr. Combermere, without a word of regret at parting. Cruel Mrs. Combermere! she wished to keep Mr. Newton's society all to herself and her daughters! However, the young gentleman asked Barbara for permission to pay his respects to her when he returned to the metropolis; this had been accorded by Barbara, who, on her return to Pentonville, for the first time found that comfortable home 'insufferably dull and stupid.' Edward Leslie, too—how dull and stupid even he was, after the chattering perfumed loungers of the elysium she had just quitted! Yet Edward was never considered either dull or stupid by competent judges; but, quite the contrary—a sensible, well-informed, gentlemanly personage. But, then, he had no great friends, no patrician weaknesses; he knew nothing about racing, or betting, or opera-dancers, or slang in general. In short, he seemed flat and insipid to Bab, who had been compared to the beautiful Lady Mary Manvers by the soft and persuasive tongue of Lady Mary Manvers's dear friend. Yet, in her secret heart of hearts, Bab drew comparisons by no means disadvantageous to Edward Leslie. 'Yes,' thought Bab, 'I like Mr. Newton best by the sea-side in summer-time, when harp-music floats on the balmy air; then I

should always like him, if summer was all the year round. But for everyday life, for winter hours, for home, in short, I'm sure I like Edward Leslie best—I'm sure I love Edward Leslie; and Bab blushed and hesitated, though she was quite alone. Cary listened good naturedly to all Bab's descriptions of the happiness she had enjoyed; and Cary thought, from all Bab said, that Mr. Newton must be at least some great lord in disguise. She felt quite nervous at the idea of his coming to such an humble house as theirs, when he talked of parks, and four-in-hands, and baronial halls, as things with which he was familiar, and regarded as matters of course. Cary hoped that Charles and Edward Leslie would be present when Mr. Newton called, because they were fit to associate with royalty itself. Cary had a very humble opinion of herself—sweet, gentle soul! Charles often wished his dear sister Bab might closely resemble her. At length, Bell Combermere wrote to say, they were about returning to town; and Mr. Newton declared he could not remain behind. Bab's heart fluttered and palpitated at each sound the knocker gave: and she was thankful that Cary's cousin, Miss Ward, was staying with them, to call attention off from herself.

Miss Ward was an accomplished, charming woman of middle age, who for years had resided in the Earl of St. Elmer's family as governess—greatly valued for her many estimable qualities. Not being in robust health, she had absented herself for a short season from her onerous duties, and in her dear friend and cousin's house, sought and obtained quiet and renovation. Miss Ward often found difficulty in repressing a smile at Bab's superfluous graces and animated gestures; but it was a kindly smile, for the late conventionalities amongst which she usually existed, rendered these traits of less refined manners rather refreshing than otherwise. Miss Ward was out when Mrs. Combermere's equipage drove up to Mr. Norman's door: and that large lady, with her daughter Bell, accompanied by Mr. Newton, made their way up stairs to Mrs. Norman's drawing-room. Mrs. Combermere was always astoundingly grand and patronising when she honoured Cary with a call; Mrs. Combermere liked to call upon folks whom she denominated inferiors—to impress them with an overwhelming idea of her importance. But on the simple-minded literal Cary, this honour was lost, she received it with such composure and unconscious placidity; on Bab it produced, indeed, the desired effect; but whether it was Mrs. Combermere's loud talking and boasting, or Mr. Newton's easy negligence and patronising airs, that caused her to colour and hesitate, it is not possible to define. Bab was not herself; and she began to be ashamed of living in Pentonville, when Mr. Newton spoke of Belgravia. Miss Ward, who had returned from her shopping excursion, glided into the room unnoticed, in the middle of a description Mr. Newton was giving of a magnificent place, belonging to a dear friend, with whom he had been staying, ere he had the 'unspeakable felicity of meeting Mrs. Combermere.'

'Your description is a graphic one, John Bloomfield,' said Miss Ward in a low voice close to his ear; 'but how came you here—in this company?'

John Bloomfield, *alias* John Newton, started as if an adder had bitten him, and gazed frantically upon the intruder. 'Miss Ward, madam, he exclaimed involuntarily, 'don't say more, and I'll go this instant!'

'Then go,' continued Miss Ward, majestically, pointing to the door; 'and beware, John Bloomfield, how you dare to enter a gentleman's house unauthorised again.'

'What does this mean, ma'am' inquired Mrs. Combermere, very red in the face, and looking terribly frightened—'what does this all mean, ma'am?'

'Only,' replied Miss Ward, quietly, 'that this individual, who calls himself Mr. Newton, and whose conversation I overheard after entering the apartment, is in reality John Bloomfield, *ci-devant* valet to Lord Lilburne, the eldest son of the Earl of St. Elmer, in whose family I have the honour to be governess. His lordship shewed toleration and kindness unprecedented towards the ungrateful young man, on account of his respectable parentage, and the excellent abilities and aptitude for instruction he displayed. But I grieve to say, John Bloomfield was discharged from Lord Lilburne's service, under circumstances which left no doubt on our minds that he was guilty of dishonest practices—of pilfering, in short, to a considerable extent. We heard that he still continued his evil course; but though knowing him to possess both skill and effrontery, I was almost as much startled as the delinquent himself, to behold him thus playing the fine gentleman, and lounging on Cary's sofa.'

A faint groan escaped from Miss Combermere as she ejaculated: 'Oh, my pearl necklace!' and in a still deeper and more audible sigh from her mamma, as the words burst forth: 'Oh, my diamond *bandeau*!' which led to an explanation from the distressed and bewildered ladies, of how they had intrusted these precious jewels to Mr. Newton, who urged them on returning to town to have them reset, volunteering to take them himself to Lady Mary Manvers's own jeweller, a 'first-rate fellow, who worked only for the aristocracy.' 'They must not be in a hurry,' Mr. Newton said, 'for the first-rate fellow was so torn to pieces by duchesses and countesses, that even weeks might elapse before their comparatively trifling order could be attended to.'

'I fear,' said Miss Ward, commiseratingly, 'that you will not see your valuables again. John Bloomfield is a clever rascal, and has good taste too,' continued Miss Ward, smiling, 'for he invariably selects pretty things. I hope, my dear'—turning to Bab, who sat silent and petrified—'your beautiful gold repeater set with brilliants is safe, and that it did not require repairs or alterations, to induce you to part with it into Mr. Newton's hands? I doubt not he had an eye to it eventually.'

Poor Bab—what a blow to her vanity? She could only murmur something about the watch being very dear to her, because it had belonged to her deceased mother, and that she always wore it round her neck.

Very shortly after this affair, Barbara had another short trip to the sea-side, and with a companion whose happiness equalled her own: it was the honeymoon excursion, and Edward



Leslie was Bab's companion for life. After this second sea-side sojourn, the bride returned to a pretty house of her own, quite near to Charles and Cary; and Barbara was never heard to complain of finding it dull or stupid, though summer does not last all the year round with any of us.—*Chambers's Ed. Jour.*

### CHAUCER.

*Born Circ. A. D. 1328.—Died Circ. A. D. 1400.*

VARIOUS accounts have been given even of the place of Chaucer's birth; but he himself, in one of his prose pieces, his "Testament of Love," seems expressly to intimate that he was a native of London. Of his family nothing whatever can be said to be known. Some suppose him to have been of noble descent; while others, judging by the name—which, in old French, signifies a breeches-maker—conclude that he must have sprung from a plebeian stock. A common tradition is that his father was one Richard Chaucer, who kept a tavern, according to Stowe, in the Royal street, at the corner of Kirton-lane, and was buried in 1348 in his parish church of St. Mary Alder-manbury, to which he left his house and appurtenances. The old editors of his works, and most of the other writers who mention the circumstance, tell us that he was born in the year 1328. He certainly received a learned education, and most probably studied at one of the Universities, but whether at Oxford or Cambridge is doubtful. Most of his biographers make him to have attended both, as the easiest way of reconciling the accounts of different authorities. From the university they transfer him to the Middle, or, as some will have it, the Inner Temple; but for the belief that he ever was a student of law, there is little or no foundation.

In the year 1367 an annuity of 20 marks was conferred upon Chaucer by Edward III., and, in the patent of this grant, which has been printed by Rymer, the poet is styled by the king *valletus noster*, or, as Mr. Tyrwhitt translates it, "our yeoman," a title given to young men before they were knighted. "How long he had served the king," says the writer, "in that or any other station, and what particular merits were rewarded by his royal bounty, are points equally unknown." Before this, indeed, Leland and his other early biographers tell us that he had travelled through France and the low countries; but for this statement there seems to be no proper authority. Soon after his return home, they say, he became page to the king; and his annuity, it is insinuated, was bestowed upon him as a reward for the delight which he communicated to his royal master by the poetical fusions and sallies of wit in which his genius steadily distinguished itself. Whether in this or some other way, he appears at any rate to have gradually risen in favor at court; as

four years afterwards we find another annuity of the same amount conferred upon him, and the year following he received the honourable appointment of envoy, along with two other gentlemen, to the republic of Genoa, to manage some public negotiation, the nature of which, however, is not known. A visit to Italy, the land of beauty, romance and song, could not fail to produce the happiest effect upon such a genius as that of Chaucer. It appears to have been in the course of his visit that he met with Petrarch at Padua, and learned from him, as he tells us himself, the pathetic story of Griselda, which he afterwards so beautifully versified, and which had just been translated into Latin by Petrarch—who died the following year—from Boccaccio's Decameron. On his return to England he received a new mark of royal favour in the grant of a pitcher of wine daily for life, which was afterwards commuted for another annuity of twenty marks. The same year he obtained the lucrative place of comptroller of the customs of wool and hides for the port of London. The dues and occasional perquisites of his office, together with his previous grants, must have produced him a considerable income; although it is probable that his biographers have greatly overrated its amount when they state him to have been in the receipt of about a thousand pounds sterling a-year. Nor does the attention he was obliged to give to business appear to have withdrawn him from the acquaintance of the Muse. In a very interesting passage of his House of Fame, he has put into the mouth of the eagle, who acts a principal part in the story, the following account of his own habits, which, from the mention of his reckonings, seems evidently to refer to this period of his life, during which, therefore, we may presume the poem to have been written:—

"—— thou hast no tidings,  
Of Lovis folk if they be glade,  
Ne of nothing else that God made,  
And not only from far countree  
That no tidings come in to thee;  
Not of thy very neighbors  
That dwellen almost at thy doors,  
Thou hearest neither that ne this;  
For whae thy labour all done is,  
And hast made all thy reckonings,  
Instead of rest, and of new things,  
Thou goest home to thine house anon,  
And all so dumb as any stone,  
Thou sittest at another book  
Till fully daisied is thy look,  
And livest thus as an hermit," &c.

His early biographers tell us that he had long before this united himself to Phillippa Rowet, the sister of Catherine Rowet, who had been brought over from Hainault by King Edward's third son, the famous John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, to be one of the attendants on his countess, Blanche, but who soon became



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the duke's mistress, and finally his wife. There are considerable doubts, however, not only as to the time of this marriage of Chaucer's, but as to both the Christian and surname of his wife, and even as to whether she was any relation at all of the lady who afterwards became duchess of Lancaster. All that appears certain is, that our poet had, from a very early date, attached himself to the fortunes of Gaunt, and that, throughout the whole of his subsequent life, he was evidently very intimately entangled with the movements of that able but ambitious and restless character. He continued to hold his office at the custom-house, at least throughout the reign of Edward; and in 1377 we find him again sent on an embassy, along with other commissioners, to France, in order to negotiate a marriage between the young prince of Wales and one of the daughters of the French king, a project, however, which did not take effect. Even for some time after the accession of the new king, and so long as the duke of Lancaster was at the head of affairs, Chaucer, there can be no doubt, enjoyed the benefit of the prosperity of his patron. But this state of things did not last long. The duke had, for many years, been connected with the party of Wickliffe and his followers; and this association, by enlisting against him all the ancient and more powerful interests of the state, eventually undermined his power, and drove him from the helm of affairs. It is probable that upon this occasion Chaucer was deprived of his office of comptroller of the customs; although all that is really known, is, that from a state of affluence he suddenly fell into great difficulties and distress, so much so, that in order to satisfy his creditors, he was obliged to sell his annuities, and even, it is said to have recourse to the king's protection in order to save himself from imprisonment. The utmost confusion and obscurity hangs over this portion of his history; but, about the year 1383, he appears, either on account of his debts, or, as other authorities assert, in consequence of his having exposed himself to danger by engaging in the unsuccessful insurrection of the followers of John of Northampton, the reforming mayor of London, to have fled from the country, and taken refuge first in France, and afterwards in Zealand. After some time, however, he returned to England; and, if we may trust the common account, made his peace with the crown by making a full disclosure of the guilt of his associates,—an act which naturally and justly exposed him for a long period afterwards to much odium. But it would be unfair to form any decisive opinion as to Chaucer's actual conduct from the vague accounts that have come down to us of this unexplained transaction. For one thing, it does not appear that any person suffered in consequence of his information. As for himself, he is said to

have retired to a small house at Woodstock, resolved to spend the remainder of his days at a distance from civil broils. When, some time after this, the credit of the duke of Lancaster revived, after his return from Spain with great wealth, and his success in marrying his two daughters to the kings of Castile and Portugal, Chaucer seems again to have partaken in some degree of the sunshine of royal favour,—one of his pensions at least being restored to him, and a pipe of wine being also granted to him annually out of the customs of London. But it does not appear that he was ever again induced to quit his country retreat for the court. On the accession of Henry IV. the son of his old patron John of Gaunt, in 1399, he received a renewal of his former patents, and also a grant of an additional annuity of forty marks for life. But he did not long survive the receipt of these favors; for, having been obliged, we are told to come up to town to arrange some of his affairs which the late convulsion in the state had thrown into disorder, the fatigue which he underwent proved too great for his strength, and, falling ill, he died on the 25th of October, 1400, in the seventy-second year of his age. He was buried, as Caxton, the printer, tells us in his edition of the poet's prose translation of Boethius, "in the abbey of Westminster, before the chapel of St. Bennet; by whose sepulchre is written on a table hanging on a pillar, his epitaph made by a poet laureate." Chaucer is generally supposed to have been interred in the same spot in which Dryden's body was afterwards laid. Of any family which he left, nothing is known with certainty. One of his prose works, his "Treatise on the Astrolabe," bears to have been written for the instruction of his son Lewis, who was then—about the year 1391—ten years of age. But the biographers give him, besides Lewis, another and older son Thomas, who rose to be speaker of the house of commons, and to occupy various other high offices in the reigns of Henry IV., V., and VI. This Thomas Chaucer, by a daughter, became progenitor of the earls of Lincoln and the De la Poles, dukes of Suffolk, the last of whom, Edward de la Pole, was beheaded for treason in the reign of Henry VII.; but it is doubtful, after all, if he was really the son of Chaucer the poet. Various portraits of the face and person of Chaucer, we may add, have come down to us, some of which seem to be nearly of his own time. All represent him as of a noble and dignified presence; and, indeed, he has, in tradition, the reputation of having been one of the bandsomest personages of his age. Granger has printed the following lines which delineate him graphically enough:—

"His stature was not very tall,  
Lean he was, his legs were small,  
Hosed within a stock of red,  
A buttoned bonnet on his head."

This description agrees very well with an old



painting of him, of which Mr. Godwin has given an engraving in his second volume.

The works of Chaucer are very voluminous; consisting, besides several prose treatises, of his famous Canterbury tales, a poem extending to above 17,000 lines, not including the portion of which the genuineness is doubted, or the parson's tale, which is in prose; the Romaunt of the Rose, a translation from the French of William de Lorris, of which there are nearly 8,000 lines; the poem of Troilus and Cressida, in five books; the House of Fame, in three books; and many minor pieces. Nearly all these productions are rich in beauty, and there is in truth hardly one constituent of the poetical character with which the writings he has left behind him do not prove him to have been splendidly endowed. If you deem the essence of genuine poetry to consist in that sublimity and soaring grandeur of conception which delights in escaping from the real world altogether, and luxuriating only among the brighter hues and more varied forms of fiction, call up, with Milton, "him who left half-told, the story of Cambuscan the bold," or go to the magnificent and finished delineations of the Knight's tale, to the picture of Lycurgus, "The great king of Thrace, who like a Griffin looked about," or to the desolate horrors of the forest where "stood the temple of Mars armipotent," and the statue of the god of war himself, with

"The wolf that stood before him at his feet,  
With eyes blood-red, and of a man did eat."

Or, if you would linger over the scenery of a fairy land of gentler aspect and softer fascination, when from among many other examples of the same florid warmth of conception and honied eloquence, which might be quoted from the older productions of this author, we name only an allegory of the Flower and Leaf, can we refer to any other delineation that poetic inspiration ever prompted, more richly gilded with all the sweetest hues and radiances of poetry? Still, however, it is in giving forceful utterance to the passions and affections of the human heart that this great poet is ever greatest. In simple, but yet most soul-subduing pathos, what writer of any age shall take precedence of him to whom we owe—passing over many other almost equally touching delineations—the two tales of Constance and Griselda, the last of which in particular is a creation of almost stainless and perfect beauty? But it is his admirable tact in describing and exposing the ridiculous in human character, that constitutes perhaps the attribute of Chaucer's genius in which he stands most alone. In humour, indeed, in satire, in rich and sometimes almost riotous jollity, in short, in comic power, by whatever name it may be called, it is hardly too much to affirm that he never has been equalled. We cannot enumerate the many passages throughout his writings that

might be quoted in illustration of this part of his poetic character; but we would refer generally to the prologues interspersed among the Canterbury tales as almost all of them inimitably admirable as examples of what we would describe—as well as to the tales of the Miller, the Reeve, the wife of Bath, the Friar, the Sompnour, the Merchant, the Shipman, as particularly distinguished by the same species of excellence.

Perhaps the truest as well as the most discernible index of a writer's popularity, is in general the number of his imitators in his own or the immediately succeeding generation. The most noticeable, at least, among the immediate effects which are wrought upon a nation's literature by the ascendancy of one man's genius, is in most cases the rushing up throughout its whole soil of something that has evidently taken both its form and its colour from the spirit of his production, and which at the same time has seldom any other quality beyond these external resemblances to render it valuable or attractive. As heaven's thunder disdains not to be reverberated by the echoes of earth, so the voice of inspiration awakens, wherever it rings, its multiplying mockeries too, and is responded to from a thousand mimic throats whom it alone has made vocal. No name ever had a more plentiful tribute paid to it of this species of adulation than that of Chaucer. Even from the records of the first century after his death, all unvisited as it was by any gleam of genuine poetic inspiration, one of our antiquaries has reckoned up the names of no fewer than seventy such moilers, the carollings of all of whom are little better than an elaborate and lifeless mimicry of the strains of their mighty progenitor. Many of them, too, seem to have toiled at their occupation with a stout-hearted and untiring perseverance, which the service of Apollo has not always awakened even in the most favored of its votaries. One of these unwearied moilers alone—Lydgate, the once celebrated monk of Bury—has left us above 250 different productions on all sorts of subjects; and seems, indeed, from the hints we have of his history, to have kept a sort of office for the manufacture and sale of poetry, and to have supplied his numerous customers as regularly and expeditiously as if he had been in the habit of throwing off the article by a steam-engine. This inexhaustible affluence of rhymes seems to have excited towards Lydgate in a very singular degree the admiration of his simple contemporaries: his popularity among whom indeed, contrasted with the neglect and contempt wherewith he has been treated by their descendants, affords one of the most striking examples on record of the strange caprices of national taste, and the shadowy instability of human fame.

Running after happiness is only chasing the horizon.

## THE THREE DAMSELS.

"Come hither, my beautiful Jean, and my fairy Liliás," said the venerable Countess of Moray to her laughing, happy grand-daughters—"come hither, my children, and spend your Halloween with me. It is true I have not prepared the charms of the night, nor am I ready to join you in the incantations of the season, but I have a tale may suit it well; and you will not like it the less because the grey head tells you with her own lips the story of her day, when her locks were as bright as the berry, and her eyes as beaming as your own."

"That, in truth, shall we not, noble grandam," said the sparkling Liliás; "but yet would I have the charm of Halloween. Ah, little canst thou dream how dear this night is to the expecting maiden! Let us perform the rites of the even, and to-morrow, grandam, thy tale shall find us most attentive listeners."

"Ah, true Scots?" said the Countess, "thus clinging to the wonderful, and seeking to peep into futurity; but try not the charm, my children, if you love me. Alas! I think not of it without tears and a sorrow unspoken of till now; for the fate of a friend, dear to my early youth, gushes into my bosom. Sit, my children, and my story shall repay you for this loss of your time; me it will also please to speak of the things gone by: and if it convince you, as I trust it will, of the folly of these superstitions, I shall have more than gained my purpose. Will my children listen?" "What is there we can refuse you, noble grandam?" said the lovely Jean, burying her locks of amber amid the snowy curls of the venerable Countess. "Speak on, then; you have made us listeners already—and hark! wind, and rain, and snow—a goodly night for a tale. Tell on, dear grandam; the fire is bright, the lamp is clear, and we are seated gravely; our thoughts composed to attention; now for thy wondrous tale!"

"It was on this very eve, many years since, my children," began the noble lady to her auditors, "that three lovely daughters of a noble house assembled together in a dreary wood to try the charms of the night, which, if successful, were to give to their earnest sight the phantom form of the lover who was afterwards to become the husband. Their powerful curiosity had stifled their fear (for they were as timid as beautiful) on their first setting out on this expedition; but, on finding themselves alone in the dark and melancholy wood, some touches of cowardice and compunction assailed them together, and they determined by a somewhat holy beginning, to sanctify the purpose which had brought them thither. They were too young to laugh at this mock compact between God and the devil, and, therefore, when Catherine, the eldest sister, began, in an audible voice, to recite the prayer against witchcraft, the others joined in it most devoutly. Now, then, fortified against evil, their courage rose with every additional sentence; and when the soft voice of young Agnes, the loveliest and youngest of the three, steadily responded the 'Amen,' they were as courageous as was necessary, and no longer fearful of the power of the evil one. I know not, my children, all the forms used upon this occasion;

but Catherine, after repeating certain words in a solemn voice, advanced before her sisters, and quietly placed upon the ground her offering to the shade she had invoked, as by his conduct towards it she was to judge of her future prospects. It was a beautiful rose-tree which she had chosen, and the flowers were full and many; and the sisters were contemplating from a little distance the richness of their hue, when they were startled by the clashing of arms, and the loud outcries of men in fierce contention, breaking upon the stillness of the night. For a moment they hesitated whether to fly or remain concealed, when their doubts were decided by the rapid approach of a stern and stately Highland chief, who brandishing his broad sword, swept on to the rose-tree as if he would annihilate from the earth its frail and fragile beauty. Suddenly he paused—his arm was no longer raised to destroy—the weapon drooped gently down beside the tree, and they saw his blue eye look mildly and kindly on the flowers, as, bending down to gather them, he faded from their sight in the action. Catherine was by no means displeased with her fortune: and the appearance of her handsome bridegroom gave courage to the other two to hasten the coming of theirs. Marian, the second sister, removed the rose, placed a lily bough in its stead, and then with a beating heart and wandering eye, repeated the charm. Again the silence was broken, as the quick but steady stamp of a warrior's horse struck upon the ear, and the shade of a noble cavalier dismounting from his phantom steed advanced slowly, very slowly, towards the lily: his face was beautiful, but sad; beyond expression sad; and they saw a tear fall upon the flower as he pressed it to his lips, and deposited it gently in his bosom. He too had faded like a dream, when the beautiful Agnes advanced to perform her part in the witcheries of the night. She trembled, but she would not recede, and faintly repeating the charm, hung her white handkerchief on the branch of a distant tree. This time there was no sound, but a dread and solemn silence slowly ushered in her unexpected fate. From the wood came a long and sable procession of horse and foot following a coffin, and was steadily borne towards them: many were the ghastly attendants supporting the pail, and many were the shadowy mourners who followed. Agnes watched with breathless attention the march of the phantom dead: they advanced slowly and steadily till they came under the tree, where her white offering fluttered lightly in the air; it was seen suspended a moment above them, then dropped amidst the cavalcade, and Agnes beheld the pale fingers of the chief mourner clutch at the offering as it fell.

"Days, weeks, months, passed away, and still found Agnes drooping over her blighted hopes, and expecting the death of which the omens of the forest had assured her; but still she died not, and was every succeeding month astonished that she yet lived. She now began to doubt the truth of the omen, more especially as the Highlander had not yet married her sister, who was betrothed to, and about to become the wife of, a favourite of the king, who had earnestly sought her hand. Agnes thought she too might listen to a tale of love; and such a one as was soon told her by a noble lover, and of her sovereign's blood, she



listened to with pleasure. Walter was now her all, and the omen of the forest was forgotten.

"The marriage of Catherine was appointed to take place at a country residence of her affianced husband, and Agnes, with her betrothed, was invited to be present. Marian, too, was there, and no happiness could have been more complete than that of the bridal party; but a dark night set upon this brilliant morning: ere they could reach the church which was to be the scene of their union, the Highlanders had descended in force from their mountains, and assailed the unarmed guests. 'The Camerons come!' cried the shrieking maidens, and flew in all directions from their sight; the bridegroom fell in the conflict; and the bride, as she rushed to the side of her dying husband, was elapsing in the arms of the insolent chief, and borne away to *his* bridal bed in the Highlands. Marian escaped in the tumult, and Walter preserved his adored by the effects of his desperate valour, cutting with his sword a passage through his foes, and encouraging the armed men, who came to their assistance, to drive the invaders from their hold. They were successful; and silence, though accompanied by sorrow, again reigned in the halls of the young and hapless bridegroom.

"But the greatest evil resulting from this cruel inroad, was the sad effect it had upon the mind of Agnes. Her belief in the omens of the forest again returned: her confidence in her prospects was shaken; and with the same feeling that bids the giddy wretch throw himself at once from the precipice over which he fears he shall fall, she determined to hasten the destiny which she now firmly believed to await her. Convinced, by the fate of her sister, of the certain fulfilment of her own, she resolved to spare her lover the anguish of beholding her expire; and, for this purpose suddenly broke off all connection with him, and refused to admit him to her presence. Walter's hope still struggled with his despair: he made some earnest appeals to her tenderness, her reason, and her gratitude. Agnes was deaf to all: she believed herself destined to fall an early victim to death, and that that bridegroom would snatch her from an earthly one, even at the altar's foot. Walter, heart-broken, retired from his home, and joining the cavalier army of the king, sought in the tumult of a military life forgetfulness of the wound his calmer days had given. In the intervals of his visits to his family, Marian became interested in his welfare: she saw him frequently, spoke to him of Agnes, soothed his sufferings by her compassion, and gratified his pride by her admiration. He had no thought for any other; and though he loved not Marian, yet she became his trusted friend, his companion, and, finally, his wife. It was her will, not his; and what woman ever failed in her determination over the mind of man! They wedded, and were wretched. The heart of Walter had not been interested, and the temper of Marian was not such as to acquire its delicate preference. She became jealous, irritable, perverse, and soon taught her hapless husband the difference between herself and the gentle Agnes. Such a course could have but one termination: stretched at length on that sick bed which was to be her last, she sent to desire the attendance of her younger sister. Agnes obeyed

the mandate, but only arrived in time to meet the funeral procession which conducted the hapless Marian to her early grave. The widower instantly recognised, from a distance, his young heart's love, and rapidly flew to meet her; and as she shed tears of unfeigned sorrow for his loss, he took the white handkerchief she held and tenderly dried them away. O! at that moment, how deeply Agnes sighed; She beheld in this scene, the fulfilment of the omen, and wept to think she had thus wasted some of the best years of her life and trifled with her lover's happiness and her own. 'Ah silly delusion! (she exclaimed in bitterness of heart,) of what hast thou not bereaved me!' After the period of mourning had expired, she gave her hand to Walter, and endeavoured in making his days tranquil, to forget the felicity she had lost."

"But they were wedded, grandam dear," said the beautiful Lilius, laughing; "what more would the people have had?"—"Youth, and its love, and its hopes, and all its bright and gracious feeling," said the venerable Countess, *they* had all fled with time, and nothing but their remembrance remained with Agnes and her Walter, which made their lot more bitter. He was, at their wedlock, past even manhood's prime; she was no longer young; and though not wretched, yet they were not happy; and it was only in their descendants they looked for felicity. Agnes has found it truly, but for Walter——"

"Grandam, is it your own tale you tell, and our Grand sire's, I am certain, by the tears which roll down your face," replied Lilius. "Ah! I will wait Heaven's own good time for a husband, and try these charms no more. Kiss me, noble grandam: your Lilius will never forget the Tale of Halloween." The bright maiden threw herself into the arms of her venerable ancestress, and at that moment it was scarcely possible to decide which was the nobler object, the damsel in the glory of her brilliant youth, or the Countess in the calmness of her majestic age.

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### TOO MUCH BLUE.

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EARLY on a fine summer morning, an old man was walking on the road between Brussels and Namur. He expected a friend to arrive by the diligence, and he set out some time before it was due, to meet it on the road. Having a good deal of time to spare, he amused himself by watching any object of interest that caught his eye; and at length stopped to inspect the operations of a painter, who, mounted on a ladder, placed against the front of a wayside inn, was busily employed in depicting a sign suitable to its name, "The Rising Sun."

"Here," said the old man to himself, "is an honest dauber, who knows as much of perspective as a cart-horse; and who I'll warrant fancies himself a Rubens. How he brushes in that ultramarine sky!"

The critic then commenced winking backwards and forwards before the inn, thinking that he might as well loiter there for the diligence as walk on farther. The painter mean time, continued to lay on fresh coats of the brightest blue, which appeared to aggravate the old gentleman very much. At

length, when the sign-painter took another brush full of blue paint to plaster on, the spectator could endure it no longer, and exclaimed severely:—

"Too much blue!"

The honest painter looked down from his perch and said, in that tone of forced calmness which an angry man sometimes assumes:

"Monsieur does not perceive that I am painting a sky?"

"Oh, yes, I see very well you are trying to paint a sky, but I tell you again there is too much blue!"

"Did you ever see skies painted without blue, Master amateur?"

"I am not an amateur. I merely tell you, in passing—I make the casual remark—that there is too much blue; but do as you like. Put more blue, if you don't think you have trowelled on enough already."

"But I tell you I want to represent a clear blue sky at sunrise."

"And I tell you that no man in his senses would make a sky at sunrise blue."

"By St. Gudula, this is too much!" exclaimed the painter, coming down from his ladder, at no pains this time to conceal his anger; I should like to see how *you* would paint skies without blue."

"I don't pretend to much skill in sky painting; but, if I were to make a trial, I wouldn't put in too much blue."

"And what would it look like, if you didn't?"

"Like nature, I hope, and not like yours, which might be taken for a bed of gentianella, or a sample of English cloth, or anything you please—except a sky; I beg to assure you, for the tenth time, there is too much blue!"

"I tell you what, old gentleman," cried the insulted artist, crossing his maul-stick over his shoulder, and looking very fierce, "I dare say you are a very worthy fellow when you are at home; but you should not be let out—alone."

"Why not?"

"Why not? Because you must be crazy to play the critic after this fashion; too much blue, indeed! What, I, the pupil of Ruysdael, the third cousin of Gerard Dow's great grandson, not know how to colour a sky? Know that my reputation has been long established. I have a Red Horse at Malines, a Green Bear at Namur, and a Charlemagne at Aix-la-Chapelle, before which every passenger stops fixed in admiration!"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the critic, as he snatched the palette from the painter's hand. "You deserve to have your own portrait painted to serve for the sign of the Flemish Ass!" In his indignation he mounted the ladder with the activity of a boy, and began with the palm of his hand to efface the *chef d'œuvre* of Gerard Dow's great grandson's third cousin.

"Stop! You old charlatan!" shouted the latter, "You are ruining my sign! Why, its worth thirty-five francs. And then my reputation—lost! gone for ever!"

He shook the ladder violently to make his persecutor descend. But the latter, undisturbed either by that or by the presence of a crowd of villagers, attracted by the dispute, continued mercilessly to blot out the glowing landscape. Then, using merely the point of his finger and the handle

of a brush, he sketched, in masterly outline, three Flemish boors, with beer-glasses in their hands, drinking to the rising sun; which appeared above the horizon, dispersing the gloom of a greyish morning sky. One of the faces presented a strong and laughable caricature of the supplanted sign-painter. The spectators at first were greatly disposed to take part with their countryman against the intrusive stranger. What right had he to interfere? There was no end to the impudence of these foreigners.

As, however, they watched and grumbled, the grumbling gradually ceased and was turned into a murmur of approbation when the design became apparent. The owner of the inn was the first to cry "Bravo!" and Gerard Dow's cousin nine times removed, felt his fury calm down into admiration.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "you belong to the craft, honest man, and there's no use in denying it. Yes, yes," he continued, laughing, as he turned towards his neighbours, "this is a French sign painter, who wishes to have a jest with me. Well, I must frankly say he knows what he is about."

The old man was about to descend from the ladder, when a gentleman, riding a beautiful English horse, made his way through the crowd.

"That painting is mine!" he exclaimed in French, but with a foreign accent. "I will give a hundred guineas for it!"

"Another madman!" exclaimed the native genius. "Hang me, but all these foreigners are mad!"

"What do you mean, Monsieur?" said the innkeeper, uncommonly interested.

"What I say—I will give one hundred guineas for that painting," answered the young Englishman, getting off his horse.

"That picture is not to be sold," said the sign-painter, with an air of as much pride as if it had been his own work.

"No," quoth mine host, "for it is already sold and even partly paid for in advance. However, if Monsieur wishes to come to an arrangement about it, it is with me that he must treat."

"Not at all, not at all," rejoined the Flemish painter of signs, "it belongs to me. My fellow-artist here gave me a little help out of friendship; but the picture is my lawful property, and I am at liberty, to sell it to any one I please."

"What roguery!" exclaimed the innkeeper. "My Rising Sun is my property; fastened on the wall of my house. How can it belong to anybody else. Isn't it painted on my boards. No one but myself has the smallest right to it."

"I'll summon you before the magistrate," cried he who had not painted the sign.

"I'll prosecute you for breach of covenant," retorted the innkeeper who had half paid for it.

"One moment!" interposed another energetic voice; that of the interloper, "it seems to me that I ought to have some little vote in this business."

"Quite right, brother," answered the painter. "Instead of disputing on the public road, let us go into Master Martzen's house, and arrange the matter amicably over a bottle or two of beer."

To this all parties agreed, but I am sorry to say they agreed in nothing else; for within doors the dispute was carried on with deafening confusion



and energy. The Flemings contended for the possession of the painting, and the Englishman repeated his offer to cover it with gold.

"But suppose I don't choose to have it sold?" said the real author.

"Oh, my dear Monsieur!" said the innkeeper, "I am certain you would not wish to deprive an honest, poor man, who can scarcely make both ends meet, of this windfall. Why it would just enable me to lay in a stock of wine and beer."

"Don't believe him, brother," cried the painter "he is an old miser. I am the father of a family; and being a painter, you ought to help a brother artist, and give me the preference. Besides, I am ready to share the money with you."

"He!" said Master Martzen. "Why, he's an old spendthrift, who has no money left to give his daughter as a marriage portion, because he spends all he gets on himself."

"No such thing: my Susette is betrothed to an honest young French cabinet-maker; who, poor as she is, will marry her next September."

"A daughter to portion!" exclaimed the stranger artist; "that quite alters the case. I am content that the picture should be sold for a marriage portion. I leave it to our English friend's generosity to fix the sum."

"I have already offered," replied the best bidder, "one hundred guineas for the sketch just as it is: I will gladly give two hundred for it, if the painter will consent to sign it in the corner with two words"

"What words?" exclaimed all the disputants at once.

The Englishman replied,

"PIERRE DAVID."

The whole party were quiet enough now; for they were struck dumb with astonishment. The sign-painter held his breath, glared with his eyes, frantically clasped his hands together, and fell down on his knees before the great French painter.

"Forgive me!" he exclaimed, "forgive me for my audacious ignorance."

David laughed heartily; and, taking his hand, shook it with fraternal cordiality.

By this time the news of the discovery had spread; the tavern was crowded with persons anxious to drink the health of their celebrated visitor; and the good old man, standing in the middle of the room, pledged them heartily. In the midst of the merry-making, the sign-painter's daughter, the pretty Susette, threw her arms round her benefactor's neck, and her intended husband raised a cloud of sawdust out of his jacket from the violence with which he shook the French master's hand.

At that moment, the friends whom he was expecting arrived. They were M. Lessec, a theatrical manager, and the great Talma.—*Chambers Journal*.

THE BETTER DAY THE BETTER DEED.—In the parish register at Glamis there is the following curious entry, under date, June, 1676. "Nae preaching here this Lord's day, the minister being at Cortachy burning a witch."

## LYRA GERMANICA;

OR, SPECIMEN OF THE GERMAN LYRIC POETS.

### CANADIAN DEATH SONG.

[FROM SCHILLER.]

There he sits upon his mat,  
There he sits upright,  
All erect, as once he sat  
Whilst he saw the light.

But where is the powerful gripe?  
Where the breath so strong,  
Which so lately smoked the pipe  
Midst the festive throng?

Where the eye, which, eagle bright,  
As the rein-deer flew,  
Tracked o'er waving grass his flight,  
O'er the morning dew?

Where those limbs so swift to dart  
O'er the frozen snow,  
When he chased the lusty hart,  
Or the mountain roe?

Arms so vigorous, which alone  
His bow of terror sprang?  
See! the life is from them flown!  
See! they powerless hang!

Well for him! He joyful strays,  
Where it no more snows;  
Where midst lovely fields the maize  
All uncultured grows;

Where with birds the thickets teem,  
And with game the brake;  
Silvery fishes fill each stream,  
Sport in every lake.

To that happier land he speeds,  
Leaves us here forlorn,  
To rehearse his noble deeds,  
O'er his grave to mourn.

Bring the last gifts to the brave!  
Raise the funeral song!  
All be buried in his grave,  
And his joy prolong!

'Neath his head the hatchet lay,  
Seldom known to spare,  
And to cheer his dreary way,  
Haunches of the bear.

Bring the nicely sharpened knife,  
Which with dextrous blow,  
Whilst he sternly yielded life,  
Scalped the prostrate foe;

Colours, too, that brightly gleam;  
Place within his hand,  
That with glory he may beam  
In the shadowy land.

## A DREAM BY THE FIRE.

It is impossible, as every one knows, to sit by the fire in winter time without gazing at it very earnestly; and the more you gaze, the more you see in it,—strange faces, and one of your love, perhaps, like a very “red, red nose”—a flamingo, or a whole flock of them,—Mount Vesuvius, with the neighbourhood overrun by the molten lava; a distant view of the Potteries, or the Carron Iron Works, by night, with the furnaces at full work; there is no end of the glowing objects you may see between or above the bars, if you have the least spark of imagination to eke them out with.

It is not a pleasure, however, without its price; in the course of time the eyes become parched by the heat, the eyelids grow heavy, and in a moment or two you will inevitably go to sleep; to avoid which I jumped up, though with some effort, and determined to look in at the Coal Hole—not the one in the cellar, but the one in the Strand. Still, from the name, the reader may run away with, or rather be run away with, the notion that the Coal Hole goes the whole coal, at some shed or dingy wharf down those dark arches or narrow lanes in the neighbourhood of the Adelphi—that it is a depository for Wallsend, Russell’s Main, and Adair’s; Hetton, Pontops, and Tanfield’s, and all the other varieties of the black diamond. Whereas, if they take the right Rhodes, they will find a well-known house of entertainment in Fountain Court, celebrated for its good cheer and comic singing, to which a little deaf-and-dumb waiter,—call him page if you please,—played a mute accompaniment.

Well, I walked in, passing the bar on the right, to the large room, where some voice in three volumes was singing a glee, with as much goodwill as if it had been earning three suppers. O, what a rich, jolly triple chorus it was, singing of wine and Bacehus, and Venus and myrtles,—while with every line some bright glorious image rose up in the mind’s eye,—fauns skipping and nymphs dancing, grapes clustering, flowers springing, birds singing, and the sun shining from the clear blue sky with a fervour that made the blood bound through the heart, and run with a sensible thrill through every vein! And when the song ceased, the genial feeling did not cease with it, for though there was no sun there, or blue sky, or clustering vines, there was abundance of radiant lamps, and the fire glowed like a furnace, and the generous juice of the grape shone in amber and ruby through the crystal, and shed a light as from the painted windows of the Temple of Bacehus on the snowy table-cloths. And then those social little nooks round the room! Mirth occupied one; you could hear him laughing till his sides shook and his voice quivered. Friendship had taken possession of the next one; and was giving out hearty toasts and sentiments, followed by hip, hip, hips! and loud hurrahs! Harmony sat in the third: he had joined in the *trio*, a capital *fourth*—and in the other boxes sat dozens of Sociables, and United Brethren, and Odd Fellows, enjoying themselves to their hearts’ content, over the good things, solid and liquid, of this world. What comfortable steams rose

over the tops of the partitions; what savoury odours streamed around; what a cheerful clatter of knives and forks and plates; what a merry jingle of bottles and glasses as they kissed each other in their hospitable journeys—like gossips laden with drink; what a tinkling, as if of little bells, between the glass and the busy spoon! What fumes of gin, rum, and brandy mingling in the air, and making a sort of aromatic punch for the benefit of the nose! And what rattling peals of laughter that seemed to come from some fat fellow with two hearts—one mocking the other! And all the while the deaf-and-dumb page, inspired by the spirit of the place, grew more and more intelligent, till he seemed to hear with every feature but his ears, and to speak with every feature but his mouth.

And, better than all, in a corner box there was my very crony, my bosom friend, the friend of my soul, my other self, old Mann—or Old Humanity as we used to call him, sipping from a huge goblet to which he invited everybody who only looked at him—for he had a large heart and a liberal hand, loved everybody in the world but himself, and deserved to be as largely loved in return. Yes—there he was, smiling and looking like a father to every one in the room. It was impossible not to drink with him when he asked you, which he was as sure to do, if you were within hearing, as that Burton ale is not Burton’s Melancholy. So to it we went, glass for glass, hob and nob, here’s to thee, and fill again,—and the wife and children, down to the baby in arms, were pledged in humming ale. At least that was *his* liquor, as it was Adam’s, though of a weaker sort, for before A. B. was invented, double X would have been an anachronism. However, strong ale was his drink, and of all songs he best loved that old one, which sings of “jolly good ale and olde.” But every man else might call for what he liked and welcome,—even the stranger whose face he had never seen before was a brother by descent to old Mann, and treated accordingly. So to it, I say, we went, with a will as the sailors say, like the jovial toppers in Rabelais, taking great draughts of the stingo, and rare slices of the brawn, and huge trusses of the green salad, in which two or three lobsters had lost themselves, like tars in the country parts; and, meanwhile, the singing began again, first only one voice, then two, then three, then a fourth chimed in, and then more and more till the room rang again with the lusty chorus! Oh, ’twas a glorious place that Coal Hole!—warm, bright, joyous with song and laughter,—you quite forgot there was such a thing as care, dull care in the world!

Well, we drank on, old Mann and I, till my head became so heavy with the ale that had mounted into it, that I could not hold it up, but do what I would, it must needs drop first on my bosom, and then lower and lower till it bobbed on the table; and lo, when it bobbed up again I was all in the dark, pitch dark. Every lamp had gone out; and as to the fire, it had died of apoplexy, or something as sudden, for there was not a spark left of it. I never felt so cold and dreary in my life, for with the light and the warmth, the voices had died away too. Instead of the jovial chorus, the joyous jest, the many tongues, all



clattering together, and the multitudinous laughing, one jolly cock crowing to another, like the chanticleers of the village, . . . all mntc—not a tongue wagged—silent as death! I stretched out my hand for my ale, it was gone, table and all. I felt for old Mann and he was gone too; or turned into something cold, damp, and hard, like a wall. As soon as I could fetch my breath and voice, I called him: Mann! Mann! Mann! Where are you?"

"Here I am," answered the voice of Mann, as from somewhere under the floor.

"What, are you down stairs?"

"I believe we are," grumbled the voice.

"What, down in the cellar?"

"Yes."

"Zounds! How did we come there?" said I.

"We had not such a great deal of ale! Why we were up in the great room, with a blazing fire, and the lamps, and Hudson or somebody was singing a comic song. For heaven's sake, Mann, let's get up again. Where are you—what are you doing?"

"Here—getting coal!"

"Getting coal!"—(how drunk he must have been!)—And again I called to him by name—"Mann! Mann!"

"Here."

"Where?"

"Here."

Following the sound, I struck my head against a beam or wall, with a crash that almost stunned me. I was in a low passage, so low that I was obliged to bend almost double. But there was a glimmer of light before me, and I crept towards it, till at last I saw Mann, lying on his back in a sort of black eupboard, or gigantic coffin, at the top of which he was pecking with a pickaxe, as if he had been buried alive and was trying to break out. He was almost naked, and had his head bound up with a dirty cloth.

"Gracious heaven! Mann! how came you there?—how came we here? I thought we were in the Coal Hole!"

"And so we are," said Mann, without turning his head or stopping for a moment in his labour. Pick, pick, pick—as if his return to the world depended on it. And I longed for a pickaxe, too, the black earth seemed to be closing upon me so oppressively. What a mystery it was! As if I and Mann had actually passed, by death, from the upper world, its light, its warmth, and human society, to the dark chambers of the grave! And was it really so?—had we bidden adieu for ever to the sun, for ever and ever to the blue skies and the green earth, and the sweet elastic air on which we used to live! Were we really sundered from all dear social ties, till the earth crumbled away, and the heavens rolled up like a parchment before the fire? It wanted not demons to convert it to a place of torment—the horrors of retrospection were sufficient to make that gloomy vault, or whatever it was, the abode of exquisite anguish. O, how vividly returned upon me the blessed warmth and light, the communion with my kind from which I was so suddenly and unaccountably cut off! Perhaps—so whispered a remorseful, misgiving thought—I had enjoyed these too much, too selfishly, too heedlessly, without asking or caring what portion

others of my fellow-men had in the bounties of Providence. Penance, for that sin, I had been condemned to an immortal solitary confinement, in the bowels of the earth—for I was solitary—Mann was too much occupied with his tool, pick, pick, pick, to be a companion. And something told me, that there he might work for a thousand years without obtaining a glimpse of the blue sky. Mann, who on earth had so enjoyed the fellowship of man! and for very loneliness I could not help calling to him, occasionally, only for the sound of his voice, but he was too much absorbed in his dreary task to attend to me; sometimes he briefly answered me, sometimes not. Pick, pick, pick: he was so abstracted from me, by his labour, it was as if he had not been there. Oh, for but one human being that would speak if spoken to,—that would look at me, feel with me; and as I prayed, a faint light approached, from some unfathomable distance, nearer and nearer, till a woman, or the ghost of a woman, stooping, partly because of the low channel, and partly, it seemed, from some heavy burden on her back, came crawling past me. Oh, how squalid she was—how worn by woe—how haggard, how gaunt, how utterly withered from all that is womanly into all that is wretched-like! And yet, even in that wasted form, and those wretched features, I recognised one I had known above—she was the wife of Mann!

"Elinor!"

But she made no answer, save a mournful shake of the head, and crept slowly on; she had not breath or heart to speak. Methought, now perhaps Mann will turn towards her, and pause in his work; but pick, pick, pick, pick, he let his wife, his miserable wife, pass on without a word or a glance. There was no time *there*, then, even for love! My soul sank within me. What an eternity was before me; dead even to hope! Nay, not yet, for two more forms approached, strangely harnessed, and painfully dragging behind them some ponderous load, that made them stop to pant for breath—if it could be called breath, that was inhaled in that awful subterranean prison. And as they stopped I knew them, a girl and a boy—but oh, how sadly disfigured! In years and size so young, in face so carefully old, like pain-ridden dwarfs! They were Mann's children! But the father looked not at his children; the children glanced not at their father! there was no time for love, conjugal, paternal, or filial, in that terrible place!

The ways of Providence are inscrutable! It is not for us to pry into the secrets of Heaven, and yet I could not help asking in my soul, by what awful guilt Mann, his wife, and his poor children, could have incurred so stupendous a punishment, such an appalling infliction of the Divine wrath? Above ground, on the living earth, they had seemed amongst the better examples of human nature; generous, charitable in word and deed, honest, industrious, tenderly affectionate to each other. I had known them under various phases, in sickness, in poverty, and oppressed, and yet how unrepining they were, how patient, how forbearing! Above all, in their days of want, how munificent, bestowing the half of their little on those who had less! As I thought of it, a crushing sense of my own un-

worthiness, compared with their worth, completely overwhelmed me. There was no juggling *there*, no self-deceit in that pitch-black prison, the Condemned Cell of the Soul! Weighed, even in my own balance, against poor Mann, conscience declared me deficient,—that I ought rather to have been condemned to pick, pick, pick, picking at that sable roof, to gain a glimpse, if I could, of the blessed face of Nature!

"Mann," I cried, "Mann!"

"Well."

"Let me work for you a bit—You must be cramped in that narrow cell—and worn out with labour."

"Yes—my back 's almost broke—and my neck aches as if it had been twisted."

"Give me the pick."

He put the tool into my hand—how heavy it was! And I crept into the black niche; but it was so like getting into the narrow home, that I lay paralysed with cold and dread, unable to lift my arm. In the mean time a faint light appeared as before, but from the opposite direction: it might be that Mann's wife and children were on their return—but no! a secret whisper told me that they were my own partner and our little ones, and I involuntarily closed my eyes against a spectacle, painted beforehand, on the blank black air. I dared not look at my wife or children—it was agony, unutterable agony, only to think of them in those depths of desolation.

But I was not to be spared that infliction. Through my eyelids, supernaturally transparent, I beheld a sight that filled my soul with bitterness. Oh, those dear young faces, so prematurely old, hunger-pinched, and puckered with cares—precociously informed of the woes of the world—children, without childhood. And, oh! that sad, forlorn matron's face, once the sunniest on earth; now, with hair so gray, eyes so dull, lips so thin—misery, misery! The sight was unbearable, and I shrieked out, "I am, I am in ———"

But before I could pronounce the unmentionable word, my eyes suddenly opened, and I saw before me my winter fire, with that great black bloek of the mineral fuel on the top, which, by its intense contrast with the glowing mass beneath, had led me into such a dream of the *dark* and *bright* of the world, and that transition from the Coal Hole to the Coal Mine.

## THE WILD-FLOWER OF THE DANUBE.

For months before the election of a representative to the Hungarian legislature, all classes, high and low, wore the chosen badge of their party, consisting, generally, of a feather, a ribbon of one of the national colours, or of a fresh sprig, or flower. It was, thus, easy to recognize, at the first glance, to which party a man belonged.

In the county of Nesgrad (that smiling region, which may well be called the garden of Hungary), during the election which immediately preceded our king's last breach of faith, a badge was chosen, which, from the poetry of its name, and the beauty of its form, excited in me a lively curiosity. It was a plant found in Lower Hungary, more especially on the banks of the Danube

and the Theiss. On a slender green stem, scantily decked with leaves, waves a delicately-divided feathery flower, which, for softness and flexibility, can only be compared with ostrich or marabout plumes. The soft filaments, which nestle so gently, and the colour of which can only be described as flaxen, will partly explain the peculiar name that the flower bears in Hungary, namely, "The Orphan Maiden's Hair." Count Joseph Ziehy, a young and ardent member of the Left, had brought great quantities of this plant (which continues for years unchanged) from his estates in Lower Hungary to our upland district, where it will not grow: he distributed it as the opposition badge at the election of deputies for the momentous diet of 1847-1848. The flower was so becoming an ornament, that many ladies whose husbands or fathers belonged to that party, adorned their riding-hats with it; a circumstance which, doubtless, brought over many a youthful proselyte.

One warm autumn evening, I sat with a true-hearted peasant family, before their cottage-door. I was to remain with them until the following morning, when I expected to receive a letter which should regulate my movements. Father, mother, and children, were stringing the dark golden, or purple brown, spikes of freshly-gathered Turkish maize on long pieces of strong twine, in order to hang them in festoons from the low straw roof to dry. In the hat of one of the fine active lads waved a most beautiful "*Arva leány haj*" (Orphan Maiden's Hair), at least eighteen inches long. The black-eyed Erzsi (Elizabeth) observed, with some pride, when she saw how I admired it, that this flower was not to be found in our stony Nesgrad; and, perhaps, nowhere in such perfection as just here, on the neighbouring banks of the river. My former curiosity returned, and I inquired into the origin of its extraordinary name.

It was only after repeated entreaties that my hosts, who, at my question, had assumed quite a solemn air, determined to impart to me the legend that prevails along the shores of the Danube concerning this flower. According to ancient custom, it might only be related by the grandmother, on the long festive evenings of the Christmas week. As she, however, was now ill, the blooming Erzsi, after assuring us she remembered every syllable of it, was allowed to take her place. The full moon, just rising, quivered on the calm waves of the Danube, and the whole scene gave a half-saddened tone to my mind, that well adapted it for the coming legend.

Erzsi began, in a low voice, to relate as follows:

Not far from here is a large market-town, which, with other estates in the country, became the property of a German Count, on his marriage with the only daughter of a rich magnate. After the death of this lady—who held some office about the person of the Empress—her husband came from Vienna to live on the estates, which he administered during the minority of his two sons, as their guardian. Great alterations were now introduced. The old officials and servants—most of whom had inherited their situations from father to son for generations—were replaced by Austrians. Before long, not a word of Hungarian



was to be heard in the Castle; the family itself did not understand a syllable of the language. All judicial proceedings were transacted in German; none of the officials had the slightest acquaintance with our mother-tongue; and, if the poor peasant brought forward a complaint or a petition, he was not only unable to make himself understood, but was even mocked and insulted on that account. When, thus wounded in his tenderest feelings (his pride in our noble language), he appealed to the Count himself, he gained but a repetition of the same treatment, only accompanied with increased scorn. The sole results of every such attempt was approbation for the officials, and harsh words, or blows, for the peasant. Despair fell gradually on the people, like an endless night, and wore deep furrows in their haggard faces.

Janos was a gamekeeper, and had until now led a life of domestic happiness with his wife and child. He was replaced by an ignorant upstart, better skilled in the arts of fawning and flattery than in those of hunting and woodcraft.

Driven from house and home, Janos removed, with his family, to a clay hut, on the banks of the Danube, not far from the Castle. He tried in many ways to provide for their support: but, like his father and his grandfather, he was only a huntsman. His skill, therefore, was limited to the green forest, and his unerring ball. His utmost efforts in field-work and fishing, brought small gain and great vexation.

His child fell ill, and the blooming cheek of his young wife grew pale from want and anxiety. Janos knew not where to turn. The village doctor had declared meat and nourishing food to be the only medicine for mother and child. The prescription was received in silence; it was given with the coldness and indifference of one who, grown dull to such sad scenes by their frequent repetition, cares little whether the advice he gives can be followed or not.

For many hours after the departure of the doctor, they remained brooding gloomily over his words. The young wife had at last, through sheer weariness, fallen asleep, with her little one on her arm. The huntsman gazed on the mother and child, and two large tears—strange visitants to his proud face—fell down his cheeks on to his dark beard. Suddenly his eye flashed. A resolve seemed to burst, struggling from him; his lips grew pale. Stealthily he arose; and, groping in the straw that formed his bed, drew forth a double-barrelled gun from its concealment;\* he threw over his shoulder his large *bunde*†; and, hiding beneath it, gun, pouch, and powder-flask, he hastened through the doorway.

It was already dusk, when the crying of her child for food awoke Terka from a feverish sleep. She raised herself with difficulty, looked around, and saw she was alone. Where was Janos? She knew that, for a week, he had been without work; what could have induced him to forsake his sick wife? A horrible foreboding, which she could not define, seized her. She rushed out, and called him with a loud voice. There was no

answer. She returned to the hut, took the wailing child in her arms, and darted from house to house in the village, asking for her husband. Some had not seen him; others answered with embarrassment, and sought to persuade her to return to the hut. This only rendered the dark image of coming evil more distinct. Onward and onward, a nameless presentiment seemed to impel Terka towards one fixed spot. Meanwhile, night had completely closed in. The starving child shuddered on the breast of its mother; who, though only half-clothed, neither felt the raw night-wind, nor heeded her infant's cry. She had now arrived in front of the Castle; the gates were wide open, but the entrance was filled with a crowd of people. Terka stopped for a moment, and turned her large black eye on the bystanders, who, motionless with terror, were gazing towards the interior of the castle-yard.

Silence reigned for a moment; a loud, horrible cry then pierced the air—one that seemed rather forced from a sense of powerless rage than from pain. A cold shudder ran through all present; Terka had sunk on her knees, but rose at once; and, with the strength of madness, pushing aside her neighbours who sought to detain her, reached the space within.

It was lighted by the ruddy glare of torches, held by a number of servants who were ranged around. The husband lay, bound with cords, on the ground; and the hissing scourges fell, with fearful rapidity, upon him. A few paces distant stood the grey-headed Count, with his two beardless sons. All three appeared to look upon the scene as on an unexpected excitement. If a groan or cry from the poacher (he had been caught in the act) caused the executioner, who had been created for the occasion, to pause involuntarily, a heavy blow on his own shoulder, dealt by the high hand of his gracious lord, taught him to do his duty better; and, urged by a feeling of revenge, he visited this insult to himself with threefold force on his victim.

Terka gazed with vacant eyes: no cry escaped her lips. The storm had loosened her long black hair, which she thrust from her pallid brow as though she wished to see more clearly. Mechanically she drew nearer to her husband—and now, she sees her! A fresh scream of rage bursts from him—it was like no human sound!

"Away!" he cried, in the Hungarian tongue, "what would an angel do among demons?"

The young wife made no reply; unconsciously, she opened her arms—the child fell on the stones of the court-yard, and she sank faintly by its side.

Silently, as at the funeral procession of a murdered man, did the neighbours carry the father, mother, and child, all three covered with blood, back to their hut. The savage humour of the great lord was for a time at rest. The streets were empty; no one dared to appear at his door while the mournful train passed. Even those whom humanity had rendered bold enough to take the huntsman to his home, withdrew, in anxious haste, fearful of exciting anew the rage awakened in their tyrants.

The injuries which the mother and child had received in their fall on the pavement were, fortunately, slight; but Janos lay in a burning fever

\* According to the law, none but the nobles are allowed to keep fire-arms, without express permission.

† Hungarian sheepskin.

occasioned by his wounds. Wild fancies, full of the terrible events of the evening, and mingled with the ardent desire for revenge, agitated the brain of the sick man. From time to time, Terka laid cooling herbs on the deep, bloody wounds with which his back and shoulders were covered, and then seated herself quietly at the head of his bed.

Day broke at last. The huntsman knew once more the loving hand that so gently touched his brow, and found a smile for the child to which Terka sadly pointed as their consolation. The little one sat on the floor, not far from them, playing with the bright hair that fell in light ringlets on her neck, and the rich abundance of which was the joy and pride of her parents.

Towards noon, the trampling of many horses was heard. The door was flung open, and the forester, who had on the previous day arrested his predecessor, and brought him to the Castle, now entered, accompanied by several youths.

"Your lord commands you," he cried, in a tone of peremptory insolence, "instantly to give up the fire-arms which you no doubt still have in the house. The Count himself waits without to be witness of your submission."

The huntsman, unable to speak, cast a look of deep meaning on Terka.

"Janos had but the one gun," she said, with downward look.

"Wretches, beware! A lie plunges you but deeper in disgrace. Deliver the arms that you persist in concealing."

The huntsman himself now made a sign of denial.

"We have hidden nothing," murmured the young wife, almost inaudibly.

The Count had overheard this conversation through the open door. "Drag him forth!" he cried, his voice trembling with rage, "that the hoof of my horse may trample this lying Magyar's soul out of its body. Do you hear? Out with him, or his punishment shall fall on those who hesitate. Let the house be searched," continued he, "and if there be found what he so obstinately denies, he shall pay for it with his life!"

The youths seized the sick man, and dragged him to the burning sand, which, at this place, covers the shore. Terka followed.

"Hold!" she cried, as she saw the raised whip of the furious Count suspended over the head of her husband, "Hold! one moment—I will fetch what you desire."

She went back into the house. In a few seconds she returned, with a rifle in her hand.

"Here," said she, "is the weapon—and the ball with it!" and, before they were aware, she had taken a sure aim, and fired.

The Count, shot through the heart, fell from his horse. Janos sprang to his feet; his frantic wife, clasping him in her arms, whispered a few words in his ear. In an instant, they threw themselves together from the bank into the stream.

Their bodies were never found.

After these terrible events, the deserted child (then five years old) became an object of the tenderest care to the whole village. The inhabitants were incited to this, partly by a natural feeling of compassion; partly by a dim, unuttered sym-

pathy, which impelled them to take charge of the child whose unhappy mother had avenged them all. Several times kind-hearted mothers tried to take the child to their homes, intending to regard it as one of their own; but she always returned to the hut of her parents. Neither kind nor harsh treatment could induce her to stay; she always seized the first opportunity to slip away unobserved. When hungry, she went into the village and asked for bread; if this were offered to her on condition of her not returning to the hut, she sadly bent her head, so beautifully adorned with sunny curls, and went home—her hunger unappeased. They asked her often if she did not fear being alone in the solitary hut: she then would smile, and, lifting her dark-blue eyes in wonderment to the face of the questioner, answer, "Father and mother are with me—you forget; they watch all night that no harm befall me." At last they were obliged to let the strange child have her way; but supplied her regularly and abundantly with food and clothes.

By degrees a kind of awe made the country people shun her. Her strange, reserved nature—the gentle sadness that was spread over her features—the ever-repeated assurance that her parents spent every night with her, gave occasion to rumours of all sorts among the superstitious. It was said that their restless spirits actually rose from their watery grave, to protect the darling they had forsaken. This belief at last prevailed so far that the people gradually avoided speaking to the girl, or having her in their homes; but everything she required was conveyed to a place, whence she, as if by a tacit agreement, came to fetch it. This estrangement coincided entirely with her own inclinations; she did not like the society of human beings, and had no knowledge of their ways. Thus, solitary and companionless, she ripened into a lovely maiden.

From sunrise until evening she was to be seen on the same spot, sitting on the shore, either in a musing, dreamy attitude, softly murmuring to the waves, and bending over them, as if listening for a reply; or combing with careful pride her lustrous golden hair, which dipped in the moving mirror of the water, and enveloped her in the sunshine, like a mantle of rays.

Eleven years had elapsed since the day on which the parents of the orphan had met their death. The old Count's oppression, far from being diminished, was redoubled, under the united sway of the two brothers; who vied with each other in inflicting pain and misery. While Franz was the terror of all the poor who were unable to render their lord the exact amount of money and labour due to him, Wilfred, the younger brother, was a libertine of the most licentious nature; who, in his wild passion for the banquet, and the chase, spared neither the goods nor the lands, neither the fields nor the fruits of his vassals. Every holy feeling of humanity seemed to be dried up in these two hearts. The father of a family trembled when Franz ordered him up to the castle, for this was the sure omen of approaching misfortune. The mother murmured a short prayer, and hastened to conceal herself and her children in the remotest corner of the house, when the snorting of Wilfred's black horse was heard on the castle hill.



One warm Sunday morning, during harvest time, Wilfred had ridden out with a dozen fleet greyhounds, to course the hare, little caring in his wild mood for the horror with which he filled the pious villagers by this unholy disturbance of the Sabbath. The sport did not prove successful; the dogs had been at fault—the horse had failed in speed—the game had escaped the hunter. He relieved his ill-temper by pulling at the mouth of his Arabian horse till it bled; and giving the dogs, that, aware of their crime, were slinking fearfully away, a taste of the whip. In his obstinate determination to reach his prey, he had ridden farther than usual: now, hungry and vexed, he sought to shorten the way back to the castle by leaping over every obstacle. After proceeding madly in this way for half an hour, a cool, refreshing breeze suddenly roused the heated rider from his sullen brooding. He looked up and found himself on a sandy road, by the bank of the Danube. He was about to slacken his pace, both for his own and his horse's sake, when the animal, shying and starting aside, stopped short. Surprised at this unusual movement, he looked around for the cause of the horse's fear.

The sight that met his eyes, although far from exciting a similar feeling in him, held him for some moments motionless. A few paces from him, on a grassy hillock, lay the orphan (her head resting on her arm), unconscious of the rider's approach.

A magical loveliness gleaned from her countenance, which was bent towards the stream with an arch smile, such as petted children wear when they venture to play tricks on grave people. Meanwhile, she cast into the waters bunches and garlands of wild flowers, which lay heaped in her lap. Her long bright hair, gently borne on the wind, now floated in sunny filaments around her, and now enveloped in rich shining folds her slender form. The whole apparition was one of entrancing beauty, rare and captivating.

Much less would have sufficed to enflame the excitable heart of the Austrian; he alighted from his horse, and approached the maiden, fearing all the while lest some illusion might be dazzling his senses, and the whole enchantment dissolve into air before he reached it. She did not look up; but continued playing with the flowers.

"Who art thou?" he at length exclaimed, almost trembling with emotion. "Say, art thou woman, or immortal?"

There was no answer.

The Count drew nearer, and sat down at her feet. "Listen!" he resumed, "I feel, by the passionate beating of my heart, that thou art mortal, like myself. I know not whence thou comest, nor what thy name. It matters not. Woman reigns but by beauty's power. Reign over all that is mine, and over me!" With these words he tried to seize her hand. The maiden now looked up for the first time; and on her countenance was depicted only childish vexation at the interruption. "Hush!" she said; you speak so loud that I cannot hear what they are telling me."

"Leave thy childish play," said the knight, caressingly. "Dost thou not hear? Dost thou not understand what I offer thee? I, Count

Wilfred, lord of this wide domain, implore thy love. Follow me to my castle; and, let the world say what it will, thou shalt be Lord Wilfred's wife.

The maiden listened thoughtfully to his words; a sad foreboding flitted unconsciously like a shadow over her clear brow. "I do not understand—I know not what you would with me—I feel only that your presence alarms and disturbs me." With these words she turned from him, as though in anger.

The Count stood up, he felt a gush of that impatience which always seized him on the slightest contradiction; but a glance at the fascinating creature before him subdued it.

"Thou art a child, yet a charming, a wondrous child. Understand, then, oh sweet wild maiden! Thou shalt become my wife—shalt go with me to my castle—shalt leave this place never to return."

Of all Wilfred had said, the orphan understood only that he purposed to remove her from her home.

In anxious fear she sprang up. "Leave this place!—Depart!" she cried. "Stranger, why torment me with such words? Know you not that I am the orphan? Leave me!" she continued, and clasped her hands imploringly, "leave me to myself! Do you not hear?" and she bent, in a listening attitude, over the Danube—"They murmur. I fear they are displeased with me."—She threw herself weeping on her knees: "Be not angry with me, loved ones! Never will the orphan leave this place!"

A shudder ran through the Knight. A dim recollection began to dawn on his mind. Involuntarily, his thoughts reverted to his father, who had been murdered on these banks. The details of the awful event had always, so far as was possible, been concealed from him and his brother. Why did the shade of his father now rise to his imagination, dark and bloody?

"Thou little fool," he exclaimed, "thou little frantic fool! Art thou really so unacquainted with men and the world as not to know that each of my words is a thunderbolt, before which every will trembles and is silent? I tell thee thou must follow me."

With these words he clasped the maiden in his arms, and sought to draw her away.

The orphan sprang up. The anger of outraged modesty glowed on her cheek: her dark-blue eye flashed as if it would annihilate the insolent intruder.

"Help!" she cried; "help! Am I quite forsaken?"

On the surrounding heights appeared groups of country people on their way to the neighbouring church, who, anxious spectators of the unequal contest, ventured not to stay their dreaded master.

"Thou strugglest in vain, mischievous little witch!" exclaimed Wilfred, as he strove to lift her on his horse.

"Help!" cried the maiden again.

The groups on the hills crowded together. The bells of the village church began to sound the summons to the holy service.

With a violent movement of despair, the orphan

had succeeded in disengaging herself, and had gained the brink of the stream.

"I understand thee!" shouted the Count; "but thou art too beautiful to become the prey of fishes: thou shalt not escape me so!"

He roughly grasped her long, silken hair, and wound it several times round his right hand. "Now fly!" he triumphantly exclaimed, "call thy spirits to thy aid!"

The maiden trembled in every limb. "My parents! my parents!" she cried. "Oh, help your child!"

And suddenly—as when a huge caldron, on the point of boiling, sends to the surface foam and bubbles—the stream began to seethe and heave; its colour changing to a dull grey; a hollow plashing sound was heard; and an odour of decay rose from the waters. The orphan uttered a cry of joy; stretched her arms as towards a visible object, and sank into the stream.

A shriek of horror burst from the tyrant: the luxuriant tresses remained in his hand! Pale as death, he staggered several paces backward. "Lord, be merciful to me!" he stammered, with halting tongue, and fell to the ground in a swoon. His hand relaxed its hold; and the delicate fair hair, carried by the wind, flew along the shore, and rested on hill and bush.

The bells were still calling to church; but the people, excited and trembling at the miracle they had witnessed, knelt down and implored from Heaven forgiveness for the wretched culprit.

Count Wilfred soon after made a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, from which he never returned. A few years more, and his elder brother breathed his last, after a long illness, surrounded in his dying moments only by unsympathising men, whom he had taught to feel towards him nothing but hatred, and a longing for revenge. The property reverted to the State.

But, maidens, ever since this wondrous event, have found along the shores of the Danube a new flower, the long, flaxen filaments of which so closely resemble The Orphan Maiden's Hair, that they have given it that name.

Erzsi ceased. Meanwhile, the moon had fully risen, and softly illumined the stream and its green shores. Here and there, between the reeds, were seen the delicate, light flowers, the history of which she had related; and which, gently stirred by the evening wind, bore testimony to the truth of the Hungarian legend.

It was late—my hosts retired to rest; but I remained long on my seat before the house, and let the rushing current of the Danube, and the sighing of the reeds, repeat to me the legend I had heard.

#### HOPE.

##### AN EPIGRAM.

SWEET Hope of life, where shouldst thou dwell?  
Not with the eagle on the rock,  
The civic strife, or battle shock,  
But near thy sister Truth's deep well;  
Midst shadowy woods and grassy lanes,  
Where tenderness with beauty reigns,  
And heaven's bright silence breeds a voice within!  
This be life's care to win,  
Its noblest scope—  
But not in solitude—alone—sweet Hope!

#### LIVING IN A HURRY.

PERHAPS the most characteristic peculiarity of the social condition of England at present is the unhealthy want of repose. Travelling by railroad is merely typical of the headlong hurry with which all the affairs of life are transacted. In business, men are in a hurry to get rich; they cannot submit to the tedious process of adding one year's patient and legitimate gains to those of its predecessor, but seek by bold speculative combinations, by anticipations of intelligence received through the ordinary channels, to make or mar themselves by one bold stroke. The devotees of pleasure seek, as it were, to multiply their personal presence—not only by rattling to a dozen assemblies of a night, as has been the worshipful practice in London during the gay season for some hundred years, but by shooting in the North of Scotland and yachting in the Channel during the same week, visiting Palestine and the Pyramids during the Parliamentary recess, and other feats of celerity. The mechanical wheels revolve with accumulated speed to correspond to the hot haste of those who impel them. The long hours of factory and milliner drudges, the gangs of night and day labourers relieving each other in printing-offices and coal-pits—all the unintermitting, eager, "go-a-head" pressure of society—are but so many symptoms of the excitement which impels men to live in a hurry. It is a paradox only in form to say that we are in such a hurry to live that we do not live at all. Life slips through our fingers, unfelt, unenjoyed, in the bustle of preparing to live. A day of business is a day of breathless haste. The duties of the toilet are hurried through; the breakfast is gulped down without being tasted; the newspaper is skimmed with a dim idea of its contents; the place of business is posted to in chariot, cab, or 'bus; the day is spent in straining to overtake complicated details of business too extensive for the mind's grasp; it costs a race to be in time for dinner, and dinner is curtailed of its fair proportion of time for the debate, or the committee, or the opera, or the evening party, or all of them. Even sleep is got through impatiently, with frequent startings and consultations of the watch, lest the morning hours be lost. We snore in quicker time than our ancestors snored. And the worst of it is, that men cannot help this railroad fashion of galloping out of life. When such a crowd as now peoples these islands are all running at this headlong speed, you must run with them, or be borne down and run over and trampled to death by the mass. It is only by joining in the frantic gallop that you can keep your place and save your bones from being broken. Habit becomes so inveterate, that even when thrown out of the vortex men cannot rest. In the young societies of our Colonial empire, (and this is not their least recommendation,) men might live more leisurely if they chose. Our very diseases partake of this contagious haste: the lingering consumption is growing less frequent—the instantaneous apoplexy and ossification of the heart are taking its place. Even the moralizers on this universal race for the sake of running, hurry along with the rest, and pant out their reflections as they run.—*Household Words.*



## DEPARTED BEGGARS.

CHARLES LAMB in his day complained of the decay in the number of beggars in the metropolis. The decay has now approached dissolution.

Where are the beggars to whom the macaronis of George the Fourth's princely and wasted youth flung the smaller coins, after Brummell had banned contumeliously the retention of small "change?" Where are the weather and brandy-beaten soldiers, redder or browner than their tattered uniforms, who asked for alms—"an obolus to Belisarius?" [A fable but it *ought* to have been true.] Where are the seamen, sturdy as they were crippled, who, as a matter of choice—when choice permitted—were for the "towns-end" for life? and even London town had then a few straggling and varying indications of what might be called "ends." Where is the escaped negro slave, whose back was marked as with scars from the leathern and wiry claws of the slave-driver's eat, and whose body, bowed in mendicant and slave-like humbleness, was often to be remarked for its dull, sable obesity? Where are the unshorn and ill-linened men who watched the congregating and departing of classical schools, and begged, as they thought, classically, "*Misere-re mei! Sum pauper egensque* or asked those whom they knew, or fancied, to belong to the French class, "*Donnez-moi un sou, milord; un petit sou; pour l'amour de Dieu?*"

Where are the brimstone-tipped match-sellers who, in the age of tinder-boxes, introduced their wares and wants in London suburbs, under cover of some lugubrious psalm, or solemn "verses for the occasion," despite the bidding that it is for the merry to sing psalms? Where are the attractive, yet repulsive, deformities who begged loudly, openly, upbraidingly, of recusant Christian people, in other days? Where, I say, are all these long established and long-remembered public characters now? Gone, all gone; as defunct as the box-seat of the York mail, or as the London street cry, which heralded the dawn, and in some parts was heard, like the nightingale, "all the night long," the cry of "Sa-loop." The New Policeman walks, with slow and measured steps, along dismantled or demolished streets, once the beggar's, the veritable beggar's hotel, his lavatory, his tiring-room, his harem. Streets, too, which once rang with mendicant melody or malediction, are now purged and live cleanly.

Yet, it is little more than a quarter of a century ago that the streets were prolific in the very pith and pride of beggary. The martial cankers, the remnants of the long war, and the simulations of the battered trooper's dress and manners, were bold in the highways. They had their peculiar feasts and fun, their favourite viands, their still more favourite beverages, their own toasts and their own "cant," their graceless orgies, and their unbroken slumbers upon broken floors. Gone, all gone. The beggar has nightmares now; his blue lettered and numbered enemy haunts him in his dreams.

The spirit of street mendicancy and mendacity is broken; the genius of beggars' invention has shrunk into the envelope of ill-worded begging letters. Where is there now a man like "the Scotchman," who wore four waiscoats and three

coats, but was shoeless and hoseless, and had a loose robe, disposed like a lady's shawl about him, and so artistically, that he looked "a deplorable object?" And did he not gain his thirty, or forty, or fifty shillings a-day by pure begging? What was a lieutenant's or a captain's half-pay to that? And did he not, all calm and unruffled, when interrupted in the exercise of his profession by a buzzing insect of a beadle, retire to a public-house, inviting thither also his interrupter, and consume for dinner a pound of ham, half-a-pound of less savoury beef, with a pint of rum, and two pots of ale?

The strictly professional beggars in those days, the flourishing beggars until they relaxed for the night, carried their liquor like gentlemen, and were grave in the streets as was Thomson's docteur, "a black abyss of drink" among the fox-hunters. And had not the Scotchman a tin case between his shoulders in which he kept bank-notes, of genuine Abraham Newland's mark (for he was his own banker), and did he not, moreover, enjoy a pension from Chelsea Hospital? Show me half so adventurous a pensioner in our dull days; half so successful a beggar. The present fraternity are like the men of whom Le Sage tells, who went to Madrid to see what o'clock it was, and came away as wise they went.

In those days there was actually a man who posed all civic wisdom. He appeared in man-of-war attire, and was led by a dog who carried his master's poor-box in his mouth. This man put it to the Mansion House, and he put it to the Guildhall, that it was his dog which begged, and not he. Then there was a man with a valuable limp, which he put off when he retired into domestic life, and stood forth a first-rate boxer. A Chelsea pensioner boasted over his cups of his success in begging, as he stood by his "friend Devonshire's" wall in Piccadilly, shrinking and blinded, from the war in Egypt. His pension was only some ten shillings a week. One beggar, who patronised Russell Square, until it was spoilt by Mr. Croker, did not carry his liquor like a gentleman, although sedate enough in his business hours; but he took his quaffing pints of gin at a draught, and repeating the draught in a very quack-like style, was continually snoring o' nights in street kennels. I need not dwell on the instances of beggars having bequeathed fortunes, (one, as a token of gratitude, left a legacy to a bank-clerk, who was good for a penny a-day); and one begging negro retired, rich, to the West Indies, the English climate being cold and insalubrious. Neither have I time to tell of women-beggars who really outdid the men; and, after the manner of such women, did not fail to tell them of it.

Beggary (in which word I include simply begging) rallied a few years back. Certain legionaries, in faded uniforms, paraded the streets, announcing their suffering for Queen Christina in Spain. Great was their success. "Why, we had, sir," one of the batch of street-professionals said, "wine when we liked, and hot giblet pies for supper!" Inferior vagrants cleaned these men's boots. But legionaries sprung up like a crop from dragon's teeth, and the "lurk"—such is the technicality—was demolished by the police. The man whose words I have cited has begged from his infancy upwards.

There were also the "distressed tradesman" and the "clean" lurk; but they were little better than revivals.

Where, I repeat, is there an old-school beggar in London? Nowhere. Have, then, mendicancy and vagrancy left the streets and highways of London to the ten thousand wheels of commerce; to gents in Hansoms, and ladies in Broughams; to rich and reading professionals, and M.P.s, whose carriages are vehicular "studies;" and to the race of aristocratic loungers and shoppers, in chariots heavy with armorial bearings; as well as to the host of pedestrians upon pocket-compulsion? Not so: vagrancy is rife through the kingdom; but mendicancy—able and most special-pleading mendicancy which once

"—Flew like night, from land to land,  
Which had strange powers of speech—"

pure mendicancy—is gathered to the fathers and mothers of whom I have just presented a simple record. There was once a pride of art which bore the beggar bravely on; but now, even the veriest singing beggar is (comparatively) as silent as Memnon's statue, the poets notwithstanding. If these beggars chance to sing, they also strive to sell; they are not of the true blood of beggary; not of the breed which could assume the simple and timid look at will; they are, like Lear and his friends and fool, "sophisticated;" the bye-gone beggars were like Mad Tom, "the thing itself."

There is, however, a covert mendicancy in our day. Aged and infirm people go from door to door with small stocks of lucifer-match boxes, or stay and boot laces, or memorandum-books or almanacks, and under shelter of this array of small traffic, they—beg. The children, little girls especially, beg under the odour of violets, "only a penny a bunch," even in winter. They profess no mendicancy; but their dress, their look, their tone, their straggling hair and protruding toes, are all mendicants' plicas, and they sometimes beg directly. Sorely, I have been told by two young sisters, have they sometimes been snubbed by fine but not very young ladies, because the children refused a half-penny for the noscay, which was about its cost, by the dozen bunches, at day-break, in Covent Garden market in the bleak frost.

Then there are the Irish beggars. Some are old men, tottering to a pauper's grave, who sell match-boxes, and when a civil word or a pitiful look encourages them, beg eloquently.

"Well thin, sir," said a gray-headed feeble Irishman, whom I questioned, "I was a lock-smith, and came in my prime, yer honner, to mend myself in this country. But sorra the file can I hold now, for it has plazed God to fail my fingers and hands with the rheumatics. Ah! it's a match-box I can scarce hold now. Ay, and indeed, yer honner, you may say, 'sad changes.' The streets get cowlder and cowlder, sir, and people gets crosser and crosser wid an old man like me. But," brightening up a little, "I have a daughter that's immigrated. The Lord fasten the life in the good lady that helped her, though it almost broke my heart. But she'll help me, will my daughter, sure; and I must go on as I do now, till thin."

The street beggar's vocation, is, therefore, not entirely gone from among us. It lingers, and is

found here and there, like the small-pox; but it is fast disappearing, or has assumed strange guises, of which I have not now space to tell. Bethnal Green shall have no more legends; and no King Cophetua could now find a beggar-maid beseechingly to woo. The "jovial beggar," too, of Burn's lay is not. In fact, I have had opportunities to observe that your beggar, if he be a cripple, and *must* beg or pine in a workhouse, is an exceeding dull fellow. In our age an idle heavy lad who must yet be a runaway and scorn restraint, sinks into a beggar; the more quick-witted young vagrant (for, in such cases, a common lodging-house is a hot-house, a forcing house) soon blooms a thief.

There is another and a remarkable change pertaining to this matter. In other days the vagabond, or the beggar, seems to have been, as Blackstone calls seamen, "favourites of the law;" or rather, perhaps, of London magistrates. The man was, perhaps sent off into the next street to beg, after bowing to an injunction to "look out for honest work;" a frequent consequence, and always to the disgust of the reprovéd, and now (in such functions) superseded beadle, who had captured the beggar "in the act." Now the conviction is summary.

The lines of street beggary are not, in this year of grace, cast in pleasant places.

DREAMS.—Dreams usually take place in a single instant, notwithstanding the length of time they seem to occupy. They are, in fact, slight mental sensations, unregulated by consciousness; these sensations being less or more intense, painful or agreeable, according to certain physical conditions. On this subject, the following observations occur in Dr. Winslow's *Psychological Journal*:—"We have in dreams no true perception of the lapse of time—a strange property of mind! for if such be also its property when entered into the eternal disembodied state, time will appear to us eternity. The relations of space, as well as of time, are also annihilated; so that while almost an eternity is compressed into a moment, infinite space is traversed more swiftly than by real thought. There are numerous illustrations of this principle on record. A gentleman dreamed that he had enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried condemned to be shot, and at last led out for execution. After all the usual preparations, a gun was fired; he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in the adjoining room had, at the same moment, produced the dream, and awakened him. A friend of Dr. Abercrombie dreamed that he had crossed the Atlantic, and spent a fortnight in America. In embarking, on his return, he fell into the sea, and awakening in the fright, found that he had not been asleep ten minutes."

GOD AND MY COUNTRY.—The common question asked a criminal, viz., how he will be tried? is improperly answered, "*by God and my Country*." It originally must have been, "*By God or my Country*," that is either by ordeal by Jury; for the question asked supposes an option in the prisoner, and the answer is meant to assert his innocence by declining neither sort of trial.—*Darrington on the Statutes.*



## A CAPE BALL-ROOM.

A WEALTHY old Indian officer, with excellent appointments in the Company's service, is travelling in the colony for the benefit of his health. He goes to every doctor in every town, and takes all they prescribe, but finds himself no better. His malady is that produced by good living in a tropical climate. At length he falls in with a shrewd apothecary from "the north countrie," who sees at a glance that the old gentleman only wants air and exercise; but not being an Abernethy, he is not blunt enough to say so. He prescribes, of course, the most innocent of pills and draughts, and sends his patient for a long canter every day. The patient gets well, and gratitude is immense—his admiration of the apothecary's professional skill is unbounded. He forthwith writes him a check for £1000, and invites him with his wife and all his family to accompany him back to Bombay, when he shall return thither. Meanwhile, in an ecstasy of delight, he journeys about the country, and gives balls to everybody everywhere. To-night he gives us one at Graham's Town. We enter a large, long room in the hotel, between eight and nine o'clock. The company are nearly all assembled; for when they do get a ball at the Cape, and especially at Graham's Town, they take time by the forelock, being considerably in doubt when they may chance to see another. \* \* \*

Let us turn to the ladies. Alas! they don't look so brilliant in complexion as in old England. The sun is a terrible destroyer of bloom on a maiden's cheek; still there are some pretty damsels among them, and not so badly "got-up" for the land of the Desert. We ask one to dance, and she accepts. Now comes the puzzle. What the deuce is a man to talk about in a Cape ball-room? There is neither opera nor theatre, nor park, nor concerts, nor court, nor news; even the weather—that eternal refuge for the destitute of small-talk—won't do in a country where it is always fine. We wish we could think of something entertaining. We begin to quiz some of the company (dangerous, by the way, as you may chance to select your partner's brother, or husband, or papa for your shafts of ridicule); but we find the young lady has no taste for the humorous. We talk about the beauty of the scene, the shortest monosyllable issues from the fair one's lips, and all is silent again. We begin to suspect we are very stupid, and feel proportionately uncomfortable. A bright idea strikes us. "Do you live in the town or in the country?" "In the country." We hesitate a moment, and then, making a plunge, we say, "How many head of cattle have you got?" What a start for a ball-room confab with a pretty girl! No matter, it was at all events successful;

"And success  
Is much in all things, but especially in youth."

No sooner had that magic question passed our lips, than the fair one's lips were opened also, and forth poured a torrent of information, touching cows and sheep, the breeding and rearing them, the milking and shearing thereof, and such a quantity of practical farming observations, that we half expected she would offer to "deal" with us, if we were disposed to make an investment in the butter or wool line \* \* \* Until I went to a ball at the Cape, I never knew what thorough enjoyment of dancing was. The Afrianders, blessings on their simple souls! don't walk through a quadrille, or glide through a polka: but they pound away with feet and arms, and the "orient humour" oozing from each pore of face, and hands, and neck, bears witness to the energy of their movements. And then the supper! Your partner does not take a little piece of a trifle, or a cream, or a tart, and sip a thimble-spoonful of negus, but she demolishes all the chicken and ham you give her, and drinks every drop of the three bumpers of champagne you pour out for her, and looks all the happier for both. As for yourself, you attack everything you can lay hands on; and, after the ladies have retired, you find yourself actually indulging in that highly dangerous and deleterious practice of "hurrahing," in response to the toast of the "Ladies," which that fat man in a red face and white waistcoat, with an uncomfortable tendency to work its way up to his chin, has just proposed. You find, too, that you come down again to that same supper-room after the fair one's have begun to depart for their homes; you find that you prefer brandy-and-water to the doubtful champagne and suspicious claret; you find that you have a cigar in your pocket, and you smoke it; you find that you can sing capitably—in a chorus; and lastly, if you *do* find your way home you are a lucky fellow.—*Five Years Residence in South Africa.*

A CONCISE CRITICISM.—Voltaire was once desired by a poet to criticise a tragedy he had written. He prefaced his request by saying that he knew the value of the philosopher's time, and therefore requested him to express his candid opinion in the shortest manner. The dramatist had written the single word *Fin* at the bottom of his play, and the merciless censor confined his whole criticism merely to scratching out the letter *n*, leaving the crushing verdict *Fi*.

DEATH HERALDS.—A rich old gentleman was in the habit of calculating the state of his health by the attention paid him by parties who conceived that they would be remembered in his will. Some time before he died, his physician would fain have persuaded him that he was much better. "No, No" said the patient—"I have just discovered six fatal symptoms—three presents, and three visits in one day from my dear friend Mr. H."

## SONGS AND BALLADS.

BY A BACKWOODSMAN.

IF the following simple Ballads and detached pieces of Poetry possess any merit, it must be entirely owing to their being a faithful chronicle of recollections endeared by time, of attachments formed in early life, and hallowed still in the heart of the Backwoodsman.

From the depths of a Canadian forest, when the toils of the day are over—memory outstripping, far even, rail-road speed—seeks some such fondly-remembered spot as the sunny brae scaur, or capping tree, to turn a leaf in her faithful calendar, and select from it some such incidents as the following, for his evening amusement. The following stanzas may serve, by way of introduction, to the series:

## THE MOORLAND HARP.

Sweet lyre whose necromantic string  
First lured my infant soul along,  
While erst a wayward tiny thing,  
Through all the witching maze of song.

Sweet Moorland Harp, again to thee  
With beating breast I fondly turn;  
Come seek yon upland dell with me,  
The hermit rill and martyr's urn.

Though thine be not to tell of arms,  
Or courts where costly pageants shine;  
Still simple pipe, still thou hast charms,  
The hamlets humble joys are thine.

The simple love of happy swains,  
The village tale of witcherie;  
And legend old, are minstrel strains,  
Sweet Moorland Harp full meet for thee.

And thine's the lay to memory dear,  
For sooth full many a tale hast thou  
To melt the soul with pity's tear,  
And chase the gloom from misery's brow.

Yes, oft, when midnight care has reft  
With rankling hand my peace away,  
Thine was the task, still thou wert left  
To light and cheer fate's wintry day.

Come, then, sweet Harp, though distant far  
Be now, alas! our mountain home,  
Seize, seize, the reins of memory's car,  
O'er all its charms let fancy roam.

Just as they looked that summer morn,  
When last from maiden Lilliard's fell,  
Like lover from his mistress torn,  
I turned to bid them all farewell.

The straw-roofed shed beneath the hill,  
The fairy glen, the wizard's stone,  
The hunter's cairn, and all, 'tis still  
So sadly sweet to think upon.

So draw the landscape, lovely fair,  
Our mountain home's still dear to thee;  
For not a spot that pleased me there,  
But thou hast been, sweet Harp, with me.

Lead me along, oh, gently lead  
Me through the moon-beam chequered  
bowers,

Where summer, 'midst the fragrant mead,  
Leads round the ring the blooming hours.

Where Fancy dreams of glades, where still  
The shadowy forms of Eve repair,  
Near some lone wild-wood's fabled rill,  
Unseen to laugh, and gambol there.

Such scenes first dawned in memory's bower,  
'Twas childhood's earliest morning dream,  
And still I love the genial hour,  
And ardent woo the witching theme.

\* \* \* Ancram Moor, the Pencil-heuch of Hollingshed, where the English, under Evers and Latoun, were completely defeated, and both their leaders slain, is now more generally known as Lilliard Edge, from the heroic valour of a maiden of the name of Lillias, who, as tradition still tells, continued to fight when both her legs were cut off. She was buried on the spot where the battle was fought and won. The following lines are said to have been cut upon the stone that covered her, and are current household words throughout the country there:

Fair maiden Lilliard lies under this stane,  
Small was her stature, but great was her fame;  
Upon the English loons she laid many thumps,  
And when her feet was off she fought upon her stumps.

## YOUNG LANGRAW.

Mr. Scott, or auld Tam O'Letham rather, had not always been the wealthy Border Yeoman he was at the period that the following verses refer to.

Like many he had difficulties to strive with in early life, which an advantageous lease of the farm of Letham in Ted-forest, under Lord Douglas of Bothwell Castle, entered upon, at or about the close of the American War, enabled him to surmount.

Of all the visitors at Letham, none were looked upon with so favorable an eye, as Thomas Elliot of Herriot.

Ellen, the object of attraction, was all the heart could wish. Pure and lightsome as the lamb on Letham Law. She never once thought of disguising the love that Elliot so fondly sought and prized more than all the wide world beside.



They rode, sat, and sung together, till like other lovers it became almost unsupportable for them to be apart. And Ellen's poney was never led out, for an excursion or dinner party, across the Border into the Tyne, or the Ried, but Elliot's steed was seen reined up along side of it.

Her father hitherto, to all appearance, had looked with a favorable eye on the growing intimacy of the lovers, and they were led to believe, that all that stood between them and happiness was a "weel stockit" farm to begin the world with, and which Mr. Scott, by this time was very well able to furnish.

But with his wordly prosperity Letham's intentions respecting his daughter, had very materially altered: and one evening when Elliot ventured formally, to mention what was nearest his heart, the reply was, that he had no objection to him as a son-in-law, but Ellen's fortune was to be a thousand pounds, and the man that got her would have to double it.

This was something that Elliot was altogether unprepared for. Herriot, the family residence, descended by right of entail to his brother, and he might be said to be nearly dependent upon him. Had any one, therefore, told him that the French fleet had landed in the Thames, and London was in the possession of the Corsican (for it was just about the time of the threatened invasion) he would not have been half so thunderstruck— young, handsome, and well descended, family pride would fain have stepped in, and persuaded him to spurn, forever, an alliance with one who had nothing to boast of but his wealth. But Ellen's kind look of love had fettered the heart of the strapping Borderer too firmly for this. He hurried, therefore, to her presence, and after making her acquainted with her father's answer, and a renewal of the vows first made on the sunny side of Letham Law—when the blue lift and the laverock were all that saw, and the bracken bush, that screened them, the only listener, he took farewell of all that he had long considered worth living for.

It is here the verses are supposed to take up the narrative. They were written to one of our finest Scottish airs, "The Bluidy Barns of Ayr."

The sequel as bringing out more fully the character of the old Border Yeoman is worth the preserving.

There was sorrow in Letham where sorrow had seldom been, when, what her father had been pleased to term but a dwam o' luve, that wad soon be gotten over, assumed an appearance too plain not to be understood.

For a long time he resisted all the remonstrances both of neighbors and friends, stoutly affirming, that his daughter's sickness was alh sham, and just assumed for the very purpose of badgering him into their measures.

"Its a' nonsense, Wull man," said he one day to the guid man of Swinnie, who, with the freedom of an old friend, had been using all his influence to soften down matters between the parties. "Its a' nonsense, I tell ye, nane dees o' luve noo a-days, if ever ony did. Na lad, I ken her better than that—if she dees at a' it 'll just be to vex her auld father, because she canna get her ain way, and no for the want of a man. Isna' here the writer chap frae Embro', auld Chisholm o' Habsburns heir, gaun clean daft for her, and yet the stubborn limmer will no look on the side o' the gate he's on. Its true he's no just sic' a strapping chield as Elliot; but there's Green rivers to cast the bank, and a coach at her ca' ilka day o' the year forby, 'od its eneuch to put ony sensible man out o' his head a'thegither, to be plagued to death this way wie a senseless hizzie, that dis na' ken weel what she wad be at. Diel hae' me if at this blessed moment I dinna wish that her mother had been a *keb* o' her the day she was born!"

In such bursts the old man's wrath used to find vent to some of his old cronies.

Alarmed at last for the safety of his child, (for Ellen after all, was the apple of his eye,) her medical attendant having seriously told him that his skill was of no use to her, and that the only hope left was the presence of her lover. He at last sought her apartment, and told her, though with evident reluctance, that "she bid ein' send for Tam Elliot again sin' nae better wad be!"

Elliot was sent for accordingly, and was soon seen bending over the wasted form of her he loved. It had the desired effect. They again rode and walked together, and a short time saw them united and happy.

O dinna jeer me sae,  
Nor spcir what ails my e'en,  
Nor say a word about Langraw  
He was na' here yestreen.  
And O it's sair to 'bide,  
And waur than death to dree,  
To love sae weel, and after a'  
Parted at last to be.

The gowden days that's gane,  
On memory neer will fade,  
Ween he was aince sae aften here  
And aye' sae welcome made.

The ribbon he lo'd best  
 Aye graced my middle sma';  
 My very heart lap wi' delight  
 To meet wi' young Langraw.

But Habsburn's banks are green,  
 And Habsburn's haughs are fair,  
 And nane will please my father now  
 But Habsburn's doited heir.  
 O what's his gear to me,  
 His holms and hadden braw,  
 I'd rather be Langraw's guid wife  
 Than ledly o' them a'.

Now Annie, for the luv  
 I long hac bore to thee,  
 O ye inau busk yoursel and gang  
 And see Langraw for me.  
 Take this lock of my hair,  
 Ae fôd farewell beside,  
 And tell him Ellen Scott may dee,  
 But neir be Habsburn's bride.

### THE HUNCHBACK OF STRASBOURG.

IN the department of the Bas-Rhin, France, and not more than about two leagues north of Strasbourg, lived Antoine Delessert, who farmed, or intended farming, his own land—about a ten-acre slice of 'national' property which had fallen to him, nobody very well knew how, during the hurly-burly of the great Revolution. He was about five-and-thirty, a widower, and had one child, likewise named Antoine, but familiarly known as Le Bossu (Hunchback)—a designation derived, like his father's acres, from the Revolution, somebody having, during one of the earlier and livelier episodes of that exciting drama, thrown the poor little fellow out of a window in Strasbourg, and broke his back. When this happened, Antoine, *père*, was a journeyman *ferblantier* (tinman) of that city. Subsequently he became an active, though subordinate member of the local Salut Public; in virtue of which patriotic function he obtained Les Près, the name of his magnificent estate. Working at his trade was now, of course, out of the question. Farming, as everybody knows, is a gentlemanly occupation, skill in which comes by nature; and Citizen Delessert forthwith betook himself, with his son, to Les Près, in the full belief that he had stepped at once into the dignified and delightful position of the ousted aristocrat, to whom Les Près had once belonged, and whose haughty head he had seen fall into the basket. But envious clouds will darken the brightest sky, and the new proprietor found on taking possession of his quiet, unincumbered domain, that property has its plagues as well as pleasures. True, there was the land, but not a plant, or a seed thereon or therein, nor an agricultural implement of any kind to work it with. The walls of the old rambling house were standing, and the roof, except in about a dozen places, kept out the rain with some success; but the nimble, unrespecting fingers of preceding patriots had carried off not only every vestige of furniture, usually so called, but coppers, cistern, pump, locks, hinges—nay, some of the very doors and window-frames! Delessert was

profoundly discontented. He remarked to Le Bossu, now a sharp lad of some twelve years of age, that he was at last convinced of the entire truth of his cousin Boisdet's frequent observation—that the Revolution, glorious as it might be, had been stained and dishonoured by many shameful excesses; an admission which the son, with keen remembrance of his compulsory flight from the window, savagely endorsed.

'Peste!' exclaimed the new proprietor, after a lengthened and painful examination of the dilapidations and general nakedness of his estate—'this is embarrassing. Citizen Destouches was right. I must raise money upon the property, to replace what those brigands have carried off. I shall require three thousand francs at the very least.'

The calculation was dispiriting; and after a night's lodging on the bare floor, damply enveloped in a few old sacks, the financial horizon did not look one whit less gloomy in the eyes of Citizen Delessert. Destouches, he sadly reflected, was an iron-fisted notary-public, who lent money, at exorbitant interest, to distressed land-owners, and was driving, people said, a thriving trade in that way just now. His pulse must, however, be felt, and money be obtained, however hard the terms. This was unmistakably evident; and with the conviction tugging at his heart, Citizen Delessert took his pensive way towards Strasbourg.

'You guess my errand, Citizen Destouches?' said Delessert, addressing a flinty-faced man of about his own age, in a small room of Numéro 9, Rue Béchard.

'Yes—money: how much?'

'Three thousand francs is my calculation.'

'Three thousand francs! You are not afraid of opening your mouth, I see. Three thousand francs!—humph! Security, ten acres of middling land, uncultivated, and a tumble-down house; title *droit de guillotine*. It is a risk, but I think I may venture. Pierre Nadaud,' he continued, addressing a black-browed, sly, sinister-eyed clerk, 'draw a bond, secured upon Les Près, and the appurtenances, for three thousand francs, with interest at ten per cent.'—

'Morbieu! but that is famous interest!' interjected Delessert, though timidly.

'Payable quarterly, if demanded,' the notary continued, without heeding his client's observation; with power, of course, to the lender to sell, if necessary, to reimburse his capital, as well as all accruing *dommages-intérêts*!

The borrower drew a long breath, but only muttered: 'Ah, well; no matter! We shall work hard, Antoine and I.'

The legal document was soon formally drawn; Citizen Delessert signed and sealed, and he had only now to pouch the cash, which the notary placed upon the table.

'Ah ça!' he cried, eyeing the roll of paper proffered to his acceptance with extreme disgust. 'It is not in those *chiffons* of assignats, is it, that I am to receive three thousand francs, at ten per cent?'

'My friend,' rejoined the notary, in a tone of great severity, 'take care what you say. The offence of depreciating the credit or money of the Republic is a grave one.'

'Who should know that better than I?' promptly replied Delessert. 'The paper-money of our gio-



rious Republic is of inestimable value; but the fact is, Citizen Destouches, I have a weakness, I confess it, for coined money—*argent métallique*. In case of fire, for instance, it'—

'It is very remarkable,' interrupted the notary with increasing sternness—'it is very remarkable, Pierre' (Pierre was an influential member of the Salut Public,) 'that the instant a man becomes a landed proprietor, he betrays symptoms of *incivisme*: is discovered to be, in fact, an *aristocq* at heart.'

'I an *aristocq*!' exclaimed Delessert, turning very pale; you are jesting, surely. Sec, I take these admirable assignats—three thousand francs' worth at ten per cent.—with the greatest pleasure. Oh, never mind counting among friends.'

'Pardon!' replied Destouches, with rigid scrupulosity. 'It is necessary to be extremely cautious in matters of business. Deducting thirty francs for the bond, you will, I think, find your money correct; but count yourself.'

Delessert pretended to do so, but the rage in his heart so caused his eyes to dance and dazzle, and his hands to shake, that he could scarcely see the figures on the assignats, or separate one from the other. He bundled them up at last, crammed them into his pocket, and hurried off, with a sickly smile upon his face, and maledictions, which found fierce utterance as soon as he had reached a safe distance, trembling on his tongue.

'Scélérat! coquin!' he savagely muttered. 'Ten per cent. for this moonshine money! I only wish — But never mind, what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. I must try and buy in the same way that I have been so charmingly sold.'

Earnestly meditating this equitable process, Citizen Delessert sought his friend Jean Souday, who lived close by the Fossé des Tanneurs (Tanners' Ditch.) Jean had a somewhat ancient mare to dispose of, which our landed proprietor thought might answer his purpose. Cocotte was a slight waif, sheared off by the sharp axe of the Place de la Révolution, and Souday could therefore afford to sell her cheap. Fifty francs *argent métallique* would, Delessert knew, purchase her; but with assignats, it was quite another affair. But, courage! He might surely play the notary's game with his friend Souday: that could not be so difficult.

'You have no use for Cocotte,' suggested Delessert, modestly, after exchanging fraternal salutations with his friend.

'Such an animal is always useful,' promptly answered Madame Souday, a sharp, notable little woman, with a vinegar aspect.

'To be sure—to be sure! And what price do you put upon this useful animal?'

'Cela dépend'—replied Jean, with an interrogative glance at his helpmate.

'Yes, as Jean says, that depends—entirely depends'—responded the wife.

'Upon what, citoyenne?'

'Upon what is offered, parbleu! We are in no hurry to part with Cocotte; but money is tempting.'

'Well, then, suppose we say, between friends, fifty francs?'

'Fifty francs! That is very little; besides, I

do not know that I shall part with Cocotte at all.' 'Come, come; be reasonable. Sixty francs! Is it a bargain?'

Jean still shook his head. 'Tempt him with the actual sight of the money,' confidentially suggested Madame Souday; 'that is the only way to strike a bargain with my husband.'

Delessert preferred increasing his offer to this advice, and gradually advanced to 100 francs, without in the least softening Jean Souday's obduracy. The possessor of the assignats was fain, at last, to adopt Madame Souday's iterated counsel, and placed 120 paper francs before the owner of Cocotte. The husband and wife instantly, as silently, exchanged with each other, by the only electric telegraph then in use the words: 'I thought so.'

'This is charming money, friend Delessart,' said Jean Souday; 'far more precious to an enlightened mind than the barbarous coin stamped with effigies of kings and queens of the *ancien régime*. It is very tempting; still, I do not think I can part with Cocotte at any price.'

Poor Delessert ground his teeth with rage, but the expression of his anger would avail nothing; and, yielding to hard necessity, he at length, after much wrangling, became the purchaser of the old mare for 250 francs—in assignats. We give this as a specimen of the bargains effected by the owner of Les Près with his borrowed capital, and as affording a key to the bitter hatred he from that day cherished towards the notary, by whom he had, as he conceived, been so egregiously duped. Towards evening he entered a wine-shop in the suburb of Robertsau, drank freely, and talked still more so, fatigue and vexation having rendered him both thirsty and bold. Destouches, he assured everybody that would listen to him, was a robber—a villain—a vampire blood-sucker, and he, Delessert, would be amply revenged on him some fine day. Had the loquacious orator been eulogising some one's extraordinary virtues, it is very probable that all he said would have been forgotten by the morrow, but the memories of men are more tenacious of slander and evil speaking; and thus it happened that Delessert's vituperative and menacing eloquence on this occasion was thereafter produced against him with fatal power.

Albeit, the now nominal proprietor of Les Près, assisted by his son and Cocotte, set to work manfully at his new vocation; and by dint of working twice as hard, and faring much worse than he did as a journeyman *ferblantier*, contrived to keep the wolf, if not far from the door, at least from entering in. His son, Le Bossu, was a cheerful, willing lad, with large, dark, inquisitive eyes, lit up with much clearer intelligence than frequently falls to the share of persons of his age and opportunities. The father and son were greatly attached to each other; and it was chiefly the hope of bequeathing Les Près, free from the usurious gripe of Destouches, to his boy, that encouraged the elder Delessert to persevere in his well-nigh hopeless husbandry. Two years thus passed, and matters were beginning to assume a less dreary aspect, thanks chiefly to the notary's not having made any demand in the interim for the interest of his mortgage.

'I have often wondered,' said Le Bossu one

day, as he and his father were eating their dinner of *soupe aux choux* and black bread, 'that Destouches had not called before. He may now as soon as he pleases, thanks to our having sold that lot of damaged wheat at such a capital price: corn must be getting up tremendously in the market. However, you are ready for Destouches' demand of six hundred francs, which it is now.'

'Parbleu! quite ready; all ready counted in those charming assignats; that is the joke of it. I wish the old villain may call or send soon'—

A gentle tap at the door interrupted the speaker. The son opened it, and the notary, accompanied by his familiar, Pierre Nadaud, quietly glided in.

'Talk of the devil,' growled Delessert audibly, 'and you are sure to get a whisk of his tail. Well, messieurs,' he added more loudly, 'your business?'

'Money—interest now due on the mortgage for three thousand francs,' replied M. Destouches with much suavity.

'Interest for two years,' continued the sourly-sardonic accents of Pierre Nadaud; 'six hundred francs precisely.'

'Very good, you shall have the money directly,' Delessert left the room; the notary took out and unclasped a note-book; and Pierre Nadaud placed a slip of *papier timbré* on the dinner-table, preparatory to writing a receipt.

'Here,' said Delessert, re-entering with a roll of soiled paper in his hand, 'here are your six hundred francs, well counted.'

The notary reclasped his note-book, and returned it to his pocket; Pierre Nadaud resumed possession of the receipt paper.

'You are not aware, then friend Delessert,' said the notary, 'that creditors are no longer compelled to receive assignats in payment?'

'How? What do you say?'

'Pierre,' continued M. Destouches, 'read the extract from *Le Bulletin des Lois*, published last week.' Pierre did so with a ringing emphasis, which would have rendered it intelligible to a child; and the unhappy debtor fully comprehended that his paper-money was comparatively worthless! It is needless to dwell upon the fury manifested by Delessert, the cool obduracy of the notary, or the cynical comments of the clerk. Enough to say, that M. Destouches departed without his money, after civilly intimating that legal proceedings would be taken forthwith. The son strove to soothe his father's passionate despair, but his words fell upon unheeding ears; and after several hours passed in alternate paroxysms of stormy rage and gloomy reverie, the elder Delessert hastily left the house, taking the direction of Strasbourg. Le Bossu watched his father's retreating figure from the door until it was lost in the clouds of blinding snow that was rapidly falling, and then sadly resumed some indoor employment. It was late when he retired to bed, and his father had not then returned. He would probably remain, the son thought, at Strasbourg for the night.

The chill lead-colored dawn was faintly struggling on the horizon with the black, gloomy night, when Le Bossu rose. Ten minutes afterwards, his father strode into the house, and threw himself, without a word, upon a seat. His eyes, the son observed, were blood-shot, either with rage or drink—perhaps both; and his entire aspect wild, hag-

gard, and fierce, Le Bossu silently presented him with a measure of *vin ordinaire*. It was eagerly swallowed, though Delessert's hand shook so that he could scarcely hold the pewter flagon to his lips.

'Something has happened,' said Le Bossu, presently.

'Morbleu!—yes. That is,' added the father, checking himself, 'something *might* have happened, happened, if—— Who's there?'

'Only the wind shaking the door. What *might* have happened?' persisted the son.

'I will tell you, Antoine. I set off for Strasbourg yesterday, to see Destouches once again, and entreat him to accept the assignats in part-payment at least. He was not at home. Marguerite, the old servant, said he was gone to the cathedral, not long since re-opened. Well, I found the usurer just coming out of the great western entrance, heathen as he is, looking as pious as a pilgrim. I accosted him, told him my errand, begged, prayed, stormed! It was all to no purpose, except to attract the notice and comments of the passers-by. Destouches went his way, and I, with fury in my heart, betook myself to a wine-shop—Le Brun's. He would not even change an assignat to take for what I drank, which was not a little; and I therefore owe him for it. When the gendarmes cleared the house at last, I was nearly crazed with rage and drink. I must have been so, or I should never have gone to the Rue Béchard, forced myself once more into the notary's presence, and—'

'And what?' quivered the young man, as his father abruptly stopped, startled as before into silence by a sudden rattling of the crazy door.

'And what?'

'And abused him for a flinty hearted scoundrel, as he is. He ordered me away, and threatened to call the guard. I was flinging out of the house, when Marguerite twitched me by the sleeve, and I stepped aside into the kitchen. "You must not think," she said "of going home such a night as this." It was snowing furiously, and blowing a hurricane at the time. There is a straw pallet," Marguerite added, "where you can sleep, and nobody the wiser!" I yielded. The good woman warmed some soup, and the storm not abating, I lay down to rest—to rest, do I say?" shouted Delessert, jumping madly to his feet, and pacing furiously to and fro—"the rest of devils! My blood was in flame; and rage, hate, despair, blew the consuming fire by turns. I thought how I had been plundered by the mercenary ruffian sleeping securely, as he thought, within a dozen yards of the man he had ruined—sleeping securely just beyond the room containing the *secrétaire* in which the mortgage-deed of which I had been swindled was deposited'—

'Oh, father!' gasped the son.

'Be silent, boy and you shall know all! It may be that I dreamed all this, for I think the creaking of a door, and a stealthy step on the stair, awoke me; but perhaps that, too, was part of the dream. However, I was at last wide awake, and I got up and looked out on the cold night. The storm had passed, and the moon had temporarily broken through the heavy clouds by which she was encompassed. Marguerite had said I might let myself out, and I resolved to depart at once. I was doing



so, when, looking round, I perceived that the notary's office-door was ajar. Instantly a demon whispered, that although the law was restored, it was still blind and deaf as ever—could not see or hear in that dark silence—and that I might easily baffle the cheating usurer after all. Swiftly and softly, I darted towards the half-opened door—entered. The notary's *secrétaire*, Antoine, was wide open! I hunted with shaking hands for the deed, but could not find it. There was money in the drawers, and I—I think I should have taken some—did perhaps, I hardly know—when I heard, or thought I did, a rustling sound not far off. I gazed wildly round, and plainly saw in the notary's bedroom—the door of which, I had not before observed, was partly open—the shadow of a man's figure clearly traced by the faint moonlight on the floor. I ran out of the room, and out of the house with the speed of a madman, and here—here I am!’ This said, he threw himself into a seat, and covered his face with his hands.

‘That is a chink of money,’ said Le Bossu, who had listened in dumb dismay to his father's concluding narrative. ‘You had none, you said, when at the wine-shop.’

‘Money! Ah, it may be as I said—Thunder of heaven!’ cried the wretched man, again fiercely springing to his feet. ‘I am lost!’

‘I fear so,’ replied a commissaire de police, who had suddenly entered, accompanied by several gendarmes—‘if it be true, as we suspect, that you are the assassin of the notary Destouches.’

The assassin of the notary Destouches! Le Bossu heard but these words, and when he recovered consciousness, he found himself alone, save for the presence of a neighbour, who had been summoned to his assistance.

The *procès verbal* stated in addition to much of what has been already related, that the notary had been found dead in his bed, at a very early hour of the morning, by his clerk Pierre Nadaud, who slept in the house. The unfortunate man had been stifled, by a pillow it was thought. His *secrétaire* had been plundered of a very large sum, amongst which were Dutch gold ducats—purchased by Destouches only the day before—of the value of more than 6000 francs. Delessert's mortgage-deed had also disappeared, although other papers of a similar character had been left. Six crowns had been found on Delessert's person, one of which was clipped in a peculiar manner, and was sworn to by an *épicier* as that offered him by the notary the day previous to the murder, and refused by him. No other portion of the stolen property could be found, although the police exerted themselves to the utmost for that purpose.

There was however quite sufficient evidence to convict Delessert of the crime, notwithstanding his persisted asseverations of innocence. His known hatred of Destouches, the threats he had uttered concerning him, his conduct in front of the cathedral, Marguerite's evidence, and the finding the crown in his pocket, left no doubt of his guilt, and he was condemned to suffer death by the guillotine. He appealed of course, but that, everybody felt, could only prolong his life for a short time, not save it.

There was one person, the convict's son, who did not for a moment believe that his father was the assassin of Destouches. He was satisfied in

his own mind, that the real criminal was he whose step Delessert had heard upon the stair, who had opened the office-door, and whose shadow fell across the bedroom floor; and his eager, unresting thoughts were bent upon bringing this conviction home to others. After a while, light, though as yet dim and uncertain, broke in upon his filial task.

About ten days after the conviction of Delessert, Pierre Nadaud called upon M. Huguet, the procureur-général of Strasbourg. He had a serious complaint to make of Delessert,  *fils*. The young man, chiefly, he supposed, because he had given evidence against his father, appeared to be nourishing a monomaniacal hatred against him, Pierre Nadaud. ‘Wherever I go,’ said the irritated complainant, ‘whatever hour, early in the morning and late at night, he dogs my steps. I can in no manner escape him, and I verily believe those fierce, malevolent eyes of his are never closed. I really fear he is meditating some violent act. He should, I respectfully submit, be restrained—placed in a *maison de santé*, for his intellects are certainly unsettled; or otherwise prevented from accomplishing the mischief I am sure he contemplates.’

M. Huguet listened attentively to this statement, reflected for a few moments, said inquiry should be made in the matter, and civilly dismissed the complainant.

In the evening of the same day, Le Bossu was brought before M. Huguet. He replied to that gentleman's questioning by the avowal, that he believed Nadaud had murdered M. Destouches. ‘I believe also,’ added the young man, ‘that I have at last hit upon a clue that will lead to his conviction.’

‘Indeed! Perhaps you will impart it to me?’

‘Willingly. The property in gold and precious gems carried off has not yet been traced. I have discovered its hiding-place.’

‘Say you so? That is extremely fortunate.’

‘You know, sir, that beyond the Rue des Vignes there are three houses standing alone, which were gutted by fire some time since, and are now only temporarily boarded up. That street is entirely out of Nadaud's way, and yet he passes and repasses there five or six times a day. When he did not know that I was watching him, he used to gaze curiously at those houses, as if to notice if they were being disturbed for any purpose. Lately, if he suspects I am at hand, he keeps his face determinedly away from them, but still seems to have an unconquerable hankering after the spot. This very morning, there was a cry raised close to the ruins, that a child had been run over by a cart. Nadaud was passing; he knew I was close by, and violently checking himself, as I could see, kept his eyes fixedly averted from the place, which I have no longer any doubt contains the stolen treasure.’

‘You are a shrewd lad,’ said M. Huguet, after a thoughtful pause. ‘An examination shall at all events take place at nightfall. You in the meantime, remain here under surveillance.’

Between eleven and twelve o'clock, Le Bossu was again brought into M. Huguet's presence.

The commissary who had arrested his father was also there. ‘You have made a surprising guess, if it be a guess,’ said the procureur. ‘The missing property has been found under a hearth-

stone of the centre house.' Le Bossu raised his hands, and uttered a cry of delight. 'One moment,' continued M. Huguot. 'How do we know this is not a trick concocted by you and your father to mislead justice?'

'I have thought of that,' replied Le Bossu, calmly. 'Let it be given out that I am under restraint, in compliance with Nadaud's request; then have some scaffolding placed to-morrow against the houses, as if preparatory to their being pulled down, and you will see the result, if a quiet watch is kept during the night.' The procureur and commissary exchanged glances, and Le Bossu was removed from the room.

It was verging on three o'clock in the morning, when the watchers heard some one very quietly remove a portion of the back-boarding of the centre house. Presently a closely muffled figure, with a dark-lantern and a bag in his hand, crept through the opening, and made direct for the hearth-stone: lifted it, turned on his light slowly, gathered up the treasure, crammed it into his bag and murmured with an exulting chuckle as he re-closed the lantern and stood upright: 'Safe—safe, at last!' At the instant, the light of half a dozen lanterns flashed upon the miserable wretch, revealing the stern faces of as many gendarmes.

'Quite safe, M. Pierre Nadaud!' echoed their leader. 'Of that you may be assured.' He was unheard: the detected culprit had fainted.

There is little to add. Nadaud perished by the guillotine, and Delessert was after a time liberated. Whether or not he thought his ill-gotten property had brought a curse with it, I cannot say; but at all events, he abandoned it to the notary's heirs, and set off with Le Bossu for Paris, where I believe the sign of 'Delessert et Fils, Ferblantiers,' still flourishes over the front of a respectably furnished shop.—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

### "WHERE ARE THEY NOW?"

BY ELIZA COOK.

THE sun rays came with floods of golden gladness

When Childhood dwelt upon our laughing lips;  
But time has dimmed the dancing beams with sadness,

And Manhood murmurs through the grey eclipse,  
"Where are they now?"

What scented leaves and glowing buds were flinging  
Their fairy odours round our early day;

But Manhood looks while bloom and branch are  
springing,

And sighs amid the brightest on its way,  
"Where are they now?"

What starry hopes illumed our dreaming spirits

When Life and Love were beautiful and new;  
But age with all the wisdom it inherits,

Breathes o'er the molten gems of morning dew,  
"Where are they now?"

Oh, pensive words! how many a blissful treasure  
Ye serve to point to as a long lost thing!

How many a heart that pours Life's richest measure  
Must learn thy plaintive notes, and faintly sing,

"Where are they now?"

### THE MISER.

A TRAVELLER, detained by accident, in a little village on the sea coast of England, was striving to pass a tedious hour in strolling along the cliff and enjoying the breeze. He perceived ere long a stately but gloomy Hall buried in trees, and enquired of an aged man, who just overtook him, the name of the place. "It is Sir George Harley's," was the answer, but there was something strange in the manner of the rustic that impelled the traveller to ask again, "Who is Sir George Harley?"

"I thought everybody knew him and his history too. You must be from a great way off, stranger." "I am," answered the other: "but you have roused my curiosity, and if you could gratify it —" "I will, I will," was the ready reply, and the two sat down upon a cleft in the rocky cliff while the old man began the following tale:

"Sir George Harley was a very rich man, he owned most of the property round here, he made a great deal of money by his ships, and his fortune increased, and doubled itself again and again; for he was a miser; he spent nothing, he gave nothing; no mercy was shown to his tenants if they failed, through sickness or death, in bringing their rent; Sir George seemed to have lost the feelings of a man, in his passion for hoarding Gold, in everything but one, he had a little boy, and he idolized him; but nobody could help it, we all did, and he grew and grew, so fine a youth, so unlike his father, that when Sir George refused to hear the cry of the poor, he would give passionate words to his son because he ever pleaded their cause; and one night the youth left his father's house, and came back no more; it was said the old man had driven him out and sorely repented afterwards. It was about a year after this, on a fearfully stormy day, that a vessel, laden with rich goods, for Sir George, passed here in distress, she grew unmanageable, evening darkened misty and snowy, the wind changed suddenly, but still raged, and she came ashore. The waves were a fearful height, the men cried for help, we got the life boat, (a gift from the neighbouring gentlemen, old Sir George gave something to it, the only thing he ever did) we saved the men; then old Sir George came rushing down like one frantic, and with bitter oaths reproached the Captain, that he had not tried to save some of the most valuable goods; then he ordered the life-boat off again, compelling us to go; he went also, and we were under him, and dared not refuse. We gained the ship, sir, and saved some of the articles as by a miracle; and darkly did he swear, that furious man, at wind and wave as we returned; hastily landing



the goods, he insisted on trying once more; the men murmured, the gloom was getting deeper and deeper, but he persisted, and once more the boat cut through the foam just at the instant a cry was heard at a little distance "The life-boat, the life-boat, a ship ashore." but the cry was not heeded, it was repeated, shouted by all the fishermen standing round. Sir George's face seemed changed by passion, and he muttered "my money bought the boat I will use her; there is time enough for all; pull hard men." We did pull hard but the storm was raging louder and louder, we gained the vessel, but it was too late, she was sinking fast, no foot of man might touch her decks again. Without staying for direction we swept away and strained our eyes, in the hope of discovering the other vessel in the gloom; but in that moment a wild cry of agony came across the water, it was re-echoed by the numbers on the cliff, the vessel was gone; in a few moments we were at the place to render help; we called, but the wind seemed to drown our voices, two poor fellows we found, well nigh spent, clinging to a part of the wreck, but that was all. Sir George bid us look out on the sand, for some might be washed on shore, and then he went to his home. We watched for three hours, the storm was more lulled, the moon arose, strangely bright she seemed to shine and Sir George again came from the Hall, to us, on the sand. We were all standing in a ring round the body of a youth that the waves had just left, all breath, all life, was gone of course. The old gentleman came up to us, "Have you found any," said he; no one answered, but the ring opened, and as if he could not help it, Sir George passed through, to the side of the dead man, he stood fixed to the place for a minute, and then with a cry—may I never hear such another, half laugh, half howl, he fell down upon the body—oh, sir! it was his own boy. We stood by without a word, and the faces of the rough fishermen grew pale as they gazed, for all dearly loved the youth. Then soon we tried to lift up Sir George, and lead him to the Hall, but his senses were gone, he has never been right since. He loves to wander on the sand, and play with the shells and stones; and he sometimes will go from the shore to the church-yard as if looking for something that he could not find." The old man stopped suddenly, and two individuals, passed by, the first was a tall gaunt form, with white locks blowing over his cheeks, and a something wild and wandering in his eye, that spoke insanity. The stranger felt who this must be even before the voice of the old peasant had whispered in his ear, "It is Sir George Harley." And there he wandered on, on by the rolling

waves, picking up the tiny stones and shells, and passing them from hand to hand as though they were his once cherished gold, or at times, as if a thought of the past came over him, dashing them from him, to the bosom of the deep. Oh! woe unto them, who make money their God, and sacrifice all to it, woe, woe, unto them, who bend the knee, at the cursed shrine of Gold.

A DAUGHTER OF ENGLAND.

### A NIGHT IN A GERMAN WOOD.

So numerous are the forests here which grow in lofty and romantic sites, that a very extensive and interesting tour might be made, having them alone for its object. Such fascinating excursions should not, however, be embarked in without a guide, or a compass at the least; for these German woods are often very intricate, and run into one another in a most puzzling manner. This I learned to my cost a few months ago; and as a warning to other pedestrian tourists who may be as unpractised in such matters as I myself then was, I would now bespeak the reader's attention to my experiences of 'A Night in a German Wood.'

Early in the autumn of the past year, whilst on a visit to a German friend who resides in one of the hilliest and best-wooded districts in Westphalia, on the confines of the classic Teutoburger Forest—after having been engaged nearly all the day in writing, I was tempted out by the freshness of the evening air and the glories of the setting sun, to take a turn in the park, which, by the by, is one of the handsomest and best laid out I have seen in any part of the continent, and a proof in itself that such things can be done—and well done too—even out of England. My intention was merely to stretch my cramped legs by a stroll to the southern angle of the demesne, and so be back in time for the quiet, early supper of the family. After moving along for a quarter of an hour under the shade of some fine old beech-trees, at the foot of a steep bank which overhangs the level meadow-ground. I came upon the outskirts of the plantations; and then turning sharp to the left, walked up along them till I had reached, as I thought, their extremity. Here, facing round, I began to turn my steps homeward; and by way of varying my route a little, struck into a shady path cut through the wood, which seemed to lead, as well as I could judge from my bearings, almost as directly back to the *schloss*—as all great country mansions here are called—as the one by which I had gone out. But after pushing rapidly along for some time in my dusky alley, I eventually emerged, much to my surprise, on an immense ploughed field, that, sloping gradually up to the spot where the sun had just set, seemed to terminate only with the visible horizon, which, however, from the very inclined angle at which the ground rose, was not very distant. Confident in the general correctness of my direction, I went on, right ahead, fancying I had only to cross this upland to be at home; but after floundering about for a good half-hour, and, in consequence of a water-course which cut it obliquely, being turned a little out

of my straight direction, I found myself by moonlight on the verge of a patch of forest which was quite unknown to me. Such was my infatuation, however, and so firm my conviction of having taken correctly the relative bearings of the moon, which was now in her second quarter, and of the house, that I plunged unhesitatingly among the trees, expecting every moment to see the path through them open out upon some familiar spot in the demesne, or some portion of the surrounding country which I might have already perambulated by daylight. Though in utter darkness, from the close interweaving of the foliage, still, by raising my feet high, like a blind horse, to get over the inequalities of the way, and flourishing my stick perpetually around my head as I proceeded, to avoid coming in contact with any stray tree, or chance branch projecting into the pathway, I got prosperously through this portion of wood. But again I came out on something which was totally strange to me—a narrow valley, stretching, as well as I could judge by the last glimmerings of twilight, to a considerable distance, flanked on each side by gloomy woods, about a quarter of a mile apart, and laid down in rye, which was nearly ready for the sickle, and dripping wet in the night-dew. Matters now began to look serious. I was completely at fault, and had entirely lost all confidence in my own pilotage. The moon had proved a faithless guide, or rather I had misconstrued her position; and my little pocket-compass was not forthcoming, thanks to the importunities of my youngest boy, who prizes it above all his own toys.

There was nothing for it now but to select that direction towards which the valley might seem slightly to descend; but this, in the imperfect twilight, was not very easily ascertained. With considerable hesitation, I decided at length on the right-hand turn, resolving to proceed till I should fall in with some rivulet, which might perhaps lead me eventually to the rapid trout-stream running close under my friend's windows, or else till I should come upon some path which might carry me into a field-road, and so perhaps to a village, where I should easily procure a guide home. So, with tottering knees and throbbing heart—for I was by this time nearly breathless—I continued to advance by the side of the standing corn, at such a pace as I could manage, uttering from time to time a lusty halloo, in hopes of making myself heard by some belated reaper or returning woodman. But my calls had no other effect than to awake the mocking echoes of the wood, or the mysterious and almost human shout of the screech-owl, and to leave me to a still more intense feeling of solitude, when these had died away. I found myself at length in a deep, hollow field-road, like those which abound in South Devon, and high over-head, on the lofty bank, stood a two-branched, weather-beaten finger-post, and a great rustic crucifix near it, looming large in the moonlight. Scrambling up the bank, with anxious peering eyes, I made out, by the dubious light of the moon, that one of the outstretched wooden arms bore, in rudely-cut letters, the name of the village beside which I was resident; and as its distance was stated, I found that, after all my windings and wanderings, I had still only got half a German mile, or about one league, astray!

This was a very pleasant discovery; and accordingly I quickly wheeled about, and set off with renewed vigour at right angles to my previous line of march, having still good hopes of being at home before eleven o'clock at night, time enough to prevent any alarm on account of my absence.

The road soon, however, degenerated into a mere field-track, which, as the moon had disappeared behind clouds, just before her final setting, could only with difficulty be recognised by an occasional deep rut, felt by my stick in the soft ground; even this track at length forked out into two others—one penetrating into a wood on my right; the other more open, and with only scattered trees by its side, to the left. The latter seemed the most promising, and was accordingly selected, and followed for about ten minutes, when it, too, came upon the skirts of another wood in the opposite direction. It seemed, besides, as well as I could judge from some faint glimpses I now got of the surrounding country in a momentary gleam of moonlight, to be leading me wide of my goal; and I accordingly retraced my steps once more to where the road had divided, and taking the recently slighted right-hand path, dived in desperation in between the trees, amidst 'darkness that might be felt.' Walking steadily and quickly forward, during what seemed, in the deep gloom, a considerable time, I eventually emerged into the 'clear obscure,' the moon having at length set, and left the sky, and all such wanderers as myself, to the good offices of the stars. I was now on the opposite verge of the wood to that I had entered by, and found myself by the side of a narrow corn-field, with another wooded hill on its further side, and heard, within hailing distance—more delightful than music to my ear—the grating sound of cart-wheels, which appeared to be going in an oblique, but nearly opposite direction to that in which I had just been moving. It was quite impossible to see anything so far off; but I hailed the presumed carter repeatedly, in my loudest and best German, asking my way.

'Follow on, by the foot of the wood, and you'll get there in time,' was the reply, at length faintly heard in the distance, and the cart rumbled heavily away again, leaving me just as wise as before; for which was *head* and which was *foot* of the wood I knew no more than the child unborn. Yet I feared to dash through the intervening corn in the direction of the receding and already distant cart, neither knowing what the nature of the intermediate ground might prove, nor whether, supposing it practicable in the dark, such an infringement of rural property might not lead to disagreeable consequences, and in nowise further me in the attainment of the piece of knowledge which I stood so much in need of. So, I took on chance to my left hand, as the most distant from the finger-post I had fallen upon an hour and a half before.

The sound of the cart which long tingled in my ears, and the utter disappointment of my suddenly raised hopes, only rendered my sense of solitude and helplessness more intense. Indeed, I sometimes almost doubted whether the whole thing—carter and carter, or, rather, rumbling wheels and faint, chilling, distant voice—might not have been the delusion of my reeling brain, debilitated



by over-fatigue and long fasting (for every one knows the early hour at which a German dinner takes place): and on subsequent inquiry, I could not hear of any cart having passed in that quarter at all.

It was singular how long I wandered about, and every now and then in cultivated districts, without hearing a single human voice even in the earlier portion of the evening—nay, any sound whatever, save once or twice the fierce warning bark of a shepherd's dog, when I had inadvertently approached too near a sheepfold—the startling rush of some affrighted bird in the wood, flapping wildly up through the foliage—a distant village clock in some indefinite direction over the hill-top—or, finally, as on one occasion, a few remote shots, which I at first fancied might have been fired off by my friends to direct me homewards, but afterwards ascribed, more correctly, perhaps, to poachers in the woods. The manner in which the peasantry live here—in separate villages, built occasionally a good deal apart, and not in cottages scattered everywhere over the country, as with us—sufficiently accounts for this wide-spread silence.

Just as I was losing faith in the correctness of my present course, the chimes of a clock were distinctly heard, coming apparently over the top of the wooded hill on my left. I immediately turned into the wood once more, and strove to make a march directly through the trees in the direction of the sound, and right up the steep ascent, which was clothed by them to the summit. But this I soon found to be totally impracticable, in the absence of anything like a path or opening; for though I made my way well enough through the old trees, which stood far apart, and were pretty free from branches near the ground, yet towards the upper part of the hill, I got entangled in such a close-growing rising generation as it was almost impossible to penetrate. I was often almost in despair of being able to extricate myself even from my present entanglement, and to retrace my steps to the open ground below; in my exhausted condition, as it was already long past midnight, I was making up my mind to roost with the owls on the fork of a tree; and was even anticipating the possibility of becoming a permanent scarecrow there, when my very bones would be concealed in the thicket from the anxious search of my friends.

It was under the influence of excessive fatigue, perhaps, and the relaxation of the will generally consequent thereon, that my resolution now at length seemed on the point of giving way; nay, the very attachment to life itself, on my own individual account, seemed fading, and a disinclination to continue the struggle farther appeared to be gradually creeping over me. I was becoming reconciled to what appeared inevitable, and could look upon my own probable fate almost as calmly as if it had been that of a stranger. I believe something very similar not unusually takes place, under the merciful disposition of Providence, in the death-bed where debility is the chief feature of the case. After a few moments of repose and dreamy reverie, however, I roused myself from this state of apathy, and, influenced by a state of duty, as well as by a sympathy for the feelings of those dearer than life itself, sprang to my feet

once more, and struggled manfully out of the mesh of branches in which I had been entangled, till, after a few more violent efforts, I found myself getting into a rather more open and more advanced growth of wood, and at length succeeded in working my way out—almost to the very spot in the meadow I had started from!

Whilst still within the wood, I had been favoured with some novel experiences there—novel, at least to me, as it was my first night in such a position. Thus, almost every branch I grasped in the dark to help me onward seemed crowded with snails, which smashed slimily under my shuddering hand! Glowworms were sparkling in the underwood in such myriads as I never witnessed before, save once in an evening-walk near Salerno. The sense of utter solitude and unbroken silence within these gloomy woods was truly awful. From time to time, as I advanced, a casual opening in the branches exhibited a momentary glimpse of the sky, with all its thousand twinkling fires; and shooting-stars of intense brilliancy were darting across its dark, blue depths in almost as great frequency as in those celebrated days of August and November, when the path of our earth crosses the thickest showers of these celestial fireworks.

On regaining the meadow, I felt quite at a loss whither to turn, or what to attempt next. I had already been floundering about for some half-dozen hours, and been ignorant all the while whether each additional step were not only taking me a step further, not from home alone, but from the very habitations of men. Almost done up at length, and hopeless of extricating myself from my labyrinth till daylight should come to my aid, I was again for a moment inclined quietly to resign myself to what seemed my inevitable fate, and drop down to sleep on a bank of earth under a hedge by which I was standing, and so await the dawn. But the dank grass, the trees dropping with dew, the creeping autumnal fog, and increasing cold, made me pause, and feel that to sleep in my light summer dress under such circumstances was, if not to die, at least to contract, during the night, such disease as would render existence not worth the having—racking rheumatism for life, or fever, or inflammation, in some of their many forms, and endless consequences. So I resolved to keep moving as long as I had power to stir a limb, as this would give me a chance of maintaining the circulation and animal heat throughout the remaining hours of the night, if my strength would but hold out so long. Like a drowning man, I struck out once more for life; again I tried the field-road I had lately too rashly abandoned; floundered once more through its pools and its ruts: clambered again on its high banks, or moved along under the shadow of the wood by its side. At length, after scarcely half an hour's additional walking, my perseverance had its reward, as I found myself at the entrance of a village, and heard, not far off, the busy clatter of some industrious flaxdressers, who were turning night into day, at their work. This proved to be the termination of my mishap; for the instructions I received enabled me to find my way home by three o'clock.

It was my amusement during several subsequent days, to endeavour by daylight to retrace accu-

rately my midnight wanderings. I found I could not have walked less than twenty miles, though never at any time more than three distant from home. I had been incessantly in motion during nearly eight hours; and was at least thrice on right tracks, which, if they had been followed up steadily only a little longer, would have brought me to my quarters. The chiming of the old convent-bells, which I had mistaken for those of our own pretty little church, came really from the very opposite direction to what I fancied—the sound I heard being merely their echo, reflected to my ear from the wooded hill-side.

Thus, the proposition with which I started—namely, that German woods are not to be trifled with, or rashly entered without a guide or compass—is fully sustained by my own luckless experience. Much of the surrounding country was already well known to me, and in my various walks I had skirted along and even intersected some of these very woods; but the way in which they are parcelled out, for the supply of neighbouring, but unconnected villages with firewood, and the puzzling manner in which they are shuffled together when the estates of several proprietors run into one another at a given point, render it singularly difficult to steer through them even by day, and to the uninitiated, quite impracticable by night.—*Chambers's Ed. Jour.*

## THE SHOEMAKER'S DAUGHTER.

BY FRANCIS DEANE.

THE Rue St. Honoré, in Paris, is one of the longest streets in the world: it is the Oxford Street of the capital of France, and has more shops and houses between its extreme end of the Rue St. Dennis and the Faubourg des Roules than even in the Boulevards. At no great distance from the Palais Royal, and between it and the church of the Oratoire, was, during the Reign of Terror, a small shoemaker's shop. It was kept by an Alsatian, a dry, droll, middle-aged man, who, during those times of revolution and alarm, when heroic France, attacked by the whole civilized world, was apparently perishing in death throes—expiring in agonies, which were, however, to save, to raise and glorify it—paid little attention to anything save his business and his pretty little daughter. M. Leopold Mayer was a selfish man—a very selfish man. So bootmaking prospered, he did not care for anything else. If the country were attacked on all sides, foreign armies in every frontier, he little cared. The only inconvenience he did care about was the taxes: that was unpleasant; but, otherwise, public affairs were nothing to him. There are hundreds of such men everywhere; men whose native town might be desolated by the plague, and who yet would be happy if they remained untouched—unhurt.

Leopold Mayer had a daughter,—a very pretty girl,—about twelve years old, with rosy cheeks, laughing eyes, a warm, expansive heart, and a character the very opposite of her father. She was as generous as he was selfish; as keen in her sympathies for the world as he was for his own private business—she had a corner in her heart for every one. Her mother had been like her, having sacrificed every consideration to that of

pleasing her husband, who would not be pleased,—of making happy a man who would not be happy.

M. Leopold Mayer did a very good business; and, it was said, had a great deal of money somewhere; but no man knew where.

Katerina Mayer sat in her father's shop and took the money; but, having plenty of leisure, she read, during the intervals of business, such books as she could find in a neighbouring circulating-library. German in her nature, with a warm, but somewhat contemplative character, she devoured history, philosophy, poetry, and the drama; was learned in Molière, Racine, Corneille, and even Montaigne, and doted on Philip de Comines; but she had her favourite author, too, and that, like Madame Roland, was the author of "Lives of Plutarch."

On an evening she would read out to her father while he smoked his pipe, to which—like Germans and Dutchmen—he was a great devotee. Very often they were joined by a young officer, a lodger, who had not long been removed from a military school to a commission in the army, but who was, as yet, unattached. Paul—(we must leave his name in blank, because of his aristocratic son, who would not forgive us publishing it) was a young man who had profited by his education; and a better guide for the girl could not well have been found. Of course he was a republican; all young men, not *émigrés*, were, in those days; and the contagion spread; for "a more audacious little *sans-culotte* than was in Katerina," would old Mayer say, "never stepped in shoe leather!" The reign of Terror very nearly shocked her; but she had good sense enough not to confound the bold crimes of Danton, the atrocities of Marat, of Hebert, and Charette, with the principles of the true friends of freedom.

Paul—and Katerina Mayer were the very best of friends. The young girl, so early Mistress of a house, and so precocious in her studies, played the little woman, which made the man of twenty laugh and declare that, were he not a poor devil of an officer, with no other fortune save his sword, he would carry her before the *maire*, and marry her at once; at which Katerina laughed, and bid him go and win the epaulets of a general first, and then she might listen to him. But the idea of a young adventurer, without a penny, talking of marrying the heiress of the richest shoemaker in Paris, was terribly audacious. And Paul called her an *aristocrate*; they laughed, and the matter ended.

About three months after the young man received his commission, he entered the shop of citizen Mayer in company with a brother officer. Katerina was at the counter. Citizen Mayer was overlooking his young men.

"Well, little wife—" said Paul, smiling.

"Mr. Saucy, pray, who art thou talking to?" replied Katerina, looking hard at him and his friend, a pale, dry, and thoughtful-looking youth.

"To thee, *citoyenne*," continued Paul; "I have come to bid thee adieu. Here, dear Katerina, is thy father's account, which paid, I have to ask a favour of thee."

"What is that?" said Katerina, with a tremulous voice.

"The fact is, Katerina, we have, our bills paid, not one penny left. We have our uniforms



complete, and our *feuille de route*; but we precisely want a pair of boots each. We are in the case of the army of the Sambre-et-Meuse, to which, the citizen *représentant* having heard their demand for shoes and stockings, said, 'The Republic has many thanks for you, but no shoes and stockings.'

"*Pauvre cher Paul*," said Katerina, turning her head towards the dark end of the shop.

"Citizen papa."

"What is it?" asked citizen Mayer, advancing.

"Why, papa, here is Paul going away; and here is the money he owes thee, not in *assignats*, but in silver; and the poor, dear young man wants a pair of boots for himself and friend, on credit, until the end of the campaign."

"Exactly, papa Mayer, and thou, as a good citizen—"

"Humph! humph! bad citizen or good citizen is neither here nor there. Money is the question. My principle, thou knowest, is, no money no boots."

"Papa," cried Katerina, reproachfully.

"Well, citizen," said the gravellooking young man, who had not yet spoken, "that is enough. If we cannot buy boots, we will take them—"

"Citizen," said Mayer, in an alarmed tone—

"From the first Austrian or Prussian we kill," continued the sallow young man, drily, and he turned on his heel.

"Stop a minute," exclaimed Katerina, quickly, "thou dost not understand papa, citizen, he means that he would refuse boots without money to strangers, but to thee, a friend of Paul's, he will be most happy—rather two pairs than one."

"A pretty business girl thou wilt make!" said citizen Mayer, "with half a grunt and half a smile; "but to thy friend Paul, and to his friend, I will not refuse credit. M. Paul, do thou and thy friend choose two pair of boots each."

"We thank thee, citizen," replied the sallow young officer, while Paul patted Mayer on the back, "and thou shalt be repaid."

Mayer looked rather incredulous; but he loved his daughter, and it was to her he made the sacrifice of four pair of boots, which, naturally enough, the young men chose. Then they shook hands with Mayer. Paul kissed Katerina, and then made his friend kiss her; and, putting their packets under their arms, went away.

Years passed away, and the saucy girl of twelve had become a beautiful woman of three-and-twenty. In all this time not one word of Paul, and worse, said Mayer, the shoemaker, no news of his boots. Mademoiselle Katerina had many suitors. Persons in a very elevated position overlooked, in those democratic days, the fact that she was a bootmaker's daughter, and invited her into society as the well-known Clelia; and many sought her hand and heart. But the girl of twelve still lived within her, and she refused every offer, however brilliant, remaining still her father's cashier, and aiding him in adding to that rather large fortune which he had now invested in the French funds. He sometimes pressed her himself on the subject of marriage; but Katerina was not to be moved by any one, even her parent.

Things were in this state. Katerina had just refused a colonel whom she met at a grand party, who talked to the father rather sharply when

rejected, and M. Mayer had taken Katerina to task, when, one morning, they received a laconic epistle requesting their presence at the office of the staff of the commander-in-chief of the forces in the first military division.

"I will not marry him," said Katerina quickly. "Who?"

"The officer, Colonel Peterman. I'm sure he's complained to the commander-in-chief, and that he is going to threaten us."

"But he cannot make you marry against your will," cried M. Mayer.

"I don't know that. Since this Buonaparte has taken us all by storm, papa, the sword is not very apt to yield when it wishes anything."

"We shall see, my dear," replied the shoemaker; "to begin, this *request* must be obeyed at once. Make haste, girl, and put on your finery."

Katerina smiled thoughtfully, and went away. The girl expected a sermon from the commander-in-chief on the impertinence of the daughter of a little shoemaker refusing an officer of rank; but she was determined to hold good, and yield to no threats, persuasions or seductions. She remained faithful to the memory of Paul. She was romantic, she loved, and wrote poetry, and she preferred a beautiful dream to any idea of fortune and material happiness which might be offered to her.

In half an hour the father and daughter were ready, and away they went, arm in arm, on foot, to the Tuileries, where the commander-in-chief of the army of Paris in general resides. They were soon at the palace, and were met by the sentries, who asked them where they were going. M. Mayer showed his letter of invitation, which served at once as a pass, and they were admitted.

They entered the ante-chamber, occupied by officers of various grades, several of whom rose from cards, or smoking on benches, to greet them. A young man, an aide-de-camp, respectfully addressed them, and inquired their business. M. Mayer again produced his letter. The officer bowed profoundly, and said he was at their service. Moving through the crowd of officers, he led them by a staircase upwards, until he reached a large open landing. He tapped gently twice, and the door opened. A servant in a rich livery appeared, who made way for the party, and, passing on, with the theatre of the palace to their right, they turned round and entered the real Palace of the Tuileries, of which they had hitherto only visited the wing.

Presently the aide-de-camp paused.

"Monsieur will be kind enough to wait one moment," he said, as they entered an ante-chamber. "I will precede you, and return in an instant."

"Where are we going?" asked Katerina, of her father, in a whisper.

"I don't know but my head begins to grow dizzy. I begin to suspect that we must give way to circumstances."

"Never," exclaimed the young girl, firmly.

"Will you walk in?" said the aide-de-camp, returning, and standing with the door in one hand and his hat in the other.

M. Mayer and Katerina obeyed mechanically. They advanced, with eyes dimmed by excitement, with a singing in their ears, with a fainting at the heart,—a doubt—a fear—a dread,—that left them,

a minute later, standing in the middle of a small room, unconscious whether they were in the presence of the Emperor of China, the Khan of Tartary, or of the Grand Llama of Thibet

"Well, Monsieur Mayer," said a somewhat gentle voice.

M. Mayer and Katerina now saw that they were in the famous private cabinet of the Emperor Napoleon—who had been just crowned—with its rich ornaments, its maps and charts, and its splendid furniture. By the fire stood, his back turned to it, a man of middle height, neither stout nor thin, with a look of power and genius, but tinged by haughtiness, pride and a spirit of insolent domineering.

"His Majesty the Emperor," cried M. Mayer to his daughter, bowing as if he were very much inclined to kneel, while Katerina stood erect, respectful, but firm, and resolved to oppose even the will of Napoleon, where her heart was concerned.

"Monsieur Mayer," said the Emperor, who was in one of his moments of good humour, "I have sent for you on a matter of business. Mademoiselle Katerina be seated."

Katerina courtseyed profoundly, and seated herself; M. Mayer stood by her chair.

"I am informed, M. Mayer, that your daughter has refused the hand of one of my bravest officers, Colonel Peterman. Now, as all my subjects are my children, I have sent for you to ask an explanation. It seems inconceivable to me that a daughter of a tradesman should refuse the hand of a distinguished officer who may become Marshal of the Republic."

"Please your imperial majesty," said Katerina, firmly, and without note of hesitation in her voice, "it is not the daughter of the obscure shoemaker who refuses the hand of Colonel Peterman, but the poetess Clelia."

"Oh!" exclaimed Napoleon, a flush of pleasure crossing his cheeks—for a poem on his Italian campaign had deeply gratified, perhaps, the vainest man the world ever produced—"you are Clelia?"

"I am known to the public under that name," said the young woman modestly.

"Then, I pardon you your refusal of Colonel Peterman; but," and his majesty the great usurper, smiled, "If I allow you to reject a colonel, I cannot a general, and that general the commander-in-chief of the army in the first military division."

As he spoke Napoleon rang, an officer appeared, who received an order in a low tone, and disappeared.

"Your majesty," exclaimed Katerina, warmly, "must excuse me. Not all your mighty power, not all the deep respect I bear to one who is making illustrious with victory my country, can make me marry where my affections are not."

"But, obstinate girl, where are your affections?" said the emperor, with a provoking smile.

"With the dead," replied Katerina, sadly.

"Explain yourself."

Katerina thought a moment, and then she briefly told the story of the past,—of Paul, of his departure, of the boots.

"The commander-in-chief of the army of Paris," said an usher, as the girl finished her story.

Katerina turned round just in time to be caught in the arms of the dashing young general, who had darted towards her the instant he entered.

"Paul—Katerina," were words uttered in the same breath.

Napoleon took up a letter and turned his back on them, with a grim smile, as if he thought them very childish, and yet had no objection to let them have time to express their feelings. Paul drew the shoemaker and his daughter into the embrasure of the window, and rapidly explained himself. He had never forgotten them; had always intended to write, but had put it off—taken up, as he was, by his military duties. He had only been three weeks in Paris as commander-in-chief. A few evenings back he saw a lovely woman at a ball, asked who she was, heard that it was Mademoiselle Mayer, the future of Colonel Peterman, and angry, he knew not why, at this, he avoided being seen by her. Hearing, however, that she had refused the Alsacian colonel, he had taken this mode of again claiming his little wife.

But, *Comarade Paul*," said the Emperor, who had advanced nearer to them at the conclusion of the conversation, "the young lady has refused the commander-in-chief of the army of Paris."

"But your majesty," exclaimed Katerina blushing, "I did not know that it was my old friend Paul."

"Oh!" said Napoleon; but how have you settled about the boots?"

"Why your majesty," exclaimed Paul, laughing, "I fancy that is as much your affair as mine."

"True," said Napoleon, laughing heartily.

"How much, M. Mayer, do I owe you for those two pair of boots you were good enough to give me credit for?"

"What!" exclaimed Mayer, confounded, astounded, "it was your majesty, I—I—I—"

"It was Lieutenant Buonaparte," said Napoleon, smiling, to whom you would—but for your good natured little daughter—have refused credit."

"Comment, your majesty wore my boots on his first campaign. I enjoyed the honour," began Mayer. "I am lost in amazement. That young man who accompanied Paul, and who talked of taking boots from a dead Austrian, was—to think of the Emperor Napoleon making his first campaign in a dead Cossack's ugly shoes—Oh! Katerina, what an eye you have got. Your majesty, I implore you will allow me to—to—"

"To call yourself bootmaker to his Majesty the Emperor Napoleon," said the ex-lieutenant of artillery, smiling.

"Oh! your majesty, I am overwhelmed.

"Very well. Paul, I shall sign the contract between yourself and Clelia."

"Clelia!" cried Paul.

"It appears so. And now, Paul, run away, send Caulaincourt to me, and don't be carried away by the women to neglect your duty."

Paul, Katerina, and Mayer, went out, after again expressing their thanks, and adjourned to the apartments of the commander-in-chief, where again, at full length, and over a dinner, they talked over the past. Mayer was lost in ecstasies at having furnished the future emperor and his friend, on credit, with boots; but this delight was a little abated when Paul insisted on Mayer, at the epoch of his marriage with Katerina, shutting up



shop and retiring from business. The good Alsatian grumbled excessively, but a smile from Katerina soon set aside all his scruples, while the old man himself smiled grimly at a thought which illuminated his brain suddenly.

A month later, Napoleon being about to leave Paris, the marriage took place, and Katerina became *Madame la Générale*. Paul—a thorough soldier, a brave and noble character—rose in his profession even higher, and proved a good husband and an excellent father. Neither he nor his wife ever changed their principles, serving Napoleon only from the conviction that, after the Revolution and the Colation, his reign was indispensable. When he died, they remained faithful to his memory, and refused to serve the Bourbon.

A few months after the marriage of Paul and Katerina the grim smile of Mayer was explained. The ex-shoemaker had retired from business as he promised, and had purchased a cottage on the road to St. Cloud. One day Paul and Katerina, in an open carriage, with the emperor and Josephine, stopped to speak with him a moment, as he stood smoking his pipe on a little eminence overlooking the road. Paul and Katerina blushed up to the eyes, and looked confounded and confused, but both Napoleon and Josephine laughed heartily.

On a large brass plate on the door was engraved —“LEOPOLD MAYER, *late* SHOEMAKER TO HIS MAJESTY THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.”—*Eliza Cook's Journal*.

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## A PLEA FOR PARKS.

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*Parce! Precor!*

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SEPARATED as man is by wide and palpable marks from other creatures of the Creator's hand, there is, nevertheless, that peculiar principle within him, which, acting, we know not how, yet binds him in close harmony with all things around. If his affections were only exercised on animate objects, we might suppose an affinity in life sufficient to explain the phenomenon, but when we find inanimate things exercising dominion over him, and the senses led captive by a capricious heart, we can only conclude that this principle of harmony is essential to man, and may become deranged like any others and lead to foolish results. That what may be called reflex-affections, frequently lead to certain species of idol worship, is we think, very evident—and perhaps there are few indeed of us, who, in an ordinary life escape from the enticing and seductive influence. It commences in early childhood, tracks our boyhoods paths, and cleaves to us irresistibly in a whole life's course. With what tender and impassioned care does the son treasure some valueless, and perhaps grotesque relique of a loved father—how closely, and ah! we must even use the term affectionately! does the fair young orphan press to her aching heart the speechless,

lifeless, shadowy resemblance of her, by whose side she knelt at morn and vesper prayer. Oh, with what soothing to an aching heart does she even still as morn' and eve' revolve in course, fall down in silent supplicating prayer to the father of the fatherless, close beside that self same spot where a mother knelt, and shutting out the cold reality of a present world, sue for grace and mercy in words rendered with deeper thought and keener feeling because an absent one first taught their import to her wayward lips.

Again, how often are the pleasures and griefs of memory conjured up in the mind by the vision of some old familiar object: how frequently does the silver haired old man leap back the course of time, and once again live over boyish days as he stands beneath the shadow of the old gnarled oak, under whose protecting branches he had learned tales of other days.

If there is in man the disposition to harmonize with nature—if even in spite of a better reason his heart strings cling closely around objects endeared by recollections of the past, what marvel if the spirit of eternity within impels him to those more enduring works which may almost be said to live down his future. In every nation, in every clime, under circumstances as varying, we find man, contrary to the reasoning of a corrupt world, cultivating and indulging a love of flowers, plants, and trees, although doomed to live of these by the sweat of his brow, yet there is in them a language which tells him of a time at which they needed not his care—when their many coloured petals perfumed the air, and ever blooming fragrant blossoms carpeted the earth; but perhaps we love them best when wildest, and why is this? can it be that they have most escaped the curse, and only suffer most when man invades their shade? Yet so it is—forests of lofty trees stretch out their branches and lift their lofty heads heaven-wards, growing on through years of time, and throughout their life long course fulfilling a destiny of good. Within the drear recesses of the wood the wild beast cowers; locked beneath a canopy of tangled branches from the death eliminating heat of the sultry sun, the deadly vapour cannot rise, while the green leaves purify the air and contribute thus to the safety and preservation of man. Yes, you, oh trees! more perhaps than all the world beside unfold to us lessons full of bounty and goodness: you perhaps of all earths finite things still through ages are the only living link that connects the present with the long spent past. Still in the self-same spot, on which perhaps in ages past it commenced its toilsome life—summer after

summer spreads its welcome shade and shoots its blossom, and there in the embrace of its indented roots sit the little laughing merry throng, their glad some voices echoing the air as the old man tells some tale or legends of other days. Nor does the sire's eye cast unmeaning glances as he marks the fixed impression of his tale, far into the coming future he has set a mark which time can never efface,—well he knows that when his hoary head slumbers in the grave, the "legend of the oak" will keep alive affection for the dead. But have not feelings such as these been kindled in a nation, and the never ending flame fanned up anew by each succeeding race? Can we, the wide spread descendants of Anglo-Saxons, ever forget the spot, the hallowed spot on which a Christian Priest proclaimed the name of Jesus—and who could pass "Augustine's Oak" without lifting up the heart in silent, deep felt prayer to God for the blessings, which as a people we have enjoyed. Beneath that venerable tree did England's Bishops meet the good old man; beneath its shade has many a fervent prayer been breathed, and living, on it stood the silent but venerable memorial of a Nations' Christian Faith. Few perhaps, are aware that a less treasured, but nevertheless abiding note has been struck, and which vibrating in sweetest melody, shall, in ages yet to come, warm the patriotism of the Celtic heart, and bid him love this forest-land for the sake of him whose music chords, struck on Niagara's bank, shall ever awake the tenderness of Irish love; and when spring time comes, with its tribes of feathered warblers, to cheer and enliven that season of new delights, the wood-pecker tapping the hollow beech, even in dull monotony will float a silent melody to the ear, sweeter, perhaps to the exiles heart than that of thrush or lark.

The thought of this forgotten and neglected scene came across our mind when a lyric band, grateful to the Irish bard for hours of sweet enjoyment, commemorated his undying fame by chanting the melodies of Erin and Hochelaga. If Moore wrote of Ireland, let Ireland's sons, settled in this rising land, remember, that he also wrote in Canada, and while the banks of the noble St. Lawrence echoed the sweet melody of his voice, Niagara lent inspiration to the Poet's fancy.

About a mile and a-half from the town of Niagara still stands an oak, beneath the shade of which he loved to repose—there his fervid fancy revelled in new delights and lent an interest to the stranger land. There may be loftier branches waving to the breeze—beneath the riven limbs of statelier oaks a warrior chief may lie, around which memory throws its protecting charm, yet we are

loath to trust even to such an armour, the only relic of the Poets presence here; and we would wish to see a neat but protecting rail thrown around so precious a relic of the Poets fame—nor look we to this 'as the last link broken'; as the destiny of our race proceeds to its fulfillment—as the course of time draws its silver lines across our path, some spirits from the older world will weave their spell and fairy legends, and elfin tales transplant our own dear home to the new settlements of the West.

As the fall of the woodman's axe echoes cheerily through the forest, and the wild bird thrills his startled note from the lofty boughs, the advance of conquering civilization is proclaimed. The crash of the noble elm or the stately pine calls up in the settlers mind emotions of joy, strengthening those hopeful anticipations which teach him to picture the coming future with waving field and fleecy flocks; absorbed in the present, and perhaps with curiously distorted feelings he has gradually learnt to lift his hand in hate against the sturdy occupiers of the soil, and in his careless haste not even a shrub is spared—thus his own reckless hand mars a prospect, which, perhaps in sober and quiet moments he had conjured in his mind.

Tree after tree is felled with indiscriminate slaughter; nature's woods are spoiled with reckless haste, and fairy scenes or gorgeous views made naked and desolate. But too frequently has the traveller, in this new and fast-increasing country, mourned over the loneliness of the church, perched high on some naked hill, shorn of all foliage: in vain has his eye searched for the "old forest tree," to beautify and adorn the scene. As if nature's gifts were base and worthless, he sees her best and loveliest works removed, and art even refusing to supply her place. In England—"merry England!"—while civilization stole its march on the growing woods, taste maintained its sway, and the love of many a well-remembered spot is solely due to the wooded growth that consecrates it.

As, however, the onward march of civilization is generally led by those whose physical powers are best suited to the task, we cannot be much surprised at the little adorning taste displayed by settlers in their forest home, but little, or not at all, acquainted with the local peculiarities of the spot on which he settles, indifferent to the history of the native lords of the land, many a record of deeply interesting scenes have been swept away by the destruction of the monumental tree, and the page of history itself defaced for want of such faithful witnesses to deeds long since



enacted. It is cheering to see in our older clearings, indications of cultivated taste and a growing love of horticultural pursuits; and here and there, even around this goodly city of Toronto, may be seen the cottage *ornée*, with its serpentine walks and clumps of evergreens: and now and again stand a few solitary growths, which, by accident, escaped the vengeance of the ready axe. The rapid rise and progress of the Queen City of the West, ought to warn us that the time is fast speeding away in which we might, at moderate cost, lay the foundation of a garden park for the purposes of social benefit. Necessary as education has become,—determined as mankind are, that learning shall be spread through the world; it ought to be the aim and object of Christian Governments to encourage and to direct the stream into those channels which lead the mind to that haven where it would be. In England the attempt is being made to arouse a taste for those pursuits which elevate the whole man, taking him from nature to nature's God. In Birmingham, Manchester, and London, there is scarcely a decent mechanic, who does not know something of botany, ornithology, or entomology; and not a few of them have contributed valuable information to those sciences. How much more do we stand in need of such knowledge. The immigrant of to-day, by labour and industry, becomes the large landholder to-morrow; and the sharers of his toil, the heirs of his property, grow up around him, with minds eagerly bent on the acquisition of that sole end, which is but too often their destruction. To check so serious an evil it becomes a duty to provide remedies or correctives. Individual exertion is powerless to combat such difficulties, and, as a consequence, they can only be effected by the fostering care of a Parental Government. Let us, then, make the attempt to induce our fellow-countrymen, while there is yet an opportunity, to set apart in each of our cities and towns, spacious grounds in which we may preserve specimens of our native woods, and cultivate those more ornate growths from other climes. By such means we may infuse a taste for noble and holy occupations, and win the thoughtless into better ways. Instructed each Sabbath day in the duties of the Christian life, throughout the remaining week the vast majority in this Christian land are left to grope their way along; and as the records of the criminal calendar shows a growing increase of some of the more debasing sins, we must exert our influence as a Government to stay the evil. Thousands are yearly spent in the maintenance of prisons and lunatic asylums, while but meagre encourage-

ment is given to the support of institutions, whose object would be to curb the evil passions of nature, and, acting as aids and subordinate to religion, save the many from a wretched course of life. The Legislative grants for public education are sufficiently munificent to ensure to the rising generation the means of procuring information on general science, but as yet we see but small attempts made to render that instruction as general as it should be. Nor do we imagine large funds necessary to effect so desirable an object. Already in most of our thriving towns we have institutions professedly established for the encouragement of science and art. Small grants of thirty or forty pounds made to such bodies, to be devoted to the payment of good lecturers during a summer course, would at first give an impetus to the spread of information, and induce individual exertion to render that information more important and extensive. In this way Chemistry and Botany may be taught—sciences which are useful, and at the same time highly delightful to the mind.

In the French metropolis these facilities for instruction are readily afforded, and many even from foreign climes, throng the gardens and menageries, to listen to the public lectures which are given.

There is, we conceive, no real difficulty to hinder us from possessing these cultivated grounds, and money so spent would be doubly saved by diminishing crime and madness.

## BIRTH DAYS.

Oh! name them not, for clouds have past  
 Athwart the azure sky,  
 And eyes have wept, and looked their last,  
 Last look of agony!  
 Oh! name them not, for thoughts are their's  
 That back recall the vanished years,  
 When joy unsullied shone!

### II.

Oh! name them not, for time has wrought  
 Such transformation strange,  
 That nature fain would banish thought,  
 Nor own the maddening change.  
 The furrowed brow, the silvered hair,  
 The tear, that has no business there,  
 The wreck of former days.

### III.

Oh! name them not, for night comes on,  
 The chilly night of death;  
 Star after star its course has run,  
 And darkness veils the earth.  
 Oh! name them not, but with the tide  
 Of other days on let them glide,  
 Unnoticed and unnamed.

## A CHINAMAN'S BALL.

SINGAPORE, February 21st, 1852.

SUCH of our readers as have visited the Golden Chersonese, with the pretty and thriving little island situated at its southern extremity, must have observed with some curiosity the confluence on that spot of a hundred different streams of population. From the west and from the east, from the south and from the north, strangers are perpetually arriving in search of health, pleasure, or profit. Chief among these immigrants are the natives of the Celestial Empire; who, allured by rupees (although an emigrant from China makes an outlaw of himself), would at any time of the day or night undertake the circumnavigation of the globe. At Singapore they have long formed the most active and important classes of inhabitants. Arriving frequently with an empty purse, they apply themselves fearlessly to any kind of labour that presents itself. They live sparsely, lie on boards, and display an example of economy which in Western Europe would inspire even misers with despair. The consequence of all this is, that in some cases they amass large fortunes, and either return to China, or remain where they are already comfortable, resolving for the remainder of their days to feast on the juiciest of dogs.

Yet, though these hardy adventurers abound not only here in Singapore, but in every other part of the East, few things appear to be less understood than their real habits and character. Sometimes, one finds them represented as pacific and timid, but industrious people, with little of the spirit of enterprise, and no feeling of independence. Elsewhere they are regarded as fierce, turbulent, insatiable; addicted to material indulgences; faithless, cruel, and seldom touched with sympathy for other men.

There are certainly some contradictions in the character of the Chinese, which will supply colour to either of these sketches. Vain they certainly are, of being, according to their own theory, the only nation that is gifted with two eyes. At the same time, they often condescend to use, in a most servile way, the eyes of Europeans. Until the present time, however, they would seem to have resisted all temptation to indulge in balls and routs, to enliven their time by familiar social colloquies with ladies, or to give champagne suppers. At length, however, even in this respect the time has come when the ethics of Confucius have proved too weak to resist the demoralising impulse of example. Civilisation makes sad havoc among the principles of Buddhism. Instead of approaching through opium the joys of Nibbān, or absolute quietude, the men of long tails and angular physiognomy have entered with a horrible energy upon the career of Western dissipation: late hours, fiddling, dancing, and rich collations, liberally sprinkled with champagne.

King Sim, a merchant, well known as an Antonio on the Rialto of Singapore, conceived a few weeks ago the intrepid design of giving the first ball ever beheld in this part of the world. Having recently erected a spacious Godown, or suite of chambers and warehouses, he resolved to convert one of these into a magnificent banquetting-hall and dancing-room. Europeans probably aided him in or-

ganising the preliminaries of the entertainment, in selecting the musicians, and in the judicious provision of refreshments for his guests. Numerous invitations were issued to gentlemen and ladies of all tribes and tongues, who were requested to be present in their respective costumes on the appointed evening at the Godown of Kim Sing. A detail of the ethnological display made at this party might be taken for a bad joke, but I am perfectly serious and deliberate in stating generally that the company included Englishmen, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Germans, Portuguese from Malacca, Spaniards from the Philippines, Malay, Klings, Bombayises, Cambodians, Tonquinese, Mandarins from Cochin China, Siamese, Peguans, Arabs, Japanese, Jews, Parsees, Chinese, and half-castes.

I considered myself extremely fortunate to have arrived just in time to be present at this entertainment. I had of course about me (as everybody else had) the usual prejudices of my own race, and therefore, on being presented to the master of the house, with his pig-tail, sharp features, and Mongolian eyes, it was with much difficulty that I kept my mirth under polite restraint. I had been introduced under the best possible auspices, and soon felt myself quite at home, both with the Celestial and the terrestrial visitors. The ladies, of the company being in a decided minority, each having about two gentlemen to her fair share, I, being quite a stranger, began to apprehend a paucity of partners. I was mistaken: a young lady, of Dutch descent, but dark in complexion as a Malay, soon found herself, I know not how, my vis-à-vis, and away we went, whirling and pirouetting down the apartment, to the great amazement of the Asiatic neophytes. I must pause here to observe, by way of parenthesis, that the ball-room was not smaller than the body of a good-sized English church, with a row of pillars on each side under the galleries, behind which the spectators thronged. Next after us, followed a Jew in the costume of Bengal with a delicate young damsel fresh from England. Then, came a fire-worshipper with a Parisian belle, and then a multitude of unimaginable combinations, until the floor was crowded with dancers glancing hither and thither beneath the glitter of the splendid chandeliers.

The harmony of dance and music was, however, presently disturbed by an uncivil Frenchman (a rare creature), who suddenly discovering that he had lost his partner, plunged about the room in search of her, and found her actively pointing her toes at a young English lieutenant of gigantic stature. Jacques Bonhomme, being small, had some trouble to strike his rival in the face; the rival with much courtesy requested him to walk down-stairs, and promised a sufficient explanation when the dance was over. Jacques remained up stairs, wandering about like a wolf in a cage. A duel impended, and the Asiatics very much enjoyed the prospect of this unexpected addition to their evening's entertainment. Somebody, however, procured the intervention of police, and in a corner of a ball-room there took place the episode of arrest, bail, and those other details preliminary to civil action against Jacques Bonhomme for assault and battery.

Having shared several dances with my young Asiatic Netherlander, I next found myself opposite



a Spanish lady, from Manilla, who smoked between the figures, and spoke very bad English. This, however, she declared to me was her favorite language, though she knew both Malay and French; I was therefore bound, in politeness, to conceal my ignorance as to the import of about two words in every three with which she favoured me.

The cluster of faces peering out from between the pillars was now and then lighted up with laughter, as odd groups of dancers whirled past; even the dancers themselves often found it impossible to preserve gravity. Some little awkwardness, moreover, was occasionally displayed by the strangely united couples. For example, a young lady from Calcutta, dressed after the most elaborate fashion of the city of palaces, got fearfully entangled in a Schottische with a Chinese Mandarin, whose large, jet-black tail descended considerably below his waist. As he hopped and frisked, the tail flew about in a most dangerous manner. No doubt could be entertained, however, that the gentleman had been taking lessons for a fortnight or three weeks, because he really went through the business of the dance very respectably. At length, however, as ill-luck would have it, one of his red slippers came off. A burst of laughter, which it was impossible to restrain, shook the fat sides of the host at this disaster, while the unhappy How-Guin-Foo quitted his partner, and rushed, with his long tail like a comet, to regain the shoe—for to be shoeless is to be disgraced in Celestial eyes.

At another time, and in another part of the room, the tails of two of the Chinese, as they passed one another back to back, hooked together: perhaps by the strings which tied them. While the gentlemen butted forward with their heads, after the manner of rams, to dissolve their involuntary partnership, their chosen partners ran into each other's arms, and whirled on in the waltz without them.

Becoming by degrees a little tired, I slipped behind the pillars for rest. Here I observed neat little tables in front of luxurious sofas, on which several Celestials reclined at their full length, smoking opium. They appeared to be in a delicious state of dreaminess, imagining themselves, perhaps in the vicinity of the Lake of Lilies, with orange and tea-trees blossoming around them. Near these, were two or three Hindoos smoking the hookah; in their neighbourhood, a solitary Turk, who bore in his countenance an expression of infinite disdain for the infidels of all colours whom he saw around him. As I had recently come from his part of the world, I accosted him at once, and great was his delight, when he heard a greeting in the language of Stamboul. The whole economy of his features immediately underwent a complete change. He would gladly have prolonged our conversation till morning, had I not been reminded of an engagement to waltz with a houri from Manilla.

To describe fitly the supper which followed, I ought to have studied for three years under some Parisian gastronome. It was a chaos of dainties, each more tempting than the other. All the fruits of the Indian Archipelago, of India, China, and the West—some in their natural state, others exquisitely preserved, were piled around us. There were birds' nest soups, puppy ragouts, pilaus of kangaroos' tails, fish of all kinds, and pastry

in profusion. And then for the wines—all the wines that France, Germany, and Hungary could produce, sparkled on the board, and the most anxious care was taken that every one should be supplied with what he most desired. While we were regaling ourselves, delicious strains of music, issuing from I know not where, stole into the apartment. This I thought much better than a noisy band, destroying or bewildering one's appetite from a gallery immediately over-head. In this case, the music seemed to form part of the flavor of the fruits and wines, so finely did it steal into the air. Two or three songs, sung by female singers from Italy, forcibly carried me back by association to old happy days in Europe. By way of variety, we had a little Asiatic music also, which several of the Europeans present thought themselves compelled, by the laws of taste, to pronounce detestable. I differed from them greatly. Though artificial, it seemed to me full of sweetness, and strikingly characteristic of wild, fierce, and impassioned races. Not, however, being a connoisseur in these matters, I may of course be wrong. Besides, I judged (after such a supper) in a spirit of extreme good humour towards all the world.

It was between two and three o'clock in the morning when we separated; and as I had to take a ride of three or four miles into the country before going to bed, I felt so refreshed by the cool night air, that on reaching home, I lay down to rest as tranquilly as a child might, after no more fatiguing pleasure than a frolic in the garden.—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

#### TEARS.

Chide not the tear, by Heaven designed  
To minister to grief!

Chide not the tear, the fountain kind,  
The source whence flows relief.  
Healing as was Bethesda's pool,  
The fever of the heart to cool,  
And snatch from blank despair.

#### II.

Chide not the tear, like angel bland,  
It comes with meek control  
To whisper of the better land,  
Where, passed time's fatal goal;  
The faint and weary shall find rest,  
The mourner be for ever blest,  
And misery wound no more.

#### III.

Flow on ye tears, for ever flow,  
For, ah! when ye're denied;  
What tongue may speak the bosom's woe,  
The desolation wide  
That whelms the soul, till, dread relief!  
Madness o'ermasters cureless grief,  
And comes to mock at woe.

G.

**HOMELY BUT SIGNIFICANT COMPARISON.**—A private soldier of the 95th regiment who was at the battle of Waterloo, compared the sound which took place immediately upon the British cavalry mingling with those of the enemy to "a thousand tinkers at work, mending pots and kettles!"

SALT AND WATER;  
OR, COCKNEY IRISH SPORTING SKETCH.

On a charming autumnal day, late in the September of 183—, after exhausting a few hours in the prettiest spot along the Liffey's pretty banks, I found myself at Swift's Chair,—as the charming little grot overhanging the river, was called,—that had been the favourite resting-place, in the eccentric Dean's rambles, when he sought happiness in the delightful retirement of the Abbey. Lingered here to admire the waterfall, some fifty feet below me,—the prattling cascade close by, sparkling in the afternoon's sun,—the gentle slopes of the lawn beyond, thickly dotted with its fleecy tenants, and passing a tribute of grateful recollection to one who had left posterity so pleasant a resting-place, in such a delightful seclusion, one could scarcely avoid a moralising mood, even at an age seldom characterized by such habits; when youth begins to feel its strength, and know what pleasure is. However quietly such visits may end, one is likely to feel their influence more or less; and, in the present case, this resulted in a serious decision on my part to secure some portion of posthumous fame, if not by setting the Liffey on fire, at least by graving my name as indelibly as possible on its banks;—so finding on the left side of the grotto a portion of surface free from the apocryphal descriptions of manuscript and hieroglyphic, that mystified everywhere else the original superficialities, I carved rather deeply my initials; and looking once more on fall, cascade, and sloping lawn, sauntered homewards slowly, revolving what was then a very important consideration, viz., the best beat for next day's partridge-shooting. Ascending some steps, I entered the old gateway, with its iron wicket opening on the bridge that here spans the Liffey,—co-eval as report says, with the earliest days of "The Dale," and affording a delightful lounge to the idler—luxury itself, indeed, in that way,—and having enjoyed its advantages, and started some speckled trouts from their haunts in the limpid water below. I passed on, yet undecided as to the best plan for enjoying an amusement which possessed a singular attraction for me, and "pondering deep," reached home. Presently I received a note, directed in the well known handwriting of my friend and neighbour, Costelloe, which, even unopened, seemed a herald of amusement. Costelloe and I had been mates at school, mates at play; had crossed the stiffest fences generally side by side, and once or twice over each other's dogs, had "wiped each other's eye"—that most ungenial compliment to a sportsman,

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however it may convey to the uninitiated an idea of angel-like benevolence, but which was taken the less to heart that it was experienced from none but from each other.

Within the note the following communication was traced:—"Dear Leslie:—The — ground on Wednesday, with some men from Dublin,—breakfast at 8, sharp. You're expected.—FRANK COSTELLOE." As the shooting excursion proposed in the invitation quite suited my book, one can fancy with what feelings of satisfaction I saw at the door, on the Wednesday morning in question, the dog-cart and Gypsy, who having had an unfortunate escape from being as fast a "thorn-topper" as ever led the Kildares, had been in consequence reduced to the rank of hack, and now stood occasionally shaking her pretty head and champing the bit with an ardour worthy a better object than the modest-looking vehicle whose locomotion depended on it, and whereina were safely deposited gun, bag, &c., with my inevitable and favourite "Snipe." In due time "the Hall" shewed its hospitable roof, and on my arrival I found Costelloe anxiously looking out for his friends. "I knew you'd come, Leslie, and, as usual, first in the field," said he, with an habitually cool shake hands.

"Yes, few can dispute my claim to that honor."

"One would scarcely wish to do so sometimes if confined to your own plan of operations."

"How is that, Costelloe?"

"For instance, as you cleared the fence at Ballygandran, the other day, if you remember, quite discarding the services of the grey, after he had brought you up to it: it was hardly fair—scarcely so, indeed."

"Oh! now, Costelloe, once is quite enough to hear of that fall," said I.

"I shall decidedly vote your friends from town, feather-bed sportsmen, if they are not soon here; it is now much after time, and it is really a pity to loose, any more of such a glorious day."

"They may probably deserve the reputation, although, generally, I think, 'the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious sport,' and the enjoyment of a 'spread' in the open air, are the essentials in a citizen-sportsman's good day's shooting."

"Aston, at least, excepted," said I.

"No, he could not get away from his clients, and being indeed a thorough sportsman, he feels it keenly."

"Not as much, I fancy, as he did the mist we met the last time we had him on the grouse-bog."

"Ha! ha! Perhaps not! How intensely cold that half-hour was, and wet, too!"

"And how poor Aston's nankeens and pumps



were drenched! What a costume to assume for grouse-shooting!"

"He certainly expected a considerable increase of caloric after sunrise, but never anticipated such a decrease of it before that time, as we then experienced!"

"But the pumps, in any case, presented a strange phenomenon; one might have fancied he believed in the truth of the saying, 'pure as bog water,' to have used them!"

"What is the origin of that expression, Leslie, do you know?"

"I must confess, Costelloe, I do not. Old Donovan once enlightened me with his opinion on the question, which, as one can fancy, gave, at least, an ingenious solution to the puzzle."

"The unmitigated old rebel! And what, pray, was his explanation?"

"As I happened to be riding over what he calls his 'taste of ground,' some time since, I came on him superintending farm operations, and elicited his elucidation of the purity of bog water, by recommending him to remove the heaps of mould and rubbish about the old castle of M——, for top-dressing.—'Oh, thin, Misther James,' he replied, 'I wondher intirely at you for mintionin' the like.'

"'Why is that?' said I.

"'Lettin' on, now, you don't know that it's the restin' place of so many of the ould ancient G——s.'

"'I never knew it before.'

"'Thin it's little of Irish histh'ry you've read, I'm thinkin'. I found it all out in a piece of an ould writin' I borrowed from a naybor; and what I'm tellin' you in regard to their bein' buried there, after the battle of Clonard, and other times off an' on, is as thrue as you're sittin' on that horse; an' every shovel-full of that dust is as pure as bog wather.'

"Really!" said I. "*Requiescat in pace*, then,—do you know the English of that?"

"Oh, well, it's what they puts on the tomb-stones."

"You are a genius, Donovan," said I, "and can you tell me why bog-water is pure?"

"Bedad! that same puzzles me often, seein' it's mostly the conthrary-like lookin', but I've heerd people say, a corpse found in a bog is as fresh and firm a hundred years after bein' put in as the day its sowl—God rest it!—left its airthly minnint; and since the bog-wather keeps it from corrupshin, I suppose, somehow, its pure."

"Ha! ha! It seems very much a matter of doubt, though, if its influence on Aston's costume will be a preservative one."

"A matter decidedly open to speculation, and—"

"Bravo! here they come at last!" cried Costelloe, and proceeded to welcome his guests, leaving me alone, to form an opinion of the party as I best might from appearances, which were decidedly in their favour, except that the equipments gave but little evidence of having seen much service. Breakfast was soon on the table, and discussed with right good-will, together with the latest town gossip, and a considerable quantity of egg-flip and liqueurs."

"May I ask you to send the noyau this way, Maclaghlen," said my *vis-à-vis*, to his friend on my right,—and filling and emptying his glass, resumed—"Now, mine host, I am ready to follow you—"

"O'er moss and moor, o'erholt and hill,  
Partridge to find, to flush and kill;"

Parodied Slater.

"Dreadfully bad; whoever heard of flushing partridge!" ejaculated O'Henchy.

"Most happy to lead the way, Machagen, if all are ready," said Costelloe, and quick assent following, continued, "and as we are after time already the sooner we get away the better—I see the cars are waiting."

Away we went accordingly, at a pace destined soon to become a swinging one, and quite in consonance with the spirit of the party eight in number.

"The epicurean propensities of your dog are not much indulged, Mr. Leslie," observed O'Henchy to me, casting a slightly disparaging glance on Snipe who lay between us.

"He has had some severe days already, and besides, he is intended rather for use than ornament Mr. O'Henchy," said I glancing slightly over my companion's new equipments, belt, &c.

"One may combine both without detracting from the effectiveness of either in the least."

"What some very good judges have quite agreed to be the case with Snipe," said I.

"Really," said O'Henchy and turning to our host, "Your neighborhood has lost a very amusing character by the death of Lieut. Stanhope."

"Yes, poor fellow, he was a most extraordinary creature."

"I met him at the mess of the—in Dublin, once, some time since."

"That was Russel's regiment whom he induced to take him up at 'Follow the Lead,' was it not," I enquired.

"Yes," said Costelloe, "you were not here then if I remember correctly."

"No, but I heard that after taking his man across a very stiff country he brought him to a

stand by clearing the battlements of Leixlip Bridge."

"Yes, and Stanhope escaped unhurt; he was strangely constituted indeed. I remember his once shewing me his insensibility to pain by thrusting a number of pins into his '*propria persona*,' without appearing to experience any disagreeable sensation from the operation."

"I shall never forget," said I, "the evening we set out from D—'s to see him home across the fields."

"Was it signalized by another of his freaks of fancy," asked O'Henehy.

"As unique a one as any of the rest. On the plea of excessive weariness he insisted on stopping at about half hours, and getting along as best he could to a large cow, most uncerimoniously disturbed her midnight reveries, and quietly taking possession of a lodging, *not* 'on the cold ground,' disposed his stalwart frame to rest on the spot she had just left. In point of fact he *covered* down under the apprehension of further exertions."

"Exeerable as ever, O'Henehy!" exclaimed Costelloe, who had a decided antipathy to a pun. "But here is Burnt Furge, and the gamekeeper had orders to meet us near this."

"I believe I make out the party in question under the shade of the elm at the end of the screening on the right," said Slater, directing his gun towards the place, and the approach of the individual thus *pointedly* alluded to set the matter at rest, who, as he touched his cap and answered our salutations with a promise of good sport, was despatched to billet the horses in a farm-yard near—except the one which carried the "grub" and which was to meet us by sundry by-lanes at an old "rath" where we hoped to enjoy luncheon.

We then took the fields and found in the first stubble—Costelloe having first sight of the birds and instantaneously dropping a brace, which was followed by a shout of applause from our citizen-sportsmen, accompanied by a furious volley having all the appearance and effect of a "*feu de joie*" at our host's success; it's "*feu de mort*" qualities affording a fine field for imagination, as not a bird had fallen. This discharge being followed by another from the brandy-flasks of the party, induced me to imagine I should have better shooting by myself, so calling up Snipe and gradually withdrawing from the others, I determined on taking the direction of Costelloe's residence, beating all the intermediate ground which afforded quite as much game as one could have desired, and on arriving at my destination I relieved my shoulders of the bag a with feeling

of intense satisfaction. Presently the rest of the party arrived in capital spirits, though having but three birds among them, and "Ho! Leslie, how the deuce did you come by this bag of birds?"

"You went regularly on the sly, Leslie,—seareely fair that!"

"Will you spare me a brace like a good fellow, just to save my credit!" "And if you really do not care very much for the birds may I ask for another?"—Came from all sides, and were responded to quite as satisfactorily as could have been wished, when all departed for dinner during the discussion of which, from such occasional observations as, "rather more difficult to kill larks than one imagines!" "The unfortunate blackbird was blown to pieces." One could infer, what Costelloe afterwards observed to me was the ease, that his Dublin friends soon after my "tailing off" had proceeded on an indiscriminate "razzia" against all the feathered tribe, and that its ferocity had reached a crisis soon after luncheon; at the same time congratulating me on an early escape, and himself on not having been grained at least, by some of his citizen friends who now as soon as the dessert was brought up unanimously, called for hot water and "the materials." The cellars of mine host were not so far from humanity's reach as the abode of certain spirits in the "vasty deep" so in consequence *i.e.* the better spirits appeared in due time, and the L. L. went round at a rasping pace, tumbler after tumbler disappearing like a singed cat, until at the fourth round O'Henehy passed the materials to me, saying, "Come, Leslie, empty your glass and fill again, you are still at your first; this is my fourth!"

"Not any more for me, O'Henehy, I never exceed one!"

"Oh come, there's an exception to every rule; help yourself and send it on," said Slater, who was on my left!"

"I should rather not have any more," said I, "I really never take more than one."

After many efforts to overrule my objection, O'Henehy seemed determined to set the matter at rest by saying, "You really *must* drink with us, Leslie, we are not going to get jolly, while you remain sober to laugh at us!"

"You really must excuse me O'Henehy," said I, "as I assure you I am not influenced by any such motive—I never take more than one tumbler after dinner, and no one shall compel me to have any more."

"Then, by George, you shall drink salt and water, if you don't!" exclaimed McLaghan—and "salt and water!" "Salt and water!" "Give



it him!" resounded on all sides while I found myself suddenly seized on either side by O'Henchy and Slater, the others meanwhile setting about procuring the obnoxious draught. Placed in such disagreeable durance, successful resistance was quite out of question, and yielding to the fates, or their two very stout proxies until their attention seemed slightly relaxed, I made a frantic bolt;—a desperate scramble;—cleared a couple of chairs—overturned McLaghlán—rushed into the hall, seized the gun, and returning, stood at bay in the nearest corner, and with renewed breath, said, "Gentlemen, any one who chooses to compel me to drink salt and water will do so at his peril;" allowing each "click" of the locks to be distinctly heard as they were put at full cock.

There was a pause for an instant, then an indistinct murmur of "salt and water—salt and water,—salt and water!" "Let him have it!" "More guns than one to be had!" All given in a not very agreeable *crescendo*; when Costelloe, who had continued most provokingly unconcerned up to this, interposed the veto of hospitable authority to a continuance of the proceedings, with such happy effect, as to induce all parties to consent to "forget and forgive," the first of which he did not entertain a doubt was in a rapid process of consummation, soon to be considerably accelerated by a renewed attention to the L. L.—a true Lethe in this instance. So, resuming my seat at the table, I finished my first tumbler, and understanding soon after that "Gipsey" was at the door, I wished mine host and his jolly companions "good night," and gave the rein to the mare, who required no permission to raise a brisk trot for home, whither she brought me in very fair time, truly satisfied with the successful interference of Costelloe's influence, and with feelings akin to anything but friendly ones towards Cockney sportsmen and their counterpart (as far as agreeability is involved) in the inanimate creation,—that truly undesirable and detestable mixture—SALT AND WATER.

LONGEVITY.—In 1497, a carp of prodigious size, was caught in a fishpond of Suabia, with a ring of copper affixed to it, on which were engraved these words in Latin:—"I am the first fish that was put into this pond, by the hands of Frederick 2nd, Governor of the world, 5th October, 1230." This fish must have lived 267 years.

A COMPETENCY.—Our incomes are like our shoes. If too small they will gall and pinch us:—if too large they will cause us to stumble and trip. True contentment depends not upon what we have. A tub was enough for Diogenes, but a world was too little for Alexander.

## SHADOWS ON THE RIVER.

'Tis evening's hour—  
The shadows lower,  
The earth in gloom enshrouding—  
Dense clouds and dun  
Around the sun  
Up from the west are crowding

And dull and chill,  
Adown the hill,  
The fount is sadly creeping,  
Along the ground,  
With wailing sound,  
As if of spirits weeping.

The lake is dark,  
There's not a spark  
Of light upon it playing;  
The shadows rest  
Upon its breast,  
The chill breeze o'er it straying.

No more within  
The wave is seen  
The lustrous sky reposing,  
And deep in shade  
Lie dell and glade,  
Around the waters closing,

And song of bird  
No more is heard  
In liquid music thrilling;  
The shadow flings  
Its dusky wings,  
The sadden'd waters chilling.

And dark and lone  
The flood moves on  
In mute and solemn motion—  
'Mid shades profound,  
That close around,  
It sinks into the ocean.

And as I view'd  
That gloomy flood,  
As fount, and lake, and river  
I cried, "Alas!  
May life ne'er pass  
'Mid shadows thus for ever."

Then ocean lone,  
With awful moan,  
Upon my ear fell booming,  
A d to my sighs  
A voice replies  
From out the shadows coming—

"Man's life is made  
Of light and shade,  
Of joys and griefs together;  
Now sun, now shower,  
Now shadows lower,  
Like fitful April weather.

From source to sea—  
'Tis God's decree—  
Man's flood is full of changes;  
Now calm its waves,  
Now vex'd it raves,  
Now glad, now sad it ranges.

But he whose might  
Made cloud and light  
In wisdom each dispenses;  
And still in vain  
Doth man complain  
Of laws above his senses."

Rebuked I stood  
Beside the flood,  
And answer'd bending lowly,  
"Lord, I resign  
My will to thine;  
Thy ways are just and holy.

In joy or wo,  
Let life's stream flow,  
As Thou ordainest ever,  
But grant one gleam  
At last to beam,  
As graveyards sink the river!"

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

## WHITTLINGS FROM THE WEST.

BY ABEL LOG.

It was the noon of a sultry day in August. One could not walk—it was too hot for that; one could not ride—it would have come under the head of cruelty to animals; one could not read—a book had to be held, and that was a fatigue; one could not sleep—the mosquitoes would not let you. Fans were flapping in all directions; and in the front of the Howard House, down Broadway, five-and-twenty travellers were sitting in the shade, with their weary legs elevated to a level with their chins, and the rims of their straw hats resting on their noses. Few persons could be seen in the streets, they were fearful of receiving a sunstroke.

I was sitting in the arbour at the bottom of Miss Westbrook's garden, and talking to Lascelles. I heard the large bell up at the housering violently, and ran to see what was the matter. I found a little elderly maiden lady, Miss Fanny Fitzherbert, and her sisters, Mr. Merrivale, Mr. Heady, and Mr. Molson, standing round a parrot's cage. I inquired if anything had happened to Nabob.

"He is dying," said Miss Westbrook, wringing her hands; "I am sure he is dying. He has been poisoned." The bird certainly looked ill. He was poisoning himself upon one leg on the bottom of the cage, and turning up his eyes frightfully.

"O, I am convinced that somebody has poisoned Nabob; I will never believe to the contrary!" cried Miss Westbrook, in a tremulous voice.

I glanced towards Mr. Molson. He was very pale, and he gave a gulp like a person in the last stage of suffocation.

"He—he will get better no doubt," stammered Mr. Molson; "perhaps the heat affects him. Poor Nabob!"

"Poor Molson!" replied the bird, and then he tried to laugh, but couldn't.

"Poor Nabob!" cried Miss Westbrook, with a flood of tears; "you have been poisoned, I know."

Mr. Molson applied a handkerchief to his brow, and sat down in an exhausted manner. It was evident that he was the guilty party. A few minutes afterwards, Nabob called for Miss West-

brook; he was going fast. He next (for the green parrot had caught up everything that used to be said at table) ordered the bell to be rung, probably that all the household might be summoned to witness his peaceful end. In another moment he closed his vermilion-coloured eyes, gave a long shrill whistle, then a short laugh, issued directions to a servant to carry him out, and fell down dead. The murder was eventually traced to the door of Mr. Molson and he received a hint to supply himself with a suite of apartments elsewhere. I have not since had the pleasure of receiving tidings from him.

\* \* \* \* \*

As I was returning one night from a saunter in the picturesque neighbourhood of the Battery (I had Ernest's rapier-cane under my arm), some very beautiful music fell upon my ear, and I traced it to a retired garden which is much frequented by the gentlemen of New York, when they wish to indulge in the luxury of an ice-cream, and enjoy the gratification of hearing a few of their most select and popular melodies performed upon a fine band. Music is always an attraction to me. They were just playing Moore's "Last Rose of Summer" as I entered the garden, and seated myself in an arbour, under the shade of some pleasant trees. The romance of the scene was in some measure weakened by the occasional transit of a waiter, with a towel over his arm and glasses upon a tray; but I winked at this, and, ordering some refreshment by way of keeping up appearances, reclined blissfully in a corner, with my eyes half closed. Presently the well-known voice of some person in an adjoining arbour struck upon my ear. It was that of Captain Tregenza. I wondered who his companion was. The voice was familiar to me also, but I failed to recognise it.

"Eighteen will not be sufficient," I heard Ernest say; "we must have six-and-twenty. What are you to do when half of your hands become disabled? We had twenty-six before, and we will have twenty-six again. Don't say any more about it; I will have my way." A few words of remonstrance were here offered, but Tregenza cried, "I have spoken, sir!" and there was a heavy clash, as though he had struck his fist upon the table, and upset several glasses.

A silence of some minutes succeeded, and then the gruff voice observed, "Hans Korck is a whole gang of boarders in himself. Did you ever see him handle a pike?"

"He can do his duty, I have no doubt," said Tregenza; "and so he ought, for I have not spared his schooling!"

Duty, thought I—what does this consist in, I wonder? And feeling conscious that I was playing the paltry part of an eavesdropper, I coughed in a manner which left it to the option of the speakers whether they continued the conversation or not. A moment afterwards, Ernest abruptly entered the bower in which I sat, and put his face close to mine, to see if he had compromised himself in any way by his freedom of speech. I was sitting in the gloom, and at first he did not recognise my features; but the instant he had done so, he drew me by the button from my corner into the next box. Opposite him sat Mr. Spars, the surly mate of the Dodo. I now saw through the whole thing. Captain Tregenza observed that I had made a discovery, and said in a pleasant way, "Come, come,



I know if there is any secret in the matter, it will rest safe with you." I must confess that I felt a little disappointed. Ernest was a fine-looking young man, and, I had supposed, also a high-spirited and an honourable one; but now how was he fallen in my estimation! He had degenerated into a mere ruffian—a common cut-throat, without one spark of gentlemanly feeling or right principle.

"You are a very pretty pair," said I, bantering-ly, and gazing first on him, and then upon the sulky Mr. Sparrs. "That rakish craft yonder is in the merchant service, is she? You carry provisions to the gold-diggings, eh? And what else do you carry? Has Long Tom any family? Are there any little Toms?"

"Hush, hush, my dear fellow; do be quiet," cried Ernest. "Upon my word, you are very incautious; if it had not been for that noisy varlet with the trombone yonder, who is fast blowing himself into a consumption, somebody would have overheard you."

"Is this your walking-stick?" said I producing the rapier-cane.

"Yes; I left it at your lodgings. Rather a pretty toy isn't it?"

"Particularly so (unsheathing it); and pray (pointing to the blood), do you generally perform the part of ship-surgeon, and phlebotomise your patients with this?"

"O, there is a droll story connected with that; I will relate it to you some day. Come brother, Sparrs, do not look so sour; this is a friend of ours, and one not given to gossiping. Won't you stay with us?"

"No; I must return on board."

"Then go, you owl!" and the mate of the Dodo, killing a large mosquito with his palm as he arose, left the garden.

"Murder will out, you see, mon cher capitaine," said I. "I thought you a very pretty fellow until to-night, and now——"

"You know my real character you think, but you do not; nor shall you leave this place until I have in some measure undeceived you. Hear a short story. I shall cut it as short as possible, that you may not yawn. I am a gentleman by birth, as well as by education, and by feeling, too, I believe, but I was born under an unlucky planet. The fates have not treated me handsomely. I have experienced a heavy misfortune. Of my parents I shall not speak now; I shall confine this tale to those particulars which immediately concern myself. From my earliest childhood I was always fond of the sea; and a voyage or two across the Atlantic, backed up by my previous knowledge of naval matters, made me a perfect sailor. The more the winds blew, and the billows leaped and roared, the more I liked it; so, as I had money at command, I bought a little vessel (not the Dodo), fitted her out in the most beautiful manner imaginable, and made several successful cruises. But during one of these, as I was on my return homeward, and hugging the Mexican coast, I had the luck, one dark night, to be boarded by a scoundrel of a pirate, who mistook me for a rich Spanish galleon, laden with gold dust, of which he had long been in search. As I was napping unsuspectingly below, I knew nothing of the affair until it was over, and then a rascal had got safely away. I then found three of my crew dead upon deck, several more lying

bathed in their blood, and my cabin completely ransacked. Among other things they had taken a hamper of wine and my chronometer, without which, you know a captain is almost helpless upon a wide ocean. I could have put up with the loss of these, but there was a cool impudence about the whole business which exasperated me very much; and the moment morning had dawned, seeing a sail in the offing, I clapped on every stitch of canvass I could carry, and gave her chase. I had no doubt that it was the pirate; but a stern chase, they say is a long chase, and I did not come up with the rogue until night, when, laying my little vessel skillfully alongside her, followed by my crew, cutlass in hand, I leaped upon her deck.

"No quarter!" cried I; "down with the dogs!" There was a smart scuffle, you may suppose, but they did not make half the resistance I expected they would. In fact I was quite surprised to obtain a victory upon such easy terms. Seven of my brave lads were wounded but none killed. The pirates, however, had suffered severely. Nine of them never moved again, a great many (the cowards!) had jumped overboard in their fright, and several others were gashed and mutilated in a shocking manner.

"Which is the captain of your gang?" I asked.

"I am the captain," said a tall, athletic seaman, with a sabre cut that reached from lip to ear.

"Choose—the plank, or the yard-arm?"

"The plank—it will be the death of a sailor; the other is more suitable to one of your profession."

"Be civil, sir, or I will tie you up to the gang-way, and give you a dozen before you go."

"Work your will; I am at your mercy now. I ask no quarter, and it were all one if I did."

"You put on the air of an honest man, and no pirate."

"I am an honest man. I do not know what you mean by calling me a pirate; I fought in defence of my ship."

"And did not overhaul me last night as I lay napping; nor kill three of men, of course, nor carry away my chronometer?"

"I did not."

A cold sweat broke out upon my forehead, and I almost fell upon the deck. I had made a mistake; this was not the pirate. I frankly confessed my error, and told the merchant captain he was free. He smiled scornfully, as evidently not believing one word of my tale; and the moment I had returned on board my own ship, and he had once more got possession of his, he began to blaze away at me with his only gun, but it was loaded with grape, and took fatal effect. Another of my crew was killed, and three more wounded; I was hit too. A minute afterwards I heard the cry, "Boarders on the bow!" and now commenced the most desperate hand-to-hand fight I have ever witnessed. But we had the majority of numbers, and the enemy, if I may call them such, were cut down to a man. The merchant captain and I crossed sabres last. I would have spared a better man than myself, but he would have no quarter, and I buried the blade up to the hilt in his body. I was obliged to do it in self-defence. The few remaining hands in the merchant brig, seeing how matters went, sheered off, and we saw no more of them. Sparrs, my mate, advised me to

give chase again, and blow her up, in order that the survivors of her crew might tell no tales; but I refused to shed more blood. Indeed, I never intended to shed any; I merely intended to redress a wrong.

Months elapsed. Meantime (as I afterwards found) the brig had reached New York, and given a description of our brush with her, as well as all the particulars of the first attack; and one night, as I was on my voyage homeward, I was hailed by an American sloop of war. I had orders to heave to while she sent a party to board me. I should have submitted, and all might have yet gone well, but my temper would not allow me, and I beat them off. They gave chase, of course. I had no shot left, and very little powder. What little I had, however, I crammed into a carronade, with a quantity of old broken bottles; then, levelling the gun with my own hand, blew its contents into their faces, and, favoured by the darkness, slipped quietly away.

America was now no place for me, and, tossing the greater part of my cargo to the fishes, I stood over to the coast of Africa. While there, I had the good fortune one night to fall in with a slaver. I knew that she could be after no good, for the moment she caught sight of us, she shook out all her canvass, and showed us her heels. I thought the adventure might be turned to account, gave chase again in my turn, came up with her, had a brush for it, drove her crew overboard, and set the slaves at liberty. Poor fellows! Never was such a hullabaloo heard before; you would have thought Pandemonium had broke loose. Such knocking off fetters, and such chattering, and such an exhibition of red lips and white teeth, and such a capering of black figures about the decks! They were almost mad with joy, and I was some time in restoring order. When I had done this, I slipped them all on board my own vessel, took possession of the slaver, and left them to steer whithersoever they might feel disposed, while I made sail westward with my prize, and in the course of time reached New York.

You will wonder how I could assume the assurance to present myself in New York; but I had been absent so long, and was so changed in appearance, that I felt sure nobody would know me, and, if it came to the worst, I could at any time make a straightforward statement of my grievances, and put aside that charge of piracy upon the high seas which had been preferred against me. I took care to have my vessel pre-ensigned to a merchant here, so that I was asked no awkward questions; and it is generally understood that this gentleman purchased her from your government, whose cruisers enjoyed the honour of having captured her. I have been urged to make a confession of the little affair with the merchant captain and his crew, but I am too indolent, and fear that it might involve my liberty. There, you are in possession of the whole story. I am now going to make a voyage to California, nominally to carry provisions to the gold-diggings, but in reality to try and fall in with that vagabond pirate, who boarded me in the dark, and carried away my chronometer. I trace all my troubles back to the adventure of that night, and the grudge I owe him has been gathering interest ever since.

"But do you expect to catch him?"

"Yes, for this reason: a pirate is like an old rat—he has a particular run, and he likes to keep it. He may burrow elsewhere for a time, but he is certain eventually to return to his old haunts. I know the latitude in which he may be found, as well as the nooks and corners in which he hides, and shall be sure to pounce upon him some day."

"But may you not make another mistake?" There will be a great many vessels returning from California, laden with gold—may you not be so short-sighted as to confound one of these with your old friend who eased you of the hamper of wine?"

Captain Tregenza appeared to be enjoying his cigar very much; as he made no reply, I suppose him to be chuckling over the prospects of a speedy reckoning with his friend the pirate.

"At all events," said I, "you will have to be cautious how you mouse about with that rakish schooner of yours. She puts me in mind of a wicked old horse, with his ears laid back. Her appearance is by no means a letter of recommendation. Take care of the American cruisers."

"Pooh! I have no fear."

"Then take care of our British men-of-war."

"That for them!" said Ernest, snapping his fingers. "They might pepper their shot about her for an hour, and not stir a plank. She has nothing above water. Look at her shallow hull."

"The better for boarders."

"Ha! has she no wings?"

"But the race is not always to the swift."

"I see what you mean. She shall never be taken; I will blow her to the moon first!"

"Who was the stout seafaring man that recognised you in the Battery Garden one evening, and asked if you and he had not met before?"

"I have some recollection of running short of water once, and wanting to borrow a little of his. As he was rather saucy, however, we had recourse to the persuasive powers of Long Tom, who soon obtained permission for us to help ourselves. Come, they are locking the gates; it is time we retired."—*Eliza Cook's Journal*.

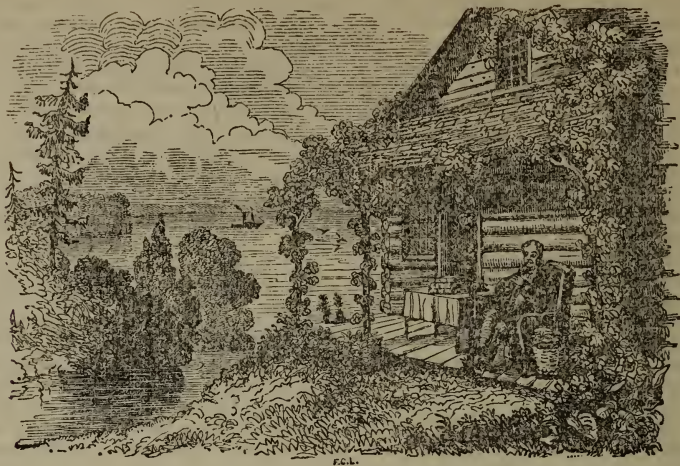
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LAW A LUXURY.—"Westminster Hall" said Pitt, "is as open to any man as the London Tavern." "True," retorted Sheridan, "but he that enters either without money, will meet with a very scurvy reception."

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CHARLES EDWARD AND HIS WIFE IN 1769.—We went to the Opera, when for the first time I beheld the poor unhappy representative of the Stuart race in the Comte d'Albanie. He goes regularly to the theatre, and always falls asleep in the corner of his box at the end of the first act, being generally intoxicated. His face is red, and his eyes are fiery, otherwise he is not an ill-looking man. The Countess is not handsome, being black and sallow, with a pugnose.—*Swinburne's Courts of Europe*.





## THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

### SEDERUNT SECOND.

THE close of an unusually sultry day found the publisher of this periodical slowly wending his way up the gentle slope which led to the rural wicket in front of the SHANTY. The warmth of the weather and his walk from the city rendered a frequent pause both necessary and agreeable, as a gentle air from the south-east was springing up and brought with it a refreshing coolness, grateful to the feelings and invigorating to the body enervated by the heat and depressed by the exertion he had undergone.

Throwing himself into the Major's chair placed so invitingly under the shade of the porch, he complacently surveyed the scene before him. A budget of papers systematically arranged and kept together by one of those useful catchouc bands, now so rapidly and deservedly usurping the office of the time-honoured red tape, was placed by him on the table; an expressive sigh afforded evidence of the sense of relief attending his assumed posture of repose; but a nervous glance occasionally bestowed upon the doorway, betrayed an anxiety to hold communion with the master spirit of the place. At length a gentle step and an admonitory hem! revealed to him the presence of our friend Mrs. Grundy. After a polite exchange of the customary courtesies of civilized life, and a few desultory remarks on that unfailing topic of conversation—the weather, our “lady bountiful” apologized for the absence of the Major, who, she informed the visitor had sallied out some time since with his favorite hound “Nell” for a ramble in the neighbouring woods. On

the assurance that his usual hour of return was near at hand, and that she had been instructed to request Mr. MACLEAR, whose visit was not unexpected, to beguile the time as best he might, she drew his attention, with a manner and tone displaying a feeling of pleased and conscious pride, to the gay objects of her solicitude which surrounded them—those care-rewarding sources of pleasure—those silent comforters of the lonely and sad heart—her flowers.

MR. M.—Pray madam, what may be the name of this beautiful flower?

MRS. GRUNDY.—It is the *Carnosa*. A plant highly prized in this country, as one of the finest of our house exotics; it will, with some care and proper management, flower twice in the year.

MR. M.—Of what country is it a native?

MRS. GRUNDY.—It is abundant within the tropics, and is found in latitudes very far south. Its luxuriance in some countries is truly wonderful. That which is a small vine as you see it here, spreads to a considerable extent in more congenial climates. Its clusters of waxen flowers are very beautiful.

MR. M.—I should imagine, from the enthusiasm with which you speak, that you had partaken of the enjoyment it must afford in those countries where it flowers so well.

MRS. GRUNDY.—And so I have. Mine has been indeed a “varied scene of life.” But I fear to touch upon this theme—it is one, though full of painful memories to me, which oft-times yield a fruitful source of conversation with my estimable friend the Major, but might not be equally agreeable to another.

MR. M.—If it be not a proscribed subject

for other ears, I would fain solicit the privilege of hearing you describe some of the scenes through which you have passed. Shall I confess that my curiosity has been aroused, and let me assure you, that if the sympathy of a comparative stranger be not unacceptable, you, will carry mine fully with you?

Mrs. GRUNDY.—It is a long tale, full of incidents little calculated to amuse, but as you have expressed a desire to hear it, it would be ungrateful in me not to comply with a request so kindly preferred. My earliest recollections are of the hurry and confusion attending a removal from a town in one of the midland counties of England, where I was born, to a delightful residence on the sea coast. The circumstances attending this migration, the novelty of the scenes into which we removed, and the manifold objects of pleasant contemplation around me, all conspired to banish from my young and somewhat capricious mind the memory of the scenes among which my infancy was passed. Nor have I since enjoyed the opportunity of renewing my acquaintance with the place of my nativity. My father who had for several years held the curacy of Naseby, was, at this eventful time, preferred to a Rectory on the coast of Devon. The parsonage was situated on a cliff overhanging one of the numerous inlets so characteristic of the shores of this county. Before us could be seen the lonely and tempest-rocked Eddystone. The ceaseless murmur of the deep sea waves as they rolled in from the wide Atlantic and broke on the rocky beach, was the music amidst which my happy young hours glided on. A sister was my companion and we were the only sources of care which our parents seemed now to know. The Parish was somewhat extensive and its residents much scattered, so that his parochial duties occupied nearly the whole of my father's time. To a dear and highly gifted mother, was entrusted the intellectual training as well as domestic nurture of their two girls; and never was such obligation more scrupulously and successfully fulfilled. How happy were we then! Study was a recreation to which we daily looked forward with anxious desire. Every subject ordinarily within the compass of female education was in its turn taken up with an avidity and relish, which nothing but the admirable judgment and system pursued by our devoted mother could have induced. The consequence was, that at an early age, we found ourselves occupied in the familiar pursuit of studies with which few girls were then even superficially acquainted, and which still fewer at the present day ever attempt from choice. Natural history in all its departments was a favorite occupation, and the almost unlimited opportunities we possessed for the prosecution of Botany, Geology, and Entomology, rendered us only the more ambitious to be equally conversant with the higher

branches. How many a ramble over the rugged shore or through the fragrant meadows and the shady copse, were made the occasion of profitable examination and reading. Nor were the evenings which my father could devote to us less advantageously employed. Then were we taught to observe the wonderful mechanism of the stellar universe, to view the trackless journeys of the planets, the wandering comet; and to recognize the position of the constellations. Life fled in one unbroken stream of joy, as we listened to the lessons of wisdom, uttered by lips which seemed to derive inspiration from the subject of their admiration. Peacefully and happily year succeeded year; our little home was the world, and that a world of tranquility and beauty. As you may easily suppose this otherwise delightful existence was little calculated to prepare us for the rude trials of the other world which was beyond our daily rambles and was undreamed of by us. It has been said and with apparent justice, that the education which keeps the young from the temptations which must assail them when they enter the arena of busy life, which deprives them of an early and practical acquaintance with these, unfits them for the part they must eventually play in the great drama. But my own eventful life and the experience of the career of others similarly circumstanced, have induced the belief, that when the heart is well trained and stored with fixed principles, during the plastic period of youth, we enter life with an armour of moral force and discipline, which fortifies us against the assaults of temptation and raises us above the slavish thralldom of habit and the false pride engendered by a fatal and complacent observance of mere worldly precepts. The sacrifices which we daily witness at the shrine of opinion, are the fruits of early world-worship, and what we lose by ignorance of the deception practised upon us by the designing portion of mankind, is amply repaid by the consciousness of our own endurance and power of steadfast resistance. But I am moralizing now and must crave your pardon for this digression.

Mr. M.—Nay, my dear Madame, I respect your feeling on this point, and if I agree with you, that too much care cannot be bestowed on the education of the heart, I still think that the judgment must be matured by initiation to the ways of this same world. However advisable the system you propose may be for the gentler sex, men require to be prepared for their more active participation in the transactions of the world, by an intimate knowledge of the motives and actions of their fellow creatures—a knowledge to be acquired thoroughly, I am afraid, only by the ordeal of free intercourse, by “roughing it” as we say.

Mrs. GRUNDY.—I cannot think so. I see no difference, but in degree, between the course of both sexes, and perhaps with us the struggle is the greater when we are called to act on



the defensive, from the very belief which obtains of our inability to sustain the conflict. But I will proceed with my narration. During the summer of 18— a maternal uncle paid us a visit, accompanied by his only son who had been absent for some years, serving in India with his regiment. Such an occurrence you will readily believe created some commotion in our retreat. Herbert was an amiable and accomplished youth, and speedily entered into the quiet pleasures of our domestic circle. I need not dwell on this part of my tale. There was no romance in our love—it was the offspring of mutual esteem, congenial tastes and undisguised affection. After some months of close companionship we were married. The first trial now awaited me—the bitter grief of parting from objects, around whom holy and strong affection, hitherto undivided, had wound my heartstrings, seemed like the severance of life and body. A knowledge of new and self-imposed obligations however, aided by the affectionate counsel of those from whom all my sense of duty was derived, enabled me to sustain the shock. My poor Anne! for her I felt most keenly. It was then to be her task not alone to conquer the anguish of our separation, but to soothe the sorrow of our dear parents, and to render less void the place I filled at home. (*The Major is seen to enter the wicket*). But here comes Mr. Crabtree, and I must postpone to another occasion, should you be disposed to listen to it, the recital of my story.

MR. M.—I am most interested in it Madam, and however glad I may be to see the Major, I regret the interruption, but shall anticipate with pleasure its renewal.

THE MAJOR.—Welcome, Oh! Mæcenas of the West to our humble roof, I have for some days looked with longing eye towards the East, and can only atone for my absence on your arrival, by consigning to the hands of our good friend here this basket of wild berries, the product of an hour's scramble among the thorny shrubs, to be prepared after her most delectable receipt, for your especial regalement. Kennel, Nell! your welcome is obtrusive.

MR. M.—Nay, chide her not sir, she only shares her master's cordial hospitality.

THE MAJOR.—Know you aught of the movements of our Shantyists?

MR. M.—They have promised to be here and will I dare say shortly arrive. In the meantime, I would invite your attention to some letters which will require to be answered in some manner.

THE MAJOR.—What? have you already been so assailed with contributions, that you require us to deliberate upon them individually in formal council?

MR. M.—Not exactly that. It is true that I have no reason whatever, to complain of the amount of literary aid already given to the undertaking, whatever difficulty you may

experience in deciding upon the relative merits of each article. The communications I make reference to, are letters of criticism, complaint, and suggestion?

THE MAJOR.—I am petrified! Why my most sagacious and enterprising o<sup>c</sup> publishers, are you really so young in the business as to give any heed to such productions. The only use I should advise being made of them, is to print them all in pamphlet form, and distribute it as an advertisement. It would be expensive, but might answer the purpose as well as those we see daily, concerning Sarsaparilla, Life Pills, and all the hordes of quack nostrums with which this age is so fertile. Seriously, however, to set to work to *act* upon these epistles, which you will perhaps have observed are all written with the "warmest interest in the undertaking," and "the most friendly feeling towards you," would be but to realize old Æsop's fable of the Man and his Ass.

MR. M.—But my dear sir, I must pay some respect to the prejudices at least of those who evince a desire to support the enterprise.

THE MAJOR.—Undoubtedly so, and the easiest way to accomplish that, is to do your best to carry out the original design of your work. But, make a debtor and creditor statement of all the criticisms you possess, for your own satisfaction, and my word for it, you will find the account pretty square numerically, and *intrinsically* the balance largely in our favor. No wise man ever expected to please all the world; and I have too much faith in the nationality of Canadians, to think that they will not support a conscientious effort to please them. Make your mind easy on that score Mr. Maclear, and let me help you to some rasps.

MR. M.—Thank you. I wish all the *favours* I receive were equally agreeable!

THE MAJOR.—Follow my example man. These berries grow upon pestilently thorny shrubs, and yet see, I have prepared a pleasant treat by resolutely plucking them, in spite of a scratch or two.

[*Enter the LAIRD and SQUIREEN.*]

Well done old ridge and furrow, thou hast conquered temperature, you look as fresh after your walk as if you had just turned out of a city Bath-room.

THE LAIRD.—Aye, we ken the way to overcome the elementary difficulties, as my old Dominie in Musselburgh used to say.

MR. M.—I wish you would impart the secret to some of your friends, Laird?

THE SQUIREEN.—By the powers its as aisy to compre——

THE LAIRD.—Waesuck! waesuck, it's just as easy for an Irishman to keep a secret as——

THE MAJOR.—For a Scotsman to tell it. But where's the Doctor?

THE LAIRD.—The Doctor! Oh! he's only

tethering his taivie bobtail to the fence ahint the byre.

THE MAJOR.—I perceive the odour of the creature which doateth upon cheese. By the way friend Maclear, is that sentence sufficiently after the style of Laura Matilda for your city correspondent? So the Doctor's buggy was your means of resistance against the influence of the sun?

THE DOCTOR.—(*who has entered during the Major's last reply,*) Yes! and poor Ned would tell you could he speak, that he was, by no means obliged to his Lairdship for transferring his share of the heat and burden of the day.

THE MAJOR.—Perchance you will allow me to read some extracts from a communication which I have received from one of the mossless rolling-stones of society, Harold Skimpole by name?

MR. M.—What! Skimpole who used to board at the Western?

THE MAJOR.—The same, good bibliopole. You seem to have some knowledge of the gentleman.

MR. M.—Knowledge dearly purchased! My books have born his name as a debtor till they are fairly weary of the burden—and—

THE LAIRD.—Hoot awa' Thomas my man! Its clean against all rule to bring the shop out to the Shanty. What about the aforesaid Skimpole, Major?

THE MAJOR.—I received a letter from him to day, portions whereof with the permission of the fraternity, I will read.

THE SQUIREEN.—Read on and welcome! Horace is a decided humourist, in his way.

THE MAJOR.—Here goes then. (Reads.)

#### FREE AND EASY SKETCHES.

BY HAROLD SKIMPOLE, F.F. AND E.S.

WELLINGTON HOTEL, }  
Brampton, 8th June 1852. }

DEAR MAJOR,—On Wednesday last I took a cabin passage in the Brampton stage, and arrived here late the same evening, without meeting with any remarkable incident. I was, however, much fatigued and very sore, which will not surprise you when I mention that I had to carry a remarkably heavy woman and her baby on my knees from Toronto to Cooksville. Of this penance, however, I may not complain, as it frequently falls to the lot of pilgrims, who, for their sins have to pursue the course which I followed!

I have been induced to leave Toronto for a short time, partly in consideration of my health, which being a trifle delicate requireth a dose of fresh country air, but chiefly on account of my settled dislike to financial affairs!—You know I am no financier. I never liked anything connected with pounds shillings and pence, and yet with all my well known disrelish for such mere mundane matters, my numerous friends have been annoying me beyond measure by sending me scores of their financial documents for my perusal—with a modest request forsooth, that I would “arrange” them! Marry come up indeed! It is enough for me to

arrange my toilet every morning, and as long as I do that without their assistance, I think they have no right to expect me to arrange their paltry L. S. D. concerns for them. As there is no use in trying to convince the wilfully blind, however, I determined to exchange my place of residence for one more congenial to my quiet and reflective habits, and hence my presence in Brampton.

I avail myself of the first leisure to inform you of my whereabouts, not, however, mark me well, for the benefit of “all whom it may concern”—on the contrary, I wish you to keep mum with respect to my present location, for if my particular friends Jackson & Jenkins and Tomkins and some others I would name, were aware of my address, I should be pestered with a correspondence at once, uninteresting to me and unprofitable to the balance of creation. With you, however, I wish to have no reserve, and I shall continue to give you an account of my rambles whenever I go——Touching this same I have as little to say as Canning's knife-grinder had to the *philosophically* benevolent stranger!

It is a straggling and very irregular village, with here and there a fine brick house, flanked by two stables—and there a stable flanked by a big house and a little one—some of the tenements with ends to the streets seemed about to run into Her Majesty's Mail Stage—others retired far behind and showing their broad-sides in the distance; and one queer looking messuage stood staggering with its sharp angle to the street, apparently uncertain what position to take up.

The lieges of Brampton are undoubtedly the best natured people of their generation. Every body does everything just as everybody pleases, and everybody submits with the greatest good nature to what everybody does. Mr. A. leaves his cart on the sidewalk in front of Mr. B.'s door,—a dry, convenient place to *hitch* and *unhitch*, and Mr. B., good man, uncomplainingly climbs over, or crawls under the cart, as may be most convenient, in his ingress or egress to and from his domicile—or squeezes himself between that and the wall, in going for his stove wood, which is piled up against his neighbor C.'s window. Many of the side-walks have been planked, but are quite useless for the purpose of walking on, as they are mostly occupied with waggons, carts, wood, barrels, boxes, bricks and stones, and a general assortment of rubbish.

Yesterday evening I seated myself on the balcony of mine Inn in company with the Principal of the Brampton University, a shrewd enough specimen of the genus pedagogue, and like Jedediah Cleishbotham, willing to communicate his wisdom to wayfarers like myself. Scarcely any one came within our view, but my friend could tell me a good part of his public and private history, and he interspersed his remarks with a great many amusing anecdotes illustrative of the character and disposition of the person alluded to.

“There,” said he, pointing with his cane to the extreme right—“There is the man for my money. That fellow has undoubtedly found the philosophers stone, for everything he touches he turns into gold.” “I think he will miss a figure this time,” I remarked, “for it is my opinion he will not make much gold out of that shingle he is cutting up, or the knife either, for that matter.



"You are altogether mistaken," was the reply; "The knife has already done its duty and produced more than its own weight in gold; and the shingle, depend on it, will not fail him—by the time he will have it reduced to shavings he will have matured a plan of investment which will secure him some fifty per cent profit on a good round sum. Those are his means of transmutation. He has whittled himself into a comfortable fortune. By the operation of whittling, he is enabled to see clearly all the different positions and bearings of any bargain or speculation he may have in view. Every shaving develops some new idea—and by the time he has that bit of shingle fashioned into the shape of an Indian tomahawk or paddle, or some other useful or useless article, he will have all the details of the transaction clearly Daguerreotyped on his mind." My friend continued to give a minute description of this interesting science, which to me was new and interesting. I had frequently heard of some person having acquired a fortune by "cutting his stick," but until now I had no idea of the manner of the operation. I looked with much interest upon the person thus brought under my notice. He was a tall, thin, intelligent looking man in black, who stood under a huge wooden watch which swung in front of a shop door. His body was quite perpendicular, and his head bent forward with his chin resting on his chest—his eyes fixed upon his pen-knife and the piece of shingle at which he laboured incessantly. Occasionally he raised his head to the perpendicular, and turned it slowly round in a horizontal direction—describing with the point of his nose an exact semi-circle, and taking a brief, but knowing glance at everything that came within his vision. Not discovering anything worthy of his attention, he would again bring his eyes to the front, and drop them, with his head, in the direction of the knife and shingle. Once, while making this semicircular survey, he slightly elevated his eyes and let them rest for a moment upon my friend and I,—'twas but a moment, and he quietly removed them with an expression which seemed to say "there is nothing there."

Soon the shingle was "used up," and throwing away the remnant which was too small to whittle, he carefully brushed off the lighter shavings which had adhered to his broadcloth, and closing his knife with a peculiar motion of his thumb, he closed his hand hard upon the knife and thrust both knife and hand rather spitefully to the bottom of the right hand pocket of his unmentionables. He appeared somewhat dissatisfied, and my friend opined that the result of his whittling had not been so successful as usual—indeed it was not deemed "lucky" to have the shingle "used up" without making the likeness of any thing.

He now took another semicircular view of all within the reach of his eyes, and apparently not making any discovery, he turned to enter his shop when the rustling of wheels announced the approach of a waggon.

Mr. Thomas—for that is the gentleman's name—Seth Thomas, immediately stopped short, thrust his hand again into his pocket for his knife and glanced earnestly around for a soft chip to "whittle." Finding a piece of timber of the proper de-

scription, he resumed his former position and occupation. Meantime the man with the waggon drove up, and having fastened his horses near where Mr. Thomas stood, went into one of the shops on the street. Immediately on his disappearance, Mr. Thomas threw away his chip, pocketed his knife, and approaching the horses he glanced once or twice from one to the other and then commenced a thorough examination of them. He began at his head, scrutinizing carefully, his mouth, eyes, &c.—then rubbing his hands softly down his legs, occasionally uttering some soothing expression denoting his peaceful intentions. "Whoa! hooss, I aint goan to hurt you—quiet now, don't kick—if you do, I guess I can kick as hard as you can. There now, tho't I do, put down your foot—so;" and having concluded his investigation he resumed his position under the wooden watch and whittled slowly and steadily, apparently indifferent to all worldly matters, except what related to the proper shaping of the piece of shingle he held in his hand. Presently the man returned to look after his horses, and Mr. Thomas asked in the most careless manner possible, "how old's that off hooss o' yours? mister." "Six; do you want to buy a good horse?" "Wal, no"—stretching out the "no" to the length of a semibreve; "No, not's I know on." After a pause he added—"you don't want to trade him for a good gold watch, do you?" "Well, I believe you are right, I don't think I do." Another pause. "What do you value your watch at?" Mr. Thomas brightening up—"Jist come in and see the quality of it." And they both passed under the big watch and disappeared.

Yours, Ever,

HAROLD SKIMPOLE.

P. S. Do send me a box best principle cigars by the stage to-morrow: That's a good fellow. I would not ask it of any one else; the weeds here are very tolerable, but I like the genuine article.

H. S—.

P. S. 2. Please send me an X by return of post, and I will remember it when I return. I am not one to forget my friends. If it suits you better a V will do now, if the X is sent next week. I don't wish to put my friends to any inconvenience.

THE SQUIREN.—Ah! Horace, Horace, you are a sad fellow; and it is clear that care will never wrinkle your brow.

THE DOCTOR.—I think not; but what have you got there, eh, Laird?

THE LAIRD.—It is a book for my sister Tibby. She commissioned me to bring her hame something new, in the literary way.

THE DOCTOR.—And pray what have you selected for the delectation of the fair and erudite Tabitha?

THE LAIRD.—Oh man, I thoct ye kent better than to think that Tabitha and Tibby were the same name. Tibby is the short for Isabella, ye cuif!

THE SQUIREN.—Well, well! One man, says the old proverb, may steal a horse without the sheriff asking him any impertinent

questions, and another be hanged for only looking at the cratur over a wall! Had poor Paddy affirmed that any Christian name could be *contracted* by grinding it out of all shape and form, a shout of "*bull*" would be uplifted from Toronto to the wall of China!

THE DOCTOR.—But touching your fraternal purchase!

THE LAIRD.—Here it is, "*Mary Price, or the Adventures of a Servant Maid, by G. W. M. Reynolds.*"

THE MAJOR.—What, in the name of common decency, tempted you to pick out a production of such an unmitigated scamp?

THE LAIRD.—Div ye mean to say that Reynolds is not a proper writer? I ne'er read any o' his warks, but seeing them on the counters o' respectable booksellers, I thoct that I couldna' gang far wrang in investing twa and saxepee in ane o' them!

THE MAJOR.—In so doing, however, you have signally reckoned without your host! It has long been to me an inexplicable problem, how it comes to pass, that respectable bibliopoles, could suffer their shops to be polluted with the garbage of this literary scavenger.

THE DOCTOR.—Emphatically do I say ditto to your remark. Reynolds' is in every sense of the word a *bad man*—of course I speak of him as an author, for individually I know little or nothing about him! His unvarying task is to minister to the coarsest and most depraved sensual appetites—to inflame the poor against their richer brethren—to demonstrate that aristocracy and guilt are synonymous terms—and to sneer at every thing in the shape of revealed religion!

THE LAIRD.—Bless us a' the day! What a mercy that I didna' tak hame sic poison to my unsuspecting household! But how comes it to pass that this filth is allowed to be vended wi' impunity?

THE DOCTOR.—You may well ask the question! If I had any say in the making or administration of the laws, I would as soon permit apothecaries to dispense arsenic and strychnine to the million, as booksellers to disseminate the equally pestilential moral poison of Reynolds.

THE LAIRD.—I wish I could think o' something to take back to Tibbie!

MACLEAR.—I got a new production last week by an eminent hand, which I think will just answer. In fact I have a copy in my pocket. Here it is. "*The Diary of a London Physician—second series—*by Samuel C. Warren, Esq., author of "*Ten thousand a year, &c. &c. &c.*"

THE LAIRD.—That's the very thing! O'd its queer, I never heard tell o't before! A new work by Samuel Warren is an event in the literary history o' the age! I will exchange *Mary Price* for the same, even though I should lose a quarter on the transaction.

THE MAJOR.—Gently, gently, good Laird!

You are meditating a leap from the frying pan into the fire!

THE LAIRD.—What do ye mean?

THE MAJOR.—I mean that the person who bought the book in question would most assuredly be *sold* himself! Warren never wrote a line of it;—in fact it would be out of his power to give birth to such a production.

THE SQUIREEN.—Why then it must be a gem indeed!

THE MAJOR.—A Brummagem gem if you will! Warren, I repeat, could not lower himself to pen such dreary and unredeemable trash. Just listen for instance to the following exquisite bit of twaddle:

"One more coal, William,—only one mind—a square largish coal, about the size of—

"A hat Sir?"

"Precisely, William, precisely."

The coal was brought me. My man William lingered to see me give the large coal a crash with the poker, which split it tremendously—another blow and it was shivered into a thousand fragments.

Bang!

"William!—what's that—did you hear anything?"

"I'm afraid, Sir, its a very good imitation of a knock."

Bang!

THE LAIRD.—Hech sirs! And to palm off that mixture o' muddy water and sandy sugar as the effusion o' Samuel Warren! Verily this is a wicked *sneek-drawing* world, when I see a fraud can be perpetrated in broad day light! I fear that after a' I must gang back without a buik for puir Tibbie!

THE DOCTOR.—Hold hard gossip! Here is the very article which you desiderate;—"*Roughing it in the Bush; or, Life in Canada. By Susanna Moodie.*"

THE MAJOR.—I have not had time to do more than skim over the brace of pretty volumes to which you refer, but the glimpses which I got of their contents pleased me much.

THE DOCTOR.—Mrs. Moodie is unquestionably one of the most distinguished pioneers of Canadian literature. She has wrought hard with heart and hand to advance her adopted land in the Republic of Letters, and the work of which we are speaking will add fresh laurels to her already goodly coronet of merit.

THE LAIRD.—I hope it is no lang-vinded, because my honest sister canna thole anything that's wersh and dreich!

THE DOCTOR.—On the contrary, it is written in a singularly dramatic and lively vein. It is as good a lounging book for a warm summer's evening, as any modern novel you could condescend upon.

THE MAJOR.—There is a pretty little passage which I have just turned up.

"The home-sickness was sore upon me, and all my solitary hours were spent in tears. My whole soul yielded itself up to a strong and overpowering



grief. One simple word dwelt for ever in my heart, and swelled it to bursting—"Home!" I repeated it waking a thousand times a day, and my last prayer before I sank to sleep "Home! Oh, that I could return home, if only to die at home!" And nightly did I return; my feet again trod the daisied meadows of England; the song of her birds was in my ears; I wept with delight to find myself once more wandering beneath the fragrant shade of her green hedge-rows; and I awoke to weep in earnest when I found it but a dream. But this is all digression, and has nothing to do with our unseen dwelling. The reader must bear with me in my fits of melancholy, and take me as I am."

MRS. M.—I do not think that any woman, who is possessed with such feelings as Mrs. Moodie describes herself to have been, can be expected to give an impartial account of a country she is so anxious to leave; and when you read the book, you will find, by Mrs. Moodie's own showing, that their extreme poverty and misery arose from their embarking their little all in a mad speculation, and from no fault in the country.

THE DOCTOR.—Now I think that there is much good sense, and practical wisdom in the moral which Mrs. Moodie deduces from her varied experiences. She says:

"Reader! it is not my intention to trouble you with the sequel of our history. I have given you a faithful picture of a life in the backwoods of Canada, and I leave you to draw from it your own conclusions. To the poor, industrious working man it presents many advantages; to the poor gentleman, none! The former works hard, puts up with coarse, scanty fare, and submits, with a good grace, to hardships that would kill a domesticated animal at home. Thus he becomes independent, inasmuch as the land that he has cleared finds him in the common necessities of life; but it seldom, if ever, in remote situations, accomplishes more than this. The gentleman can neither work so hard, live so coarsely, nor endure so many privations as his poorer but more fortunate neighbour. Unaccustomed to manual labour, his services in the field are not of a nature to secure for him a profitable return. The task is new to him, he knows not how to perform it well; and, conscious of his deficiency, he expends his little means in hiring labour, which his bush-farm can never repay. Difficulties increase, debts grow upon him, he struggles in vain to extricate himself, and finally sees his family sink into hopeless ruin.

If these sketches should prove the means of deterring one family from sinking their property, and shipwrecking all their hopes, by going to reside in the backwoods of Canada, I shall consider myself amply repaid for revealing the secrets of the prison-house, and feel that I have not toiled and suffered in the wilderness in vain."

MR. M.—I differ with you entirely—and should most conscientiously recommend to every sensible practical father of a family, who desires to see his family independent before his death, to come to this country and to set to work with a cheerful heart and willing hand:—"he does,"—he is certain to succeed.

THE LAIRD.—Rax me the volumes, Doctor. Maclear ye can put them down to my account. They will keep Tib reading for at least two months to come, as she donna, like some folk, wha shall be nameless, skim ower a book like a railway express train, and never takes one up when there is woo' to spin or a stocking to darn!

THE SQUIREEN.—If it be a fair question brother Maclear what roll of paper is that which you carry like a Field Marshall's batton?

MACLEAR.—They are some proof-sheets of the reprint of "*Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life among the Lowly*," I am bringing out, and which, please the fates and the printers, will appear before the world is much older!

THE DOCTOR.—I have heard much of the "Cabin" aforesaid, but know nothing of its subject or merits.

THE MAJOR.—As to the former, the work is, or at least purports to be, a picture of slavery, as it now exists in the Southern States. In the words of the Boston *Morning Post*:—"It paints both slave-holder and slave, and none can doubt the intention of the author to deal justly with both, nothing extenuating, and setting down naught in malice. The incidents are stated to be drawn from the personal experience of the writer, or her most immediate friends."

THE DOCTOR.—And how has the fair Harriet Beecher Stowe (for such, I perceive, is the name of the scribe,) executed her task in an artistic point of view?

THE MAJOR.—Excellently well! Harriet knows thoroughly how to handle her pen. Her style is at once correct and familiar, and the narrative possesses all that truthful matter-of-fact like air, which was the leading characteristic of old Daniel DeFoe. Indeed, it is difficult for the reader to persuade himself that he is perusing a fiction, and not a *bona fide* relation of events which really occurred.

THE SQUIREEN.—With such qualities, I presume the affair has made a hit on the other side of the Lake.

THE MAJOR.—A most palpable hit! It has had a run like wild-fire, and the demand for it, as I learn, continues unabated.

MACLEAR.—Within eleven weeks of its publication, upwards of 80,000 copies were disposed of!

THE SQUIREEN.—I trust and pray that your speculation may be equally prolific. Why, it would make a *millionaire* of you at once!

THE MAJOR.—I am convinced that "Uncle Tom" will find a welcome in countless Canadian cabins; and in justification of my opinion, I shall read you a portion of one of the chapters:—

"On the lower part of a small, mean boat, on the Red River, Tom sat,—chains on his wrists, chains on his feet, and a weight heavier than chains lay on his heart. All had faded from his sky,—moon and star; all had passed by him, as

the trees and banks were now passing, to return no more. Kentucky home, with wife and children, and indulgent owners; St. Clare home, with all its refinements and splendours; the golden head of Eva, with its saint-like eyes; the proud, gay, handsome, seemingly careless, yet ever kind St. Clare; hours of ease and indulgent leisure,—all gone! and in place thereof, *what remains?*

It is one of the bitterest apportionments of a lot of slavery, that the negro, sympathetic and assimilative, after acquiring, in a refined family, the tastes and feelings which form the atmosphere of such a place, is not the less liable to become the bond-slave of the coarsest and most brutal,—just as a chair or table, which once decorated the superb saloon, comes, at last, battered and defaced, to the bar-room of some filthy tavern, or some low haunt of vulgar debauchery. The great difference is, that the table and chair cannot feel, and the *man* can; for even a legal enactment that he shall be “taken, reputed, adjudged in law, to be a chattel personal,” cannot blot out his soul, with its own private little world of memories, hopes, loves, fears, and desires.

Mr. Simon Legree, Tom's master, had purchased slaves at one place and another, in New Orleans, to the number of eight, and driven them, handcuffed, in couples of two and two, down to the good steamer *Pirate*, which lay at the levee, ready for a trip up the Red river,

Having got them fairly on board, and the boat being off, he came round, with that air of efficiency which ever characterized him, to take a review of them. Stopping opposite to Tom, who had been attired for sale in his best broadcloth suit, with well-starched linen and shining boots, he briefly expressed himself as follows:

“Stand up.”

Tom stood up.

“Take off that stock!” and as Tom, encumbered by his fetters, proceeded to do it, he assisted him, by pulling it, with no gentle hand, from his neck, and putting it into his pocket.

Legree now turned to Tom's trunk, which, previous to this he had been ransacking, and, taking from it a pair of old pantaloons and a dilapidated coat, which Tom had been wont to put on about his stable-work, he said, liberating Tom's hands from the handcuffs, and pointing to a recess in among the boxes,

“You go there and put these on!”

Tom obeyed, and in a few moments returned.

“Take off your boots,” said Mr. Legree.

Tom did so.

“There,” said the former, throwing him a pair of coarse, stout shoes, such as were common among the slaves, “put these on.”

In Tom's hurried exchange, he had not forgotten to transfer his cherished Bible to his pocket. It was well he did so; for Mr. Legree, having refitted Tom's handcuffs, proceeded deliberately to investigate the contents of his pockets. He drew out a silk handkerchief, and put it into his own pocket. Several little trifles, which Tom had treasured, chiefly because they had amused Eva, he looked upon with a contemptuous grunt, and tossed them over his shoulder into the river.

Tom's hymn-book, which, in his hurry, he had forgotten, he now held up and turned over.

“Humph! pious, to be sure. So, what's yer name,—you belong to the church, eh?”

“Yes Mas'r,” said Tom firmly.

“Well I'll soon have that out of you. I have none o' yer bawling, praying, singing niggers on my place; so remember. Now, mind yourself,” he said, with a stamp and a fierce glance of his gray eye, directed at Tom. “*I'm* your church now! You understand,—you've got to be as *I* say.”

Something within the black man answered *No!* but Simon Legree heard no voice. He only glared for a moment on the downcast face of Tom, and walked off. He took Tom's trunk, which contained a very neat and abundant wardrobe, to the fore-castle, where it was soon surrounded by various hands of the boat. With much laughing, at the expense of niggers who tried to be gentlemen, the articles very readily sold to one and another, and the empty trunk finally put up at auction. It was a good joke, they all thought, especially to see how Tom looked after his things, as they were going this way and that; and then the auction of the trunk, that was funnier than all, and occasioned abundant witticisms.

This little affair being over, Simon sauntered up again to his property.

“Now, Tom, I've relieved you of any extra baggage, you see. Take mighty good care of them clothes. It'll be long enough 'fore you get more. I go in for making niggers careful; one suit has to do for one year on my place.”

Simon next walked up to the place where Emmeline was sitting, chained to another woman.

“Well, my dear,” he said chucking her under the chin, “keep up your spirits.”

The involuntary look of horror, fright and aversion, with which the girl regarded him, did not escape his eye. He frowned fiercely,

“None o' your shines, gal! you's got to keep a pleasant face, when I speak to ye, d'ye hear? And you, you old yellow poco moonshine!” he said, giving a shove to the mulatto woman to whom Emmeline was chained, “don't you carry that sort of a face! You's got to look chipper, I tell ye!”

“I say, all on ye,” he said retreating a pace or two back, “look at me,—look at me,—look me right in the eye,—*straight*, now!” said he stamping his foot at every pause.

As by a fascination, every eye was now directed to the glaring greenish-gray eye of Simon.

“Now,” said he, doubling his great heavy fist into something resembling a blacksmith's hammer, “d'ye see this fist? Heft it!” he said, bringing it down on Tom's hand. “Look at these yer bones! Well, I tell ye this yer fist has got as hard as iron *knocking down niggers*. I never see the nigger, yet, I could'n't bring down with one crack,” said he, bringing his fist down so near to the face of Tom that he winked and drew back. “I don't keep none of yer cussed overseers; I does my own overseering; and I tell you things *is* seen to. You's every one on ye got to toe the mark, I tell ye; quick,—straight,—the moment I speak; That's the way to keep in with me. Ye won't find no soft spot in me, nowhere. So, now, mind yourselves; for I don't show no mercy!”

The women involuntarily drew in their breath, and the whole gang sat with downcast, dejected



faces. Meanwhile, Simon turned on his heel, and marched up to the bar of the boat for a dram.

"That's the way I begin with my niggers," he said, to a gentlemanly man, who had stood by him during this speech. "It's my system to begin strong,—just let 'em know what to expect."

"Indeed!" said the stranger, looking upon him with the curiosity of a naturalist studying some out-of-the-way specimen.

"Yes, indeed. I'm none o' yer gentlemen planters, with lily fingers, to slop round and be cheated by some old cuss of an overseer! Just feel of my knuckles, now; look at my fist. Tell ye, sir, the flesh on't has come jest like a stone, practising on niggers,—feel on it."

The stranger applied his fingers to the implement in question, and simply said,

"'Tis hard enough; and, I suppose," he added, "practise has made your heart just like it."

"Why, yes, I may say so," said Simon, with a hearty laugh. "I reckon there's as little soft in me as in any one going. Tell you, nobody comes it over me! Niggers never gets round me, neither with squalling nor soft soap,—that's a fact."

"You have a fine lot there."

"Real," said Simon. "There's that Tom, they telled me he was suthin' uncommon. I paid a little high for him, tendin' him for a driver and managing chap; only get the notions out that he's larnt by bein' treated as niggers never ought to be, he'll do prime! The yellow woman I got took in in. I rayther think she's sickly, but I shall put her through for what she's worth; she may last a year or two. I don't go for savin' niggers. Use up and buy more's my way;—makes you less trouble, and I'm quite sure it comes cheaper in the in the end;" and Simon sipped his glass.

"And how long do they generally last?" said the stranger.

"Well, donno; 'cordin' as their constitution is, Stout fellers last six or seven; trashy ones gets worked up in two or three. I used to, when I fust begun, have considerable trouble fussin' with 'em and trying to make 'em hold out,—doctorn' on 'em up when they's sick, and givin' on 'em clothes and blankets, and what not, tryin' to keep 'em decent and comfortable. Law, 'twasn't no use; I lost money on 'em, and 'twas heaps o' trouble. Now, you see, I just put 'em straight through sick or well. When one nigger's dead, I buy another; and I find it comes cheaper and casier, every way."

THE SQUIREEN.—My countryman, Yorick, spakes the truth, when he says—"Slavery, thou art a bitter draught!" I wish I had the wiping down of that same Legree with an oaken towel, for a few seconds!

THE DOCTOR.—Do not forget, Squireen, however, that all planters are not so bad as Legree.

THE MAJOR.—"'Tis true 'tis pity, pity 'tis true!"

THE DOCTOR.—Pray expound your paradox, Crabtree!

THE MAJOR.—I shall let Mrs. Stowe do so for me. The stranger above referred to is accosted by a gentleman, who remarks:

The stranger turned away, and seated himself

beside a gentlemen, who had been listening to the conversation with repressed uneasiness.

"You must not take that fellow to be any specimen of Southern planters," said he.

"I hope not," said the young gentleman, with emphasis.

"He is a mean, low, brutal fellow!" said the other.

"And yet your laws allow him to hold any number of human beings subject to his absolute will, without even a shadow of protection; and, low as he is, you cannot say that there are not many such."

"Well," said the other, "there are also many considerate and humane men among planters."

"Granted," said the young man; but, in my opinion, it is you considerate, humane men, that are responsible for all the brutality and outrage wrought by these wretches; because, if it were not for your sanction and influence, the whole system could not keep foot-hold for an hour. If there were no planters except such as that one," said he, pointing with his finger to Legree, who stood with his back to them, "the whole thing would go down like a mill-stone. It is your respectability and humanity that licenses and protects his brutality."

"You certainly have a high opinion of my good nature," said the planter, smiling; "but I advise you not to talk quite so loud, as there are people on board the boat who might not be quite so tolerant to opinion as what I am. You had better wait till I get up to my plantation, and there you may abuse us all, quite at your leisure."

THE DOCTOR.—Have you seen the Chevalier Bunsen's Memoirs of Niebuhr?

THE MAJOR.—I have glanced an eye over them, but it would require more time than I can afford just at present, idle though I seem to be, to enter fully into the consideration of a life wound round with so much to charm the intellect, and captivate the feelings.

THE LAIRD.—I hae heard tell o' his great Roman heestory, but I never forgathered with it nor with the baulk ye noo speak o'. Is it an unco learned wark?

THE DOCTOR.—It is a mirror in which we see reflected the various phases of a character essentially German, and in which are made to pass before us, with life-like similitude, the circumstances of an eventful life.

THE MAJOR.—Who did you say had undertaken the task of holding this mirror up to view?

THE DOCTOR.—The Chevalier BUNSEN assisted by Professors BRANDIS and LOEBALL, very incorrectly spelt *Lorbell* in the American edition which I obtained at our publisher's. They have executed their task well, in the several departments which it is to be presumed they undertook. We can hardly suppose, that any one individual would be equally familiar with all the points either of the history or character of such a man. There are four different aspects under which we may view him, each of which is in itself a study. As a historian, a diplomatist, a traveller, and a

member of the social circle. To encounter him in the first would be a task of magnitude, one which has staggered some of the boldest of our British critics; with the second the generality of readers are not familiar; and the third and last are so graphically portrayed in his letters, that we cannot read them without becoming inspired as it were with a strong desire to know all of him. To many, the time required to cull from correspondence the items of general interest, is a serious impediment to the pursuit. He, however, who wishes to gain a clear knowledge from a brief account, will do well to read the review of this work in *Blackwood* for May. The principal points are brought out in a very pleasing manner by a skilful hand.

THE MAJOR.—On the subject of Niebuhr's social and domestic life, I happened to meet with an anecdote of much interest in the *Athenæum* the other day and marked the passage. It is as follows:

"Madame Hensler's relations to Niebuhr were very curious and very German. During his residence at Kiel, she became a young and beautiful widow. He was an extremely shy and nervous boy—though a man already in ripeness of character and in grasp of intellect; and in reference to his first interview with Dorah Hensler, he wrote to his father:

"I felt to a painful degree, my timidity and bashfulness before ladies; however much I improve in either society, I am sure I must get worse and worse every day in their eyes.' Dorah's father-in-law, Dr. Hensler, was a profoundly learned man; but he was even then astonished at the bashful boy's extraordinary knowledge of the ancient world, and at his faculty for historical divination. In his family circle Niebuhr was soon at home. The ladies were very kind to him—and he made the young Madame Hensler an offer of his hand. She—a Pietist in religion—had made a vow at her husband's grave never to marry again—and as she was disposed to keep her vow, as she could not marry Niebuhr herself, he asked her to choose a wife for him,—and after some thought she selected her own sister Amelia. In his Union with this lady, Niebuhr was happy for some years. He succeeded in the world—served the state in very high offices—acquired the friendship of the first men in Germany—and, through the delivery of his lectures on Roman History at Berlin, raised himself to a high place in the intellectual hierarchy of Europe. His wife died—and he again solicited Dorah Hensler to accept his hand.—But she adhered to her vow; and again failing in his suit, he again requested her to provide a substitute. It would seem that the vow only stood between her and himself—for she still retained him in the family. This time she selected her cousin Gretchen, and,—strange as all this seems to us—he married her—Dorah's refusals do not appear, therefore, to have caused any, even momentary suspension of the friendship between Niebuhr and herself. His letters to her—ever kind, serene, affectionate—presents an unbroken series."

THE DOCTOR.—He seems to have invested the persons of his wives with a veil or covering of sentiment alone.—This idealism of love is something of which we know nothing in practical every day intercourse, and is perhaps more than anything else demonstrative of the elements of that philosophy, which controls in so remarkable a degree the German mind.

THE LAIRD.—Hoot man! we dinna want ony o your farfetched pheelosophical disquisitions. At ony rate it is time to be aff. McLearn gie's your arm, you're strong enouch to support me down the hill.

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### COLONIAL CHIT-CHAT.

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THE Home Government have come to the resolution of sending some of H. M. ships to protect our Colonial Fisheries in the North Eastern waters. This is a most judicious determination. Though hitherto the encroachments of the United States fishermen have not been manifested in any very glaring act of aggression, still an evil of this description is most easily checked in the bud. "A stitch in time, saves nine," says the sage old adage, and most applicable is the dictum to the case in question.

The following is the speech of Sir Gaspard Le Marchant at the close of the Legislative Session of Newfoundland, which has excited so much sensation in that Province:

"In closing this the last Session of the present General Assembly, I must express my deep regret, that in the place of the harmony and concord that marked the earlier part of our Legislative career, party contentions, and acrimonious debates have occupied the time, which might have been usefully devoted to the development of the resources of the island, and the promotion of the welfare of its inhabitants; and I may also add, that I feel disappointment, that after four years Legislation I have it not in my power to congratulate Newfoundland on the benefits derived from your labours, being commensurate with the length of time consumed in your deliberations, or with the necessary expense with which the same have been attended."

In January last, Mr. Dulmage a custom officer, (as we learn from the *Brockville Recorder*), seized at Maitland the horse, cutter and merchandize of an American oyster peddler named Putten who had been dealing without a license. The seizure being reported to Government was approved of, and the articles sold accordingly. Some time after



Mr. Dulmage had occasion to visit Ogdensburgh. While there he was arrested on a charge of having seized and sold the above property and applying the proceeds to his own use. The case was tried before an American magistrate, and although the facts above stated were proved, and the argument urged that Dulmage had acted on the part of the government and not for himself, the magistrate in spite of justice, and all acts of the Canadian legislature bearing on the subject, held Dulmage to bail for the amount claimed, and he was subsequently committed to gaol for 31 days. The matter we learn is under the consideration of Government, and should the facts above stated be correct, we trust that prompt measures will be adopted to procure repatriation.

In our last we commenced our Colonial Chronicles with the details of a disastrous fire which had devastated the fair city of Montreal. With feelings of sorrow, we are constrained this month to record the particulars of a second visitation of a similar nature which has befallen that devoted city. Montreal engrosses the sympathy of the whole Province, and aspirations, we doubt not, are abundantly offered that phoenix-like she may soon start from her ashes with renewed beauty, and increased vigour. For the details which follow we are indebted to the *Herald*:

It is our melancholy duty to record the greatest disaster which ever befell this city, or probably, any city on the continent. We are writing on Friday morning more than twenty-four hours after the conflagration began, and the fire burns as fiercely as it did yesterday, and promises to stop, only when all the fuel which it may find in its way, shall be exhausted. In the course of the past day and night, it has traversed a mile in length, by a breadth ranging from probably something like one eighth to one half of a mile.

INSURANCES.—The following are supposed to be the amounts of Insurance effected on property destroyed by the fire of Thursday, viz:—

The *Equitable . . . . .	£18,000
The Etna Protection and Hartford together . . . . .	25,000
The Globe, Mr. Ryan. . . . .	8,000
Mr. Chapman. . . . .	3,500
The Phoenix . . . . .	6,300
North Western . . . . .	1,125
Royal . . . . .	300
Liverpool . . . . .	6,000
Mutual not yet made up.	

\*£9,000 on Bishop's Church and buildings.

It remains for us to record the steps which have been adopted by the authorities, to aid and relieve the crowds of homeless and impoverished sufferers, who, by it, have been thrown upon the humanity of their more fortunate fellow-citizens. In the meantime, we are happy to say that no exertion has been spared, to supply our poor and houseless fellow-citizens with temporary shelter, and the necessary supplies of bread, biscuit and water. With so vast a portion of our city laid in ashes, and at least ten thousand of our inhabitants burned-out, we need not say that some difficulty has been experienced in providing them with mere temporary protection from the weather; fortunately, however, the emigrant sheds, at Point St. Charles are now unoccupied and have been promptly placed at their disposal by the Hon. John Young, the Commissioner of Public Works, who met the members of the City Council yesterday morning, and on the part of the government, most promptly and effectually aided them with their arrangements. Mr. Furniss, too, in the most liberal manner, has placed at the disposal of the authorities a large building belonging to him in Amherst Street, which will accommodate a number of families. Two hundred tents have also been obtained from the military authorities, and have been pitched in well chosen locations—50 on the Côté à Barron, 100 in the neighbourhood of the Papineau Road, &c.—and, considering the awful character of the calamity, we think we may safely say that, every exertion has been made to meet it.

The Orange Saturnalia of the 12th of July, passed off in Canada this year without disturbance. In various localities large processions took place which met with no molestation or annoyance. We deeply regret to state however, that in Hamilton a party of Orangemen who had assisted at the demonstration in Toronto, were attacked by a hostile body, upon the 13th, as they were returning. A person named McPhillips having been resisted in his attempt to seize a drum carried by Thomas Campbell one of the Orangemen, seriously wounded the latter with a large knife. Campbell upon this fired and McPhillips being shot in the back expired almost immediately. The Coroners Jury returned a verdict of *manslaughter* against Campbell, who was committed accordingly, but has since been admitted to bail. We learn that the Right Reverend the Roman Catholic Bishop of Toronto, so highly disapproved of the conduct of McPhillips that he interdicted the rites of burial from being performed over his remains. It is devoutly to be wished that a catastrophe of a similar nature may never again darken the annals of our Province.



THERE is not much to engage attention from the Continent of Enrope. The principal topics of interest being embraced in the speech from the Throne.

#### ROYAL SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

"I am induced by considerations of public policy to release you at an earlier period than usual from your Legislative duties.

"The zeal and diligence, however, with which you have applied yourselves to your Parliamentary labours, have enabled me, in this comparatively short Session, to give my assent to many measures of high importance, and, I trust, of great and permanent advantage.

"I receive from all Foreign Powers assurances that they are animated by the most friendly dispositions towards this country; and I entertain a confident hope that the amicable relations happily subsisting between the principal European States, may be so firmly established as, under Divine Providence, to secure to the world a long continuance of the blessings of peace. To this great end my attention will be unremittingly directed.

"I rejoice that the final settlement of the affairs of Holstein and Schleswig, by the general concurrence of the Powers chiefly interested, has removed one cause of recent difference and of future anxiety.

"The amicable termination of the discussions which have taken place between the sublime Porte and the Pasha of Egypt, afford a guarantee for the tranquility of the East, and an encouragement to the extension of commercial enterprise.

"The refusal, on the part of the King of Ava, of redress, justly demanded for insults and injuries offered to my subjects at Rangoon, has necessarily led to an interruption of friendly relations with that Sovereign. The promptitude and vigour with which the Gov. Gen. of India has taken the measures thus rendered unavoidable, have merited my entire approbation; and I am confident that you will participate in the satisfaction with which I have observed the conduct of all the naval and military forces, European and Indian, by whose valour and discipline the important captures of Rangoon and Martaban have been accomplished; and in the hope which I entertain that these signal successes may lead to an early and honourable peace.

"Treaties have been concluded by my naval commanders with the King of Dahomey and all the African Chiefs whose rule extends along the Bight of Benin, for the total abolition of the Slave Trade, which is at present wholly suppressed upon that coast.

"I have had great satisfaction in giving my assent to the measure which you have wisely adopted for the better organisation of the Militia; a constitutional force, which, being limited to purposes of internal defence, can afford no just ground of jealousy to neighbouring powers; but which, in the event of any sudden and unforeseen disturbance of my foreign relations, would at all times contribute essentially to the protection and security of my dominions.

"GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

"I thank you for the liberal provision which you have made for the exigence of the public service. The expenditure which you have authorised shall be applied with a due regard to economy and efficiency.

"The recent discoveries of extensive gold-fields have produced, in the Australian Colonies, a temporary disturbance of society, requiring prompt attention. I have taken such steps as appeared to be most urgently necessary for the mitigation of this serious evil. I shall continue anxiously to watch over the important results which must follow from these discoveries. I have willingly concurred with you in an Act which, by rendering available to the service of those Colonies the portion arising within them of the hereditary revenue placed at the disposal of Parliament on my accession to the Throne, may enable them to meet their necessarily increased expenditure.

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

"I have gladly assented to the important bill which you have passed for effecting reforms, long and anxiously desired, in the practice and proceedings of the Superior Courts of Law and Equity, and generally for improving the administration of justice. Every measure which simplifies the forms, and diminishes the delay and expense of legal proceedings, without introducing uncertainty of decision, impairing the authority of the Courts, or lowering the high standard of the Judicial Bench, is a valuable boon conferred upon the community at large.

"I hope that the measure which you have adopted for promoting extramural interment of the dead, and for improving the supply of water,



may be found effectual for the remedy of evils the existence of which has long been a reproach to this great metropolis, and may conduce to the health and comfort of its inhabitants.

"The extension of popular rights and legislative powers to my subjects resident in the Colonies is always to me an object of deep interest; and I trust that the representative institutions which, in concert with you, I have sanctioned for New Zealand, may promote the welfare and contentment of the population of that distant but most interesting Colony, and confirm their loyalty and attachment to my Crown.

"It is my intention, without delay, to dissolve this present Parliament, and it is my earnest prayer, that, in the exercise of the high functions which according to our free Constitution will devolve upon the several constituencies, they may be directed by an all-wise Providence to the selection of representatives whose wisdom and patriotism may aid me in my unceasing endeavours to sustain the honour and dignity of the Crown, to uphold the Protestant institutions of the country, and the Civil and Religious Liberty which is their natural result; to extend and improve the National Education; to develop and encourage Industry, Art, and Science; and to elevate the moral and social condition, and thereby promote the welfare and happiness of my people."

THE PARLIAMENTARY SESSION OF 1852.—The fifth session of the Parliament whose career terminated on Thursday, though comparatively a brief one, has endured longer than at one period could have been anticipated. It was opened by the Queen in person on the 3rd of February, and has therefore lasted four calendar months and 28 days, being one month and six days shorter than its predecessor of 1851. The House of Commons has sat during that period on 80 days, their sittings occupying in all 580 hours, or an average of  $7\frac{1}{4}$  hours each. The number of hours sat past midnight was  $55\frac{1}{4}$ . The Lords during the same time have sat only 69 days, and their sittings occupied 57 hours, being an average of  $2\frac{1}{4}$  hours each. The first session of the defunct Parliament assembled on the 18th of November, 1847. The last Parliament, which was dissolved on the 23rd of July, 1847, was in existence 5 years eleven months and four days, which was the longest period since the 7th George IV. In a recently-issued document by the house of Lords it is stated, "that the average duration of a Parliament may be estimated at four years." According to the new act, Parliament may be appointed to meet 35 days after the proclamation for the assembling of the same.

There has been a serious riot at Stockport arising out of the religious animosity existing between Protestants and Roman Catholics, brought into play by the recent Government proclamation against Roman Catholic processions. Great destruction of property and severe loss of life was the result of this unfortunate disturbance.

#### A MINIATURE IMITATION OF THE YACHT AMERICA.

On Thursday last the first race of the season for the yachts of the first class of this club took place upon the Mersey. Four boats were entered for the race, viz—the *Fairy Queen*, two tons, J. Watkins, Esq.; the *Polly and Anne*, schooner, five tons, John Holme, Esq.; the *Truant*, sloop, three-and-a-half tons, R. W. Grinnell, Esq.; the *Quiz*, sloop, three tons, Hamilton Laird, Esq. The steamboat *Cleveland*, on board of which was the commodore and a select party of ladies and gentlemen, left the Monks' Ferry soon after two o'clock, and the boats having been signalled to make ready, the starting gun was fired at half past two o'clock precisely, and the whole of them got immediately under weigh. The start was very good, sail being made quickly, and all the boats getting fairly into the race in less time than it takes to tell it. There was very little wind, but, with great spread of canvass, the boats made good way, and soon took up relative positions, which continued to the end of the race.

The race finally concluded off the flag-boat Monks' Ferry, the commodore's gun announcing the arrival of the boats at the following times:—

<i>Truant</i> . . . . .	4h.	7m.	24s.
<i>Quiz</i> . . . . .	4h.	23m.	20s.
<i>Polly and Anne</i> . . . . .	4h.	27m.	20s.
<i>Fairy Queen</i> . . . . .	4h.	30m.	30s.

The winning boat was greeted with three cheers from the party on board the steamer, and the owner, who had sailed her, came on board to receive the congratulations of his friends. The *Fairy Queen* appeared to lose her place by hauling down her gaff topsail. And it should also be observed that a large yacht not in the race, very improperly stood in the way of the *Quiz*, by sailing as much to windward of her as she could place herself.

Much interest was felt in the race, as was evinced by a large concourse of spectators at Rock Ferry and also at the Potteries. A band of music was on board the steamer, which played appropriate airs throughout the race.

After the whole of the yachts had come in, a circle was formed around the commodore, Mr. Hamilton Laird, who handed the prize to Mr. Grinnell, consisting of two handsome silver goblets, suitably chased and inscribed, and who said, in handing them to the fortunate competitor, that it was a pleasing duty to him to present the prize to Mr. Grinnell, the owner of the beautiful craft the *Truant*, and at the same time to congratulate him on the seamanlike manner in which he had sailed her. It might have been more gratifying if an English boat had taken the prize; but still he considered it no small honour to hand the prize to the son of a gentleman who had a more than English—a European—reputation, for the gallant manner in which he had sent out a squadron in search of Sir John Franklin's fleet; and he was sure that every member of that club would join him in saying that if anything enhanced the pleasure, it was the perfect harmony which had prevailed throughout, and he thought that all who had lost would bear it with a good grace. To this address Mr. Grinnell replied that he felt gratified by the cordial manner in which he had been received as a stranger, and by the John Bull way

in which they had met him; and after a compliment to the good feelings which had been displayed, he concluded by proposing the health of the ladies who had honoured the race with their presence. Both these little speeches were received with applause, and Mr. Grinnell filled and re-filled his cups with Champagne, for the delectation of the company.

Though these boats are small, there is a great fact involved, for this race is a repetition of the great race with the yacht *America*, though on a smaller scale. The winning boat was built in New York, and was brought over in the ship *New World*, by Capt. Knight for her owner. She is almost as broad as she is long. She is very sharp forward, and has not a hollow line in her. Her sails are cut much like those in the *America*, and her draught of water does not exceed six inches. Though the other barks, especially that of the Commodore's, were well sailed, the *Truant* did not give them a chance, and her tacks round the flag boat showed that she could sail very close to the wind. The *Truant* is 20 feet long, upwards of seven feet wide, depth inside from bottom plank to deck two feet one inch, and she has a deep sliding keel.

The club will have a much larger fleet next year, and we believe that a much finer class of boats will be ready by that period. Mr. Grinnell intends to bring over one of the small size model yachts, measuring six feet long, from New York, with which he will run for the prize awarded to boats of that class, so that the club will have something to do to maintain a position, the race being England against America, and both against the world.

The latest intelligence brings us also the account of the prorogation of the French Legislative body, with the speech of Louis NAPOLEON on the occasion.

The French forces have been so much increased, and the English forces so much reduced, on the Pacific station, that our neighbours and

rivals muster in the Pacific about 50 guns more than the British Navy.

From India the latest intelligence is also devoid of interest. The Burmese war still continues, although since the affair of Rangoon and Martaban there has not been any decided point gained. The season will more than probably put a stop to the hostilities for some time, the rains having commenced.

The news from Australia continues to be of the same character. The gold fields would appear to be almost limitless in supply, and the numbers employed in this traffic daily on the increase. The average weekly arrival at Melbourne being 1000 persons. The number of licenses to dig issued by the Government Commissioner of Crown Lands up to October 31, 1851, was 12,186. The average production at Mount Alexander is confirmed at 12,000 ounces per week or at the rate of about £2,500,000 per annum. Apprehensions seemed to be entertained that there would be a scarcity of provisions during the rainy season, and the prices were raising. Several robberies had taken place, but the establishment of a well organized system of police would cure the evil.

Louis Kossuth, with Madame Kossuth and a portion of his suite, sailed on Wednesday for Liverpool in the Cunard Steamer *Africa*. His intention to proceed by that conveyance was previously kept as a profound secret, and this secrecy has been by some journals attributed to a desire to escape quietly from the inconvenience of pecuniary liabilities.



WE have known men who were exceedingly jealous of "their rights." Rather than be defrauded of a half dollar, they would rush into a law-suit costing twenty times that sum. Rather than lose "the best end of a bargain," they would resort

to a great many very inconvenient and troublesome expedients. Rather than submit to furnish a neighbor's hog with a single meal of undug potatoes, they would incur perpetual resentment. But strange things have not yet come to an end,



for these are the very same men that submit with most admirable patience to the invasions and waste of thousands of elder bushes and burdocks, tens of thousands of mulleins and horse-thistles, and 100,000 Canada thistles, and 1,000,000 red-root plants. It would be an interesting inquiry, to look into the actual losses sustained through the whole country by the growth of weeds. How many tons on an average are grown by each of the thousand farmers of the British Provinces? Three, five, or ten? If the former only, the aggregate crop would be enough to load a continued train of farm wagons three thousand miles long—or twenty thousand canal boats—or, more than ten times all the whale ships belonging to the country,—with this useless herbage. A single weed—the Red Root,—has been estimated to have occasioned greater loss in some counties than if every dwelling house had been consumed by fire. Is not the subject one worthy of some attention?

Now, there are two ways in which all this evil comes upon us. The first is by the increase of seeds—the second, the want of prompt destruction when once the evil has commenced. The increase by seeds, under favorable circumstances, almost exceeds belief. We have counted the grains on a single moderate sized plant of chess, and found over three thousand. An equal increase the second year would produce nine millions; the third year, twenty-seven thousand millions; the fourth—but we will let some of our young arithmetical readers carry out the reckoning for ten years, and see if there is not enough seed by that time to turn the whole wheat crop of the globe into chess. A full grown adult pig-weed, will yield eight thousand seeds,—which may increase in a few years to countless myriads, just because, as Prof. Lindley says, the cultivator was unwilling to make “a single flexure of his vertebral column,” in extracting the first young weed from the soil.

THOUGHTS AND EXPERIENCE.—It is astonishing to us that farmers do not read agricultural works. It is uniformly the case, that when a man takes THE CULTIVATOR, or any other good work of the kind, you can tell it at once by the appearance of his place. Talk with him, and it will soon be evident whether he is a friend of improvement, for a man who never reads is never a wise man.

#### HOW TO POPULARIZE THE TASTE FOR PLANTING.

How to popularize the the taste for rural beauty, which gives to every beloved home in the country its greatest outward charm, and to the country itself its highest attraction, is a question which must often occur to many of our readers. A traveller never journeys through England without lavishing all the epithets of admiration on the rural beauty of that gardenesque country; and his praises are as justly due to the way-side cottages of the humble laborers, (whose pecuniary

condition of life is far below that of our numerous small house-holders,) as to the great palaces and villas. Perhaps the loveliest and most fascinating of the “cottage homes,” of which Mrs. HEMANS has so touchingly sung, are the clergymen's dwellings in that country; dwellings for the most part, of very moderate size, and no greater cost than are common in all the most thriving and populous parts of Canada—but which, owing to the love of horticulture, and the taste for something above the merely useful, which characterises their owners, as a class, are, for the most part, radiant with the bloom and embellishment of the loveliest flowers and shrubs.

The contrast with the comparatively naked and neglected country dwellings that are the average rural tenements of our country at large, is very striking. Undoubtedly, this is, in part, owing to the fact that it takes a longer time, as Lord Bacon said a century ago, “to garden finely than to build stately.” But the newness of our civilization is not sufficient apology. If so, we should be spared the exhibition of gay carpets, fine mirrors and furniture in the “front parlor,” of many a mechanic's, working-man's and farmer's comfortable dwelling, where the “bare and bald” have pretty nearly supreme control in the “front yard.”

What we lack, perhaps, more than all, is, not the capacity to perceive and enjoy the beauty of ornamental trees and shrubs—the rural embellishments alike of the cottage and the villa, but we are deficient in the knowledge, and the opportunity of knowing how beautiful human habitations are made by a little taste, time, and means, expended in this way.

In the country at large, however, even now, there cannot be said to be anything like a general taste for gardening, and embellishing the houses of the people. We are too much occupied with *making a great deal*, to have reached that point when a man or a people thinks it wiser to understand how to enjoy a little well, than to exhaust both mind and body in getting an indefinite *more*. And there are also many who would gladly do something to give a sentiment to their houses, but are ignorant both of the materials and the way to set about it. Accordingly, they plant *odoriferous* *Alianthus* and filthy poplars, to the neglect of graceful elms and salubrious maples.

If, by simple means our great farm on this side of the Atlantic, with the water privilege of inland seas, could be made to wear a little less the air of Canada-thistle-down, and show a little more sign of blossoming like the rose, we should look upon it as a step so much nearer the millennium. In Saxony, the traveller beholds with no less surprise and delight, on the road between Wittenfels and Halle, quantities of the most beautiful and rare shrubs and flowers, growing along the foot-paths, by the sides of the hedges which line the public promenades. The custom prevails there, among private individuals who have beautiful gardens, of annually planting some of their surplus *matériel* along these public promenades, for the enjoyment of those who have no gardens. And the custom is met in the same beautiful spirit by the people at large; for in the main, those embellishments that turn the highway into pleasure grounds, are respected, and grow and bloom as if within the enclosures.

Does not this argue a civilization among those "down-trodden nations" of Central Europe, that would not be unwelcome in this, our land of equal rights and free schools?

#### BIRDS.

It is a common belief that birds are great benefactors of man in the destruction of pestiferous insects. To this belief we are inexorable infidels. Who ever saw one of the whole race touch the caterpillar, which, at this season, infests our orchards; or that other kindred nuisance, which, later in the season, appears on all the trees indiscriminately, often wholly enveloping them in its mighty net-work; or the slimy slug; or a single living atom of the endless legion of plant lice; or the turnip flea; or the striped cucumber bug; or that most vile of all disgusting creatures, the large black pumpkin bug; or, finally, the curculio?

Show us that entire species of bird, the whole end and aim of whose existence is to war exclusively upon one of the above races of insects, and, for the good-will they manifest, we will join you in prayers for legal enactments for their protection, if need be; though our faith in the extermination of the vermin, as the consequence of their enmity, would not be of that buoyant nature effectual to sustain one's head above water, when the remembrance should come over us that angle worms are still plenty, in spite of the determined persistence of the whole generation of robbers in the apparently single purpose to gormandize them all. Nevertheless, sir, the birds find in us a zealous protector, and they *know* it. In our own little domain, they are almost as fearless of us and ours, as are the chickens themselves. The pugnacious little wren takes up his habitation in a nook over the front door, and assumes all the bustling importance of one well to do in the world, scolding tremendously at all in-comers and out-goers, by virtue, to be sure, of his being the lawfully taxable proprietor of the premises; the robin hurries down from the tree to pick up the worm we toss him in compensation for the Jenny Lind touches he half strangles himself in trying to imitate, and feeds confidently within a few feet of us in the garden; while we are fairly obliged to walk around the little chirping bird at the kitchen door, to avoid treading on him, so tame have they all become in consequence of gentle deportment towards them. Birds appreciate kindness quickly, and seem even to comprehend the pleasant words that are spoken to them. Though we owe them nothing for preserving our plums and cherries, yet woe to the urchin that molests them within the boundaries of our principality. Their cheerful companionship, their graceful sportings, their varied attempts to express their joyfulness in song, from the ludicrous enthusiasm with which one note is continually cachinated, to very tolerable approaches to successful modulation, give them social claims upon us which compensate a thousand fold for all they destroy, and all they do not.

**PRUNING IN AUTUMN.**—The late W. S. Cole, who strongly recommended autumnal pruning for fruit trees, says, "Thirty-two years ago, in September, we cut a very large branch from an apple tree, on account of an injury by a gale. The tree was old, and it has never healed over, but it is

now sound, and almost as hard as horn, and the tree perfectly hard around it. A few years before and after, large limbs were cut from the same tree in spring, and where they were cut off the tree has rotted, so that a quart measure may be put in the cavity."

**APPLE-ORCHARDS.**—A paint of very thin soft soap, is far better for the bark of trees than white-wash, because it actually kills all insects and their eggs in the crevices of the bark, and because its good effects continue through the whole season instead of ending as soon as it becomes dry.

**DRYING TOMATOES.**—The Ohio *Cultivator* says, (early last summer,) "We ate some very fine tomatoes not long since, dried in the following manner:—Fruit fully ripe, was scalded, strained through a sieve, slowly cooked half an hour, spread on clean plates, and dried in an oven, the whole process requiring about two days before the fruit was ready to pack away."

**GARDEN WALKS.**—The growth of weeds in gravel walks has been securely prevented, by forming a solid bottom beneath the gravel, of marl and coarse gravel or small stones, rammed down hard, and through which no weeds nor grass can penetrate.

**BUDDING ROSES.**—*Esther*, (Lancaster.) Commence budding roses immediately. The Prairie roses will take any of the everblooming sorts—but the hardier kinds of Bourbons, such as Madam Desprez, Gen. Dubourg, Souvenir de Malmaison, &c., are the best. If the plants are growing in a situation exposed to the sun, you will have to tie some *shade*, in the shape of matting, straw or branches of evergreens, over the budded portion in winter to prevent injury by the sun. If growing on the north side of the building or fence, it will not be necessary. If you wish continual bloom on your monthly rose beds—never allow any *seeds* to grow—cut off the hips as fast as they form, and peg down any long shoots that run up. This will force up new shoots, and along with these new flowers. You can hardly make the beds of everblooming roses too rich in this climate, where fully exposed—the more growth, the more bloom—especially if the soil is deep.

**INSECTS ON CURRANT BUSHES.**—Three years ago, our *currant bushes* were attacked by a small bright green caterpillar, from  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an inch in length; which devours every leaf; and if it does not kill, greatly weakens the bush. At first it was only on a few old trees, which from the great abundance of fruit we always had, we thought little of; but now they have increased so much, that last year we had not a gallon of fruit to eat. The only remedy I know of is hand picking, which is very tedious; can you tell me of a more expeditious plan? I have tried *tobacco*, *plaster*, and *lime*, without its having any sensible effect.

**SHOULD TIN ROOFS BE PAINTED.**—It is said, that if the roofs are painted, they will not last so long as if left bright. If some of your readers can answer the question by having experienced it, it will be a favor to the public.





The short extract we give below, relating to the "Wave" principle of Marine Architecture, will not, we think, be uninteresting to our readers, at a time when the performance of the far-famed "America" is still fresh in their memory and while Commodore Stephens' "Maria" yet remains to be competed with. If Fame for once speak truth, the "Maria" is as far superior in sailing qualities to the "America," as that vessel was found to excel her late competitors in England:—

"THE "WAVE" PRINCIPLE OF MARINE ARCHITECTURE.—The term "wave principle," often used, is little understood, except by those who have studied naval architecture as a science, although all the fastest ships, whether propelled by sails or steam, have adopted the principle. According to the old principle, it was considered that vessels should be built with the water line nearly straight, the run of the vessel a fine line, and that there never should be a hollow line, except a little in the run of the ship, and that there should on no account be any hollow line in the bow, but that the water lines should be either straight, or rather convex. Some years ago, at the request of the British Association for the Promotion of Science, Mr. Scott Russell and the late Dr. Robinson, of Edinburgh, undertook a series of experiments, with the view of ascertaining the form which would enable a vessel to move most quietly through the water. These experiments lasted for years, and established a set of facts which were reduced into rules in ship-building. They began by upsetting the old rule that the length of a vessel should be four times its breadth, as they found that the greater the speed required, the greater should be the length, and that the vessel should be built merely of the breadth necessary to stow the requisite cargo. The second great improvement was, that the greatest width of the water line, instead of being *before* the middle, should be *abaft* the middle of the vessel—in fact, two-fifths from the stern and three-fifths from the bow. The next great improvement was, substituting for broad, bluff or cod's-head bow, hollow water lines, called wave-lines, from their particular form; and, also, instead of the old fine run abaft and cutting it away, you might, with advantage,

have a fuller line abaft, provided it was fine under the water. By these improvements the form of the old vessel was nearly reversed. All the fast steamboats, accomplishing from 16 to 17 miles an hour, are built on this principle.

Edinburgh is in a wild state of enthusiastic admiration about the bronze equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, the work of Mr. John Steel. The statue was the labour of twelve years, and was to be "inaugurated," or finally opened to the public on its proper pedestal and final resting-place, on the 18th of July. It is colossal in its proportions—with the horse in action—and the hue of the bronze of the natural colour, left to the action of time to give it the due gradation of light and shade. The cost of the statue was 10,000*l.*, and the weight, it is said, is nearly ten tons. The site is opposite the Register house.

The next Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, will commence, in Belfast, on Wednesday, the 1st of September,—and attract, no doubt, to the North of Ireland that tide of touring interest which the Industrial Exhibition at Cork has for the present determined to the South. The preliminary proceedings have, it is announced, been very spirited on the part of the influential residents at Belfast,—and there is a peculiar feature in the arrangements which deserves notice. All the Sections into which the Association divides itself for convenience of discussion will hold their sittings under one roof,—the excellent building of Queen's College; which, as well as all the public buildings in Belfast likely to be useful to this great gathering of British Science, has been placed at the disposal of the Managing Committee.—"Invited on this occasion," says the Prospectus before us, "to the centre of Academical Instruction and Commercial Industry in the North of Ireland, the Association will assemble in a district full of natural beauty, rich in geological phenomena, offering many attractions to the botanist and zoologist, and facts of importance to Statistics and Ethnology. Excursions to embrace these objects may be conveniently undertaken after the meeting."

The sum of £1,100 has, we hear, already been subscribed in Ireland towards erecting a public monument to the late Thomas Moore in his native city. In London a Committee has been





Paris Fashions for August.



formed, with Lord Lansdowne at its head and Mr. Thomas Longman for its Treasurer, to promote the same object.

We understand that the Admiralty have complied with the recommendation of the Council of the Royal Society for the continuation of the Tidal Investigations in the North Sea, so successfully carried on last year by Captain Beechey—the valuable and interesting results of which have been published by the Royal Society in the “Philosophical Transactions.”

Mr. J. R. Hind has announced that a few nights ago he “discovered a new planet on the borders of the constellations Aquila and Serpens, about 5 degrees east of the star Tau in Ophiuchus. It shines as a fine star of between the eighth and ninth magnitudes, and has a very steady yellow light. At moments it appears to have a disc, but the night was not sufficiently favourable for high magnifiers. At 18h. 13m. 16s. mean time its right ascension was 18h. 12m. 58.8s., and its north polar distance 98 deg. 16m. 0.9s. The diurnal motion in R. A. is about 1m. 2s. towards the west, and in N. P. D. two or three minutes towards the south.”

It appears that the Hudson's Bay Company have determined on sending Dr. Rae to the northern coasts of America to complete various discoveries in those regions. Although Dr. Rae has been subjected to the hardships of several Arctic winters, his health is unimpaired, and he is both willing and anxious to continue those researches in the Arctic regions which have already made his name celebrated among Arctic voyagers.

Mr. John W. Audubon, the artist, has commenced the publication of a series of Illustrations of his Mexican and California Tours; the admirable letter-press of which we reserve for notice in another issue of the Magazine. The engravings are of the large quarto size, and are finely executed

lithographs by Gildemeister, from drawings by Mr. Audubon, which have the authenticity of the camera lucida. A Fourth of July Camp, a Night Watch, the Canon Jesu Maria, and the Village of that name are the well chosen subjects of the four engravings in the first number. They are richly colored, and have each of them a genuine sentiment. The terraced little town of Jesu Maria would be a brilliant picture among M. Sattler's picturesque Austrian Alps. Mr. Audubon appeals to the public for the continuance of this enterprise, but there can surely be no doubt of its success.

In the Committee on the Estimates in the House of Commons Lord Mahon suggested, with reference to some very trivial vote for the Fine Arts, that a National Gallery of British Portraits would be a noble and cheap acquisition to the country. The Chancellor of the Exchequer supported this suggestion,—but did not offer any money in aid of the undertaking.

#### COMPARATIVE STRENGTH OF PLAIN AND CORRUGATED METAL.

SOME experiments have been recently made in Philadelphia, to test the comparative strength of plain and corrugated metal. Two pieces of copper, of equal surface and thickness, were formed into arches of about 15 inches in length; the one had a flat surface, and the other two corrugated arches. The arch with the flat surface gave way under a weight of a few pounds, while the corrugated arch withstood the weight of two men, who violently surged upon it, without making the least impression. In another experiment, made upon a larger scale, and under equal conditions, the plain arch gave way with 3,126 lbs. of pig iron upon its crown, while the corrugated arch bore the weight of 16,094 lbs. of the same metal for 48 hours, without the least perceptible deflection. This was afterwards increased to 27,000 lbs., which also remained for 48 hours, without the least deflection perceptible to the eye.

## MRS. GRUNDY'S GATHERINGS.

### THE PARIS AND LONDON FASHIONS.

#### DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVING.

*Morning Walking Dress, suitable for the country or the sea-side.*—High dress of printed jaconet muslin. The ground white and the pattern small pink sprigs. The dress is one of those printed in the new style, with a front trimming consisting of two rows of a running pattern, or wreath of pink flowers. The skirt is finished at the bottom merely by a broad hem, and the corsage is drawn in. Round the waist is worn a ceinture of pink ribbon, fastened in a small bow in front. The sleeves are open at the ends and finished with a border similar to that which runs up the front of the skirt. Under-sleeves of clear white muslin, drawn at the wrists on bands of needle-work. Bonnet of open fancy straw, lined with pink silk, and trimmed with pink ribbon. Under-trimming small bouquets of roses. Yellow kid gloves.

*Costume for a little boy from three to six years of age.*—Frock and jacket of nankeen. The frock very short, and finished at the bottom of the skirt by a few rows of narrow white cotton braid, of graduated widths. The jacket is trimmed in corresponding style, and is fastened in front by three white double buttons and loops. Waistcoat of white piqué, buttoned up to the throat by small white fancy buttons. The sleeves of the jacket are demi-long and sloped up in front of the arm. Under-sleeves of white cambric muslin, gathered at the wrists on plain bands. Short trousers of white coutil, edged with broad scalloped needlework of an open pattern. Short white stockings, and boots of drab-coloured cashmere tipped with black leather. A round hat of Leghorn, with bows and strings of white sarcenet ribbon. A long white ostrich feather is fastened on the left side, and after passing across the front of the hat, droops on the right side.

A bonnet remarkable for its *distingué* effect,



is of very fine Leghorn, the crown small: the outside trimming consists of two yellow roses, each fixed in the centre of a cockade of black lace, and placed one at each side of the bonnet. The under trimming is black lace intermingled with yellow rose buds. The strings are of ribbon of a very showy and peculiar kind; the middle being a broad stripe of yellow gros de-naples, edged on each side with a beautiful open border in black and yellow.

Another bonnet of Leghorn is simply trimmed with violet coloured ribbon of a peculiar bright beautiful hue, and having a yellow running pattern in the middle, consisting of a wreath of wheat ears. This ribbon is passed round the crown of the bonnet and fastened on the left side in a bow and flowing ends. The under trimming of this bonnet consists of a few loops of the same ribbon as that on the outside, intermingled with wheat ears and oats made in straw and violet coloured velvet.

Very pretty summer cloaks for infants are made of white muslin or cambric, with a long, full skirt, and a round hood, lined with silk, instead of a cape. They will be found very convenient; and we have seen several of exquisite embroidered muslin, lined through with white Florence silk. The hood was also embroidered with a wreath, and drawn up with a broad bow and pendants of white pearl-edged ribbon. The edge was trimmed with costly Valenciennes, and the whole effect was wonderfully airy and delicate.

Winter cloaks are composed mostly of plain-colored cashmeres and merinos, embroidered either in braid or silk. A favorite style is a cloak made in the ordinary way, with a sacque with sleeves over it, that can also be removed and worn separately in warmer weather. The embroidery surrounds the cloak, cape, and sleeves, the edge being a deep button-hole scallop.

#### HOME EXERCISES.

We refer again to the "home exercises" introduced in our last number, in the hope that sufficient interest has already been excited in the minds of parents and youthful readers to induce them to accompany us a step or two further in the investigation. A professional gentleman of considerable eminence, writing on this subject, gives it as his opinion, founded upon experience and practice, that by exercises alone can deformities connected with the spine, such as curvatures, high and narrow shoulders, hollow, contracted, or pigeon-shaped chests, malformations, etc., be effectually removed. Weak and delicate youths, and others who are allowed to indulge in sedentary and enervating habits; ladies early inured to the fashionable practice of wearing stays tightly laced, all grow up more or less weak and semi-developed in body; and some who are prone to disease, the muscles shrivel and the bones soften; deformity, as a natural consequence, gradually takes place, first of the spine—the keel of the frame-work—then of the chest; and, if not arrested in time by judicious exercise and disuse of all impediments to the growth and development of the body, such as stiff or tightly-laced stays, disease will inevitably follow, which will as certainly end in a miserable and premature death.

The most precarious period of life is said to

vary from the ages of ten to twenty-one years, when the frame is most prone to deformity; but particularly from ten to fifteen, the pubescent stage, when the body is in its most active state of growth. The most frequent cause of deformity at this most dangerous period, is the over exercise of the mind, to the neglect of the body, augmented in the female sex by the baneful use of stays. Many are the children, says the physician referred to, who have been born healthy and robust, the pride and hope of fond parents, having rosy hue of health upon the cheek, the sparkling eye and laughing mouth; happiness and enjoyment, the certain attendants upon robust health, plainly marked upon their countenances; the voice—yea, the active romping motion of the body—confirm it; but wait a little while, until the approach of the insidious age, the period when the body is at its highest progress of upward growth, the muscular fibres being still lax, the bones comparatively soft, when the powers of the system are so severely tried, nature requiring to be supported by the most careful watching and utmost aid of science, in supplying and regulating the quality and quantity of air, food, and and exercise, so requisite at this period: whereas, instead of such judicious attention, we often find that the too fond parent, ever and wholly absorbed with the mental education of his offspring, to the entire neglect and even sacrifice of his bodily frame, at this most dangerous stage of his life, often fancies that it is the best age for mental training and activity; consequently, taxes both the mind and the body of the youth to the utmost, by forcing him to employ all the hours of the day, by attending class upon class, almost without remission, to which is added a corresponding number of tasks to be learnt at night; and, as a matter of course, that no time should be lost, a tutor comes in the evening, whose avocation is to urge on the languid brain that has been already worn out and exhausted; whilst the foolish parent flatters himself that he is doing all in his power in order to cause his child to acquire the greatest amount of mental education within the shortest time, and presumes upon the fact that, as he has always enjoyed good health since his infancy, therefore no danger can accrue from a few years' over-exertion. The result of all this oppression the author proceeds to describe, change after change, as they gradually creep over the laughing child, until he has grown into a peevish, morose youth; until the bright, sporting eye has become dull and sombre; the full, ruddy cheek, hollow and colourless; the laughing mouth, the rosy lip pale, heavy and expressionless; his previously ravenous appetite now requiring to be tempted and excited by numberless condiments; and his former robust health exchanged for headaches, dyspepsia, etc., until, finally, death closes his prolonged suffering.

#### SUGGESTIONS TO WOMEN.

WE have much yet to do for a class whom it is a shame to name, and that much *ought to be done by women*—by women, themselves *sans tache, sans reproche*. It is not enough that we repeat our Saviour's words, "Go and sin no more;" we must give the sinner a refuge to go to. Asylums calculated to receive such ought to be more suffi-

ciently provided everywhere. One lady, as eminent for her rare mental powers as for her charity and great wealth, is now trying an experiment that does her infinite honour; she has set a noble example to others who are rich and ought to be considerate; safe in her high character, her self-respect, and her virgin purity, she has provided shelter for many "erring sisters"—in mercy beguiling,

"By gentle way, the wanderer back."

Of all her numerous charities, this is the truest and best; like the fair Sabrina, she has heard and answered the prayers of those who seek protection from the most terrible of all dangers—

"Listen! for dear honour's sake,  
Listen—and save!"

—Mrs. S. C. Hall.

#### IDLE HOURS.

It is to Miss Leslie who says, "We would think a lady never had but two dresses in her life before marriage, by the quantity purchased and made for the bridal." We do not quote the words exactly, perhaps, but such is the sentiment. And a very natural conclusion it seems; this inundation of dresses is a custom as fixed and unalterable as that which insists on every stitch in the whole trousseau being set, leaving the poor bride nothing but folded hands after the wedding-day is over. The hurry of six months is succeeded by an appalling calm; there is not even the lace of a cap or handkerchief to be sewn on, or an apron to be hemmed; and listless ennui threatens the bride of a month.

We have lately heard of one—a sober, New England citywoman—who was discovered sitting on the carpet of her elegantly furnished apartment playing *solitaire*, the cards spread out upon an ottoman before her. What a picture to illustrate our theme—the husband gone to business, the wife tired of the piano, too heedless for reading, and with an empty work-basket! We should have prescribed a set of house-linen immediately; there is nothing like the needle to tranquilize the mind and raise the spirits, if taken moderately. It reminds one of the old song—

I don't care two and sixpence now,  
For anything in life;  
My days of fun are over now,  
I'm married and a wife!  
I'm sick of sending wedding cake,  
And eating wedding-dinners,  
And all the fun that people make  
With newly-wed beginners.

I wonder if this state be what  
Folks call the honey-moon?  
If so, upon my word, I hope  
It will be over soon!  
I cannot read, I cannot think,  
All plans are at an end;  
I scarcely know one thing to do—  
My time I cannot spend!

Think of it, ye fair *fiancées*, and, by the warning, do not exhaust your stock of work and plans; for, where idleness is, discontent is sure to creep in.

#### WORSTED WORK.

Have you seen yet a new material which has just been invented here for tapestry work? It is sure to have an immense success, as it saves all the tedious process of grounding. It is a woollen stuff, made in all colors, with the grain sufficiently marked to enable you to work upon it, and count the stitches as easily as in canvass; and the effect of the pattern, when worked, is even better, as the comparative thickness and closeness of the stuff make it look much richer and more raised. The time and trouble it saves are of course prodigious, and there is no doubt that it will quite supersede the common canvass for most purposes; though whether it will wear as well for chair-seats, and such articles of furniture as are exposed to hard usage, yet remains to be proved; it will at least outlast the freshness of the work.

BALM OF THOUSAND FLOWERS.—This is the name of a new article for the toilet, extracted from plants and flowers, and which is of the most agreeable perfume and peculiarly pleasant in its operation. It would be impossible, in a brief notice, to detail all the uses to which it may be applied, or one-half the benefits which are said to result from its application. Suffice it to say that it imparts, as we have been told, a delightful softness to the skin; removes cutaneous eruptions; is an emollient for the hair, giving it a soft and glossy richness; it is not surpassed by any dentifrice for arresting the decay of teeth, in preserving them, and rendering them clean and white as alabaster; for shaving, also, it is superior; and, in short, answers the purpose of some half a dozen compounds now designed for the toilet, the nursery, and the bath, and for all which it has been recommended by the faculty of London and Paris.

#### DELICATE DISHES.

IN Mr. Honan's very entertaining work, recently published, we find a receipt for preparing a COTELETTA DI VITELLO A LA MILANESE:—

First take your cutlet, and beat it well with the flat side of the cleaver, or with a rolling-pin; beat it for at least five minutes; then, having thrown a quantity of butter, eggs, and flour, into a frying-pan, when the mixture is hissing hot, fling your cutlet in, and there let it stew. The mixture penetrates to the core, and is imbibed in every part, and when the dish is laid steaming before you, your olfactory sense is refreshed, and your palate is delighted with veal, not insipid, as veal generally is, but with a morsel moist with odoriferous juices, having the same relation to an ordinary chop, as buttered toast at Christmas time has to dry hard bread, or a well-larded woodcock served at the *Trois Frères* to a red-legged partridge roasted to the fibre in Spain.—Serve with Tomato Sauce.





## OUR RACING PROPHECY.

If the Betting Offices are not put down before next year, we should suggest something like the following as a programme for the next Cup day at Ascot:

The Footman's Plate—of three dozen spoons and half a dozen forks, by subscription of a spoon or a fork each. Every subscriber to remove the initials and crest, or forfeit one shilling.

The Tradesmen's Cup—by subscription of half-a-crown each from their masters' tills by the London shopmen.

The Butchers' Stakes—of one hundred pounds, open to all the metropolitan butchers' boys.

The betting will be limited to the Betting Offices, and the final settling will take place at one of the penal settlements.

THE YOUNGEST MEMBER IN THE HOUSE.—A lady declares that if Mr. Anstey were to remain in the House of Commons all his life, he would still be the youngest member in it; "for it is perfectly clear," she says, alluding to his accustomed habit of counting out the House, "that so long as he retains the faculty of speech, he will never be able to reach forty."

## A FAVOURABLE SYMPTOM.

We must congratulate our contemporary, the *Mark Lane Express*, upon having made a pun. We are refreshed to find that in speaking of the EARL OF DERBY's late speech upon "Compromise," its comments end, somewhat naively, thus:

"We can only express our sincere hope that the tenant farmers may not find themselves in the end *compromised*."

The italics, it is needless to say, are not ours. They denote emphatically the maiden effort, and so disarm our criticism. But in truth we are too happy to be critical. We have heard such grievous stories (literally such, we begin to fear) of agricultural depression lately, that it indeed immeasurably rejoices us to find the farmers' oracle can still produce a joke, and its distressed readers even yet afford—to laugh at it.

TAPPING A BEER BARREL FOR THE TRUTH.—Mr. Pepper has been lecturing at the Polytechnic upon the qualities of the different beers of Allsopp, Bass, and Salt. It strikes us as being a curious way of proving that these beers are not adulterated, when we actually have before us the admission that both Pepper and Salt are mixed up largely in their composition.

## WHAT IS AN ENGAGEMENT?

"Something that does not bind,"

*Answers WAGNER; and also the Irish PRIMA DONNA, who, too, has broken her engagement.*

A NEW definition of the word engagement is sadly wanted to suit the Vocalists' books. We will not say it is like piecrust, or a boy's drum, or a young lady's heart, only made to be broken, but we will define it simply, thus:

"AN ENGAGEMENT is like a general invitation—given very freely, but with the full understanding that it is never meant to be kept. Such engagements, like elopements, are only runaway engagements. 'Come and sing,' is about synonymous with 'Come and see me any day, I shall be happy to see you.' The singer is no more expected to sing, than the foolish fellow who has been so liberally invited is expected to call upon you. It's only a form—just as putting your name to a



bill is 'only a form'—and a form which any one who takes his stand upon it is sure to have to pay for the breaking of it."

THE AGRICULTURAL LABOURER REPRESENTED!—The Marquis of Granby said, in the Commons—"I represent the agricultural labourer!" *Punch* has received several letters from agricultural labourers protesting against any such misrepresentation.

CABINET NEWS.—"Ministers are to eat their white-bait dinner next week."—*Daily News*. They have already eaten their words.—*Punch*.

ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.—A Cockney Tradesman, when he was shown the Niagara Falls, exclaimed with the greatest enthusiasm—"What a magnificent Shower Bath!"

MOTTO FOR DR. NEWMAN.

"Infelix puer, atque impar congressus ACHILL."  
—*Æneid* I., 475.

THE POLITICAL SHOE-BLACK.

AUSTRIA. "What's your charge?"  
LORD M—LS—BURY. "Oh, I make no charge; any little compensation will do for me."

A PROPHECY ALL BUT FULFILLED.—Mr. Disraeli's celebrated prophecy of "The day will come gentlemen, when you shall hear me," wants but one thing now to make it complete. It only wants a House of Commons in which Mr. DISRAELI can be heard.



to pay the fine; and thus, assaults being a matter of money, to be permitted the enjoyment of his ferocity of will, whether exercised upon his wife or his neighbour.

But one example is worth a hundred assumptions. At once we take a case, decided lately at Worship Street. A man named Frederick Laborde is charged, in the strong language of the reporter, with "a murderous attack upon his wife, and also with having violently assaulted a married woman, named Wood." Mr. Laborde had previously given the wife of his bosom "a violent blow on the eye:" after which—

"He then caught up a ponderous wooden mallet, which he was in the habit of using in his trade, and brandishing it over his head, brought it down with all his force upon her nose, which caused the blood to gush down over her dress, and felled her to the floor."

The lodgers interfered, when Mr. Laborde attacked them all indiscriminately, beating one, however, "unmercifully." Well, the Magistrate—understand, the Magistrate, can only dispense the law—

"Mr. Hammill ordered the prisoner to pay a penalty of £5, or to be committed for two months

THE attentive reader of the Police Reports, must have been frequently impressed with magisterial sentences on individuals convicted of assault. "Being unable to pay the fine—[40s., or £5, as the injury dealt may be]—the prisoner was conveyed to prison in the police van."

The Projectors of EVERY MAN HIS OWN BRUTE, &c.,—call the attention of the humbler classes of society, and especially claim the consideration of Husbands addicted to the Personal Chastisement of Wives, to the principles of the above Association, whose object it is to guarantee every insurer—at the least possible scale of payment—from the inconvenience and the ignominy of incarceration—enabling him

to the House of Correction, for assaulting his wife; in addition to which he must pay a second fine of £5 for the other assault, or undergo a further term of two months' imprisonment."

Mr. Laborde, not having the £5, was committed. Had he been a man of means, he might have broken his wife's nose, or the nose of any other woman at his pleasure, paying for the enjoyment; but the poor fellow had not the money, when the relentless law consigned him to the discomfort of a gaol.

Now, it is here, where the agency of our Association—that of EVERY MAN HIS OWN BRUTE—proposes to assert itself. Why, we ask, assault being a matter of money—bruises, contusions, smashed noses, scattered teeth, being purchasable—why should not the poor man be enabled to pay for them; why should he be sent to prison, not for the assault—let that always be borne in mind—but for not being able to pay for the assault?

Further particulars will be duly announced. In the meanwhile, prospectuses are to be had at every Police Office.

TARQUIN BRUIN, Sec.



## SING, OLD BARD!

A Song.

THE POETRY FROM THE "MAPLE LEAF;" THE MUSIC COMPOSED AND DEDICATED TO MISS THOMAS,

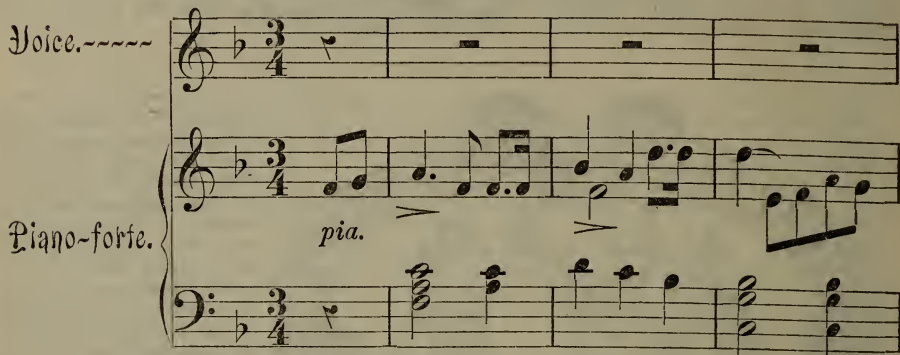
BY J. P. CLARKE, MUS. BAC.

SLOW, WITH EXPRESSION.

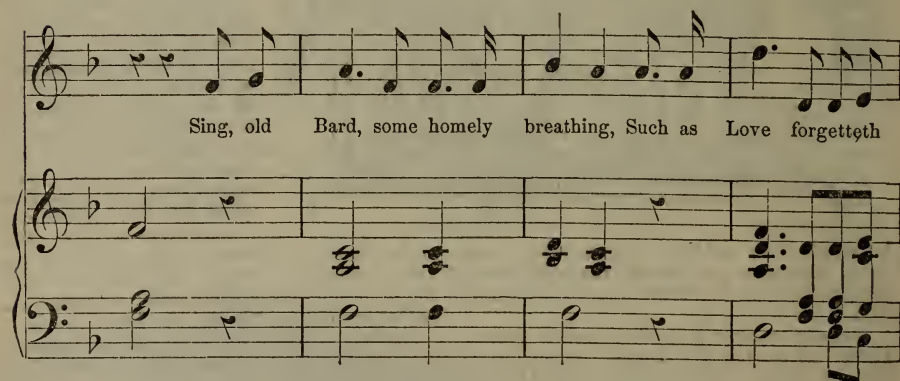
Voice.~~~~~

Piano-forte.

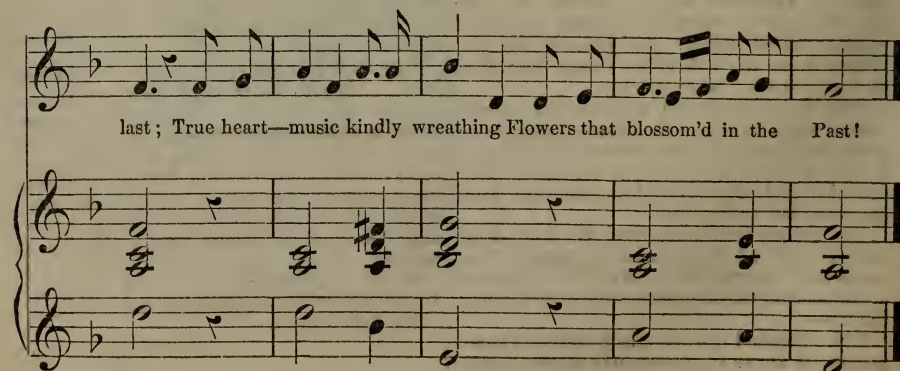
*pia.*



Sing, old Bard, some homely breathing, Such as Love forgetteth



last; True heart—music kindly wreathing Flowers that blossom'd in the Past!



Be it mournful—be it lone - ly— Be its cadence dark and

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "Be it mournful—be it lone - ly— Be its cadence dark and".

low, All we ask is— be it on - ly What we heard long, long a -

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "low, All we ask is— be it on - ly What we heard long, long a -".

go!

The third system concludes the piece. The vocal line has a final note followed by a rest, with the lyrics "go!". The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord. The lyrics are: "go!".

At its notes cold eyes will glisten,  
 Lips will smile with quivering art,  
 Memory's quicken'd ear will listen,  
 Morn's lost freshness light the heart ;  
 These are thoughts or mystic fashion  
 That will greet its tearful strain,  
 Thoughts of madness—beauty—passion,  
 Such as dreams bring not again.

Oh ! sing on, that voice may falter,  
 Calling back Life's happiest times,  
 Flowers that glowed on Love's old altar  
 Passions told in pleasant rhymes ;  
 Cease it not—the lonely bosom  
 Drinks its Music glad and free,  
 Memory of lost bud and blossom,  
 Take not from the wither'd tree.





WE have been requested to announce that the *Musical World*, and the *Musical Times* of New York, are united, and, henceforth will be published under a new title, namely, *The Musical World and New York Musical Times*, by OLIVER DYER, and RICHARD STORRS WILLIS. On Saturday, September 4th, a new volume of *The Musical World and New York Musical Times* will be commenced; and, thereafter, it will be published weekly, and will contain sixteen pages. Each number will contain at least four pages of the best music that can be obtained—much better than has yet appeared in any musical paper in this country. The music will consist of Songs, Duets, Choruses, Instrumental pieces for the Piano and Guitar, new and choice Church Music, &c., &c.; embracing classical music, romantic music, Italian music and popular music.

An important and valuable feature of *The Musical World and The New York Musical Times* will be its INSTRUCTION DEPARTMENT; which will embrace a complete course of musical studies for the million.

This instruction will have the advantage of being accompanied by musical exercises, the student being able to correct his own examples, by the rules afforded, and by the corrected exercises forwarded every week.

This enterprise commends itself to musical students, to music and school teachers, to amateurs, and to all well educated persons, who (without even writing the exercises) would like to gain general information on a deeply interesting science, which, connected, as it is, with the most favorite accomplishment, and the most universal passion of the world, is yet almost wholly unknown.

Each of these Journals has a wide circulation throughout this Continent, and the urbanity and thorough knowledge of music possessed by Mr. Black, the Travelling Agent, and one of the Editors, (well posted up, too, in the musical events of the day), has materially contributed to effect this.

Our musical readers are doubtless familiar with the name of R. STORRS WILLIS, long the able and scientific critic and contributor to the Musical department of the *Albion*. MR. O. DYER, known in Toronto as a Phonographer, is associated with the above named gentlemen.

The Liverpool papers announce that Madame Otto Goldschmidt, who has been sojourning there, declines every present proposal of professional engagement:—among others, the offer made by the committee of noblemen and gentlemen who are understood to be the present managers of *Her Majesty's Theatre*. This may, however, prove simply the prelude to her re-appearance there;—which for some time past has been confidently promised in "polite society."

It is said that Signor Lablache intends to winter at the opera of St. Petersburg. We understand that his dread of that most horrible of maladies—sea sickness will prevent his visiting this continent.

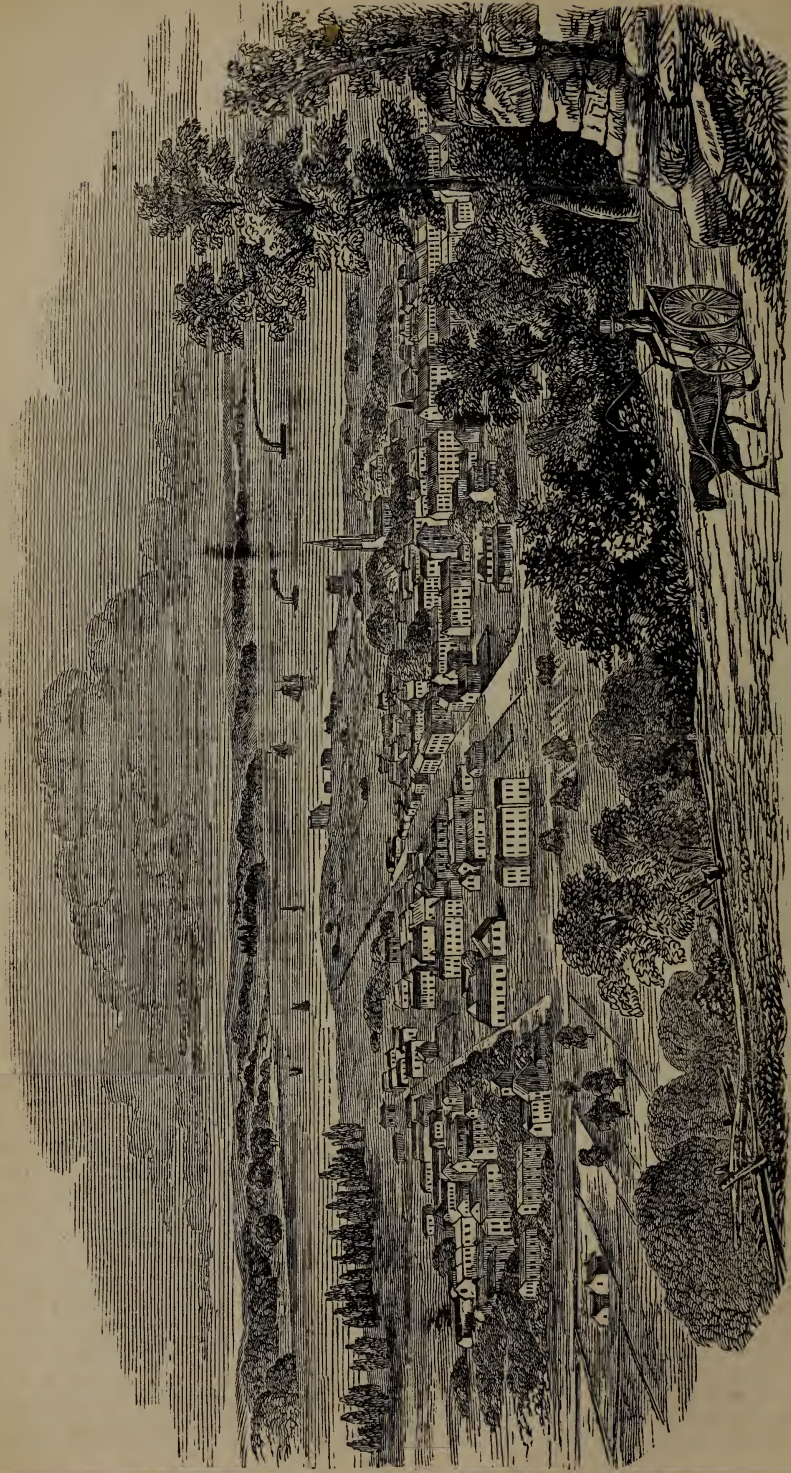
Application has been made by Miss Catherine Hayes, in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, for an injunction enabling her to evade payment of the full forfeiture to which she was liable by her breach in America of the contract made by her with Mr. Beale before she left England. This was refused. In the management of Mr. Beale's argument, his advocate pleaded the large sums which Mr. Beale had paid to agents for publishing and circulating laudatory notices of the singing and acting of Miss Catherine Hayes, by which "sounding of her praises" her reputation and market-value as a singer were notoriously increased.—Such a plain exposition of the manner in which sympathy and enthusiasm are manufactured should by no means be overlooked in support of those who may have no means to buy, and of those who have no will to sell, praises.

#### M A B E R L I N I.

It is said that the Roussett Family have made overtures to Maberlini, Badiali, and others, to form an Italian Opera troupe, to perform alternately with them at Castle Garden. The last puff of Maberlini announced that she would appear at Montreal, and her great success in Boston and the South are extolled. Now, we are told by the *N. Y. Herald* that she has just arrived from Italy, and is to sing at Castle Garden. Nearly a year ago, Maberlini came from Germany to Boston, gave one concert there, and failed as a vocalist—went to Charleston and failed again. When in Boston, she was unwell, might have been so in Charleston. She may be yet proved a great singer, but the presumption is against her, so far.







VIEW OF HAMILTON, C. W.

THE

# ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.—TORONTO: SEPTEMBER, 1852.—No. 3.

## THE CITIES OF CANADA.

### HAMILTON.

If in the progress and prosperity of those cities of which we have already attempted the delineation, we were able to discover some peculiar local features, striking in themselves and sufficiently indicative of the influence they exercised on the destiny of those places, we shall have less difficulty in recognizing them in this youngest member of the family. Few places can be found, we would rather say no place can be found, to illustrate so completely the mode of growth of this colony as the city of Hamilton. It has sprung up within a very brief space of time, and has, from fortuitous local advantages, become as substantial in appearance, as either of its compeers on the lake. The abundance of excellent stone in its neighborhood, of a colour and composition more nearly approaching those with which the eye is familiar in the old world affords the material and gives the appearance of a British Town to it. There is also in the extent and arrangement of the large wholesale mercantile establishments, an air of solid wealth and enterprize, for which we are utterly unprepared, when told that we are about to visit a place literally little more than twenty years old. If we seek for the reasons of this rapid increase in this place, we shall find them in its geographical

position, and the nature of the surrounding country.

It is placed at the western extremity of Ontario, and is the natural termination of the lake navigation, although its advantage in this respect is confined to the summer period entirely, and even this has only been effectively secured by the completion of the Burlington Bay canal. During the winter season the Bay is usually frozen over, which precludes the access of vessels to the port of the city; this is an obstacle, which, however, may be in a great measure obviated by an extension of the railroad to an accessible point on the coast in the immediate neighborhood. The immense extent of territory lying to the westward and southward of the city, and to which it forms the culminating point of traffic, is now only being completely opened up, and a considerable portion of it is in the process of settling. The establishment of the plank and macadamized roads and more recently of the Great Western Railroad, has given a direction to the intercourse and will finally secure a trade, which nothing else could have accomplished. The value of the imports of the city may be stated in round numbers to be £450,000. We have not at hand any means of stating what the value of the exports really are, but a proximate idea may be formed from the fact that 1,260,000 bushels of grain and 7,000,000



feet of lumber passed through the canal during the last year. The population in the year 1840 was 3342, in 1850, 10,248, and the last census taken this year gives nearly 15,000. The annual value of assessed property is about £70,000! Such are the wonderful results of a system of colonization unexampled in the history of the world.

The site of Hamilton is very good, but it has the disadvantage of lying at the foot of that mountain range which borders the lake from Queenston. On these heights and beyond them are some of the most fertile lands in the Province, with a surface of a pleasing character. The view which we give of the city is taken from the mountain immediately to the westward, and affords a very pleasing prospect of the surrounding country, the waters of Bay and Lake and the opposite coast in the distance. The absence of prominent buildings on which the eye may rest, is a remarkable feature in the picture; there being only one spire visible and that not possessing any very striking architectural feature. The only other spire to be seen in the city is immediately under the point from whence the sketch has been taken and does not therefore come into view. On the left is seen Dundurn castle, the residence of Sir Allan Napier MacNab. The streets are well and regularly laid out, the principal one leading to the shipping place, forming one of the most striking objects in the picture. The society of Hamilton is purely a mercantile one, and a considerable portion of its wealthiest members are from the "land o' cakes." The descendants of the loyalists who came over to Canada in large numbers, at the declaration of independence by the United States, compose a large proportion of the inhabitants of the surrounding country, but in the city itself recent immigrants preponderate. There is always a violent demonstration of loyalty upon every admissible occasion, and this neighbourhood has always been considered as the stronghold of this feeling. Long may they continue steadfast in it.

Few persons visiting this city for the first time can realize the fact that he is walking through the streets of a town built within so brief a period. The appearance of wealth and luxury displayed in the shops and private buildings, the bustle and activity of the people, the whole business air of the place, seems to

tell of a more matured condition of things.—The business going on, however, and the evident improvement in the character of the structures in progress, or recently completed, stamp at once the transition state of the place, and the mind becomes lost in speculation as to the limit of this increase and the ultimate extent and importance which may be anticipated. There certainly seems to be no circumstance likely to arrest its prosperity, and despite the rivalry which appears to be growing up between Hamilton and Toronto, it is not probable that their interests will ever be antagonistic. As the stream of population spreads out more widely over the face of the land, so will the element of their mutual growth multiply and become more distinct. They are far enough apart, to be each the centre of a district more extensive than the largest county in England, and which will, in the course of a very few years, at the same rate of influx, become quite as, if not far more, populous. It were well that this spirit, therefore, should animate them in a laudable manner. There is sufficient room for improvement in many departments of social life, and in the several appliances so essential to the improvement and well-being of communities. To the establishment of Public Institutions designed to foster and promote the intelligence and mental superiority of the growing generation by the encouragement of literary and scientific pursuits, the acquisition of a taste for the fine arts, music, and the other sources of intellectual and wholesome recreation. These are channels in which their energy may be exerted, their laudable ambition gratified, to the good of their inhabitants and their own honor. It is not alone the worth of property, the largest trading fleet, the wealthiest merchants, the fastest boats, or the greatest number of railroads, which combine to elevate the character of a city. The traveller looks for something more; the historian desires to record the evidence of a more lasting, a more enviable civilized condition, not that we would be construed to imply, that there are no signs of this higher state of things in these cities or particularly in Hamilton—but we only reiterate our opinion expressed with reference to the other cities already described, that these form too inconsiderable a portion of their constitution. We look in vain for almost the germ of a Public

Library, a museum, even a theatre. We may be told that they will be formed in time, that the places are too young yet ! The reply to this is simple and evident. In places less wealthy they exist, surely nothing else is wanting for their establishment.

#### EMIGRATION TO NORTH AMERICA,

CONSIDERED IN REFERENCE TO THE UNITED STATES.

As we promised in our last number, we have now to speak of Emigration to Canada. The subject is one of no small importance, and any assistance that can be rendered in placing its merits in a true light, must be of service, as well to our Canadian as our European readers. A dry topic, some deep readers of the "Miss Matilda School" may consider this much belaboured question, of the settlement of our adopted land ; but in all sincerity, we can assure them, that they might be much less profitably employed, than in studying the rise, progress, and prospects of a country, which, under the bounty of Providence, has afforded the means of procuring food and raiment to so many of us, who, but for such a land, might have been most uncomfortably put to it, to procure either of these very necessary blessings.

We shall not, in this paper at all events, bore the reader with columns of figures or tables of statistics—those most useful, but somewhat sleepy aids to Knowledge : but the facts we adduce, are based upon no short experience, and our conclusions will, we venture to say, be found to be only consistent with what may be seen without reference to books—consistent with the state of our Province as it is, and the wondrous strides which it daily makes, in the march of improvement.

Notwithstanding the "learning of the age," and with all our love for the deeper lore of the olden time, we are not insensible to the intellectual advancement manifested in this year of grace—there can be no manner of doubt, in the mind of any sane man, who has spent twenty, or even ten, years in Canada, that the subject of Emigration to this quarter of the Queen's dominions, is most grievously misunderstood. Nay, we may even go further,—as they say in the law Courts after a case has been amply discussed, and as the spectator would suppose, completely disposed of—and aver, that in most parts of Great Britain, as well as on the Continent, there exists the most astonishing degree of ignorance, as to the state and capabilities of these Colonies ; and that in the Colonies themselves even, the clearest possible views are not always manifested, respecting the

class of people whom it is most judicious to advise to immigrate, or the steps which it would be most prudent for the bewildered importations to take, when they arrive here.

Many people at home, notwithstanding the enormous advances which have been made, still read and speak of Canada, as Goldsmith did, when he described the contest between England and France, for the pre-eminence in North America, as a quarrel about a few furs. Others again, look upon British America as remarkable only for the Fisheries on the Coasts ; while those who really talk of the "interior," perhaps ponder wisely, on the propriety of remitting a few young relations, to honor with their presence, the backwoods of Kingston, Toronto or Hamilton ! And we could cite instances within our own knowledge, where great surprise and no small delight has been evinced, on the part of intelligent British farmers and manufacturers, at hearing a person who had spent a dozen years in Canada, speak English through the mouth, (not through the nose) just like one of themselves.

It is perfectly true, that this lack of information—we like mild terms—respecting the most valuable of our Colonies, is not so universal as it was some years ago, but it still exists in all its darkness, in by far the greater number of the European towns, and in most of the rural Districts. Among reading and commercial men in some of the sea-port Towns, tolerably correct information is by degrees being disseminated, and in some parts of the interior the letters from friends in America are of some little service, in modifying the prevalent erroneous impressions. But withal, a knowledge of *facts* is far from general, even in the best informed circles, and in nearly all the descriptions of Canada which it has been our fortune to look into, too little pains have been taken, to distinguish between the various descriptions of Emigrants, for which the different parts of the country are suited.

The fact is, there is scarcely any one description of *industrious* persons, desirous of seeking new homes, to whom Canada does not offer abundant inducements for Emigration. And yet, it is equally true, that any emigrant, whatever his calling, or whichever description of capital—money or labour—he may desire to invest in the country, may be effectually ruined, within an unpleasantly short period of his arrival, simply in consequence of his having chosen a locality or an employment, for which he has been manifestly unfit.

The popular European blunder, on Colonial questions, consists in confounding together all parts of any country, known by one general name,



and applying the same views and opinions to the whole. Thus, in speaking of Canada, English people refer only to backwoods, farms and forests, forgetting, apparently, that within the Province, there are to be found, just as at home, numerous descriptions of country, various conditions of society, and all kinds of employment; and that at the same time, the adventurer, before he makes up his mind to pitch his tent, may, if he thinks proper to take the trouble, see the land of promise in all its aspects, from "the boundless contingency of shade" which he may enjoy (mosquitoes permitting) in the back townships, to the well tilled farms in the older counties, some of which vie with the boasted acres of the Genesee valley.

This mistake, of neglecting to look upon a Province as comprising sections of country, varying, not so much in their natural advantages, as in their various stages of improvement, is common enough, and even general, among those who profess to understand us thoroughly. The old-fashioned ignorance is still prevalent among the majority, and still displays itself in the same kind of blunders which amused us twenty years since. We then saw farmers bringing broad wheeled waggons to America, paying handsomely for the freight of such unstowable lumber, and finding no use for them when they arrived, being in some degree consoled however, on discovering, that for much less money than the old article cost at home, and probably for less than the price of the carriage of it, a much better and more useful and more sensible farmer's waggon could be purchased in the new settlements of Canada. Similar blunders are still made: among the outfits of gentlemen adventurers in search of wealth in the Colonies, harrow teeth, useless hatchets, carpenters' tools and logging chains, probably still find a place.—And it may yet be news to some old country farmers, who occasionally think of immediate Emigration, in preference to further loss of time in waiting for impossible legislative assistance, that the agricultural implements most useful and economical for a Canadian farmer, are those which he will get manufactured by the mechanics of the "settlement" where he may happen to "locate."—And there is still often as much difficulty as ever in persuading affectionate mammas, whose daughters are on the eve of removing with their youthful and enterprising husbands to take charge of a bush farm and benefit a new country by practically disregarding all the predictions of Malthus, that it is utterly unnecessary to pack a three year's supply of dimities, delaines, "stuffs," and stays, pins, needles and linens, for all sorts and sizes of the *genus homo*, into the already overgrown outfit.

The sweet souls will hardly believe that all such things can be had abroad at trifling advances, merely for the money, (a commodity which may be very usefully imported to any amount); and that we have our "ruinous sacrifices," as some of our purchasing readers know to their cost, even in Canada. They may possibly have heard of the pleasures and dangers of that Canadian amusement, sleighing—we could tell them,—but the *Anglo* abhors scandal as it does politics,—of the perils of Provincial shopping.

It is no answer to this view, as to the necessity for further information, respecting the Provinces, that the ignorance is to a great extent mutual. We have known an "intelligent American,"—that it seems is the term they now prefer—deny our own British origin, for, quoth Jonathan, "I swan yeow must be an American, cause you speak English, right straight along, just as I do, and Britishers can't do that, they call a jug a joog, and one gentleman when he seed me streaking off from him, says, he says says he, 'Wher't be gwain?' Now that ain't English." And very recently we have heard of a learned American lady, who, in speaking of England, stated as a very remarkable fact, that the Royal family were prayed for in the churches, and most learnedly did the deeply Western blue remark, upon the number of times Her Majesty's name was mentioned in the course of the service. The authoress had forgotten, it must be supposed, that in the States, the President of the Republic is loyalty remembered in the devotions of the congregations, precisely as our Gracious Majesty is in all parts of the Empire.

Steam navigation and increased intercourse between the two Continents, with all their advantages, have not, *as yet*, sufficiently taught the people on each side of the Atlantic what those on the other side are doing. On the one hand, the Yankee appears desirous to show, that you cannot be an Englishman if you are as "intelligent" as himself; and again, the Englishman finds it hard to understand, as he endeavours to recall the long forgotten geography of his school days, that Canada is *not* one of the United States, and if you press him too hard on the subject, ten to one but he will stoutly deny, that the line 45 divides people who live under different flags, and refuses to believe the indubitable fact, that a more chivalrous loyalty to the Crown of Britain is not owned by any people in the Empire than by the people of Canada. Impossible! you may say, but we have plenty of examples, and would tell them, but having satisfied you that information is necessary, we must now try to give it, without further preface—digression, call it, if you like—

but there it is, and it cannot be rubbed out, without injuring the effect of the plain hints which we have to offer.

The popular idea of Canada is connected, almost exclusively, with the unreclaimed portion of it—the new lands of the far west. These, which are yearly becoming more and more filled with adventurous settlers, first claim attention.

On no subject, connected with Emigration, is there such a diversity of opinion in the older countries, as this, of the comparative advantages of settlement in the woods, or unimproved country. Many families in Europe, have received, not only very flattering accounts of the progress of their friends, who have adventured to the backwoods of Canada, but also many more substantial and equally welcome souvenirs in the shape of remittances, from the prosperous exiles; while others tell you, that they have had several relations who emigrated to Canada, hoping to prosper, as land was so cheap, but sad to say, the country turned out to be a shocking place, an awful man-trap, and the poor fellows have all gone down hill, some having been ruined in purse, others in health, and all in their habits. The country alone is to blame, of course!

A Canadian soon arrives at the true secret of these various accounts, none of which he finds have been intentionally overcoloured. The fault is not in the country, but in the choice made by parties, of employments, in which they are utterly useless.

The people who must form the great majority of settlers in the newer parts of the country, are those brought up and thoroughly inured to hard work, whether with or without money. The larger number who have succeeded, have had barely money enough to carry them to their destination. For a man of this kind, the newly settled parts of Canada offer immense advantages. His progress may be sketched thus,—and we have in our mind, multitudes to whom the description would apply. He arrives in a comparatively old settled township, about the time of hay harvest, and at once obtains work at high wages, say from 5s. to 7. 6d. a day, and this lasts perhaps until the harvest is ended and the wheat sown. This supposes of course, that the emigrant is both industrious and quick at his work, and possessed of sufficient spirit and enterprise to learn readily the labour of the country. The slow coaches, who are afraid to handle a cradle scythe because they were not “brought up to it,” must expect to remain in the back ground. There is no such difference between the mode of work in the two countries, but that an active man can master one as well as the

other. As autumn draws on, work appears to be less plentiful, but there is something “to the fore,” and the adventurer can afford to see another part of the country, and to look out for a job of chopping, not being in too great a hurry, but taking time to examine the land as he passes along, and to ask the prices. After the winter's work, at which he has earned from two to three pounds a month, the intending settler has perhaps made up his mind where to purchase, and he selects a lot of land, and makes a small payment on account of it. The 100 acres of heavy timber has a stubborn look, and it requires a stretch of the imagination to fancy it a farm, or likely to become one. But hope and energy have already sprung up within the hardy man, far beyond what he would have believed, before he left his fatherland. New ideas and new prospects have opened to him. He cannot now content himself to look forward to a life continued and ended as it was began,—to remain the workman, the paid machine of others, and to leave the world without having done more than exist during his allotted time. He will own the soil he labours on, the cattle he drives, the flocks he tends, and bequeath an independence to the children, who might, in the land of their forefathers, have inherited but a doubtful claim on the poor rates. So an assault is made upon the beautiful forest growth of centuries, as remorselessly and fearlessly too, as a hedger would use his bill hook. A small “patch” is prepared for potatoes and perhaps for spring grain, and a “bee” is called. Something is done towards the erection of a dwelling. Perhaps, being only a shanty, it is finished; and then he goes to “work out” again, and gets back to his little clearing in time to make the hut warm for winter, and sets to work to do the winter's chopping. Several acres are ready for the fire in spring, and part is cleared for spring crop. In the autumn the whole is under cultivation, and the labourer has become a small farmer. In the course of time he is able to spend more labour on his farm and less in the employment of others, until his land is so nearly paid for, that he can spare enough from the proceeds of the annual crops, to make the annual payments. The “remittances” to friends at home, come from such men as these, and not many years after the first “settlement,” he must be a person of no small command of means who could “buy out” this thriving backwoods farmer. It is perhaps fifteen years since he left home, and you have now no trouble in finding him, in his township. He may be heard of as purchasing a mill property for one of his sons, and bargaining for a farm on which to settle another, and he has



become a director of a road company, and, as a member of the County Council, is "agitating" the construction of a branch railroad, to connect with the "Great Trunk Line." It need hardly be added, that our friend's name is perfectly familiar to the member for the county, who takes the best possible care to "keep in with" the pauper immigrant of a few years back.

Reader, if you think we are drawing on our imagination for our pictures, we beg to disabuse your mind of any such impression. Our imagination is too dull, and our purpose too sincere, to warrant any such idea. But father Time has dealt gently with our memory, and on that we draw, to illustrate our arguments.

You say perchance, that we adduce isolated cases in proof of the prosperity of Canadian settlers, and seek to draw too favourable conclusions from a few instances. No such thing. The career we have sketched, is that of hundreds of men within our own knowledge. The failures, and they have been numerous, have ensued from causes such as would have produced misfortune anywhere. These have been idleness, dissipation, or inaptitude for the employment. The lazy would starve anywhere, the dissipated need not come to Canada to be ruined, and the man who could not stand a day's mowing in an English hayfield, must not expect to master the labour which falls to the lot of a backwoodsman.

We have spoken of the man with no means save a strong arm and enterprising spirit. Those who, *in addition to these*, can command some money, have, of course, additional advantages.—But it is seldom prudent or safe for them to invest their money *immediately*, in the purchase of land. Most of this class of emigrants know something about farming—many of them have been tenant farmers, or have been brought up upon farms. They will find it to their advantage, to see something of the Province before purchasing, so as to gain an idea of the business of the country, and the capabilities of the various kinds of soil which it contains. In all parts of the country, and particularly in the newer townships, there are always farms to be had at a reasonable rent, because many men, Americans chiefly, who have shewn themselves to be good woodsmen, have not turned out to be the best of farmers, and they often let their farms to old country people who, after paying a fair rent, make far more out of the land than the proprietor had been able to realize. It is a mistake to suppose, that because this is a country of trees and stumps, a knowledge of farming—that through understanding of the business which is so much in request in Britain—is useless here.—

There is no country where good farming *tells* more than in Canada. An emigrant, intending to farm, and having some means at his command, will find it advisable to rent a "clearing" for some time before purchasing.

After farming as a tenant for a few years, and doing well by it, as you always can, if you mind your business and use your wits, and practice economy, you learn what the country is fit for, and what part of it would best suit your taste, and you purchase accordingly, a piece of bush land if that is all you can afford, or a lot with some clearing on it, if you can manage it. The latter is the best, for you can then make use at once of your practical knowledge of farming, and you will find the labour of the field easier and more to your mind, than that of chopping and burning the timber. The former is decidedly the least trying of the two, to European constitutions, and any one who is not equal to a good month's work in harvest or seed time, such as he would be expected to perform at the current wages, may make up his mind that he cannot stand chopping and logging. We throw out this hint, which may be relied upon as perfectly sound, for the benefit of any romantic young gentlemen, who though they would be shocked at the idea of being supposed to be strong enough to undergo a day's "navvyng," or, what is much harder, a day's gold digging in California, still flatter themselves that they can do wonders with a chopping axe. Let them remember, that hard work is no man's play in any part of the world, and that to stick to it, requires both bodily strength and no small amount of moral courage. The latter is, the quality in which a deficiency is much more often observable than in the former.

We know there are strong prejudices against emigration to the back woods. People hear of the dreadful climate of Canada, which is said to be severe in summer, so they go to the more Southern lands of the States. They are told that the winter is severe—and so they resort to the prairies, where no friendly expanse of forest will shelter them from the full sweep of the famine borne wind, and no useful timber trees afford them their winter's firing. Canada is sickly and aguish, they are told,—and forthwith a passage is taken to the far, far inland swamps and prairies of Iowa, Illinois, or Wisconsin, whence we have seen men, once able-bodied, return to their deserted Canadian homes, thoroughly broken down in constitution and reduced in circumstances, after an absence of but few years. We have a word or two to say about this climate of Canada, and for the present shall

refer chiefly to the back settlements of which we are speaking.

The summer does occasionally show us the mercury at 90, or so, but never for any number of days in succession, and we have known it as high within the limits of Cockaigne. So Canada is not so very remarkable for that circumstance, at all events. The heat is much more oppressive on the southern side of the line 45, and we are, therefore, at a loss to understand why emigrants should prefer the United States to Canada, with a view to the mildness of climate.

The prevailing epidemics of the summer season, which first appear on board the emigrant ships, and spread over the Continent, often reach as far north as the southern shores of these lakes, and sometimes appear, but in a mitigated form, in our frontier cities,—the sanitary regulations of which have not kept pace with their material prosperity,—but have scarcely ever been known to reach the new settlements. The greatest safety has always been found in the greater distance to the north and west, and from the American frontier. Medical men *can* manage to live in Canadian cities, but only a limited number of them find adequate employment in the settlements and back townships. We have watched the progress of more than one thriving township in Western Canada, from its primeval state of unbroken forest, to its present broad landscape of wide, well-tilled fields, undisfigured by stumps. And the growth of these settlements has been remarkable for some facts, worth observing in reference to the Canadian health and mortality tables, if such things should ever be published. In the first place, we remember distinctly, that for years a doctor was never seen, and very seldom needed, within the circuit of many miles, although nearly every hundred acres of land held a family. The population increased with a rapidity equal in proportion to what has been known in any part of Britain, Ireland not excepted; and this increase, in by far the great majority of cases, was without the interference of any disciple of Galen; for if perchance a journey of twenty miles or so,—that was generally about the distance,—was undertaken, for the purpose of procuring such aid, the worthy doctor nearly always arrived just in time to take a tumbler with the happy father, pocket a moderate fee, and return home. The mortality among children was comparatively very small, and among adults, much less than in the cities of either Canada or the States. Ague, in the part of the country we have now in our mind, was a few years ago, scarcely known. It has since appeared, not from any natural cause, but having

been invoked by the contrivances of the settlers themselves. The erection of water mills, causing large mill ponds to overflow the flats of the rivers and reduce huge quantities of timber to a state of rotteness, has produced as much malaria as is quite sufficient to account for all the fevers and agues in the neighbourhood. Steam will cure all this. But it is scarcely fair to ruin the health of a country by such abominations, and then damn it, as grievously insalubrious. Much of the Canadian ague we hear talked about, may be accounted for in this manner.

As for the summer heat;—we have heard of cases of *coup de soleil*,—one we have just read of. It took place in *England*. Such things have happened, too, near the Lake shores here, but very rarely. We never knew an instance in the woods, and it is not an uncommon practice,—though a very imprudent one—for boys to work in the open air without either hat or shoes. For our part, we preferred the trouble of carrying both, although often quite sufficiently ventilated; but the heat, although sufficient to render a pretty long rest in the middle of the day, desirable enough, is never found so severe as to prevent labour. It is true that the change of climate from Europe, especially from the sea-coasts to the inland parts of America, is such, that proper precautions are necessary to be taken by old country people; such, for instance, as wearing flannel at all seasons; never working without having the head covered, abstaining from cold water when overheated, and not taking rest with wet clothes on, however harmless it may be found to remain wet while the body is kept in a state of active exertion. But, pray are there no other countries where similar precautions are needed? Are they not requisite, or most of them at all events, in Europe? And we are not contending that people who can “live at home at ease,” and provide for their families in their own country, ought necessarily to come and cast their lot in Canada, as a matter of mere choice. We address those who, at all events, think of moving some whither, and we protest against the propriety of their choice, if they prefer the precarious chances of Australian gold, or the tolerably certain disappointment that awaits them if they turn towards the United States, to the tangible advantages which our country offers to the intending emigrant.

Yet, with all the advantages which Canada offers to the labouring man, those who suppose that labourers are the only useful and fortunate settlers in the woods, are very much mistaken. We have said that the work of clearing land is hard, and some of the “white handed classes”



have suffered grievous disappointment on awakening to a practical knowledge of the fact. But so far from it following, as a consequence, that gentlemen cannot be either prosperous or desirable settlers, quite the contrary is the case.

Those who have read the very clever and entertaining work of Mrs. Moodie, and do not possess any other knowledge of Canada but what has been gleaned from its pages, may possibly be of opinion, that the only way to escape the misfortunes of the Moodie family, is to avoid the country where such an accumulation of disasters was suffered. Such impressions should be guarded against, for they will not be found to be supported even by the book itself, when the story and the intention of it are properly considered, and they are utterly inconsistent with the real state of the country, and with those numerous circumstances, connected with it which may have escaped the notice of the talented, but very unfortunate authoress, and which, at all events, her two volumes could not be expected to contain. We have heard doubts thrown upon the statements of the work. In not one single doubt upon the subject do we join. Our reasons for this are pretty good. We feel convinced that the authoress would not condescend to misrepresent, and as for the anecdotes being improbable, we could vouch for the perfect truth, of as many equally striking parallel incidents, within our own experience. No, the fault of the book, if it have any, is not inaccuracy. But, as its narrative is one of almost unvaried misfortune, whoever takes it as a sole guide to a knowledge of Canada, is not unlikely to close it with erroneous impressions, respecting the country, and the advisability of emigrating to it. A Canadian or an old settler, has gained sufficient experience, to enable him to read the book, and enjoy it—as who can fail to do—without having his judgment misled by it. He who has his knowledge of Canada, to acquire, and is honestly desirous of gaining unprejudiced views on the subject, while he need not deprive himself of the pleasures of Mrs. Moodie's entertaining society, should take the trouble to look into Smith's Canada, and the valuable statistical pamphlets circulated by the Canada Company, and Dunlop's Backwoodsman, and "Sketches of Canadian Life," will do him no harm. The Anglo-American he will consult, as a matter of course.

It is perfectly true that many gentlemen have been very unfortunate in Canada, but the causes of their trouble have been such as would have produced similar effects elsewhere. A delicate youth with barely any means, attempts to make a living by the labour of his hands, and after

"roughing it" for a few months, finds it necessary to do what he should have done in the first instance,—that is, he betakes himself, in some other part of the Province, to the employment for which he has been fitted by education,—supposing of course that he is fitted for anything. If he is not, it matters little whether he encumber his friends here or at home. He will be useless lumber anywhere.

A gentleman perhaps with a small capital, without taking any time to make himself acquainted with the country, purchases a farm which he either has not seen or of which he has not ascertained the intrinsic value. He finds that he has been bitten by a land jobber. With a similar lack of common prudence, he would have been victimised quite as scientifically in the purchase of a "pretty place" or an "eligible rural retreat," which George Robbins had advertized, in any county in England.

He sells or lets his farm on very disadvantageous terms, and buys wild land. After making a few improvements, he finds that all his money has been spent, and that it is extremely difficult to drag a living out of his small stumpy field. The consequence is, that he finds himself, no better off, than if he had rented an English farm, and, having expended all his capital during the first season, and having been unfortunate with his crops, he remained without means to carry on the business. He experiences the nipping ills of poverty, and those ills, he soon discovers, are very much the same in all places, though the tyrant bites less keenly in new than in old countries. All Mrs. Moodie's readers must sympathise with the vivid picture which she draws of poverty in the bush, but one cannot reflect upon the story, without congratulating the authoress, that she was not a stranger in New York, Liverpool, London, or any other great city, when food was wanted, and there was no money to buy it with. A woman is greatly to be felt for under such circumstances, but a man,—one with sufficient courage and enterprise to deserve the name in its full sense, and possessed of health—has no excuse for remaining long without the necessities of life in this country, however white may be his hands or however gentlemanly his feelings.

Any one with but moderate means—such as would be quite insufficient to enable him to maintain and educate his family, in the old country—may with much advantage and comfort, settle in Canada.

He brings with him no very large sum of money, perhaps, but enough to purchase a small farm. This he does not do, however, until he has thoroughly satisfied himself, by persona

observation, and by making every possible enquiry, what part of the country would suit him best. He selects a situation not so far advanced but that the price of land is moderate, but he pays particular attention to the reputation which that part of the country has for health, and also to the probability of the land rising in value as the country improves. No man of sense settles in a remote place which is always likely to remain remote. There are few such spots in Canada, but some people have a morbid idea that they would like to live away from mankind. The fancy is merely absurd, and invariably vanishes after a trial.

Our gentleman settler has a small annual income, on which, in England, he would have to pinch his appetite to keep his coat from being *too* shabby. The pittance answers well on his small farm. He may wear what coat he likes, or none when he pleases, and although not brought up to hard work, he is not above attempting it. So he goes out with his men (for he manages to keep one or more in harvest times, though he can do without one and manage the "chores" himself, with the assistance of his boys, for a good part of the year,) and learns from them how to be useful, while his presence prevents their being idle. He is a man of the world, suiting his manner and his words to the moment, and consequently his men, as well as his neighbours, learn to value and respect him. There is a class of men, supercilious by nature, and, as it would appear, from some ingrained constitutional defect, who could do nothing of this kind—who could shrink from contact with a plough or a ploughman. What it may be well to do with these unfortunates, we do not pretend to say, but they need not come to Canada.

By dint of careful management out of doors, and economy within, it is found, not only that the small income goes a long way, but that a portion of it can be occasionally laid out in new purchases, when it is pretty clear that land will rise in value. It will always be well, not to lay out all the capital in the first instance, even though it be but small, but to keep some of it laying by for other purposes, for good investments often present themselves when least expected.

In the meantime, it has been necessary to educate the children, and it has been found that good schools are not far distant, where the course of education is sound, and where the charges are much lower than in similar establishments at home. Society is not wanting, and in spite of a few prejudices which were at first apparent, against the "gentleman," he has become deci-

dedly popular with all classes, and is asked, and does not refuse, as a sulky man would, to join in their amusements and take part in their local public affairs. His property increases in value, his boys obtain situations, where, at an early age, they support themselves, he finds ample employment in occasional labour, occasional hours of shooting and fishing, and not unfrequent attendances at township, school and other "meetings," where his information and assistance are rather eagerly sought after. If all this is not preferable to dragging out a life of genteel poverty in a more fashionable part of the world, we are much at fault. If the settler, instead of a very moderate income, such as we have supposed, should possess independent means, he may enjoy himself in a manner to be envied. He has a good farm, builds a comfortable but not an extravagant house, enjoys but does not squander his property, works in the field often, knows every foot of his land and what is being done with it, but finds plenty of time to follow his dogs and to enjoy himself with his neighbours. Such a man pities the plodding merchants and other dwellers in cities, in a manner which is truly edifying. He would not change his farm and his peace of mind for the "position" or wealth of the richest merchant in Glasgow or Montreal.

There are other classes of well-born and educated men whom we know to be able to aid in conquering the old forests of the West, ay, and to whom the employment would be found wondrously advantageous, too. But the old settler has, perhaps, been garrulous enough for one month, and his pen must rest awhile,—many a long rest it has had, too, since he pitched his tent in the wilds of Canada. Wilds they were then, indeed. The scene is before me now. The corporeal vision has felt the finger of time, but the mind's eye seems to look more and more clearly on the scenes of eld. How is this? Yes, yes, there is the answer. Things of the present but flit before us, transient as glimpses of sunshine on a showery day,—the present moment is the fleeting life of man,—but the past is fixed, irrevocable, and the scenes of other times, the feelings which then came and went, but the existence of which can never be totally forgotten,—those are seen in the clear undeviating light of truth. So comes back to the mind's eye that boundless forest—the feeling of awe and wonder with which its giant trees and boundless, untrodden, silent—oh! how deeply, eloquently silent—shades, inspired the mind, as we wandered on, dreaming—for, on a Sabbath, even the bushman may find time to wander and to *think*—dreaming of when those huge



trees were first planted, and wondering how long it might be since the ocean or the lake left those shells, now turned to stone, that we found in the roots of the great tree which the last storm had laid low,—wondering, too, how long it would be before all this interminable silent grove, would give place to the dwellings of living men, and the decent temples of God,—and feeling that this itself, this mighty forest, filled only with the “still small voice” of its rustling leaves, was yet the grandest temple for the silent heart’s devotion—a temple not made with the hands of men. And that forest, too, I have seen it, when the winds of heaven bent its stoutest monarchs, as if they were but saplings, and men fled to their dwellings, and the very wild birds sought shelter with them. And it is all gone now. The reign of the sylvan giants is past. Ripe grain waves in their place, and hardy men receive thankfully the blessings which heaven has permitted them to win with wholesome toil. There was a moral in those pathless woods, but a more hopeful one may be read in the fertile field, and in yon healthy group surrounding the farm-house door, and in those well-laden orchard trees.

Yes, I hear what you say, sir:—“If the auld body had nae mair to say the noo, what’s he yammerin’ on about?” Well, well, I’ll moralise no more. I know the practise is not a popular one, and takes too much time and space, your readers may think, in these railroad days; but let me tell you, if ever you grow so old, or so world-wrought, that you can remember the home of your youth and manhood, without a chastened thought, then have a care, sir,—there will be a hard place growing on your heart, which your doctor cannot cure. Enough: in a month’s time, I may be fit to fill some more space in your little book, and if so, dry stubborn facts ye shall have, plain and strong as this old staff of mine.

R.

## THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.

No. 3.

### THE UPSHOT OF BEAU BALDERSTON’S ADVENTURE.

HAS it ever been your lot, oh most gentle of readers, to witness a stripling reduced to the buff, on a *snellish* May morning, in the act of committing his person to the embraces of a stream? We shall suppose, for the sake of illustration, that it is the classic Molindina which meandereth through the Royal Burgh of Dleepdaily. If you have ever been cognizant of such a phenomenon you must needs have noted the coy hesitation of the raiment-

denuded stripling to quit the bosom of mother earth. Gingerly doth he touch the surface of the water with his big toe, as if apprehensive that a shark or a krakan lay in ambush to drag him to the bottom, and the chances are great that he will resume his divorced garments without having performed the meditated ablution, were it not that he dreads a castigation from the hands of his maiden aunt, Grizzel. At her stern command, he hath sought the Rubicon; and, from behind a whin-stone dyke, where she hath modestly intrenched herself, she shrilly threateneth birchen pains and penalties in the event of the tyro’s running counter to her fiat!

Now, I, Peter Powhead, find myself at this epoch of time, much in the predicament of the mythical youngster above referred to! The impatient public imperatively demandeth that I should forthwith dive into the pool of Beau Balderston’s unheard of catastrophe, but timorous nature urgeth me to postpone the undertaking. Nor is it any marvel that this should be the case. There is something so super-humanly astounding in the circumstances which I have become bound to record, that a more valorous hand, than I can lay claim to, might well become palsied when assuming the historiographer’s grey goose quill!

But what must be, must be, as Miss Peggy McSpinster said when she consented to become the better half of Captain Bottlenose, the one-legged Greenock skipper;—and so, having screwed my courage up to the writing point, I proceed to plunge into the middle of my theme!

At the breaking off of our last communing, good patrons, I left Monsheer Nong-tong-paw in the act of commencing his cantrips. Fain would I enumerate in detail the wonders that he wrought; but I have got a character—such as it is—to lose, and I doubt not that if I were to rehearse a tythe of what I witnessed on that preposterously-memorable night, this sceptical generation would book me forthwith as a legitimate son of the primitive deceiver! It is necessary, however, that I lay before you a sample of the Pythagorean’s doings; and, accordingly, I select some of the least incredible of the lot.

*Inter alia*, (to use the heathenish jargon of the law tribe,) he produced a pack of his master Mahoun’s books, inviting the company

to think upon one of them. Before you could say Jack Robinson, he held up the identical selected card, more by token that it was the knave of clubs!

Next the warlock borrowed the huge silver watch of David Dridles, which, being an ancient and time-honoured family-piece, the owner was sorely unwilling to let out of his custodiership. You may conceive the consternation of poor Davie, when Monsheer pitched the precious article into Dr. Scougall's mortar, (loaned by the medico for the night,) and pounded the same to atoms. Not long, however, did the anguish of the owner continue. The magician chattered some of his spells over the fragments, and, behold, the horologe was entire and complete, as if it had just come out of the maker's hands!

*Tertio*, Deacon Dredgie, the undertaker, was prevailed upon to part, for a brief season, with his yellow wig,—covering his head in the interval with a silk handkerchief. Monsheer placed the commodity under a hat, for two seconds, or it might be three,—when, the covering being removed, the wig was found to contain the savoury ingredients of a ready-cooked haggis, the unctious odour whereof spread through the hall, causing many a hungry mouth to water! Swatches of the contents were handed through the company by the Sambo; and Bailie Brisket, who ventured to taste the same, declared that a better seasoned haggis never boiled in pot, or smoked on ashet! When the last spoonful had been scraped out, the Magi rammed the scratch into a blunderbuss, which he presented and fired at the Deacon! When the smoke cleared away, instead of seeing honest Dredgie a mangled corpse, there was he sitting as sober as a judge, with the wig on his head as usual, and neither of them a prin the waur of the adventure!

But all these feats are as nothing to what next eventuated, as the ignorant Yankees say.

The Pythagorean enticed a wee Highland body, named Donald Sheerie, up to the platform, with the bribe of an ounce of snuff, a temptation which no Celt, since the flood, could ever resist, even if offered by the Foul Thief himself. When the unsuspecting Donald was sitting on an arm chair, the magician came behind him, and having (as many spon-sible witness averred), muttered the Creed

backwards, he cut the miserable creature's head clean off with a cleaver!

You never saw the marrow of the hillibaloo that ensued on this barbarous and heathenish act! A howl of mingled terror and indignation burst from every beholder. The Sheriff, who was present, called upon Hamish McTurk the constable, to do his duty, by capturing the blood-thirsty, heartless miscreant,—and all who sported razors, gully-knives, or other warlike weapons, drew forth the same to protect their precious lives and liberties!

I chanced to be sitting right opposite to the expatriated head, and such a grewsome sight I never saw before or after. The eyes, unlike the wonted sobriety of death, rolled and glinted about as if in an ecstasy of bewilderment. The red bristly hair stood up like the jags of a hedgehog,—and the mouth twisted, and gloomed, and *girnèd*, just as if it had been uttering curses upon its murderer!

In the middle of the collieshangie, the reprobate and case-hardened Frenchman, stood bowing, and smiling, and chattering, as if he had only nicked the head of a thistle or dandelion, instead of a Christian-man's—so far, indeed, as a native of Lochaber can be styled a Christian, a proposition which many sober men doubt!

Just when Hamish laid his paw upon the murderer's shoulder, to apprehend him in the name of the king, he gave his rod a whirl, and lo, and behold! the martyred Donald Sheerie was as sound and life-like as ever!

Here was a miracle greater than any which had yet been performed in the Dreeddaily Temple of Science! To kill a man, as everybody knew, was no very difficult matter; but to restore him to life and limb again, and that without the aid of a doctor, was past all comprehension! It clean beat cock-fighting,—and a *sough* of wondering amazement ran through the assemblage, like the wind of an autumn night rustling among withered beech leaves!

The only individual upon whom these passages seemed to produce little or no impression was our friend Beau Balderston. In order to account for his apathy, it is incumbent upon me here to set down that he had ever borne a *quisquious* and questionable character among the sober and religious portion of the Dreeddaily community. He was seldom seen



in the kirk except on an extra occasion, with Lady Sourocks, as I have before hinted; and even when he did make his appearance there, his demeanour was far from being decent or edifying. Indeed, the general rumour was, that he was but few doors removed from being an infidel; and it was even whispered that he had christened his cat, and buried his defunct greyhound in the kirk-yard! Doubtless his sceptical wickedness was the foundation of the unconcern with which he witnessed the prodigies I have above enumerated, proving to a dismal demonstration that the dogged unbelief of such Sadducees was not to be shaken even by a miracle wrought before their very noses!

As I hinted before, the Beau sat as unmoved and unconcerned as if nothing beyond ordinary had been going on. He merely tapped his shell snuff-box at each successive cantrip of the warlock, muttering some such contemptuous words as—"well enough, considering!" "*pretty well for Dreeddaily!*" as if the feats performed were not real and genuine facts and truths!

Monsheer Nong-tong-paw, who had borne with complacency the execrations of the company, as if glorying in his shame, appeared to be sorely nettled at the sneering observes of the sceptic, seeming to regard him as a scoffing interloper. He bore with him for a considerable season, till at length, his patience being clean exhausted, he stepped to the front of the stage, and, addressing him with a bow and a shrug of the shoulders, requested the honour of his assistance at the next feat of glamourie!

Many, considering the peril to which Donald Sheerie had been exposed by a similar act of compliance, would have dissuaded Mr. Balderston from risking his precious soul and body; but as the old proverb says—"he must needs go when Clootie drives!" The Beau jumped at the proposal like a cock at a gooseberry (or *groset*, as I would say, if I wrote in less fastidious times!)—and whispering to his neighbour that he would show up the old quack in grand style, he ascended the diabolical platform!

I trow he was a wiser and a soberer man, before he was done with the *quack*, as he was pleased to style him! Like the Christmas goose his time was come—and I'll be sworn that he

never made mouths at miracles again, till the day of his decease! But I must not bring in the toddy till the dinner be over.

Accommodating the Beau with a seat, the Magician—for so, I presume, all orthodox readers will agree with me in designating Monsheer,—proceeded to put certain drugs and medicaments into a thing like a white bowl, with a long strop proceeding out of the side thereof, after the manner of a tea pot. He called it a *Retort* or a *Report*, I really forget which,—but I can testify that it made a loud enough report in the Burgh for many a day thereafter!

Having mixed the ingredients, which I trow were never weighed in Christian scales, the Pythagorean turned the end of the strop to Mr. Balderston instructing him to hold his nose firm, and draw in the vapour from the bowl with his breath. Our friend at first seemed to hesitate and boggle a little at this injunction. Being certified that it would do no injury to his health, and being ashamed moreover to draw back, after having put his hand to the plough, he followed the directions given him, even as a mouse rushes into the cheese-baited ambuscade—and commenced sucking and blowing like a three weeks old calf at its matin or vesper refectation!

At this verse of the ballad, I heard my name called from the door, and on turning round I beheld Betty Bachles, the ancient maid of all work of Lady Sourocks, wagging and coughing upon me to come away. I started up in a perfect fever of consternation, having utterly forgotten, the absconding of time, and my practice to be with her ladyship betimes for her gala! You may well believe it was with a sore and unwilling heart that I took my Exodus, often looking back upon Beau Balderston who, as long as he was visible I could note drawing away at his black draught, and holding his nose as if he had been stooping over a badgers's kennel!

When I reached the *mansion*, as her ladyship was pleased to dignify her two story tenement, I found her in a perfect stew of vexation. Half a dozen of her guests had arrived, and she could not venture to face them with her head gear out of order. Of course I had to do penance for the forgetfulness of which I had been guilty, and verily hard words were not spared upon me! There is not a

tinkler wife between Kilmarnock and Buckhaven who could have surpassed Lady Sour-ocks in *flyting*! "*Little ill-faured, ne'er do weel!*" and "*Shilpit de'il's buckie!*" were the mildest phrases with which I was greeted, and I looked upon myself as fortunate that I was not besprinkled from that mysterious and never-to-be-named vessel with which the ill-conditioned spouse of Socrates occasionally moistened her patient and philosophical spouse!

[*Nota Bene.*—This sentence has been inserted by Mr. Paumy. If not in harmony with the refinement of this extra-superfine nineteenth century, the sin lies upon the scone of Paumy, aforesaid; I wash my hands of it!]

Being conscious of error, I took my modicum of scolding with all due humility, and by working with extra diligence with the curling tongs and dredge box, I had her Ladyship *buskit* and beautified in less than no time!—So satisfied, indeed, was she with my zeal and dispatch, that being a kindly body "*when the snarl was aff her!*" as the town fool remarked, she would needs have me into the withdrawing room to drink her health, and the healths of her company (who by this epoch were nearly all assembled), in a glass of cordial waters brewed by her own fair hands!

Though I trust that I have a befitting sense of my own merits and importance, truth constrains me to confess that I was a little *blate* and confused when I was ushered into the presence of so many gentles. So great was my agitation that I was little the better of my visit, so far at least as the aforesaid cordial was concerned having spilled the larger balance of the same, in nodding and scraping my respects, as in duty bound, to the magnates to whom I was introduced!

Verily and truly they were a worshipful Synod, rivalling in grandeur the Court of King Solomon himself!

There was the Laird of Lick-the-Ladle, and his long bearded daughter "*black mow'd Kate.*" There was Mr McShuttle, the great power loom weaver from Glasgow; Dr. Scougall, dressed in his new black cloth coat and silk stockings, and a real genuine army ensign, rigged out in complete regimentals like a peony rose—the first of the breed that had ever been seen in Dreepdaily!

A well-favoured, smooth faced stripling he

was, that seemed better calculated for bringing down a maukin, or black cock, than doing battle with the savage American rebels, who, it is universally allowed devour the flesh of their vanquished captives!

The ensign was a nephew to her ladyship, and it struck me that he looked strangely downcast and out of spirits. Much more appropriate was his manner for a burial than a merry making. Every now and then he gave a sigh as if his heart was breaking, and his manner reminded me strongly of Duncan Dow, the hen-pecked tailor, on the eve of receiving a quilting from his randy masculine wife.

Betty Bachles afterwards gave me a sufficient reason for the misanthropical demeanour of the young man.

She had been listening at the door of the chamber where the ensign and his aunt had been closetted in the previous part of the evening, and heard her break to him the tidings of her intended nuptials with Beau Balderston. Previous to that time he had always been led to consider himself as her heir-apparent, and being a younger son, with nothing but his consumptive pay to depend upon, it was not in nature that he should be overly elated at the intelligence then and there communicated to him!

His cause for dolour, moreover, was the greater in as much as he had recently cross-examined her ladyship's banker touching her means and estate, and ascertained that the same amounted to a sum not to be sneezed at!

But the sun generally rises brightest after a murky setting, and the snowdrops of spring receive an additional garnishment from the churlish gloom of winter. This however by the way—as Master Whiggie observes, when he makes a digression from the text under consideration!

I had hardly disposed of my bit dribble of drink and set down the glass upon the silver plated salver, when I heard a noise at the front door, as if all the bulls of Bashan were thundering and storming thereat!

The company, as well as myself, were dumfounded at the sound, and each one looked at his neighbour to divine, if possible, the nature of the mysterious racket. All, however, were equally in the dark, and there was a common shaking of bewildered and fear-confused heads!



Each moment did the hurly-burly increase! Every instant a perfect whirlwind and tornado of blows were inflicted upon the crazy door, which at last took the hint by flying open,—and presently the hurrying of steps was heard coming madly up the wooden stairs, making them quake and groan, as if a regiment of heavy dragoons were exercising thereon!

What could it be?

The ensign drew his glittering sabre; I, following his example, flourished a pair of silver-steel razors; and Mr. McShuttle (who, to do a weaver justice, showed no lack of valour and manhood) darted into a little closet which was convenient to the withdrawing-room, and re-issued with the Andrea Ferrara, which her ladyship's father wore in the Forty-Five. With this he threatened to cleave the intruder, be he man or fiend, to the brisket, without benefit of clergy. As for the women-kind, they convened in a heap at the far end of the chamber, where they stood as cowed-like as a convocation of domestic fowls, when a pirate hawk is making an inspection of the hen-house!

By this time the stranger, whoever he was, had gained the door of the apartment where we were congregated, which said door had been bolted and barricaded at the first *sough* of the disturbance.

Not long were we kept in suspense! In one instant the frail pine barrier was driven in with a noise like thunder, and in rushed—Guess who, for a groat?

Nobody else but the sober, douce, punctilious, velvet-shod Benjamin Balderston, Bachelor, and Beau of Dleepdaily!

Had I not seen him with my own een, I never could have credited that such a change as he presented, could have been wrought in a human being. Even at this distance of time, it looks like a dream, or night-mare.

His eyes stood in his head like two red-hot saucers, and glared and glanced after the manner of sheet-lightning! As to his muzzle, it was in a perfect mass of angry foam, reminding one of the frontispiece of a demented colley dog! Touching his wig, it was turned backside foremost, the tail of it hanging over his brow, like an elephant's trunk seen through an inverted telescope; and his brave red coat, which had cost a mint of money,

dangled about him, torn into a thousand shreds and stripes!

To complete the picture, one of his huge buckled shoes had taken French-leave of its companion. At first sight, indeed, the loss was not very obvious, as the white silken stocking on the widowed foot had been dyed black as an Ethiopian, with the mud and filth of the street!

But the metamorphose in his outward tabernacle was as nothing, compared to the change which seemed to have come over the poor Beau's manner and demeanour.

He danced and squealed, cursed and blasphemed like a Bess of Bedlam, who had slipped her chain. No sooner had he entered the room, than he jumped upon the French polished pembroke table, amongst the Chinacups and sweetmeats, where he capered and danced without intermission, whistling the devil's hornpipe with a diabolical energy. Having reduced the crockery and *vivers* to atoms, he leaped off the table, and snapping his fingers after a most desperate fashion, commenced, without so much as saying "by your leave," to denude himself of his silk, or swallow-tail, as Yankee milk-sops call them! This feat being accomplished, he flung the commodities right in the face of Miss Priscilla Pernickety, who, overcome, partly by fear, and partly by genteel disgust, fell down in a deplorable fit of the *exies*!

During the transaction of these astounding events, Lady Sourocks had remained, as it were, in a state of stupified amazement. After a season, however, she seemed to come to herself, and rushing up to her intended, she threw her arms around his neck, and adjured him, in the name of decency, to remember what he was doing, and where he was? She might as well have whistled to the winds! The Beau, in the twinkling of an eye, clutched up the helpless over-grown lap-dog by the tail, and made it play bang on the side of her head (which utterly demolished the fruits of my labour) cursing her between hands for an old withered runt! Nor was this the *omega* of his misdeeds! He seized in his arms Mr. McShuttle's daughter—a buxom lass, not out of her teens—and kissed her till he had not left a puff of breath in either of their bodies!

This was the signal for the on-lookers to interfere in right earnest. Having procured a

blanket, they rushed upon the madman in a body, and throwing it over him, they swaddled him up like a new-born baby, and carried him home shoulder high, where he was put into a strait waistcoat, and bled, blistered, and drenched *secundem artem* ! \* \* \*

Few words will suffice to put the cope-stone upon this veritable narration.

Lady Sourrocks never could be convinced but that outrageous drunkenness was the cause of the Beau's extraordinary invasion of her domicile ! In vain did he make affidavit before a quorum of the Justices, that he had been the victim of what was called *Laughing Gas* ! Her Ladyship promptly discarded the delinquent, both as a visitor and a suitor,—a catastrophe at which, you may be sure, the worthy ensign did not break his heart.

As for the vile magician, who had been the cause of Mr. Balderston's enchantment, he beat a retreat that very night, leaving the rent of the Hall to be settled by his posterity !

A statement of the whole transaction was prepared by Mr. Caption, the Procurator Fiscal, and sent off to his eminence the Lord Advocate, for his concurrence to search for and apprehend the offender, as a practiser of unlawful arts. His Lordship, however, turned a deaf ear to the representation, writing back that the statutes authorising such a procedure had long been laid on the shelf. What a lamentable tale to tell in a Christian country !

But the justice of Providence overtook the son of Belial before long. Tidings shortly reached Dreepdaily that the Pythagorean had got his head smitten off at the commencement of the French Revolution. And many sensible folk, amongst whom I may number the worthy Master Whiggie, opined, that that single act of retribution was enough to sweeten and sanctify the otherwise questionable proceedings of those troublous times !

LOTTERY OF LIFE.—Prince Maurice, in an engagement with the Spaniards, took twenty-four prisoners, one of whom was an Englishman. He ordered eight of them to be hanged, to retaliate a like sentence passed by Archduke Albert upon the same number of Hollanders. The fate of the unhappy victims was to be determined by drawing lots. The Englishman, who had the good fortune to escape, seeing a Spaniard express the strongest symptoms of horror when it came to his turn, to put his hand into the helmet, offered for twelve crowns to stand his chance. The offer was at once accepted, and he was so fortunate as to escape a second time. Upon being called a fool for so presumptuously tempting his fate, he said, "I think I acted very prudently. As I daily hazard my life for sixpence, I made a precious good bargain in venturing it for twelve crowns !"

## SONGS AND BALLADS

BY A BACKWOODSMAN.

## No. II.

## LAY OF THE SCOTTISH EMIGRANT.

Away, away beyond the sea  
Lies the land that is dear to me ;  
The land of green strath, and mountain fell ;  
Of the hart, the hind, and heather bell ;  
Where the purple ling and rowan red ;  
Wave wildly o'er the hunter's head ;  
The land of the bonnet, the land of the plaid,  
Of the thistle green, and sweeping blade ;  
Of castled cliffs, and turret's gloom  
And glens perfumed with yellow broom ;  
Of minstrel song, and maiden glee,  
And that's the land that is dear to me.

Other lands may be lovely and fair,  
In plumage bright, and blossoms rare ;  
And boast of suns and seasons mild,  
Where the lotus and the vine grow wild :  
But have they the fragrance of the thorn,  
Or the song of the lark saluting the morn,  
Or a flower that ever can compare  
With the primrose and the gowan there.  
And have their skies as soft a hue,  
And is the breeze to health as true ;  
And are their spice clad steeps as free,  
As the hills of the land that is dear to me.

No, though it may oft be cold and chill,  
On the summer lake there and heath clad hill ;  
And the sea girt generous soil of the brave,  
Refuse to nourish the fruits of the slave ;  
Yet pure is the gale on its summits bleak,  
And fresh the bloom on the maiden cheek ;  
And kind the heart, and strong the hand  
Of the manly youths of that mountain land ;  
Where nor tainted steel nor ruffian's knife,  
Is raised against the strangers life ;  
Nor monster lurking treacherously,  
Deforms the land that is dear to me.

How oft when far away in the west,  
The weary day has gone to rest ;  
Beneath the forest oak reclined,  
I fondly seek again to find,  
The smiling cot, with raptured ken,  
Deep hidden in yon mountain glen ;  
Where all the charms that gathered round,  
Youth's ardent brow with roses bound ;  
Still fondly loved profusely lie,  
A wreck of bliss in memory's eye,



Like the leaves in autumn when stript from the tree,  
By the breeze of the land that is dear to me.

No wonder then that I love to stand,  
To gaze on yon star, and think on that land;  
For often there at the hour of even,  
When the wild flowers were wet with the dew of heaven;

When the lay of the linnet and mavis was still,  
And all save the tod was asleep on the hill,—  
I have wandered away, from all the rest;  
To the wizard spring on the mountains breast;  
Where the wanton fairies love to lave,  
Their tiny forms in the chrystal wave;  
Or dearer still, low down in the dean,  
With Margaret midst the copse wood green—  
So oft I have thought it bliss to be,  
With her, in the land so dear to me.

And O! my heart would be light and fain,  
Were I but wandering there again—  
Beneath the gay green summer bowers,  
Where passed life's blythest happiest hours;  
Now fondly building some fairy dream,  
Now watching the trout, in the clear blue stream.  
Or with feeling of bliss at twilight dim,  
A listening to the moorland's hymn,  
Sung by the plover and grey curlew,  
Away afar on the uplands blue,  
That rose and fell so pensively,  
In the wilds of the land that is dear to me.

Linger, fair vision, and let me beguile,  
The weary hour with thy sun-lit smile;  
Linger, O! linger that I may gaze,  
A little longer on those young days—  
When the heart was happy, and hopes were bright,  
And pleasure got up, with the morning light,  
In all their loveliness unfurled,  
Just like the dream of another world;  
But it may not be, it cannot last,  
The vision alas, is gone and past,  
And lonely beneath the forest tree,  
I'm far from the land that is dear to me.

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HOW TO BE KIND.—A man is kind, in not what he gives, but in what he suggests. He who works for me trains me to imbecility: he who shows me my own resources trains me to self-reliance, and enables me to work for myself.

## THE VOICE OF NATURE; OR, EARLY CLOSING.

BY A VICTIM OF LATE HOURS.

THE same voice which called to Adam in the cool of the day, "Where art thou?" may not unfrequently be heard to admonish us his descendants to beware how we endeavour unlawfully to evade its keen all-searching enquiries.

Judging from the passing events of every-day life, even the best among us occasionally seem to forget the mortality that enshrines us, and we plan, contrive and labour, as though this were our rest. We toil and spin as if the garniture of the outer temple was the great thing necessary, and our bodies the enduring building of our eternal occupancy!

Yet how very different is the experience of each one of us! How very little research suffices to assure us that the more widely we depart from those eternal laws which the Author of Eternity has laid down, the more surely do we involve ourselves in inextricable confusion, and, in all probability, bring down on ourselves just retribution:—

"That there is a link in the plan of him who made them,  
A link which lost, would break the chain,  
And leave behind a gap which nature's self would rue,"

is a truism which none would dispute, and yet how constantly do we detect a foolish tendency in men to rise superior to their true position in the scale of creation, and to separate themselves on an independent eminence, apart, as it were, from those objects which surround them, and which are yet really identified with them.

Errors like this have invariably been engendered by some of the false systems of philosophy which have at different epochs arisen in the world, influencing more or less, and entering in a greater or less degree, into the plainest occurrences of life.

We think it was Sir Charles Bell who first shewed the folly of drawing general inferences by the study of separate and isolated portions of nature, and who we think also proved how much more in accordance it was with nature to study each part as under subserviency to laws governing "a great whole." Thus in his *Bridgewater Treatise* he remarks:—"Instead of saying that light is created for the eye, and to give us the sense of vision, is it not more conformable to a just manner of considering these things, that our wonder and our admiration should fix on the fact, that this small organ, the eye, is formed with relation to a creation of such vast extent and grandeur; and more especially that the ideas arising in the

mind, through the influence of that matter and this organ, are constituted a part of this vast whole."

The German philosopher, Schlegel, has enunciated the same doctrine, rendering it applicable, not only to an individual organ of the body, but to the whole man.

"We are," he remarks, "perhaps only too much disposed to imagine that the ancient race before the Flood resembled in every particular a later and even the present generation. Our conceptions of it, as regards both its virtues and its vices, are in nowise great and wonderful enough. In the first place, it is highly probable that the atmosphere of the globe was, at that period, totally different from what it is in the present day, and that consequently both the food and manner of living in those days were also dissimilar from our own. If any reliance is to be placed on the best and oldest historical testimonies on these points, we can scarcely doubt that the primeval race—at least the generations immediately preceding the Deluge—were men of gigantic stature, and that their mental powers and faculties were on a correspondent magnitude."

Although we may not be prepared to assign, with Schlegel, to atmospheric changes alone the marked deterioration of the human race, yet we fully recognize with him the intimate dependence of that race on those exterior circumstances which so unquestionably connect man with the world; and we believe that it is because he so constantly endeavours to separate himself from the world of which he is a part, that his gradual deterioration is to be ascribed. The condition of our sojourn upon earth, of our harmonious synchronism with the rest of nature was that we should "earn our bread by the sweat of our brow." Now, if we enter into a deep and serious meditation on this prime law of our nature, we shall find a wider and more extensive signification than at first sight appears. The careless and indifferent may be inclined to set it aside as totally inapplicable to our present state, and not a few may congratulate themselves that they have no need "to haste to rise up early and eat the bread of carefulness."

But the thoughtful Christian philosopher will see in this wonderful command of his heavenly Father, a depth of love and parental care, a far-seeing perception of his wants and desires, which none but a just and merciful Being could have devised. He sees in this fixed decree, although pronounced in righteous anger, the most tender regard: he discovers that his Maker is truly a God of unity and harmony, and that while He has given us gifts and powers, he will not allow us to pervert them:

He will not permit our physical endowments to be sacrificed at the shrine of Intellectual Pride. While we sojourn here on earth, we must act in conformity with the laws of the earth, or else make up our minds to submit to the penalty due to their infringement.

Trace the history of our race, as it passed adown the path of Roman and Grecian history, and mark how as those nations lapsed into luxury and ease, and at the expense of the Athletic, cultivated the Intellectual: note how soon corrupt and lascivious habits and effeminate pursuits, bowed down a noble and generous people. And even in this our day, do we not recognize, in the external condition of nations, corresponding degrees of noble or ignoble developments, irrespective of the conditions of climate or of soil.

In the indomitable energy of the mind and body of the Anglo-Saxon race, we have a happy and gratifying illustration of the fact—full of busy energy of mind, and with a corresponding love of physical activity, we find him hastily passing to the remotest regions of the earth, facing the burning sun of Africa, or the ice bound regions of the North, in each preserving that native superiority, which has rendered him dictator to his brethren.

Enough perhaps has been said to shew that a connexion exists between man and those objects which are around him, and that he is controlled in a degree proportionate to the obedience which he lends to those influences from which he cannot escape.

Let us then briefly review the operation of a few of those agencies on man. In his primitive history, we find him in the enjoyment of the highest state of general perfection, when as yet his pursuits were principally directed to the tilling of the soil; in short, we find him vigorous and strong in proportion to his immediate connexion with agriculture, as, however, his seed multiplied and one family became many, so did the evils of dissension and contention, engender new wants and desires. Man ceased to look on his fellow as a brother, and a struggle for the pre-eminence of riches, was but too early fostered. Enticed by the siren voice of wealth, how early did he learn to say within himself—"Soul, thou hast goods in store, lay to, now, and take thine ease." The unpleasant but regenerative exercise of the field was abandoned for the luxurious ease of the couch; and the uncontaminating and vice-subduing avocations of sylvan pastimes, for the enervating indulgencies of cities. It would not be irrelevant, however impracticable we may find it in a single article, to show how an abandonment of the cultivation of our physical pow-



ers, induces, to a very considerable extent, habits of vice, which, by individual multiplication, sometimes become peculiar to a whole people. We shall, however, not enter at large on this branch of the subject just now, but rather endeavour to show some of the evils which result to man's double nature, from this tendency to escape from his Maker's decrees. Before, however, we venture to offer any observations on this most important head, it may be right, in some degree, to satisfy a very natural curiosity, not peculiar to any class of readers, and especially to gratify the nervous inquisitiveness of those unfortunate brethren, whose dark existences we shall endeavour to lighten.

In the first place, then, we beg to assure our friends that we are not one of that class of miserable unfortunates who are doomed to sit eighteen hours a day at the intellectual employment of shirt-making; nor do we belong to the fraternity who deal in patching s-o-u-l-s or s-o-l-e-s,—therefore cannot claim kin or alliance with the naughty ghost in the red stockings and shovel-hat, which so greatly alarmed our kind friend of Hamilton. Lastly, we assure you, gentlemen, of the Trade that we are not of the saw-bones class. No! we belong to none of these. On the contrary, the emaciated, hollow-cheeked being who leaves this legacy to his employers is the "victim of late hours," the victim of horrible avarice and inordinate love of gain. Many have gone before me, and have been hustled along the road to perdition, elbowed down the busy, buzzing, distracting course of time, and pushed into the shoreless ocean of eternity, without one thought bestowed on the ultimate consequences, or even seeming to care what the end may be,—heedless, perhaps of the warnings which ever and anon have risen up before them.

In an age now happily passing away, when learning was confined to the narrow cell, or locked up in musty folios, some excuses might have been made for the criminal pursuit of gold, now so frightfully entered on. But since the appliances of art, and the wonderful progress of science have tended to throw open an almost royal road to learning, men cannot plead ignorance as an excuse for their follies. At comparative little cost and trifling exertion, our knowledge may be vastly increased, and especially that which relates to our moral and physical improvement.

The time has come for us seriously to consider the interests of our fellow-creatures, groaning under unjust exactions, bound in a slavery not a whit less cruel than that which fetters the limbs of the Republican slaves. Much is written, and

much more declared from the noisy platform, of the horrors of American Slavery; perhaps scarcely less has been fulminated against the cruelties of the Turf; but we believe few serious or thinking men will deny, that the chains of the American Negro are less galling than the fine and delicate threads which pass over the fingers of the shirt-maker; and the lash of John Scott's racing-whip less cutting and injurious than the Shylock demands of the business man. How often has my heart sunk within me,—how frequently has my rebellious spirit well-nigh risen into angry murmuring, as my jealous eye turned on the description of the selfish and devoted care so freely lavished on the mere brute. And can we refrain from harsh conclusions when such things are witnessed in a Christian land? Is it much to be wondered at, if the soul-crushed merchant's clerk returns not the kindly recognition which the senseless brute evinces to his owner.

Can any one be surprised if free-born gratitude is more unknown than the willing affection of the enslaved African. But enough of repining; we would rather raise the power of hope.

The ox knoweth his stall, and the ass his master's crib, because care and tenderness are shown to them.

If the lover of the chase, the gambler, or the slave-owner, find it to their interests to look narrowly after the welfare of those agents by and through which they hope to attain wealth, does it not afford a *prima facie* argument to those who have to employ kindred agents, although not perhaps holding a fee simple in their bodies, that their interests would be best conserved by bestowing like care and attention on them. Experience proves that a large majority of even the interested, think not. Let one, then, who has trodden the hard and rugged road, urge on such narrow and contracted hearts the benefits it would be to themselves to relent and try a wiser course. Learn how much your interests would be subserved by ruling your actions more in accordance with the spirit of those laws which you profess yourselves to be influenced by.

If these imperfect and wandering lines should chance to fall under the eye of those philanthropic men, who have lent their genius to enliven and cheer the drooping spirit of the humble artisan, it may be a gratification to them to know, that a few kind words dropped at the Mechanics' Institute, first roused a sinking spirit to make this his last appeal on behalf of brethren left in bonds behind. It was there the lucid exposition of "the reciprocal agencies of Mind and Matter," first taught me,—alas! too late,—that I was the

victim of a cruel system ; that I had blindly violated nature's laws, and arrayed myself against her plainest precepts. It was there I learned the danger of a presumptuous course, and discovered the folly of endeavouring to alienate the mental from the corporeal state, and was tutored to know how readily, death, disease, and wretchedness, may all ensue from mental disturbance : and again, how the mind may be involved in darkness, or rage in the flame of fierce delirium,—or be consumed by its own fading force—by the decadence of its own material fabric.

It is always better, in illustration of a subject, to take two opposite views, and if it can be shewn that life may be affected by the derangement of our bodily or mental constitution, and that it can only be preserved in its integrity, when both act in unison, then we occupy impregnable ground, from which the very incarnation of Mammon cannot dislodge us. Dr. Badely observes :—

“If the mind possesses, through a medium of the brain and nerves, such an immense and powerful influence on the subordinate corporeal organization as to enable man, under the excitement of mental emotion, to perform the astounding feats, and accomplish the Herculean labors which we continually witness or read, it can easily be understood that it can also impair or totally subvert the frail and delicate elements of which our corporeal frame is composed. Thus it happens that by its stimulus to the circulating system, the action of the heart and arteries is impelled at times beyond their powers of endurance ; and a vessel bursting on the brain, a fatal apoplexy suddenly ensues, or a lingering paralysis is entailed for probably a melancholy series of years. The body succumbs to the sovereign influence of the mind ; and the hero, whose very name struck terror to the foe,” is at once reduced to a state of helpless impotence. In others, where, through misfortune, or through grief, the spirits once so buoyant, are utterly dejected and depressed, the canker worm, care, with slow and insidious progress, eats into some less vital organ, and, altering its structure and vitiating its faculties, gradually undermines the fabric of the constitution, and establishes a painful an incurable, and ultimately, a fatal disease.

During the few years in which I formerly practised in London, whilst engaged one morning in conversation with the late Sir Astley Cooper in his study, a patient was announced who had come from Norfolk for that celebrated surgeon's opinion and advice. His keen and practised eye at once discerned the malady ; and before he put a question to the elderly and melancholy object that had entered the room, Sir Astley asked me if I could name the disease ? I admitted my inability beyond that of a constitution thoroughly impaired ; on which Sir Astley said that he was much mistaken if the poor man was not suffering from cancer, and probably his mind was ill at ease. On examining the patient the accuracy of his di-

agnosis was most fully confirmed. He then observed how frequently that disease ensued on mental distress.”

“I should have observed,” says Sir Astley Cooper in his lectures, when speaking of the causes of this disease, “that one of the most frequent is grief or anxiety of mind. It arrests the progress of secretion, produces irritative fever, and becomes the forerunner of schirrous tubercles.—How often have I found” (he continues) “when a mother has been watching, night after night, with anxious solicitude, the pangs and sufferings of her child, and has had the comfort and gratification of seeing its recovery, that in a short time after this, she has come to me with an uneasiness of the breast, which on examination I have discovered to be schirrous tubercles. Full three-fourths of these cases arise from grief and anxiety of mind. It is the state of mind and body which predisposes to this disease. The mind acts on the body, the secretions are arrested, and the result is the formation of schirrus. Look, then, in this complaint, not only at altering the state of the constitution, but *relieve the mind*, and remove if possible, the anxiety under which the patient labours.”

Where the amount of study exceeds the capability of enduring it, especially in young subjects, fearful consequences may be expected. The susceptibility of the immature brain is stimulated at the expense of bodily power ; the forced plant is watered with the blood of life, and nature's laws are violated irreparably. Thus, in alluding to the budding genius of “unhappy White,” Byron exclaims—

“Oh ! what a noble heart was here undone  
When Science self destroyed her favourite son !  
Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pursuit ;  
She sow'd the seeds, but Death has reap'd the fruit.  
'Twas thine own genius gave the fatal blow,  
And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low !”

Dr. Andrew Combe observes, “I have lately seen several instances of insanity, and also of total incapacity for future useful exertion, brought on by long protracted and severe study, in subjects whose talents, under a better system of cultivation, would have raised them to eminence.—Pope was a remarkable example of this. By excessive application he fell into that state of exhaustion which Smollett also once experienced—a “coma vigil”—a sort of torpid indistinct existence—an affection of the brain when the principle of life is so reduced, that all external objects appear as if passing in a dream ; and it was only by giving up study and riding on horseback that he regained comparative health. Sir Humphrey Davy brought on a severe fit of illness by over-ex-



citement of the brain in his chemical researches ; and in his interesting life of him, Dr. Paris has stated that "he was reduced to the extreme of weakness, and his mind participated in the debility of his body,"

It is the same with the brain as it is with the muscles ; exercise strengthens and refreshes, but labour weakens and exhausts their power ; and, as in the lamentable instance of Sir Walter Scott, where, in the decline of life, his embarrassed mind and circumstances compelled him to force the brain beyond what it was willing to supply, it sunk under the exertion.

If, then, such results are proved beyond all doubt, to be consequent on undue and irregular exertion, or want of exertion : if the engagement in occupations or pursuits, tend to disturb the harmony of function which is so necessary to us, let an effort be made to stay so fearful a state of things, and enable our society to be freed from a degeneracy of morals, which has already brought on fearful evils.

The question has been repeatedly asked—but by those who have, or fancy they have a pecuniary interest involved—what good effect would accrue to young men themselves, if allowed more leisure. It seems almost an insult to the understanding, to condescend to answer so heartless an inquiry ; but perchance, the answer may even be useful to those, whose emancipation we desire.

Evils, more especially those which become general, are for the most part slowly propagated. At first their bad consequences are but imperfectly seen, and but too often their real cause is rather forgotten or remains undiscerned.

To how many fatal ends, may not the commission of one *little* sin lead !—so it is with the custom now prevailing, of enforcing late hours.

Trace to its source, that moral and religious turpitude, which is so glaringly seen in the conduct, and lives of many of our youths, and it will be apparent, that a large amount of the mischief is due to that re-action which is consequent on the depression to which they have been submitted through long and monotonous hours. Watch the movements of the commonest brute, when first escaping from his fastenings, and see his wild exulting bounds, as he lashes the air, and deeply snuffs the free and balmy breeze,—and are not many of what are called youthful follies akin to this mere animal delight, from which man is not exempt.

We have however, in man, a reasoning rational soul, destined for higher joys, and nobler aims than any that can be enjoyed on earth.

We have seen how closely, his double nature

is bound and knit together, and how they reciprocally act on one another—we are then no longer at a loss what remedies ought to be applied to heal the social disease, of which we complain.

To induce the Merchant to sacrifice a couple of hours, in the day, and curtail the money-making period, without holding out some prospective benefits, would be a difficult task. Fortunately the most sordid and avaricious, may, we fancy, be brought to admit that while no injury might result, to their own interests, certain advantages must accrue to their employed.

Among that class of the community who act in accordance with the religious obligations, under which they feel themselves bound, we find that they do not hesitate to close their stores of merchandize, and voluntarily and carefully obey the law, nay, more, we also see them continually like dutiful citizens, even conforming to those civil restrictions which are diametrically opposed to their religious belief.

We heard once a silver haired man ask a Jew, if he did not lose a great deal, by closing his store on Saturday. Well, said the honest, and faithful Hebrew, as I can't tell what I would make on the Sabbath which my God ordered me to reverence, I know not, what I lose ! I do know, that my God, has blessed my exertions, and that is enough for me.

This answer was worthy of one, who was enjoying greater privileges than the Jew, and it may be well if Christian Merchants turned their eyes to the customs of those whose time was blessed by a bountiful return of goods, so long as they forgot not their inheritance.

The public does not refuse to receive conviction, and if for a short time, some of the most inferior and petty traders persisted in their evil courses, the voice of public opinion, would soon reach their ears and wring from them compliance. The custom of keeping shops open at late hours, is at this season of the year, a concession to those who least stand in need of it. Few of us are inclined to make even the most trifling self sacrifice : and therefore, the young lady who now gratifies her taste, in an evening's shopping, would certainly remain at home at noon, rather than, that the sultry wind "should visit her face too rudely," and your kid gloved and scented Fop, would unquestionably rather luxuriate in sherry cobbler at home, at 2 o'clock, and meet the fashion at seven, at Messrs. Betley, or Patersons, than bronze his face, by sauntering down King Street.

Now we venture to declare that there is no case in the history of either sex, which can be produced to shew that the Polka was given up be-

cause Miss Florence would not go out in the heat to purchase a pair of satin slippers, or procure the requisite lace trimmings for her dress. Or what exquisite of the gander gender, would ever allow a deluge of rain to deter his posting off at five P. M. to obtain the requisite amount of curling and scenting, to enable him to appear in the presence of the modest and coy coquette, at half-past Ten. Custom will prevail Master Traders! and do you establish the Christian custom of doing, by your neighbour, as you would, they would do by you, and depend upon it, no losses would overtake you.

Are you sure that great gain would not result? Besides the blessing that you might expect to attend a righteous act, is it not more than probable that the release from one continued round of duty would tend by its wholesome relaxation to invigorate and restore the mind, enliven the disposition, cheer the spirits, elevate the whole character—but more than this, you would have the consolation of feeling that you in no way hindered the youths in your employ, from attending to their religious evening duties or from seeking the society of those whose conversation and advice might prove highly beneficial.

That the concessions of longer evening hours would be a decided boon to young men, we presume will be admitted. But all parties are interested in the solution of the question,—How are those hours to be employed? The question has been in a great measure answered. In Toronto at all events there exist societies based on no contemptible foundation, and two of them, the Mechanics' Institute and Canadian Institute, are supported by men of the highest attainments. It is true that both these societies need support and require enlarged means to elevate them to the most perfect state, but let the young men of the city have free opportunity to attend the meetings of these respective bodies, and in a short time there will be no want either of members or means.

Again we have the foundation of a Public Library laid, which needs only to be placed within reach of readers to ensure it a liberal and sufficient support; to this the citizens of Toronto would no doubt gladly contribute, and many would be induced to contribute works to an Institution which they saw was productive of real benefit.

Last but not least the sanctity of the domestic circle would not be violated. A father would not be so imperiously called to sacrifice all his time at the shrine of avarice, having scarce an eighth of the day to social intercommunion with his family. What a life does the hard worked clerk but too often lead? taken from his home at early

morn to prepare for the labours of the day, he swallows his hasty meal, and hastens away from home scarce having time to say a dozen words of tenderness to his little ones; away all day, and busy in the single occupation of monied calculations, he almost becomes a mere machine, having in his mind one eternal never changing train of thought, and that sole thought—money!! Closing by the taper's light his columns of pounds, shillings and pence, he goes tired to his neglected home, not, to see the merry little dancing eager lambs frolic about his welcomed path: not to hear the joyous laugh of infant voices: no; he is too late for such delights as this; he can but steal softly to the little cot, and gently stooping down, touch lightly the dear babe's cheek, and breathe a quiet "God bless thee" over his child. You mothers and fathers who are privileged to nestle your young ones often in your arms, you little know the cruel privation which evil customs bring on your less fortunate brethren. And if the father suffers this, what will you say of sons who thus absorbed in busy worldly care, are banished the paternal roof and cut loose from the care and tenderness of home—does no temptation beset their path? think you that their occupation is one fraught with no incentive to sin in its most insidious and dangerous forms, yes! truly fearful and hard temptations beset the path of such youths—with nothing to enliven or strengthen the mind with nought to enlarge and bring out the nobler qualities of the soul, the boy who left his mother's side a teachable docile child, has become a wayward flippant upstart, and has aped the worst follies of the man about town, if he has not yet partaken of his crimes.

I am myself the son of a widow, and I am also a father; I have trodden the weary and hard road of life, and have honestly and faithfully fulfilled my task. I have received from my masters words of kindness, and, as they knew how, acts of attention. But how can this scanty pity recompense me for days of weakness, and nights of restless painful tossings, of bitter reproaches and sad misgivings; how can it give back lost opportunities. The wasting flesh, the flushed cheek and the brightening lustre of the eye told those whose I was, that a consuming fire was smouldering within. For long I heeded not their forebodings, and turned a deaf ear to their lamentations. But now conviction is awakened, and the ashes of consumption, daily eliminated from the great furnace of life, tell me that my work is done. There is a blessing in the stroke. How many are snatched away in the pride of life, without one pause on the awful brink, to afford a cry for mer-



cy—one moment to scan the terrible abyss into which they plunge!

Yet even a coming death, half-looked for, yet not expected,—daily, hourly, momentarily, drawing nearer, yet seeming ever afar off,—may deceive and mislead the victim. For, by some unexplained, extraordinary power, as the force of life holds less tenaciously on its earthly tenement, the star of Hope shines more brightly. It were well if this star were true, and no meteor of the mind.

With the fatigues and labour of life, I have finished; my course is nearly run. But why should I, while yet enough of strength remains, refuse to witness against that heartless course which has sent me thus early from the world, made a happy home desolate, blighted a fair young heart, and left a helpless orphan on the world's cold charity? If my husky voice can move the hearts of those who can control, in some degree, the lives of others, let that voice warn them to deal more humanely with their brethren—let it persuade them not only to give more time for relaxation from business, but let them enter warmly into the plans, and aid in developing those organizations which are destined, more or less, to draw men from vice, and lead them to a better way.

### ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Sleep!—behold thy couch is spread  
Early dweller with the dead!  
Rest thou softly— toil and care;  
Sorrow's tempest, evil's snare;  
Anguish, inly pining still;  
Sin, which stains the holiest will;  
And the dark'ning thoughts which wait  
Shade like, on our brightest state:—  
Mighty as their force may be,  
Can no longer trouble thee.  
We had hoped, when years should darken,  
To thy voice of love to hearken,  
As to sounds of promise given,  
Telling of that wished for Heaven;  
But a wiser voice hath spoken,  
And the spell of hope is broken:—  
We had thought to mark thee long,  
With thy liquid notes of song,  
And those eyes with tears unwet,  
Sporting by our threshold yet.  
But a blight is on thy brow,  
And what boots the vision now?—  
Fount—thy little source has failed thee!  
Tree—the wild wind has assailed thee!  
Flower—thy leaves with dust are blended!  
Star—thy course of light is ended!

H. M.

### THE SECRET.

JEAN BAPTISTE VÉRON, a native, it was understood, of the south of France, established himself as a merchant at Havre-de-Grâce in 1788, being then a widower with one child, a young boy. The new-comer's place of business was on the south quay, about a hundred yards west of the custom house. He had brought letters of high recommendation from several eminent Paris firms; his capital was ascertained to be large; and soon, moreover, approving himself to be a man of keen mercantile discernment, and measured, peremptory, unswerving business habits, it is not surprising that his commercial transactions speedily took a wide range, or that, at the end of about fifteen years, M. Véron was pronounced by general consent to be the wealthiest of the commercial capital of northern France. He was never, albeit, much of a favourite with any class of society: his manner was too *brusque*, decided, unbending—his speech too curt, frequently too bitter, for that; but he managed to steer his course in very difficult times quite as safely as those who put themselves to great pains and charges to obtain popularity. He never expressed—publicly at least—any preference for Royalism, Republicanism, or Imperialism; for fleur-de-lis, bonnet-rouge, or tricolore; in short, Jean Baptiste Véron was a stern, taciturn, self-absorbed man of business; and as nothing else was universally concluded, till the installation of a *quasi* legitimacy by Napoleon Bonaparte, when a circumstance, slight in itself, gave a clearer significance to the cold, haughty, repellent expression, which played habitually about the merchant's gray, deep-set eyes, and thin, firmly-compressed lips. His newly engraved private card read thus:—'J. B. de Véron, *Mon Séjour*, Ingonville.' *Mon Séjour* was a charming suburban domicile, situate upon the Côte, as it is usually termed—a sloping eminence on the north of Hâvre, which it commands, and now dotted with similar residences, but at the period we are writing of, very sparsely built upon. Not long after this assumption of the aristocratic prefix to his name, it was discovered that he had insinuated himself into the very narrow and exclusive circle of the De Mérodes, who were an unquestionable fragment of the old noblesse, damaged, it is true, almost irretrievably in purse, as their modest establishment on the Côte too plainly testified; but in pedigree as untainted and resplendent as in the palmiest days of the Capets. As the Chevalier de Mérode and his daughter Mademoiselle Henriette-Delphine-Hortense-Marie-Chasse-Loup de Mérode—described as a tall, fair, and extremely meagre damsel, of about thirty years of age,—were known to be rigidly uncompromising in all matters having reference to ancestry, it was concluded that Jean Baptiste de Véron had been able to satisfy his noble friends, that although *de facto* a merchant from the sad necessities of the evil time, he was *de jure* entitled to take rank and precedence with the illustrious though decayed nobility of France. It might be, too, as envious gossips whispered, that any slight flaw or break in the chain of De Véron's patrician descent, had been concealed or overlooked in the glitter of his wealth, more especially if it was true, as rumour presently began to circulate, that the immense

sum—in French eyes and ears—of 300,000 francs (£12,000) was to be settled upon Mademoiselle de Mérode and her heirs on the day which should see her united in holy wedlock with Eugène de Véron, by this time a fine-looking young man, of one or two-and-twenty, and, like ninety-nine in every hundred of the youth of France, strongly prejudiced *against* the pretensions of mere birth and hereditary distinction.

Rumour in this instance was correctly informed. 'Eugène,' said M. de Véron, addressing his son in his usual cold positive manner, and at the same time locking his private *écritoire*, the hand of the clock being just on the stroke of five, the hour for closing—'I have a matter of importance to inform you of. All differences between me and the Chevalier de Mérode relative to your marriage with his daughter, Mademoiselle de Mérode, are'

'Hein?' ejaculated Eugène, suddenly whirling round upon his stool, and confronting his father. 'Hein!'

'All differences, I say,' resumed M. de Véron with unruffled calm and decision, 'between myself and the chevalier are arranged *à l'amiable*; and the contract of marriage will be ready, for you and Mademoiselle de Mérode's signature, on Monday next at two precisely.'

'Mine and Mademoiselle de Mérode's!' repeated the astounded son, who seemed half doubtful whether he saw or heard aright.

'Yes. No wonder you are surprised. So distinguished a connection could hardly, under the circumstances, have been hoped for; and it would have been cruel to have given you any intimation on the subject whilst there was a chance of the negotiation issuing unfavourably. Your wife and you will, for the present, at all events, take up your abode at Mon Séjour; and I must consequently look out at once for a smaller, a more bachelor-suiting residence.'

'My wife and me?' echoed Véron, junior, with the same air of stupid amazement as before—'My wife and me!' Recovering a little, he added: 'Confound it, there must be some mistake here. Do you know, *mon père*, that Mademoiselle de Mérode is not at all to my taste? I would as soon marry:—'

'No folly, Eugène, if you please,' interrupted M. de Véron. 'The affair, as I have told you, is decided. You will marry Mademoiselle de Mérode; or if not, he added with iron inflexibility of tone and manner—'Eugène de Véron is likely to benefit very little by his father's wealth, which the said Eugène will do well to remember is of a kind not very difficult of transference beyond the range of the law of inheritance which prevails in France. The leprosy of the Revolution,' continued M. de Véron as he rose and put on his hat, 'may indeed be said to have polluted our very hearths, when we find children setting up their opinions, and likings and dislikings, forsooth! against their fathers' decision, in a matter so entirely, within the parental jurisdiction as that of a son or daughter's marriage.'

Eugène did not reply; and after assisting his father—who limped a little in consequence of having severely sprained his ankle some eight or ten days previously—to a light one-horse carriage in waiting outside, he returned to the office and

resumed his seat, still in a maze of confusion, doubt, and dismay. 'How could,' he incoherently muttered—'how could my father—how could anybody suppose that— How could he especially be so blind as not to have long ago perceived— What a contrast?' added Eugène de Véron jumping up, breaking into passionate speech, and his eyes sparkling, as if he was actually in presence of the dark eyed divinity whose image filled his brain and loosed his tongue—'what a contrast! Adeline, young roscate, beautiful as Spring, lustrous as Juno, graceful as Hebe! Oh, *par exemple*, Mademoiselle de Mérode, you, with your high blood and skinny bones must excuse me. And poor, too, poor as Adeline! Decidedly, the old gentleman must be crazed, and—and let me see— Ay, to be sure, I must confer with Edouard at once.'

Eugène de Véron had only one flight of stairs to ascend in order to obtain this conference, Edouard le Blanc, the brother of Adeline, being a principal clerk in the establishment. Edouard le Blanc readily and sincerely condoled with his friend upon the sudden obscuration of his and Adeline's hopes, adding that he had always felt a strong misgiving upon the subject; and after a lugubrious dialogue, during which the clerk hinted nervously at a circumstance which, looking at the unpleasant turn matters were taking, might prove of terrible import—a nervousness but very partially relieved by Eugène's assurance, that, come what may, he would take the responsibility in that particular entirely upon himself, as, indeed, he was bound to do—the friends left the office, and wended their way to Madame le Blanc's Ingouville. There the lover forgot, in Adeline's gay exhilarating presence and conversation, the recent ominous and exasperating communication from his father; while Edouard proceeded to take immediate counsel with his mother upon the altered aspect of affairs, not only as regarded Adeline and Eugène de Véron, but more particularly himself, Edouard le Blanc.

Ten minutes had hardly passed by ordinary reckoning—barely one by Eugène de Véron's—when his interview with the charming Adeline was rudely broken in upon by Madame le Blanc, a shrewd, prudent woman of the world, albeit that in this affair she had somewhat lost her balance, tempted by the glittering prize offered for her daughter's acceptance, and for a time apparently within her reach. The mother's tone and manner were stern and peremptory. 'Have the kindness, Monsieur Eugène de Véron, to bid Adeline adieu at once. I have a serious matter to talk over with you alone. Come!'

Adeline was extremely startled at hearing her rich lover thus addressed, and the carnation of her glowing cheeks faded at once to lily paleness, whilst Eugène's features flushed as quickly to deepest crimson. He stammered out his willingness to attend madame immediately, and hastily kissing Adeline's hand, followed the unwelcome intruder to another room.

'So, Monsieur Eugène,' began Madame le Blanc, 'this ridiculous wooing—of which, as you know, I never heartily approved—is at an end. You are, I hear, to marry Mademoiselle de Mérode in the early part of next week.'

'Madame le Blanc,' exclaimed the young man,



"what is it you are saying? I marry Mademoiselle de Mérode next or any other week! I swear to you, by all that is true and sacred, that I will be torn in pieces by wild horses before I break faith with"—

"Chut! chut!" interrupted Madame le Blanc; "you may spare your oaths. The sentimental bavardage of boys in love will be lost upon me. You will, as you ought, espouse Mademoiselle de Mérode, who is, I am told, a very superior and amiable person; and as to Adéline, she will console herself. A girl with her advantages will always be able to marry sufficiently well, though not into the family of a millionaire. But my present business with you, Monsieur Eugène de Véron, relates to a different and much more important matter. Edouard has just confided to me a very painful circumstance. You have induced him to commit not only a weak but a highly criminal act; he has let you have, without Monsieur de Véron's consent or knowledge, two thousand francs, upon the assurance that you would either reimburse that sum before his accounts were balanced, or arrange the matter satisfactorily with your father."

"But, Madame le Blanc"—

"Neither of which alternatives," persisted that lady, "I very plainly perceive, you will be able to fulfil, unless you comply with Monsieur de Véron's wishes; and if you have any real regard for Adéline, you will signify that acquiescence without delay, for her brother's ruin would in a moral sense be hers also. Part of the money has, I understand, been squandered on the presents you made her: they shall be returned"—

"Madame le Blanc," exclaimed the excited young man, "you will drive me mad! I cannot, will not give up Adéline; and as for the paltry sum of money you speak of—*my* money as it may fairly be considered—that will be returned to-morrow morning."

Madame le Blanc did not speak for a few seconds, and then said: "Very well, mind you keep your promise. To-morrow is, you are aware, the Fête Dieu; we have promised Madame Carson of the Grande Rue to pass the afternoon and evening at her house, where we shall have a good view of the procession. Do you and Edouard call on us there, as soon as the affair is arranged. I will not detain you longer at present. Adieu! Stay, stay—by this door, if you please. I cannot permit you to see Adéline again, at all events till this money transaction is definitively settled."

"As you have now slept upon the proposal I communicated to you yesterday afternoon," said M. de Véron, addressing his son on the following morning at the conclusion of a silent breakfast—"you may perhaps be prepared with a more fitting answer than you were then?"

Eugène warmly protested his anxiety to obey all his father's commands; but in this case compliance was simply impossible, for as much as he, Eugène, had already irrevocably pledged his word, his heart, his honour, in another quarter, and could not, therefore, nay, would not, consent to poison his future existence by uniting himself with Mademoiselle de Mérode, for whom, indeed, he felt the profoundest esteem, but not the slightest emotion of affection or regard.

"Your word, your honour, your heart—you should have added your fortune," replied M. de Véron with frigid, slowly-distilled, sarcastic bitterness—"are irrevocably engaged, are they, to Adéline le Blanc, sister of my collecting clerk—daughter of a deceased sous-lieutenant of the line."

"Of the Imperial Guard," interposed Eugène.

"Who aids her mother to eke out a scanty pension by embroidery."

"Very superior, artistic embroidery," again interjected the son.

"Be it so. I have not been quite so unobservant, Eugène, of certain incidents, as you and your friends appear to have supposed. But time proves all things, and the De Mérodes and I can wait."

Nothing further passed till M. de Véron rose to leave the room, when his son, with heightened colour and trembling speech, although especially aiming at a careless indifference of tone and manner, said: "Sir—sir—one word, if you please. I have a slight favour to ask. There are a few debts, to the amount of about two thousand francs, which I wish to discharge immediately—this morning, in fact."

"Debts to the amount of about two thousand francs, which you wish to discharge immediately—this morning, in fact," slowly repeated de Véron, fixing on his son a triumphant mocking glance, admirably seconded by the curve of his thin white lips. "Well, let the bills be sent to me. If correct and fair, they shall be paid."

"But—but, father, one, the chief item, is a debt of honour!"

"Indeed! Then your honour is pledged to others besides Mademoiselle *la brodeuse*? I have only to say, that in that case I *will not* assist you." Having said this, M. de Véron, quite regardless of his son's angry expostulations, limped out of the apartment, and shortly after, the sound of carriage-wheels announced his departure to Havre. Eugène, about an hour afterwards followed, vainly striving to calm his apprehensions by the hope, that before the day for balancing Edouard's accounts arrived, he should find his father in a more Christian-like and generous mood, or at anyrate, hit upon some means of raising the money.

The day, like the gorgeous procession that swept through the crowded streets, passed slowly and uninterruptedly away in M. de Véron's place of business, till about half-past four, when that gentleman directed a porter, who was leaving the private office, to inform M. le Blanc, that he, M. de Véron, wished to speak with him immediately. On hearing this order, Eugène looked quickly up from the desk at which he was engaged; to his father's face; but he discerned nothing on that impassive tablet either to dissipate or confirm his fear.

"Edouard le Blanc," said M. de Véron with mild sauvity of voice, the instant the summoned clerk presented himself, "it so chances that I have no further occasion for your services."

"Sir!—sir!" gasped the terrified young man.

"You are," continued M. de Véron, "entitled to a month's salary, in lieu of that period of notice—one hundred francs, with which you may credit yourself in the cash account you will please

to balance and bring me as quickly as possible."

"Sir!—sir!" again bewilderedly iterated the panic-stricken clerk, as he turned distractedly from father to son—"Sir!"

"My words are plain enough, I think, observed M. de Véron, coolly tapping and opening his snuff-box from which he helped himself to a hearty pinch. "You are discharged with one hundred francs, a month's salary in lieu of warning, in your pocket. You have now only to bring your accounts; they are correct, of course; I, finding them so, sign your *livret*, and there is an end of the matter."

Edouard Le Blanc made a step or two towards the door, and then, as if overwhelmed with a sense of the hopelessness of further concealment, turned round, threw himself with a cry of terror and despair at M. de Véron's feet, and poured forth a wild, sobbing, scarcely intelligible confession of the fault or crime of which he had been guilty, through the solicitations of M. Eugène, who had, he averred, received every farthing of the amount in which he, Edouard le Blanc, acknowledged himself to be a defaulter.

"Yes!—yes!" exclaimed the son; "Edouard gave the money into my hands, and if there is any blame, it is mine alone."

M. de Véron listened with a stolid, stony apathy to all this, save for a slight glimmer of triumph that, spite of himself, shone out at the corners of his half closed eyes. When the young man had ceased sobbing and exclaiming, he said: "You admit, Edouard le Blanc, that you have robbed me of nearly two thousand francs, at, you say, the solicitation of my son—an excuse, you must be aware, of not the slightest legal weight; no more than if your pretty sister, Mademoiselle Adeline, who, I must be permitted to observe, is not altogether, I suspect, a stranger to this affair.—Hear me out, Messieurs, if you please; I say your excuse has no more legal validity, than if your sister had counselled you to commit this felony. Now, mark me, young man; it is just upon five o'clock. At half-past seven precisely, I shall go before a magistrate, and cause a warrant to be issued for your apprehension. To-morrow morning, consequently, the brother of Mademoiselle le Blanc will either be an incarcerated felon, or, which will suit me just as well, a proclaimed fugitive from justice."

"One moment—one word, for the love of Heaven, before you go!" exclaimed Eugène. "Is there any mode, any means whereby Edouard may be rescued from this frightful, this unmerited calamity—this irretrievable ruin?"

"Yes," rejoined M. de Véron, pausing for an instant on the outer threshold, "there is one mode, Eugène, and only one. What it is, you do not require to be told. I shall dine in town to-day; at seven, I shall look in at the church of Notre Dame, and remain there precisely twenty minutes. After that, repentance will be too late."

Eugène was in despair, for it was quite clear that Adeline must be given up—Adeline whose myriad charms and graces rose upon his indignation in tenfold greater lustre than before, now that he was about to lose her for ever! But there was plainly no help for it: and after a brief, agitated consultation, the young men left the office to join Madame and Mademoiselle le

Blanc at the Widow Carson's, in the Grand Rue, or Rue de Paris, as the only decent street in Havre-de-Grâce was at that time indifferently named, both for the purpose of communicating the untoward state of affairs, and that Eugène might take a lingering, last farewell of Adeline.

Before accompanying them thither, it is necessary to say a few words of this Madame Carson, who is about to play a very singular part in this little drama. She was a gay, well-looking, symmetrically-shaped young widow, who kept a confectioner's shop in the said Grand Rue, and officiated as her own *dame du comptoir*. Her good-looks, coquettishly-gracious smiles, and unvarying good temper, rendered her establishment much more attractive—it was by no means a brilliant affair in itself—than it would otherwise have been. Madame Carson was, in a tacit, quiet kind of way, engaged to Edouard le Blanc—that is to say, she intended marrying him as soon as their mutual savings should justify such a step; and provided, also, that no more eligible offer wooed her acceptance in the meantime. M. de Véron himself was frequently in the habit of calling, on his way to or from Mon Séjour, for a pâté and a little lively badinage with the comely widow; and so frequently, at one time, that Edouard le Blanc was half-inclined—to Madame Carson's infinite amusement—to be jealous of the rich, though elderly merchant's formal and elaborate courtesies. It was on leaving her shop that he had slipped and sprained his ankle. M. de Véron fainted with the extreme pain, was carried in that state into the little parlour behind the shop, and had not yet recovered consciousness when the apothecary, whom Madame Carson had despatched her little waiting-maid-of-all work in quest of, entered to tender his assistance. This is all, I think, that need be said, in a preliminary way, of Madame Carson.

Of course, the tidings brought by Eugène and Edouard very painfully affected Mademoiselle le Blanc; but being a very sensible, as well as remarkably handsome young person, she soon rallied, and insisted, quite as warmly as her mother did, that the sacrifice necessary to relieve Edouard from the peril which environed him—painful, heartbreaking as that sacrifice might be—must be submitted to without reserve or delay. In other words, that M. de Véron, junior, must consent to espouse Mademoiselle de Mérode, and forthwith inform his father that he was ready to sign the nuptial-contract that moment, if necessary. Poor Eugène, who was really over head and ears in love, and more so just then than ever, piteously lamented his own cruel fate, and passionately denounced the tiger-heartedness of his barbarian father; but as tears and reproaches could avail nothing in such a strait, he finally submitted to the general award, and agreed to announce his submission to M. de Véron at the church of Notre Dame, not a moment later, both ladies insisted, than five minutes past seven.

Madame Carson was not at home all this while. She had gone to church, and after devotions, called on her way back on one or two friends, for a little gossip, so that it wanted only about a quarter to seven when she re-appeared. Of course the lamentable story had to be told over again, with all its dismal accompaniments of tears,



sighs, and plaintive ejaculations; and it was curious to observe, as the narrative proceeded, how the widow's charming eyes flashed and sparkled, and her cheeks glowed with indignation, till she looked, to use Edouard LeBlanc's expression, "ferociously" handsome. "Le monstre!" she exclaimed, as Eugène terminated the sad history, gathering up as she spoke the shawl and gloves she had just put off; "but I shall see him at once: I have influence with this Monsieur de Véron."

"Nonsense, Emilie," said Madame le Blanc. "You possess influence over Monsieur de Véron!"

"Certainly I do. And is that such a miracle?" replied Madame Carson, with a demure glance at Edouard le Blanc. Edouard looked somewhat scared, but managed to say: "Not at all, certainly not; but this man's heart is iron—steel."

"We shall see," said the fair widow, as she finished drawing on her gloves. "*La grande passion* is sometimes stronger than iron or steel: is it not, Monsieur Eugène? At all events I shall try. He is in the church, you say. Very well, if I fail—but I am sure I shall not fail—I return in ten minutes, and that will leave Mademoiselle Adéline's despairing lover plenty of time to make his submission, if better may not be; and so *au revoir*, Mesdames et Messieurs."

"What can she mean?" said Madame le Blanc, as the door closed. "I have noticed, once or twice during the last fortnight, that she has made use of strange half-hints relative to Monsieur de Véron."

"I don't know what she can mean," said Edouard le Blanc, seizing his hat and hurrying off, "but I shall follow, and strive to ascertain."

He was just in time to catch a glimpse of Madame Carson's skirts, as they whisked round the corner of the Rue St. Jacques, and by quickening his speed, he saw her enter the church from the Rue St. Jacques, and by quickening his speed, he saw her enter the church from that street. Notre Dame was crowded; but Edouard le Blanc had no difficulty in singling out M. de Véron, who was sitting in his accustomed chair, somewhat removed from the mass of worshippers on the left of the high altar: and presently he discerned Madame Carson gently and adroitly making her way through the crowd towards him. The instant she was near enough, she tapped him slightly on the shoulder. He turned quickly, and stared with a haughty, questioning glance at the smiling confectioner. There was no *grande passion* in that look, Edouard felt quite satisfied, and Madame Carson's conduct seemed more than ever unintelligible. She appeared to say something, which was replied to by an impatient gesture of refusal, and M. de Véron turned again towards the altar. Madame Carson next approached close to his chair, and bending down, whispered in his ear, for perhaps a minute. As she did so, M. de Véron's body rose slowly up, involuntarily as it were, and stiffened into rigidity, as if under the influence of some frightful spell. Forcing himself at last, it seemed, to confront the whisperer, he no sooner caught her eye than he reeled, like one struck by a heavy blow, against the pedestal of a saint, whose stony features looked less white and bloodless than his own. Madame Carson contemplated the effect she had produced with a kind of

pride, for a few moments, and then, with a slight but peremptory wave of her hand, motioned him to follow her out of the sacred edifice. M. de Véron hastily, though with staggering steps, obeyed; Edouard le Blanc crossing the church and reaching the street just soon enough to see them both driven off in M. de Véron's carriage.

Edouard hurried back to the Grand Rue to report what he had witnessed; and what could be the interpretation of the inexplicable scene, engrossed the inventive faculties of all there, till they were thoroughly tired of their wild and aimless guesses. Eight o'clock chimed—nine—ten—and they were all, Edouard especially, working themselves into a complete panic of undefinable apprehension, when to their great relief, M. de Véron's carriage drew up before the door. The first person to alight was M. Bourdon, a notary of eminence; next M. de Véron, who handed out Madame Carson; and all three walked through the shop into the back apartment. The notary wore his usual business aspect, and had in his hands two rolls of thickly-written parchment, which he placed upon the table, and at once began to spread out. M. de Véron had the air of a man walking in a dream, and subdued, mastered by some overpowering, nameless terror; while Madame Carson, though pale with excitement, was evidently highly elated, and to use a French phrase, completely "mistress of the situation." She was the first to break silence.

"Monsieur de Véron has been kind enough, Edouard, to explain, in the presence of Monsieur Bourdon, the mistake in the accounts he was disposed to charge you with to-day. He quite remembers, now, having received two thousand francs from you, for which, in his hurry at the time, he gave you no voucher. Is not that so, Monsieur de Véron?" she added, again fixing on the merchant the same menacing look that Le Blanc had noticed in the church.

"Yes, yes," was the quick reply of M. de Véron, who vainly attempted to look the astounded clerk in the face. "The mistake was mine. Your accounts are quite correct, Monsieur le Blanc; and—and I shall be glad, of course, to see you at the office as usual."

"That is well," said Madame Carson; "and now, Monsieur Bourdon, to business, if you please. Those documents will not take so long to read as they did to write."

The notary smiled, and immediately began reading a marriage-contract between Eugène de Véron and Adéline le Blanc, by which it appeared that the union of those young persons was joyfully acceded to by Jean Baptiste de Véron and Marie le Blanc, their parents—the said Jean Baptiste de Véron binding himself formally to endow the bride and bridegroom jointly, on the day of marriage, with the sum of 300,000 francs, and, moreover, to admit his son as a partner in the business, thenceforth to be carried on under the name of De Véron & Son.

This contract was written in duplicate, and as soon as the notary had finished reading, Madame Carson handed a pen to M. de Véron, saying in the same light, coquettish, but peremptory tone as before: "Now, Monsieur, quick, if you please; yours is the most important signature." The merchant signed and sealed both parchments, and

the other interested parties did the same, in silent, dumb bewilderment, broken only by the scratching of the pens and the legal words repeated after the notary. "We need not detain you longer, Messieurs, I believe," said Madame Carson. "*Bon soir, Monsieur de Véron,*" she added, extending an ungloved hand to that gentleman, who faintly touched it with his lips; "you will hear from me to-morrow."

"What is the meaning of all this?" exclaimed Eugène de Véron, the instant his father and the notary disappeared. "I positively feel as if standing upon my head!" A chorus of like interrogatories from the Le Blancs assailed Madame Carson, whose ringing bursts of mirth mocked for a time their impatience.

"Meaning, *parbleu*!" she at last replied, after pausing to catch breath. "That is plain enough, surely. Did you not all see with *empressement* the poor man kissed my hand? There, don't look so wretched, Edouard," she added with a renewed outburst; "perhaps I may have the caprice to prefer you after all to an elderly millionaire—who knows? But come, let us try to be a little calm and sensible. What I have done, good folks, I can as easily undo; and that being the case, Monsieur Eugène must sign me a bond to-morrow morning for fifty thousand francs, payable three days after his marriage. Is it agreed? Very well: then I keep these two parchments till the said bond is executed; and now, my friends, good-night, for I, as you may believe, am completely tired after all this benevolent fairy-work."

The wedding took place on the next day but one, to the great astonishment of every one acquainted with the two families. It was positively rumoured that M. de Véron had proposed marriage to Madame Carson, and been refused! Be it true or not, it was soon apparent that, from some cause or other, M. de Véron's health and spirits were irretrievably broken down, and after lingering out a mopish, secluded life of scarcely a twelvemonth's duration, that gentleman died suddenly at Mon Séjour. A clause in his will bequeathed 20,000 francs to Madame Carson, with an intimated hope, that it would be accepted as a pledge by that lady to respect, as she hitherto had done, the honor of an ancient family.

This pledge to secrecy would no doubt have been kept, but that rumours of poisoning and suicide, in connection with De Véron's death, having got abroad, the Procureur Général ordered an investigation to take place. The suspicion proved groundless; but the *procès-verbal* set forth, that on examining the body of the deceased, there were discovered the letters 'I. de B.,' 'T. F.,' branded on the front of the left shoulder; the two last, initials of "*Travaux Forcés*" (forced labor), being large and very distinct. There could be no doubt, therefore, that the proud M. de Véron was an escaped *forçat*; and subsequent investigation, which was not, however, very strongly pressed, sufficiently proved that Jean Baptiste de Véron, the younger son of a high family, had, in very early youth been addicted to wild courses, that he had gone to the colonies under a feigned name to escape debts at home; and whilst at the Isle de Bourbon, had been convicted of premeditated homicide at a gaming-house, and sentenced

to perpetual imprisonment with hard labour.—Contriving to escape, he had returned to France, and by the aid of a considerable legacy, commenced a prosperous mercantile career; how terminated we have just seen. It was by pure accident, or what passes for such in the word, that Madame Carson had arrived at a knowledge of the terrible secret. When M. de Véron, after spraining his ankle, was carried in a state of insensibility into the room behind her shop, she had immediately busied herself in removing his neck-cloth, unfastening his shirt, then a flannel one which fitted tightly round the neck, and thus obtained a glimpse of the branded letters 'T. F.' With her customary quickness of wit, she instantly replaced the shirts, neckcloth, &c., and carefully concealed the fatal knowledge she had acquired, till an opportunity of using it advantageously should present itself.

The foregoing are, I believe, all the reliable particulars known of a story of which there used to be half-a-hundred different versions flying about Havre. Edouard le Blanc married Madame Carson, and subsequently became a partner of Eugène de Véron. It was not long, however before the business was removed to another and distant French sea port, where, for aught I know to the contrary, the firm of 'De Véron & Le Blanc' flourishes to this day.

#### THE WEEK'S HOLIDAY.

"Good morning, Miss Ellen. May I ask what important business brings you out so early this morning?—a quarter to seven exactly."

"I shall answer your question, Mr. Parsons, by asking the reason of *your* early rising. You are decidedly the last person in Brandon I expected to see this morning."

"Well, I see you are going to the station as well as I; so, let me offer you an arm, and then I will enlighten you. I am going to meet my cousin James Wharton, and a young foreigner whom he has persuaded to join him in a week's holiday. I shall introduce them in due form; and if I had not a particular regard for a certain young townsman of my own, I should begin to speculate on the possibility of calling you *cousin*; eh, Ellen?"

"Nonsense, Mr. Parsons. You are a great deal too speculative as it is, or I should try to help you out in this matter. Hush! is that the Elton train? I am expecting Lizzie and Mary by it. You shall introduce *them* to your London friends."

The train stopped; and Ellen Westwood soon discovered the two girls whom she affectionately greeted as her cousins Lizzie and Mary Beaumont.

"It is not likely that we can wait for the London train, Mr. Parsons," exclaimed Ellen, in answer to a proposal to that effect which her old friend had ventured to make. If you are inclined to join us in a walk to the Abbey, we shall start directly after dinner: and now, good morning."

Leaving the three girls to pursue their walk into town, and the gentleman to promenade the platform in expectation of the next arrival, it will be necessary to explain a little.

Ellen Westwood was the only daughter of a solicitor in Brandon, whose highest wish was to see his child grow up a sensible, unaffected woman; and this wish promised to be fully realized.



Ellen, besides being accomplished, was distinguished for plain sense and amiable simplicity. Though not strictly handsome, she possessed a quiet, intellectual beauty, which gained many admirers. One of these alone seemed to have made any impression upon the young girl. John Richards was a handsome, dashing young tradesman, who had known Ellen from childhood; and the love, which had begun in his school-days, gradually ripened into the fulness of a first affection, and John and Ellen were, in the eyes of their friends, engaged lovers. Ellen Westwood's cousins—Lizzie and Mary Beaumont—were the daughters of a country gentleman who had lately settled near Brandon, and it had been for some time a pleasant anticipation to the young people that they should, for a few days, escape the quiet of their secluded home, to join in the comparatively gay society which Brandon afforded. They were both remarkably amiable girls, with the usual amount of female accomplishments, and an equal amount of good looks. Lizzie—the elder by four years—had just completed her twenty-second birth-day; the gayest, merriest creature imaginable. Among her foes (for what pretty girl is entirely without foes?) Lizzie Beaumont was esteemed an arrant flirt, and even those who loved her best could not wholly disguise from themselves the fact that she was a little too fond of winning admiration, and a little too capricious in her rejection of it. Polly was a striking contrast to her gay little sister; with a naturally warm and affectionate disposition, she seemed more anxious to win love than to gain admiration; and few who saw and knew sweet Mary Beaumont could refuse her either. The only serious fault to be found with either of the girls was a certain degree of haughtiness, which rendered them almost unapproachable by the class of visitors they were sure to meet at their uncle's house. Brought up with very common, but wrong notions of *true gentility*, they supposed that to mix with trades people was irretrievably to sink their own dignity; and many were the exclamations of astonishment when they found that most of their clever cousin Ellen's were of that calibre. Still more amazed were they when report whispered that she was actually engaged to a druggist in Brandon. However, they wisely determined to enjoy their first visit to their cousin, keeping as much as possible aloof from her friends; and a merrier *trio* never met in Brandon, than the three girls who walked down High Street to the Westwoods' comfortable house, in time for breakfast.

"Who is that gentlemanly man we saw with you at the station, Ellen?" asked Lizzie Beaumont of her cousin, while they were putting on their bonnets for the promised stroll to the Abbey.

"He is a stationer in Brandon, and the sub-editor of our paper. Nobody is so ready as Mr. Parsons to get up a picnic, or pleasant party; and as his wife is just as good-natured as himself, they are almost invaluable to our little *coterie*. He is sure to join us at the Abbey; for, if you remember, he promised to introduce his cousin and friend."

Lizzie said nothing: she did not like to confess that the gentlemanly manners and good address of Mr. Parsons had taken her by surprise, and still less did she choose that Ellen should imagine that this circumstance would lessen her prejudices against those whom she considered her inferiors.

The three girls soon descended to the drawing-room, equipped for their walk, where they found the subject of their conversation, and his guests, waiting for them. Notwithstanding her usual *hauteur*, Lizzie's pride was considerably softened by the appearance of their visitors, and, comforting herself with the reflection that, "after all nobody in Brandon knew her," she accepted Mr. Parson's arm with a tolerably good grace, and they set off in the direction of the Abbey.

Among the numerous devices for making people "acquainted," there is none so successful as a long walk. Unless persons be pertinaciously exclusive and unsocial, their reserve must lose itself in that natural feeling of pleasure which cannot exist without mutual sympathy. Thus an insight into each other's tastes and characters is gained, which seldom fails in setting comparative strangers upon a friendly footing. By the time Ellen Westwood and her cousin returned from their ramble, Lizzie was wondering how she could possibly have become such good friends with a tradesman, and Polly as full of astonishment to discover that she had enjoyed a delightful walk with his cousin; both being equally happy when they heard Mrs. Westwood request them all to spend the evening at her house.

"Ellen," said her cousin Lizzie, after their visitors had departed, "I am very anxious to see what your friend John Richards is like; for, from the specimen I have had this evening of Brandon tradesmen, I am not so much horrified at the idea of owning one for my cousin as I had used to be. Why was not Mr. Richards of the party to-night?"

"Because he was obliged to go into the country on business; but we shall see him to-morrow. You must prepare for a regular flirtation; for I believe it would be as impossible for John to see a pretty girl without falling in love with her, as it would be for her to help liking him."

"Well, Miss Ellen, a pretty character for a gentleman to receive from his *fiancée*! What an extraordinary pair of lovers you must be. And do you mean to tell me that you allow all this flirting without feeling jealous?"

"Oh yes. I have no right to be jealous, because I often think that John may have mistaken the feeling of school-boy love, which has grown up with him, for that deeper affection which belongs to riper years."

"And you, knowing this, continue an engagement which may end miserably, Ellen?"

"If I saw that John had formed any real attachment for another, Lizzie, I would release him at once; but I should not feel justified in doing so, simply because his natural light-heartedness may lead him a little beyond the strict mark set for 'engaged' people. But I dare say you are pretty well tired."

As the little party sat at breakfast next morning, a loud knocking at the hall door gave notice of a visitor, who soon after entered the parlor without further announcement.

"Good morning, Mrs. Westwood,—Good morning, sir," exclaimed a pleasant, musical voice, as a tall, young man, with handsome features and manly bearing, walked up to the breakfast-table and exchanged the usual friendly greetings with the family. Mr. John Richards was then formally introduced to the Misses Beaumont, and, seated

in Mr. Westwood's easy chair, commenced an attack upon that gentleman.

"You have not yet asked what brings me here so early, Mr. Westwood; so I suppose that I must break the ice myself, and tell you that we want the ladies to join a pic-nic to Corbie woods to-morrow. If you will let us have your carriage and horse, I will put mine too, and we can pack a good load. Of course you will not object to trust so fair a freight to my care," added the young man, with a persuasive smile.

Mr. Westwood looked up, and shook his head, as he replied, "Do not be so certain that I can trust you, either with my nieces and daughter, or my horse, John. I heard a terrible account of that last adventure of yours, when you chose to risk young Elwell's neck as well as your own, in driving tandem. To say the truth, I was almost sorry that his horse was taken home broken-kneed, while your own escaped so well."

"Skill, my dear sir, simply the driver's skill, with a little luck, perhaps; but *that*, you know, always attends *me*. Is it not exemplified at this moment, when, in spite of these obtrusive ghosts of past accidents, you are seriously intending to let me have the horse; ay, and the ladies too? We shall start at six o'clock, Ellen," he continued, as he rose to leave; "but my mother is coming down to ask if you will all spend the evening with us, and we shall then arrange everything. What do you think of those friends of Parsons, Mr. Westwood?"

"That they will be astonished at the specimen you show of a country tradesman, John. However, be it distinctly understood that I do not allow the girls to be driven tandem. If you promise this, you may have the carriage, and make your own arrangements. Only be home in good time."

"Thank you, sir; I not only promise what you require, but engage that the ladies shall come back delighted with their excursion. And now I must say good morning."

Pleasantly that day past away, and merrily did the young people "finish up" in Mrs. Richards's handsome drawing-room, where music and singing, and a choice collection of rare prints, and beautiful crayon drawings of John's made even the fastidious Lizzie Beaumont forget that she was spending the evening in a room "over the shop."

"I thought Mr. Richards was not acquainted with your cousins, Miss Westwood," said George Dunois, the good-looking Frenchman, who was staying at Mr. Parsons. "If he was only introduced this morning, he has made pretty good use of his time in cultivating their good opinion. He and Miss Beaumont seem like old friends already."

"John can make himself at home with anybody, and especially with a pretty girl," returned Ellen, smiling; "but see, they are proposing a dance; we must move."

"Allow me to claim you as my partner, Miss Westwood;" and the young couple whirled off to the inspiring tones of a Schottische.

The next morning's sun shone brilliantly upon the merry party assembled in Mr. Westwood's hall. Such a confusion of baskets and hamper, of sandwiches and tarts, fowls and tongues, fruit and biscuits, besides a most suspicious-looking hamper, with black muzzles of sundry bottles peeping out from the hay. When these things

were disposed of, came the bustle of arranging the passengers. At last all was satisfactorily arranged; the handsome Frenchman duly installed next to Lizzie, and Mr. Wharton ensconcing himself between Ellen and Mary. Everybody knows or ought to know what a day in the woods is like, and therefore it is not our intention to recount all the adventures and accidents which befel our young friends: how, seated on the grass, under the shade of an immense oak, they discussed the contents of the several baskets, leaving the matrons of the party to a higher and drier seat, which had been put up round a similar tree for the benefit of such parties: how part of Lizzie Beaumont's shawl was left as a remembrance with the brambles, and Polly's thin *barège* dress hung in festoons of open-work about her pretty ankles, calling forth the latent skill of more than one gentleman in "pinning it up." Nor is it necessary to endeavour to account for the stupidity of all the young people, who, although the Corbie Walks are remarkably easy to find, would persist in mistaking the turns, and getting lost. This was more to be wondered at, as they managed to lose themselves in couples, thereby disproving the old saying, that "two heads are better than one. And the harvest-moon had risen in its full splendour long ere the happy party had reached Brandon.

The last day of the week's holiday arrived. On the morrow the new friends were to part. A farewell visit to the Abbey ruins had been proposed by the gentlemen, and all returned to Mrs. Westwood's to tea.

"Oh, I wish papa would allow us to stay till Thursday" exclaimed Lizzie Beaumont, as she left the drawing-room, with her cousin, to finish packing; "I shall never exist in Rosedean after enjoying such a merry week among—"

"Tradespeople, Lizzie dear; for, with the exception of papa, all our friends are in business. I am so glad to find that this prejudice is weakened at last."

Lizzie colored a little, as she replied, "Surely I may have enjoyed the society of my future cousin without being accused of enjoying the company of tradespeople generally. Mr. Parsons, I know little of, except that he is a good-natured, sensible man, and his cousin has still less occupied my thought."

"Can you say as much of George Dunois, Lizzie? and yet he is no better than a tradesman, although I fancy he may have wished to make it appear that a foreign clerk in a wholesale London house was a superior person to the city trader himself. You must never forget, that while the foreigner may taunt us as being a 'nation of shopkeepers,' the chief wealth and might of our dear England lie in her commercial resources; that her merchants are her true princes; her looms and anvils the sceptres of her sovereignty; and her giant warehouses the palace in which she holds her court."

"With a whole regiment of retail tradesmen as her body-guard—eh, Ellen? Well it is no wonder that you are so eloquent in this cause, when your heart is lost to the drug-trader."

"Do not boast of your own freedom, my fair cousin. If I do not greatly mistake, you have sacrificed a tolerable portion this last week to the owner of a certain pair of dark eyes and a mous-



tache to match. And really, when I think of the many victims to your own bright glances, I can heartily rejoice that you *are* caught at last."

"What nonsense, Ellen; as if I cared for Dunois! Now, Ellen, say no more, dear; but help me with this box-lid. I wonder why Polly is not here."

"Mamma wished to have a little chat with her. She is in no better spirits than you are Lizzy; and I should be worse than either of you, but for the hope that we shall meet again at Christmas."

Christmas came, and went; and the new year dawned in hopeful promise over the length and breadth of the land, as well as in the old woods Corbie, where the glistening green of the holly-boughs, studded with scarlet berries, gave to one particular walk a gay and almost summer aspect. There the sunshine danced and flickered through the thick masses of evergreens, and lighted up their bright powdery stems with unwonted brilliancy; or, creeping along the bared roots, rested in golden streaks upon the emerald tracery of moss which rose up on either side to embrace them. The crisp earth, and withered bents, covered with dead leaves, which here and there, in the shadow of the hollies, kept unthawed their silver furniture of beaded frost-work, might have told a more wintery tale, had the two loiterers in that shady walk chosen to inquire; but they wandered on, evidently too much engaged with themselves to give a thought to the inanimate things around.

"What a charming day it has been for the wedding. I love to see the sun shine at such times; it seems like an omen of future good. Do you not think so, dearest?"

"Yes, of course I must believe the old adage, 'Happy is the bride whom the sun shines on,' returned Lizzie Beaumont, laughingly; "and I fully accept the omen in this instance; because I do believe that dear Ellen has every prospect of happiness, in spite of John's old *penchant* of falling in love with every pretty face he saw."

"Ah, Lizzie dear, you little know the misery that *penchant* caused me last summer; but it is over now. Let the leaves make haste to deck these old Corbie oaks again, and I shall not envy the happiest heart that ever throbbed beneath their shade."

"Uncle will want to return George; let us make haste and find the rest of our party. It was very kind of him to indulge us with this visit to the woods."

"Here come Polly and Whorton, both looking remarkably conscious. After all, Lizzie dear," whispered the young man, "I shall not be much surprised if you have a tradesman for your brother-in-law as well as a husband."

### VIOLETS,

SENT IN A TINY BOX

Let them lie—ah, let them lie!

Plucked flowers—dead to-morrow;

Lift the lid up quietly,

As you'd lift the mystery

Of a buried sorrow.

Let them lie—the fragrant things,

All their souls thus giving;

Let no breeze's ambient wings

And no useless water-springs

Mock them into living.

They have lived—they live no more;

Nothing can requite them.

For the gentle life they bore,

And up-yielded in full store

While it did delight them.

Yet, I ween, flower corpses fair!

'Twas a joyful yielding,

Like some soul heroic, rare,

That leaps bodiless forth in air

For its loved one's shielding.

Surely, ye were glad to die

In the hand that slew ye,

Glad to leave the open sky,

And the airs that wandered by,

And the bees that knew ye;

Giving up a small earth-place

And a day of blooming,

Here to lie in narrow space,

Smiling in this smileless face.

With such sweet perfuming.

O ye little violets dead!

Coffined from all gazes,

We will also smile and shed

Out of heart-flowers withered

Perfume of sweet praises.

And as ye, for this poor sake,

Love with life are buying,

So, I doubt not, ONE will make

All our gathered flowers to take

Richer scent through dying.

RECREATIONS OF THE PIRATE BLACKBEARD.—Some of his frolics of wickedness were so extravagant as if he seemed at making his men believe he was a Devil incarnate. Being at sea one day and a little flushed with drink—"come," says he,—"let us make a hell of our own, and try how long we can bear it!" Accordingly, he with two or three others, went down into the hold, and closing up all the hatches, filled several pots full of brimstone and other combustible matter, and set the same on fire—and so continued till they were almost suffocated, when some of the men cried out for air. At length he opened the hatches, not a little pleased that he held out the longest.—*Captain Johnson's History of Pirates.*

FASHIONABLE DINNERS.—It is the silliest thing imaginable that a whole family should, for a foolish fashion, submit to suffer fatigue for several days before, and famine for several days after, a dinner party, for the strange fancy of contriving a parcel of cloying *comestibles*, which they know will make their company sick, instead of "Do let me send you some more of this mock turtle," "another patty." "Sir, some of this trifle!"—"I *must insist* on your trying this nice melon!"—the language of hospitality should rather run thus:—Shall I send you a fit of dyspepsia sir?" "Pray let me have the pleasure of giving you a pain in the stomach?" "Sir, let me help you to a little bilious head-ache?" "Madam, you surely cannot refuse a touch of inflammation!"

## B E L L S !

The bells and chimes of Motherland,  
Of England green and old,  
That out from grey and ivied towers  
A thousand years have tolled !

ENGLAND was in olden times called the "Ringing Island," because of the abundance of its bells, and the merry peals which were rang from them; and to this day, England can exhibit better bell-ringing than any country in the world. Some districts are quite famous for their ringers, and for their great matches of art and "science" in bell-ringing. Village challenges village, and the ringers meet to try their skill. An incredible number of changes is rung in a surprisingly short time; and the mysteries of "Bobs," major and minor, single and triple, "Cateters," "Cinques," and "Grandsire Triples," are on such occasions fairly unriddled and mastered.

The Bells! how charming the associations they waken up! Who, that has wandered far away from his native city, town, or village, and returned again on a still summer evening as the bells were pealing, has not felt his heart throb and his throat thicken at their sound,—welcoming back the wanderer like some old friend—and in an instant, waking up a thousand recollections of his childhood. They sound like a mild voice from the skies, bringing back the memory of old faces, old sports, and old friends.

One of the most exquisite passages in Goethe's *Faust* is that in which he describes the recollections of childhood as awakened by the sound of the Sabbath Bells:—

In other and in happier days  
Amid the Sabbath's solemn calm,  
The kiss of heavenly love and praise  
Fell on me like a sacred balm;  
My youthful heart thus often found  
A mystic meaning in the sound  
Of the full bell,—and I could share  
The deep enjoyment of a prayer,

Melodious sounds! continue yet!  
Sound on, thou sweet and heavenly strain,  
The tear hath flown—mine eye is wet,  
And earth has won her child again!

The Bells have many sounds and many meanings. Hark! there is the peal of joy on the birth of some son and heir of a great house—of a duke, or of a prince. How merry the swift peal! How sharp and clear the bells ring their notes into the upper air!

And their is the silver wedding peal—so gay and blithesome—full of hope, joy, and promise. It bespeaks consummated bliss, and a new start in the march of life. It begins musically, but it does not always so end:—

For what is Love, I pray thee tell?  
It is that fountain and that well  
Where pleasure and repentance dwell;  
It is perhaps, that passing bell  
Which tells us all unto heaven or hell:  
And this is Love, as I hear tell.

And there is the funeral bell, with its muffled tone, speaking of sobs, and mourning and lamentation,—of Death, the great destroyer and leveller,—the terrible democrat of the world, who brings the king and the peasant to the same level at last.

The reader will remember the charming story in *Mrs. Leicester's School*, descriptive of Susan Yates, who lived with her parents in the Lincolnshire fens, in a lone house some miles distant from the nearest village, and had never been to church, nor could imagine what a church was like; and when the wind set in from a particular point, and brought over the moor the sound of the bells from St. Mary's, little Susan conceived it was a "quiet tune," occasioned by birds up in the air, or that it was made by the angels. She then tells of the Sunday morning of her first going to church from her remote home; of the anxiety and awe she felt, and her child-like wonder at the place, and at what she heard,—and ever afterwards, when she listened to the sweet sound of bells, of her thinking of the angels singing, and the thoughts she had in her, uninstructed solitude. This is indeed turning the sound of bells to beautiful and poetic uses.

Assuredly there is something superstitious connected with bells; at all events, the common people regard the passing bell in a strangely superstitious light. This has arisen from the ideas associated with bells in old Catholic times, when they were baptized, consecrated, and set apart for holy uses, by special and appointed forms. The sound of consecrated bells was, in early times, supposed to drive the Evil Spirit from the soul of the departing Christian. Wynkin de Worde, one of the earliest of English printers, in *The Golden Legend*, observes:—"It is said, the evil spyrtes that ben in the region of th' ayre, doubte moch when they here the belles ringen; and this is the cause why the belles ringen whan it thondreth, and when grete tempeste and rages of wether happen, to the ende that the feinds and wycked spyrtes should ben abashed and flee, and cease of the movynge of tempeste." Our ancestors considered each bell to have its peculiar virtues, and each was called by its special name, generally after some favourite saint.

The bells were also supposed to have an intelligence of their own, and when one was removed from its original and favourite station, it was supposed to take a nightly trip to its old place of residence, unless exercised in the evening, and secured with a chain and rope. In Sir John Sinclair's statistical account of Scotland, there is an account given of a bell belonging to the old chapel of St. Fillan, in the parish of Killin, Perthshire, which usually lay on a gravestone in the churchyard. Mad people were brought hither to be dipped in the saint's pool, after certain ceremonies were performed, partly Druidical; the maniac was then confined all night in the chapel, bound with ropes, and in the morning the bell was set upon his head with great solemnity. This was the Highland cure for mania! It was the popular superstition of the district, that this bell would, if stolen, extricate itself out of the thief's hands, and return to its original place, ringing all the way! It is now locked up, to prevent its being used for superstitious purposes.

The Christmas Bells! Here is a wide theme, on which we may ring the changes in due season; and the New Year's Bells—ringing the old year out and the new year in. Then there is the Pancake bell, which used to be rung on Shrove Tuesday; and the Allhallow-tide bells rung all night



long,—for fairies, goblins, and evil spirits, were supposed to be rife at that season. But the Reformation came in and spoilt much of the old bell-ringing,—especially that connected with the feasts and festivals of the church.

But there is the curfew bell! A remnant of a very ancient and historic practice in our country. How beautifully Gray introduces the subject of his *Elegy*, with—

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,  
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

There are few towns and villages to this day, in which the curfew bell is not rung. The old use has ceased; few know *why* the evening bell is rung; if you ask the reason, your answer will be:—"It is an old custom." Yes! as old as William the Conqueror. The curfew is still a remnant of the Conquest. "Extinguish your fire and candle light." That was the original meaning of the bell. Some say, that the curfew, or *couvre feu* (literally, cover or extinguish the fire,) was an ancient practice in most countries, in order to prevent danger from fires, at a time when houses were nearly all built of wood. But we do not like to give the historical tradition, which is in accordance with all our preconceived notions, and, if not true, at least ought to be. But even though the curfew originated, as some allege, at a period anterior to the Conquest, what a savour of antiquity there is about the practice! That the same curfew bell which nightly rings in our ears now, should have sounded in the ears of the old Anglo-Saxons living in Alfred's day! We are carried at once back to the times of our timber-housed ancestors, and the curfew is the link that binds the old race and the new:—

I hear the far-off curfew sound  
Over some wide-watered shore,  
Swinging slow with sullen roar.

So sang Milton more than two hundred years ago; so that the practice was continued through his day down even to our own.

And the dangers of fire are so frightful, that to avoid them was worthy of the utmost care of the city, town, and village authorities. Have you heard the *Fire-bell* at night? A terrible sound is that, with its clamorous shrieking wail, and sharp pangs of agony shot into the darkness, making night hideous. The cry of "Fire!" at night is one of the most fearful of sounds; dreadful because of the horrors which it betokens, and the terrible associations which the startled imagination at once summons up at the cry. Then, indeed, the bells have no music in their voice, but agony, despair, and frightful horror.

To turn to the more pleasing voices of bells. What do the bells say? What said they to Whittington?

Turn again, Whittington,  
Thrice Lord Mayor of London.

A true prophecy, it is said! What long tongues these Bow bells had in Whittington's time! and truly oracular their exhortation proved in his case!

There are other bells which utter a less pleasing response, thus,—

As the bell thinks, so the fool thinks;  
As the fool thinks, so the bell thinks.

It may not be generally known, that King

James I. of Scotland was induced to write his poem called *The King's Quair* by the chiming of the bells. He was lying in confinement at Windsor Castle, thinking over his past sufferings and trials, when he says,—

Weary with lying, I listened suddenly,  
And soon I heard the bells to matins ring,  
And up I rose, nor longer would I lie;  
But now, how trow ye such a fantasy  
Fell on my mind, that aye methought the bell  
Said to me, "Tell on, man, what thee befell."

And so he forthwith "made a cross, and began the book."

A story is told of a widow having once gone to a monk of Cluny to ask his advice about the person she proposed to marry; and the monk, who was a cautious man, referred her to the church bells to settle the doubtful question. The bells were rung, and the widow distinctly heard them say, "*Prends ton valet, prends ton valet*" (take thy valet, take thy valet). So she married the valet; but he proved a worse husband than he had done a servant, and she went to reproach the curé for his conduct; his answer was, that she must have misapprehended the language of the bells, and then he had them rang again. This time, indeed, the poor lady heard plainly enough that they said "*Ne le prends pas, ne le prends pas*," (don't take him, don't take him,) but it was too late. The meaning of this story is,—

As the fool thinks, so the bell thinks.

Rabelais tells an equally amusing story of Panurge, who was very much perplexed about the question of matrimony. And he too consulted the bells, which said, as they sounded at a distance:—"Take thou a wife, take thou a wife, and marry, marry, marry; for if thou marry, thou shalt find good therein, therein, therein; a wife thou shalt find good, so marry, marry, marry." Then Panurge resolved he would marry. But lo! as he approached nearer to the bells, they seemed to change their exhortation, and now they called out loudly:—"Do not marry, marry not, not, not, not, not; marry not, not, not, not; if thou marry, thou wilt miscarry, carry, carry; thou'lt repent it, resent it; do not marry, marry, marry." The presumption is, that Panurge was warned against a beldam, and whether he married her or not, the reader must consult Rabelais himself.

Have we said enough of Bells, they afford a wide field for fancy to work upon. They have always been a favorite subject for the poet; and there are few who have not further hallowed them in our memory by beautiful thoughts. Enough that we conclude with the graceful and familiar lines of Thomas Moore, recently removed from us, no more to listen to the sound of *Evening Bells*:—

Those evening bells! those evening bells!  
How many a tale their music tells,  
Of youth and home, and that sweet time,  
When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are passed away;  
And many a heart that then was gay,  
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,  
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone;  
'That tuneful peal will still ring on,  
While other bards shall walk these dells,  
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells!

—*Eliza Cook's Journal*.







SIR THOMAS MORE.—See page 225.

## SIR THOMAS MORE.

To say that Sir Thomas More's was the brightest character of the age in which he lived, an age which exhibited the ferocity of uncivilized man without his simplicity, and the degeneracy of modern manners without their refinement, were praise beneath his merit; to challenge the long and splendid series of English biography to produce his equal at any period, might be deemed presumptuous; but, if the wise and honest statesman, the acute and incorrupt magistrate, the loyal but independent subject, constitute an excellent public man; if the good father, the good husband, and the good master, the firm friend, the moral though witty companion, the upright neighbour, the pious Christian, and the patient martyr, form a perfect private character, *ecce homo!*

He was born in Milk-street, Cheapside, about the year 1480, the only son of Sir John More, a Judge of the King's Bench, by his wife the daughter of a Mr. Handcombe, of Holywell, in Bedfordshire. He acquired the learned languages at the hospital of St. Anthony in the parish of St. Benet Fink, in London, then a school of high reputation, from whence he was removed to St. Mary's Hall, or, as some have said, to Canterbury College, now Christchurch, in the university of Oxford. The primate, Cardinal Morton, in whose family he passed some of his earliest years, in the character of a gentleman attendant, according to the fashion of that time, charmed as much by his wit as by his learning, often said to the great persons at his table, "This child here waiting, whosoever shall live to see it, will prove a marvellous great man;" and the prediction soon began to be verified, for, even at the age of eighteen, the literary fame which he had acquired provoked the envy of some German critics, and the praise of others. Erasmus, at that time, wrote to him in the behalf of Brixius, one of the former class, who had attacked him in an invective, intitled "Antimorus," seriously intreating his mercy to that old and experienced disputant.

Just at this period he left the university, and began to study the law in New Inn, and afterwards in Lincoln's Inn, passing his hours of leisure in a circle, of which he naturally became the centre, composed of those whose wisdom and learning could best inform, and of those the vivacity of whose genius could most delight. At the age of twenty-one, when he had barely been called to the station of a barrister, he was elected a member of the House of Commons, and was presently distinguished there for a freedom of conduct which, at that time, could have arisen only from the purest motives. In that spirit he opposed, in 1503, the requisition of a subsidy and three-fifteenths, for the marriage of the Princess Margaret, daughter of Henry the Seventh, to the King of Scots, with such force and honesty of reasoning, that the rejection of the demand is said to have been ascribed almost wholly to his endeavours. A privy councillor ran immediately from the house, and told the King, "that a beardless boy had overthrown all his purposes," and Henry satisfied at once his anger and his avarice by committing, under some frivolous pretences, the young senator's father to the Tower, and forcing him to purchase his release by the pay-

ment of a fine of one hundred pounds. More, however, became so alarmed at the King's resentment, that he retired for a considerable time from the parliament, and from his professional avocations, and during that interval, which seems to have been passed in a place of concealment, he studied geometry, astronomy, and music, in which last he much delighted, and exercised his pen in historical composition.

He returned at length to his practice at the bar, which presently became so extensive as to produce, according to his own report to his son-in-law, Mr. Roper, an annual income of four hundred pounds, equal at least to five thousand in our days. He remained, however, in disfavour at court till after the accession of Henry the Eighth, who, with all his faults, easily discovered and generally encouraged, true merit. The King sent for him by Wolsey, and, on the first taste of his extraordinary powers, determined to employ him. Foreign negotiation was then held to be the most essential part of the education of a statesman. More was directed, therefore, in 1516, to accompany Toustal, Bishop of Durham, one of his intimate friends, to Flanders, for the renewal of a treaty of alliance with the Archduke of Austria, afterwards Charles the Fifth, and on his return was warmly invited by Henry to devote himself to the service of the Crown, which his prudence, and indeed his interests, induced him at that time and for some years after, to decline. The King at length pressed him with such earnestness that he durst no longer refuse, and in 1519, he accepted the office of a Master of the Requests; was soon after knighted, and sworn of the Privy Council; and in the succeeding year appointed Treasurer of the Exchequer. More's hesitation had been wholly unaffected. On the occasion of his becoming a Privy Councillor, he expressed himself (according to Stapleton, one of his biographers), to his bosom friend, Bishop Fisher, in these terms; and the passage is rendered the more valuable by the features which it discloses, on such good authority, of Henry's character at that time:—"I am come to the court extremely against my will, as every body knows, and as the King himself often twitteth me in sport for it; and hereto do I hang so unseemly, as a man not using to ride doth sit unhandsomely in the saddle. But our Prince, whose special and extraordinary favour towards me I know not how I shall ever be able to deserve, is so affable and courteous to all men, that every one who has never so little hope of himself may find somewhat whereby he may imagine that he loveth him; even as the citizens' wives of London do, who imagine that our Lady's picture, near the Tower, doth smile upon them as they pray before it. But I am not so happy that I can perceive such fortunate signs of deserving his love, and of a more abject spirit than that I can persuade myself that I have it already; yet, such is the virtue and learning of the King, and his daily increasing industry in both, that by how much the more I see his Highness increase in both these kingly ornaments, by so much the less troublesome this courtier's life seemeth unto me."

In 1523 he was chosen Speaker of the House of Commons, and in the following year, says Hakewell, of the House of Peers. In the former



capacity he again distinguished himself by his firm opposition to a subsidy, and, personally, to Wolsey, who came to the house in his usual splendour, to influence the decision by his presence. On a question having been previously debated whether they should receive him with but few attendants, or with his whole train, More is reported to have said, "Masters, forasmuch as my Lord Cardinal lately, ye wot well, laid to our charge the lightness of our tongues, for things uttered out of this house, it should not, in my mind, be amiss to receive him with all his pomp; with his maces, his pillars, his poll-axes, his crosses, his hat, and the great seal, too; to the intent, that if he find the like fault with us, then we may be the bolder, from ourselves, to lay the blame on those whom his Grace bringeth with him." The favour of Henry, whose natural generosity of spirit then perhaps remained unabated, was not impaired by this unusual freedom: More, in 1526, was appointed Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; in the following year was joined to Wolsey, and others, in an embassy to the court of France; and, in 1529, went with Tonstal to Cambray, to secure the payment of certain sums due to the King from Charles the Fifth, his success in which business won him the highest approbation. He was now Henry's most esteemed servant, and most familiar companion, but he had found some reasons to alter his opinion of his master's character. Roper informs us, that about this time, Henry, coming suddenly, as he frequently did, to dine with More at his house at Chelsea, and walking along after dinner in the garden, with his arm about Sir Thomas's neck, Roper, after the King's departure, congratulated him on so distinguished a mark of royal kindness, observing that no one, except Wolsey, had ever before experienced such condescension. "I thank our Lord, son," replied Moore, "I find his Grace my very good Lord, indeed, and I believe he doth as singularly favour me as any subject within this realm; howbeit, son Roper, I must tell thee, I have no cause to be proud thereof, for if my head would win him a castle in France, it would not fail to go off."

Henry's mind was now wholly occupied by his long-cherished project of the divorce. He had consulted and reasoned with More on that great subject, and had met with a firm opposition. So attached, however, was he to the man, or so anxious for the sanction of his coincidence, that he determined to gratify the one, or to bribe the other, by a grant of the first station under the crown. More was appointed, on the 25th of October, 1530, to succeed the disgraced Cardinal in the office of High Chancellor, which had never before been held by a layman, and this was the first serious blow struck by Henry at the power of the priesthood. He entered on it with melancholy forebodings, which were too soon verified. With a Christian perfection, which, as has been well said, and by a dissenter, too, was such as made him, "not only an honour to any particular form of Christianity, but to the Christian name and cause in general," his zeal for the Romish Church was equalled only by the benevolent spirit in which he exercised it. He had for some time beheld in silent horror the gradual approaches to the downfall of that church, and was now called

to a situation in which he was compelled either to aid its enemies with his counsel, and to ratify their decisions by his official acts, or to incur the severest penalties by his refusal. He virtuously preferred the latter, and, having persevered to the end in denying any degree of countenance to the proposed divorce, on the 16th of May, 1533, he resigned the seal, determined that it should never be placed by his hand on the instrument by which that process was to be concluded.

The definitive sentence was pronounced and published on the 23rd, and the coronation of Ann Boleyn, to whom the impatient Henry had been for some time united, at least by the forms of matrimony, was fixed for the 31st of the same month. More, doubtless by the King's order, was pressed by several of the Bishops who were to officiate, to be present at the ceremony; for his reputation stood so high in the kingdom, that even the slightest colour of approbation from him was esteemed important; but he stedfastly refused, and boldly declared to those prelates his conviction of the illegality of the marriage. Henry now sought to move him by terror. In the ensuing parliament a bill of attainder against him was agitated in the House of Peers, for misprision of treason in the affair of that enthusiast, or impostor, who was called the Holy Maid of Kent, and he was more than once cited before the Privy Council on other charges, but the evidence on each proved too weak even for the terrible fashion of that reign. The act of supremacy which appeared in 1534, at length fixed his fate. When the oath prescribed by it was tendered to him, he declined to take it, and was committed to the custody of the Abbot of Westminster, and, on a second refusal, a few days after, to the Tower of London. Endeavours were now again ineffectually used to win him by persuasion, while the kind and merciful Crammer as vainly endeavoured to prevail on the King to dispense with the oath in More's case. After fifteen months' imprisonment, he was arraigned of high treason at the King's Bench bar, for denying the King's supremacy. Rich, the Solicitor General, afterwards Chancellor, was the sole witness against him, and the testimony of that wretch, whose name should be consigned to eternal infamy, consisted in the repetition of speeches which he had artfully drawn from More, during a visit to his prison, in a familiar conversation, which Rich had commenced by expressly declaring that he had no commission to agitate in it any matter regarding the prosecution. Much even of this evidence Sir Thomas positively denied, but the jury found him guilty, and he was sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered; a doom which Henry altered, in consideration of the high office which he had held. He was beheaded upon Tower Hill on the fifth of July, 1535, and his revered head was ignominiously exposed on London Bridge, from whence after many days, it was privately obtained by his affectionate daughter, Roper, and by her placed in the vault of her husband's family, under a chapel adjoining to St. Dunstan's Church in Canterbury. His body was interred in the chapel of the Tower, but afterwards removed, at the solicitation of that lady, to the parish church of Chelsea, and buried there, in the chancel, near a monument which he had some years

before erected, with an inscription written by himself.

Perhaps of all the remarkable persons who adorned or disgraced the age in which he lived we are the most clearly acquainted with the life and character of Sir Thomas More; and this—though few men have found more biographers,\* for his life has been ten times separately written and published—we owe chiefly to the perfect candour and sincerity which distinguished him. His acts and his sayings compose the history not only of his conduct but of his motives, and left to those who have written of him only the simple task of collecting facts, to which the fondest partiality could add no further grace, and on which even malice could have cast no blemish. But he lived without enemies, and since his death, Bishop Burnet only has dared to lift a pen against his memory. In this earnest devotion to the Catholic faith, and to the See of Rome, he was severe only to himself. The fury of conflicting zealots was calmed while they reflected on his virtues; and when Rome celebrated his canonization with a just and honest triumph, the Church of England looked on in silent approbation. In his court no one ever presided with more wisdom, learning, and perspicacity; with a more rigid devotion to justice; or with more vigilance, impartiality, and patience; when he quitted it, he left not a single cause undecided. The strictness of his loyalty, and his magnanimous independence, were always in perfect unison, because they flowed from one and the same source, an honest heart. In all the domestic relations the beauty of his life was unparalleled. Erasmus has left us a glowing picture of him, retired, at Chelsea, in the bosom of his family. The passage has been thus translated: "More hath built near London, upon the Thames, such a commodious house as is neither mean nor subject to envy, yet magnificent enough. There he converseth affably with his family; his wife, his son, and daughter-in-law; his three daughters, and their husbands; with eleven grandchildren. There is not any man living so affectionate with his children as he, and he loveth his old wife as well as if she were a young maid; and such is the excellence of his temper, that whatsoever happeneth that could not be helped, he loveth it as though nothing could have happened more happily. You would say there were in that place Plato's academy; but I do the house injury in comparing it to Plato's academy, where there was only disputations of numbers, and geometrical figures, and sometimes of moral virtues. I should rather call his house a school or university of Christian religion, for there is none therein but readeth or studieth the liberal sciences: there special care is piety and virtue: there is no quarrelling, or intemperate words, heard; none seen idle; which household discipline that worthy gentleman doth not govern by proud and haughty words, but with all kind and courteous favour. Every body performeth his duty, yet there is always alacrity; neither is sober mirth anything wanting."

More himself has proved the correctness of Erasmus's account in the dedication, to an intimate friend, of his *Utopia*, by expressions which I cannot help inserting here, for it is not easy to quit the story of his private life—"Whilst I daily

plead other men's causes," says he (to use the words of his translator) "or hear them, sometimes as an arbitrator, other while as a judge: whilst this man I visit for friendship, another for business, and whilst I am employed abroad about other men's matters all the whole day, I leave no time for myself, that is for study: for when I come home I must discourse with my wife; chat with my children; speak with my servants; and, seeing this must needs be done, I number it amongst my affairs, and needful they are, unless one would be a stranger in his own house: for we must endeavour to be affable and pleasing to whom either nature, chance, or choice, hath made our companions; but with such measure it must be done that we don't mar them with affability, or make them of servants our masters, by too much gentle entreaty and favour. Whilst these things are doing, a day, a month, a year, passeth. When then can I find any time to write? for I have not yet spoken of the time that is spent in eating and sleeping, which things alone bereave most men of half their life. As for me, I get only that spare time which I steal from my meat and sleep; which because it is but small, I proceed slowly; yet, it being somewhat, I have now at length prevailed so much, as I have finished, and sent unto you, my *Utopia*."

The chief singularity of his character, was a continual disposition to excessive mirth, and the Lord High Chancellor of England was perhaps the first droll in the kingdom. Lord Herbert, willing, for obvious reasons, to find fault with him, and unable to discover any other ground, censures the levity of his wit; and Mr. Addison well observes that "what was philosophy in him would have been frenzy in any one who did not resemble him, as well in the cheerfulness of his temper as in the sanctity of his life and manners." Feeling that gaiety was the result of innocence, he seems to have conceived that the active indulgence of it was a moral duty. Among other hints of this remarkable opinion which are scattered in his works, speaking of the Utopian burials, at which he tells us none grieved, he says "when those to whom the deceased was most dear be come home, they rehearse his virtuous manners, and his good deeds, but no part is so soft or gladly talked of as his merry death." That his own was such is well known. He had not been shaved during his long imprisonment, and after he had placed his neck on the block, he raised his hand, and put his beard forward, saying that it should not be cut off, for it had committed no treason. His witticisms are to be still found in abundance even in every ordinary jest-book, and none have been better authenticated.

Sir Thomas More, when about the age of twenty-four, married Jane, daughter of John Colte, of Candish, in Suffolk, and of Newhall in Essex; by whom he had an only son, John; and three daughters, Margaret, wife of William Roper, of Eltham, in Kent, uncle to the first Lord Teynham; Elizabeth, of John, son and heir of Sir John Dauntsey; and Cicely of Giles Heron, of Shacklewelle in Middlesex. Their brother, who has been idly said to have possessed scarcely common understanding, married an heiress of the family of Cresacre, of Barnborough, in Yorkshire, and so acquired estates there, which descended in the



male line till the year 1795, when they fell by marriage to a family of Metcalf, the heir-male of which assumed, with an honest pride, the surname of his great ancestor. Sir Thomas married, secondly, Alice Middleton, a widow, the "old wife" mentioned by Erasmus, in a passage lately cited, and we are told by others that she was ugly, ill-tempered and vulgar: by her he had no issue.—*Lodge's Historical Portraits.*

### THE THREE MYSTERIES.

#### BIRTH.

##### 1.

Stranger from a land unknown,  
Here mysteriously thrown,—  
Fellow tenant now of earth,  
Tell, O tell me—what is birth?

##### 2.

What, wert thou? ere earthly light,  
Burst on thy astonished sight;  
Ere the rest, which thou didst sleep,  
Rudely broken, made thee weep? \*

##### 3.

Tears have heralded thy way,  
Into Life's o'erclouded day:  
Tears, through life, shall soothe thy fears,  
Death's last tribute shall be tears!

##### 4.

But, O tell me, gentle heart,  
Whence thou camest—what thou art—  
For what purpose sent below—  
Heritor of endless woe! †

##### 5.

Naked, feeble—helpless, hurled  
Shivering into the world,  
Canst thou not look back, and see  
What the past hath been to thee?

##### 6.

Is existence but begun  
With thee—or already run,  
In part?—and thy life, on earth,  
One stage of it;—what is birth?

#### LIFE.

##### 1.

Wanderer in this world of care,  
Doomed, as I, its ills to bear:  
Ever waging ceaseless strife,  
Tell—O tell me—what is Life?

##### 2.

Wherefore do we wander here,  
Slaves to toil, and want, and fear,  
Gasping for the fluttering breath,  
That but wafts us on to Death!

##### 3.

What are we—whence do we come?  
Had we never some bright home,  
Shrouded in the unknown past?  
Shall we find no rest at last?

##### 4.

Whither do our footsteps tend?  
Say—hath misery no end?  
May we hope some future lot,  
Where despair shall be forgot?

##### 5.

To what end waste we our years,  
Sowing hopes—and reaping tears,  
Watering earth's barren parts  
With the blood of breaking hearts.

##### 6.

Thou hast lived, like me to know,  
All is sorrow here below—  
Wanderer, in this world of strife,  
Tell, O tell me—what is Life?

##### 7.

Tell, O tell me, if ye can,  
Why, it is, immortal man  
Nothing knows his end or aim,  
What he is, or whence he came.

#### DEATH.

##### 1.

Pilgrim, who thy race hath run—  
Spirit—ere thy flight's begun—  
Stay awhile the parting breath,—  
Tell, O tell me—what is death?

##### 2.

Wherefore are thy features pale?  
Wherefore doth thy firm voice fail?  
Why is fear upon thy heart—  
Can it then be grief to part?

##### 3.

What existence we have known,  
All is toil and care alone;  
Does then Death so dark appear,  
That thou fain would'st linger here?

##### 4.

Clinging, on the verge of life—  
Wrestling in the mortal strife,

\*The first act of a newborn child upon entering Life is invariably to cry.

†Christians are taught that we are all "born in sin and the children of wrath."

Can thy fixed eye mark no star,  
Hopeful, glancing from afar?

5.

Yet another stage is seen—  
Pilgrim—here thy work is done!  
And the cold corpse, void of breath,  
Eloquently pictures death.

6.

Mighty mystery!—but where  
Is the Life that lingered there?  
Where the mind that could direct,  
All that glorious intellect?

7.

Where the spirit—whose impress,  
Lit the eye—now lustreless—  
Where the animating soul  
Which gave glory to the whole?

8.

This is but a putrid clod—  
Cover it beneath the sod!  
Something hence hath passed away—  
O, what is it?—spirit say.

9.

Is it but the germ, which birth  
Gave a house to, while on earth?  
And its earthly course, now run,  
Is another stage begun?

10.

Is it perfect now—or still  
Doomed, like us, to suffer ill—  
Are its doubts and darkness o'er,  
Or must it look forward more?

11.

Or, as the returning rain  
To the ocean flows again—  
Doth it to that fountain go—  
Whence springs life to all below?

12.

Question not thy Maker's plan—  
These things are unknown to man—  
What we are and what shall be—  
Rests locked in futurity.

13.

Birth, presents the embodied soul—  
Life the race is—Death the goal—  
At whose threshold hangs the key  
That unlocks the mystery!

“ERRO.”

## ZULMIERA, THE HALF-CARIB GIRL.

## A LEGEND OF THE SAVANNAH.

THE sun was rapidly sinking in the west, but its declining beams threw upon every object a richer tone of colour, as a party, consisting of three persons, emerged from a small shrubbery, and halted upon the brow of a shelving hill.

The foremost of the party was a man who probably verged upon the mellow age of fifty; but his eagle-eye, and stalwart frame, told that his years sat light upon him. He was what would have been termed a handsome man; but a supercilious curl of his upper lip, and an expression of scornful indifference, which, though apparently suppressed, lingered in his dark hazel eye, added to a brow furrowed by deep lines, and compressed by slumbering passions, which only waited the spur of the moment to be called into action, detracted from the otherwise agreeable character of his features, and effectually forbid any approach to familiarity. A deep and unsightly scar, the effects of a sabre-cut, which, commencing from the right ear, traversed the jaw, injured yet further his good looks. He was habited in a complete suit of black velvet, of the richest texture; the sombreness of which was in some measure relieved by diamond clasps, and small knee-buckles of the same costly stones. A small collar of the finest lawn made its appearance above the doublet; and a black-sheathed “Andrea Ferrara,” with basket hilt, dangling from his side, and calf-skin boots, completed his costume. This dress, fitting tight to his shape, shewed to advantage the large but perfect symmetry of his person: while the dark brown hair, sprinkled here and there with the grey badge of declining years, cropt close around his temples; and the steeple-crowned hat peculiar to his sect and times, bespoke him, what he was, the friend of Cromwell—the roundhead governor of Antigua.

The next person that gained the open ground was Bridget, the beautiful daughter of the governor. If ever there was a personification of extreme loveliness, it was known in Bridget. Scarcely seventeen, her slight but rounded figure, and her sweet, mild face, while it struck the beholder with admiration, and riveted his attention, gave the idea of some embodied sylph. Her complexion was of that ethereal tint of which the poet says—

“Oh, call it fair, not pale.”

The lily could scarcely outvie it in purity of colour, although every emanation of her guileless heart called up the latent rose-tint into her delicate cheek; while the small, pouting lip, with all the



rich glow of the coral, forbade effectually the supposition of ill health. A slightly acquiline nose, a classically-formed and dimpled chin, with a fair and open forehead, in which every azure vein could be traced, were the prominent features; blended with that mingled sweetness, that feminine grace, and that inexpressible *something*, which really and actually constitutes beauty. But her eyes—those soft, lovely eyes—look at them, as she raises the long lashes, and you can fancy, that were her features devoid of any pretensions to comeliness, those liquid orbs would richly compensate for all. Of the clearest hazel, every glance that fell from them spoke the inmost feelings of her soul; and whether they beamed forth in pity, or flashed with animation, they equally bespoke the benevolence of her nature.

Puritan as her father was, he did not deny his daughter, any more than himself, the use of a few ornaments; and a bandeau of pearls fastened around her graceful head vainly endeavoured to restrain the abundant tresses of her soft, glossy, brown hair, which, breaking loose, floated upon her shoulders in natural ringlets. Her dress of dove-coloured satin flowed in rich and ample folds to her feet, from whence the little slipper peeped forth; and, gathered around her slender waist by a girdle of pearls, shewed the admirable proportions of her figure. The stiff puritan ruff of lawn, in which every plait could be counted, screened her neck; but around her small white throat was fastened a carcanet of her favourite gems, not purer in tint than her own fair skin. A wimple of the same colour as her dress, and lined with pale rose tiffany, was tied under her little rounded chin, but which, in the joyousness of her nature, she had unfastened, that she might more fully enjoy the beauties of the evening.

The remaining individual that formed the trio was in every respect far different from those already described; yet, as she stood a few paces behind Bridget—to mark the difference in their rank, although near enough to join in the conversation—her lofty and commanding figure called equally for attention and admiration. The clear olive tinge of her complexion, the large black eye, which sparkled with dazzling light, and the long coal-black hair, braided and twined round and round her head, told that she was not of the same country, or the same people as her mistress. Servant—slave as she was—she looked born to command; and daring must that person be who would encounter for the second time the flash of her offended eye. Formed in a larger mould than Bridget, her figure still preserved the most symmetrical proportions; and the rounded arm and taper

fingers might have served as a model for the Goddess of Beauty: this was Zulmiera—the half-Carib girl.

The mother of Zulmiera was a very beautiful Carib woman, who, in that disgraceful partition of them among the English, (after the massacre of their male friends at St. Kitts during Sir Thomas Warner's government of that island,) fell to the share of a young Englishman, a follower of Sir Thomas Warner's son, in his after colonization of Antigua. Xamba accompanied her master to his new residence, and there bore him a daughter; but dying soon after, the infant was brought up in the governor's family. After the reduction of Antigua by Sir George Ayscue, and the establishment of a republican governor, in the place of the opposer of Cromwell's power, Zulmiera, who was rapidly attaining the full burst of womanhood, was, at the earnest entreaties of Bridget Everard, who was charmed with the untutored graces of the beautiful Indian maiden, promoted to the office of her companion. It must be allowed, that this appointment met not with the full approval of the governor. Violently attached to Cromwell, and bearing bitter hatred to the royalist party, and all malignants, he thought the girl had been too long nurtured in their principles to make a faithful attendant to the daughter of a republican. But Bridget was his only child,—a motherless girl; and stern and unbending as he was to others, his iron mood gave way before her playful caresses.

Still there was another and deep cause of dislike he had against Zulmiera. Upon further acquaintance with this Indian girl, he found her too haughty for his own arrogant spirit to deal with. Too high minded and forgetful of her real rank as a servant, and apparently under the impression that, while attending upon her mistress, she was in fact her equal, if not her superior.

Zulmiera was, in truth, fully alive to this sentiment. She looked upon herself as the descendant (on her mother's side) of a long line of chiefs—of those who had once been rulers in the land, and who had received from their swarthy subjects the homage that monarchs of a more civilized nation were wont to receive.

Thinking thus of Zulmiera, no wonder that the governor distrusted her. Nor was the girl ignorant of his opinion of her; and consequently their feelings of dislike were mutual. She knew he hated her; and he felt that in her heart she despised him. Still, she loved Bridget—for who could not love that mild, fair girl?—loved her with an intensity of fervour, unknown to the inhabitants of colder climes—and would have

shed for her heart's blood ; for love and hatred were to Zulmiera all-absorbing passions. Yet there was another who held the *first* place in Zulmiera's heart,—one that was to the half-instructed, half-Indian girl—her “idol.”

But to return to the movements of the trio. Having left the concealment of the shrubbery, the whole party paused, and with different feelings gazed upon the landscape stretched before them. The slight declivity upon the brow of which they were standing, had been cleared, and was now planted with tobacco, whose broad soft leaves, and delicate trumpet flowers, attracted the attention of numerous gorgeous insects. This plantation stretched to the end of a wild copse, where every native shrub and brushwood grew together with the loftier trees, and formed an almost impervious thicket. Beyond this copse, the waters of a beautiful creek, which ran a short way inland, glittered like gold in the beams of the setting sun ; while on every side rose undulating hills, begirt with many an infant plantation, belonging to some of the earlier settlers. Further off, the broad ocean stretched its illimitable waves, its billows sleeping in calmness ; except in one part, where a long ridge of shelving rocks fretted them into motion, and caused them to send forth an angry roar.\*

At the bottom of the hill, upon which they were standing, ran a bridle-path, which, winding in and out, branched off in two directions ; one passing through the populous town of Falmouth, the other extending to the shores of a beautiful harbour,† where some industrious settlers were cultivating the adjoining country. Along this path a single horseman was seen slowly advancing, in the direction of the harbour. As he gained the skirts of the hill, he reined up for a moment his prancing steed, and, looking towards the party, raised his plumed hat and bent forward in graceful obeisance. The dark eyes of Zulmiera sparkled with delight, and standing, as she did, behind the governor and his daughter, unseen by them, she raised her hand and waved a return, while, at the same instant, the rosiest blush sprang to the cheeks of Bridget, and crimsoned her very throat. The horseman again bent his head, and then, replacing his hat, shook the brodered reins and galloped off in the direction he had chosen for his equestrian amusement.

Following with his eye the plumed stranger until he was lost in the intervening copse, the governor turned to his daughter, and fixing a steady, penetrating glance upon her, exclaimed,

“Ha ! then the young malignant's designs appear to be more open than they were. But, mark me, daughter Bridget,” and his eye became sternér and darker as the pupil dilated with his awakening passion, and his haughty lip curled with increased scorn—“mark me, Bridget, sooner than I'd see thee mated with one of his malignant race, mine own hand should stretch thee at my feet a breathless corpse !—yea, as Jephtha slew his daughter, so would I slay thee !” The agitated and frightened girl threw herself upon her father's breast, and, amid tears and sobs, stammered out—“Father—dearest father ! think not so. Ralph de Merefield is naught to me ; he never spoke to me but with the most studied politeness, and, indeed, he shuns rather than seeks my presence.” —“'Tis well, then, maiden—my suspicions are unfounded ; the wolf has not entered the sheep-fold to steal the tender lamb ; but I have observed him lately wandering about these grounds, and I feared my daughter was the object. But listen !” and again his eye flashed, his lip trembled—“verily, I know that young man well—ay, better than he knows me—for his father was my neighbour and my deadliest foe !—and what was more, the foe of Cromwell ! He it was that assisted that tyrannical man, Charles Stuart, in his escape from Hampton Court, and afterwards, aided him, in his long struggles to maintain possession of a crown which had long been doomed to destruction. He it was that beggared his brother to obtain money to carry out that well-slain tyrant's nefarious designs ! And he it was that, at the battle of Naseby, gave me this ugly sign of recognition,” pointing to the scar which disfigured his cheek. “But was he not discomfited ? Yea, as the dry leaf he fell. Lo ! as David girded up his strength in the day of battle, so girded I up mine ; and as he smote his enemies with the edge of the sword, so my trusty weapon stretched the haughty Philistine upon the ground, never to rise again ! Guess, then, if thou canst, how much I love yon cavalier, who hath sucked in with his very milk the taint of papistry—for did not that Babylonish woman, whom men call the Queen of England rear him up from his cradle ? yea, and taught him all her sorceries. Had my honoured friend and master, the protector, followed my advice, this young traitor to the commonwealth would never have escaped from England to disseminate his malignant poison abroad. Cromwell should have crushed the egg before it was hatched. But verily I wax hot and am impatient, not considering the time approacheth when rebels and arch-rebels shall melt away as the hoar frost melteth before the sun, Despatches

\*Now called the Marmoras.

†Now called English Harbour.



have reached me that it is Cromwell's intention to send, in the course of a few months, a squadron against St. Domingo, and my instructions are to see that a proper troop be raised in this island to join the expedition. I am resolved that Master Ralph de Merefield be one of the gallants who shall serve in that affair; a goodly bullet-shot or, albeit, a well-applied stroke from the rapier of a Spaniard, may relieve me from his machinations; or should he refuse to fight under the banner of the commonwealth, verily, I know the malignancy of his father cleaves so closely to him, that it will only be maintaining Cromwell's interest to have him properly secured, or we may see another revolt when we least expect it." Thus saying, the governor walked forward a few paces, and shading his eyes from the lingering sunbeams, scanned for a few moments the scene before him.

What passed in the mind of Bridget during the foregoing conversation it is unnecessary to relate, but the emotions called up in the heart of the Carib girl while hearing her lover thus traduced were violent and various. Hate, scorn, and revenge, fired her eye, and sent a torrent of hot blood through her veins, which, rushing to her face, turned the clear olive to a fiery crimson. Yet so well was she accustomed to master her feelings, that before her young mistress was sufficiently recovered to commence another dialogue, she stood the same apparently calm being, her hands folded across her breast; and only that her eye was more dilated, and her cheek still slightly tinged, none could tell that aught had moved her.

An exclamation from the governor, who had, for the last few minutes, been intently gazing in one direction, arrested his daughter's attention, and, gliding to his elbow, she inquired if he addressed her. "Look, Bridget," replied her father, in a still stern, but not unmusical voice—"look o'er yonder grove—dost thou see aught moving?"—"Nothing, dearest father," answered the maiden, in her own sweet tones—"nothing but the bland zephyr sporting amid the young green leaves, and playing its fairy music upon them." "Foolish enthusiast! But haste, girl!—fetch me the wondrous instrument the lord-general gave me, and let me give yon grove a sharper look—methinks it contains more inmates than we wot of. I have heard of wild Indians and their deeds."

Roused by his remarks, Zulmiera started forward, and in an agitated voice, she in vain tried to stifle, exclaimed, "Oh, no, your excellency, naught is there, save, as the Lady Bridget saith, the whispering wind or the fly-birds as they seek their leafy bower." "Back, girl!" fiercely retorted

the governor—"back to thy place; who taught thee to hazard thy remarks? Methinks thy cavalier masters might have made thee know thy station better."

Again the blood rushed to the cheek and temples of Zulmiera—again the eye flashed fire—but again she mastered her emotions; exclaiming, however, as she did so, but in a voice too subdued to reach her companion's ear, "Rest till to-morrow's night, proud man, then wilt thou learn who governs here!"

At this moment, Bridget placed in her father's hand the lately invented telescope,\* when, raising it to his eye, he narrowly observed the whole breadth of the copse; the distant creek and the farther ocean; but nothing met his eye—nothing, save the wavy green, or the wing of a weary sea-fowl as it sought its nest. Slowly dropping the instrument, the governor once more gazed with his naked eye in that direction. The sun had set some minutes before, and as the last of his golden beams faded in the west, he turned upon his heel, and, followed by the females, was once more lost in the verdant shrubbery.

It was a calm, delicious, West Indian night. The moon shone in all her glory, bathing lawn and lea, upland and woodland, in her silvery light. The waters of the creek we have already noticed were rife with beauty; and the waves of the far-off ocean, as they dashed in measured cadence on the beach, broke musically upon the listener's ear.

A stately figure, enveloped in a dark mantle, glided from behind a screen of orange and coffee trees; and gaining the open ground, looked cautiously around. As if assured its movements were unobserved, the figure darted off at a rapid pace in the direction of a magnificent grove; but with steps so light, that it would scarcely have crushed the lowliest flower. Upon reaching the verge of the grove, it stopped; and placing a finger upon a small gittern,† carried beneath the ample cloak, struck a single note. The crushing of the younger twigs and leaves told that the signal was heard; and springing from the covert, a young man bounded forward, exclaiming—"Zulmiera! dearest Zulmiera! how long thou hast stayed to-night!"

The moon still shone with a clear and fervent light, displaying every object in a distinct manner, and shewing the picturesque dress of the impassioned stranger to the best advantage. His figure

\* Telescopes were said to have been invented during the reign of James I., although some attribute the invention to Roger Bacon, 1292.

† A kind of small guitar, in use about the 16th and 17th centuries.

was slight but perfectly formed, while his fair skin and glowing cheeks bespoke his Saxon origin. His eyes were of the clearest blue, and his long auburn locks, parted in the middle of his forehead, flowed over his shoulders, in length and profusion equalling a woman's. A slight moustache shaded his upper lip, which, slightly curved, displayed a set of teeth faultless in size and colour. His dress, fashioned in that superb style which the followers of Charles loved to indulge in, consisted of a doublet of three-piled murrey-coloured velvet, pinked and slashed with white satin, and ornamented with elaborate embroidery, his falling band, or collar, of the richest point lace, and his nether garments to match with the doublet, were finished at the knees with white satin roses and diamond studs. A small but admirably tempered Toledo, the hilt of solid gold, and sparkling with diamonds, was strapped to his side by an embroidered belt; while a Flemish beaver hat, looped with a diamond button, and surmounted by a snowy plume, shaded his somewhat boyish features. A dark short cloak, lined with white taffetas, which he had flung aside when springing to meet Zulmiera, floated from behind his right shoulder, and served to give him still more an air of graceful elegance.

"Dearest Zulmiera," said the young stranger, when seated upon the trunk of a large tree, which, uprooted by a former hurricane, and slightly covered by a little alluvial earth, had shot forth a few sickly branches—"dearest Zulmiera, how long I have waited for you—how much I have to tell you! I have watched each star as it peeped forth from the heavens—heard the shrill pipe of the curlew as it flew to its nest—but listened in vain for your light footstep; say, dearest, what kept you from the trysting-tree?" "I was in attendance upon my mistress until this late hour," replied Zulmiera, speaking in an ironical tone, and laying a strong emphasis upon the word *mistress*, while a slight look of scorn passed over her animated features; "or else doubt not I would have met you long before; for where, Ralph, would the bird with weary wing seek for rest but by the side of its own fond mate? or why should yon white flower," pointing to a night-jasmine which was growing in all its wild luxuriance near the spot, and loading the air with sweet and powerful perfume—"why should yon white flower haste to open its pretty leaves, as soon as the day melts away, were it not to seek the fond love of those beautiful stars which are twinkling above us? Ralph, you are my mate, and your eyes are my stars, in which I read my destiny."

To this fond but fanciful rhapsody, Ralph de

Merefield made no answer, except by pressing the beautiful hand which rested in his; and the half-Carib continued: "But it was not to tell you this, Ralph, that brought me here so late to-night. Come with me." And suffering himself to be led by her, they quitted the deep recess in which they had been seated, and walked into the open ground already mentioned.

Looking up the ascent above the tops of the trees, which grew in vast profusion, forming a complete barrier around, the moon-beams fell upon the roof of an irregular but commodious building. This was government house, and through an opening in the leafy enclosure, the light of a taper was seen brightly shining from a small diamond-pane casement, in one of the gable ends of the edifice. "In that room," said the romantic girl, directing Ralph's attention to it, "sleeps one, who, next to yourself, I love most on earth; and scornfully, harshly as her father has treated me, she must and shall be saved! Mark me, Ralph, an' thou lovest me, guard the Lady Bridget as thou would'st a sister. Wild spirits will be abroad ere the glad sun shall set and rise again, or yon pretty stars be peeping at us; and though I think they will care for mine as they would me, still, Ralph, I would have thee prepared. When all is over—when you and I—but I need say no more, except that Bridget shall not then be ashamed to love the despised, the scorned Zulmiera," and as she spoke, she threw back her graceful head with the air of a Cleopatra, while the bright crimson mantled in her cheeks, and increased the lustre of her eyes.

"What mean you, Zulmiera?" inquired the young cavalier, as soon as he could make himself heard; for her utterance during the preceding speech had been so rapid, and her manner so excited, that all his former attempts to interrupt her had been useless. "What mean you, dearest Zulmiera? Why this flashing eye—this agitated mien? Is it because yon king-killing, canting Puritan, called you *servant*, that these wild dreams (for I know not what else to term them) are floating through your brain? Never heed him, dearest; you will soon be my bride, my acknowledged wife; and then let me see who dare call you *servant*, or taunt you with your birth! Know that I love one tress of this black hair"—and he drew her fondly towards him—"better than all the fair ringlets and fairer skins of England's boasted daughters. But draw your mantle closer round you, and let us to our former seat, where I will relate to you all my plans.—To-day, I confided to my mother our mutual engagement; she has listened to the voice of her only, her beloved son,



and is prepared to receive you as a daughter. To-morrow, I will call upon the governor—although I hate the sight of him, from his high-crowned hat down to his ugly looking calf-skins—and make my proposals in form. If he consents with a good grace, well ; if not, I feel assured my dear Zulmiera will not fear to leave his house and protection for the home and hearth of one who loves her as I do. I still hope that our own King Charles (God bless him!) may overcome his enemies, and be seated upon the throne of his fathers ; then will we visit old England, and in my own paternal mansion, I've no doubt I shall get my handsome Zulmiera to forget her native island and all her wild dreams." So saying, with a look of strong affection and with gallant bearing, he raised her hand to his lips.

"Oh, Ralph!" said the agitated girl, as her lover concluded his relation, to which she had listened with breathless attention ; "oh, Ralph! had I known this but even ten days ago, how much might I, how much might we all have been spared. But I thought your mother would never have consented that the governor's servant should mate with her noble son—and my own high spirit, goaded on as it has been by the scoraful usage I have met, has led me to do a deed which may, perhaps, dash the cup of happiness from my lips. But then," she murmured, as if more in communion with herself than in reply to her companion, "but then to be a queen, and Ralph (they promised that, or I would never have consented) to be a king. No, it must be: I have gone too far to turn back;" and she raised her head, and looked steadfastly, but apparently half-unconsciously at the young man, who, surprised at her behaviour and language, was gazing intently upon her. At length, slightly shaking her hand to arrest her attention, he inquired again the cause of her extreme emotion. Receiving no reply from Zulmiera, whose large dark eyes were still fixed upon his face, he became seriously alarmed, and, in an anxious tone, entreated her to quit directly the night air, and seek that repose she appeared to need so much, within the precincts of government house. Allowing herself to be led in that direction, they in silence gained the shrubbery ; when, after asking in vain for an explanation, and hearing her again and again express her assurance that she was not seriously indisposed, Ralph de Merefield bade her good even. As he turned to leave the spot, Zulmiera appeared to recover herself, and drawing a long breath, exclaimed "To-morrow, dear Ralph, to-morrow thou shalt know all—till then, farewell!"

(To be Continued.)

## BEYOND THE VEIL.

"So life is loss and death felicitie."—*Spenser.*

A glorious angel to its heavenly home,  
Bore the freed spirit of a child of earth ;  
Swift sped they, swift, o'er lofty tower and dome,  
Where dwelleth splendour, and whence ringeth  
mirth :  
Passed they the crowded mart, the busy street.  
There was a sudden brightness in the air,  
And splendours fell like dew-drops from their  
feet ;  
And men had angels near them unaware.

Sudden they paused above a suburb mean,  
A ruined court, flung open to the day,  
With dripping thatch, and mouldering beams  
between,  
And many a sign of desolate decay ;  
And lo! above a flower the angel stooped,  
A little weed amid the ruins left,  
Springing as though wind-planted ; but it drooped  
Crushed and neglected—of all care bereft.

And with a cry, the angel bending low,  
Plucked the poor flower, and marvelled much  
the child  
To see the heavenly smile so joyous grow  
At aught so lowly, and so earth-defiled ;  
Then spake the angel, reading clear his thought,  
"Hearken, freed spirit! to this tale of mine ;  
Heretofore dwelt an inmate in yon court,  
A child like thou, when mortal years were  
thine.

"A little child, with naught of childhood's gifts,  
Except its feebleness, long nights of pain,  
Long days, when poverty and woe uplifts  
Only new weight of sorrow on the brain,  
A little feeble child, deformed and lame,  
Unable to attain the outer air,  
Knowing sweet nature only by the name,  
Dreaming alone, how dear she is—how fair!

"Yet the bright sunshine sometimes lit his bed  
At intervals, and a blue strip of sky,  
From afar, so close the walls met o'er head,  
Still showed him snowy clouds sail stately by.  
His little comrades, those who might have been  
Playmates, could he have played, would some-  
times bring,  
Fresh cowslips gathered from the meadows  
green,  
Thick lime-boughs breathing fragrance of the  
spring—

"And he would glad him with the whispering  
boughs,  
And joyful twine them with his feeble hand,  
And dose beneath them, dreaming that his brows  
By the sweet breezes of the wood were fanned;  
He was so fettered, that he would not hold  
As captive any living thing they brought—  
The lark flew, free, released, and uncontrolled,  
And, singing, spurned that dim imprisoning  
court.

"One day they brought some moss, and 'mid it  
grew  
A tiny flower, with roots uninjured kept;  
And this he planted, keeping it in view,  
His care by day, his thoughts while others slept.  
One of God's angels hovered o'er the place,  
And bore this nameless martyr to his rest—  
And when the death-smile settled on his face,  
There was no grief in any loving breast.

"His parents left the spot, and it became  
The sordid ruin that to-day you see;  
Rude hands flung forth the flower, the very same  
Whose frail life gilded his, transcendently."

"How know'st thou this, my guide?" the child's  
soul asked;

"Wert thou the angel who the flower upreared?  
Was thine the smile within whose light it basked,  
Though it a sunbeam to the boy appeared?"

"No!" said the angel, and the while his brow  
Seemed with a brighter light than wont to  
shine,

"This abject state of pain, disease and woe,  
Once, and but lately, little one, was mine!  
'Mid all the stars that circle round the Throne,  
'Mid all the flowers immortal that may smile,  
Not one would I exchange for this—the one  
So loved on earth, so more than dear erewhile!"

M. J. T.

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

## CHAPTER FROM "LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY,"

WITH SHORT INTRODUCTION.

It may not be amiss to preface the extract we select from Mrs. Stowe's admirable work, would we could add of fiction, with a few brief remarks on the difficulties which, as Southerners contend, prevent the immediate emancipation of the slaves in the Southern States. The first, is the convulsion into which society would necessarily be thrown by such a change; the second, is the depreciation of property

which would ensue, the revolution in society, and the difficulties which would arise in reconciling those, now steeped in prejudice, to the sight of a class so long despised, moving amongst them on a footing of perfect equality.

We will meet the latter of these objections by giving a short extract from a work written after some year's experience had taught West Indians the blessings of a free system and the futility of their former fears. We can from personal observation endorse the truth of the statements:—

"Since the period of Emancipation the West Indians have suffered from many casualties. There have been severe hurricanes, distressing droughts, and the most awful earthquake that has been known since that of Lisbon; yet under all these disastrous circumstances the free system has gloriously worked its way, and by producing larger average crops (as well as other advantages, both as regards exports and imports) has claimed from all a tribute of praise. Under the free system the obligations on the planter are entirely annulled, for he now employs but a sufficient number of labourers to carry on the estate-work, and the negroes support themselves, as well as their old people and children, out of their weekly earnings, and the privileges which they still enjoy upon the properties where they are domiciled."

Why, then, we will imagine it asked, if free labour be such a boon, do we hear such general lamentations as to the ruin of the West Indies? We could, and perhaps may, answer this question; and could, we think, prove that the depression in the West Indian Islands arises from neither the boon of freedom bestowed on the slave in 1834, nor from the boon of free trade bestowed on the British peasant; but that it owes its origin to very different causes. We could shew that depression exists in the West Indies only by comparison. We will not, however, proceed with the subject, as no purely parti-political question will be agitated in the columns of the *Anglo-American Magazine*, and we have no wish to embark on the troubled sea of Free Trade *versus* Protection.

We will meet the other objection raised, viz., the convulsion into which society would be thrown. This we will do best by simply stating what passed under our personal observation:



Before the abolition of slavery, it had been supposed, that the Negroes, at such an important era of their lives—the transition from slavery to freedom—would be led into great and serious excesses; or, at least, that they would pass the first days of freedom in dance and song, in riotous feastings and drunken carousals. But when the time arrived, far different was the result. Instead of that day being the scene of wild revelry and disordered jollity, the Negroes passed it as a “Sabbath of Sabbaths,”—a solemn feast—

“One bright day of gladness and of rest.”

The churches and chapels were thronged to overflowing, and those persons who were unable to procure seats within the sacred walls, crowded round the open doors and windows, with eager looks of joy.

From every vale,—from every height,—came trooping gladsome groups. Old men and women, whose heads were silvered by the hand of time; young men and maidens; the robust and the weak; the parent and the child,—all rejoicing that the day had at length come when the iron yoke of slavery was removed from their shoulders, and they, like their masters, could boast that they were free! What reasons, we ask, can be adduced why the slaves, in the Southern States, would not receive the inestimable boon of freedom in the same spirit, and become equally valuable members of society as their West Indian brethren.

One word, on prejudice, to the Canadian and to the inhabitant of the free States of the Union. Every candid mind must allow the illiberality, not to call it by a harsher name, of despising or underrating persons, because it has pleased their Creator to give them less fair skins. Yet, how much of this feeling here exists. Let the *soi-disant* philanthropist who is perhaps loudest in his denunciations of the horrors of slavery, ask himself why he does not act as well as talk—and why he does not lend his assistance to remove this existing prejudice. Ambition is a principle inherent in man, in all ages, in all classes, in all *shades* it more or less abounds, and when tempered with reason, becomes, perhaps, more of a virtue than a vice. While the Negro was used as a beast of burden, a creature without feeling or soul, his mind became degraded, and he could not exercise his natural powers. But, let him

be free—bear with his ignorance for awhile—treat him as a being endowed with the same capabilities as ourselves; let him feel the difference between a man under the control of reason, and one who follows the dictates of his own impetuous will, show him what industry and perseverance can accomplish, and he will then be found a good citizen and a worthy member of society.

This is the only way to banish the stain of prejudice from this land, and to show that unlike our neighbours, we not only are willing to let a man, though darker than ourselves, exist, but are content that he should *live* amongst us on that footing of equality to which by his education and position in society he is entitled.

#### A SALE OF GOD'S IMAGE.—(Vide Engraving.)

“In Ramah there was a voice heard,—weeping, and lamentation, and great mourning; Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted.”

MR. HALEY and Tom jogged onward in their waggon, each for a time absorbed in his own reflections. Now, the reflections of two men sitting side by side are a curious thing; seated on the same seat, having the same eyes, ears, hands and organs of all sorts, and having pass before their eyes the same objects,—it is wonderful what a variety we shall find in these same reflections!

As, for example, Mr. Haley: he thought first of Tom's length, and breadth, and height, and what he would sell for, if he was kept fat and in good case till he got him into market. He thought of how he should make out his gang; he thought of the respective market value of certain supposititious men and women and children who were to compose it, and other kindred topics of the business; then he thought of himself, and how humane he was, that whereas other men chained their “niggers” hand and foot both, he only put fetters on the feet, and left Tom the use of his hands, as long as he behaved well; and he sighed to think how ungrateful human nature was, so that there was even room to doubt whether Tom appreciated his mercies. He had been taken in so by “niggers” whom he had favored; but still he was astonished to consider how good-natured he yet remained!

As to Tom, he was thinking over some words of an unfashionable old book, which kept running through his head, again and again, as follows: “We have no continuing city, but we seek one to come; wherefore God himself is not ashamed to be called our God; for he hath prepared for us a city.” These words of an ancient volume, got up principally by “ignorant and unlearned men,” have, through all time, kept up, somehow, a strange



## AUCTION SALE.

"ALL MEN ARE BORN FREE AND EQUAL."—*Declaration of Independence.*





sort of power over the minds of poor, simple fellows, like Tom. They stir up the soul from its depths, and rouse, as with trumpet call, courage, energy, and enthusiasm, where before was only the blackness of despair.

Mr. Haley pulled out of his pocket sundry newspapers, and began looking over their advertisements, with absorbed interest. He was not a remarkably fluent reader, and was in the habit of reading in a sort of recitative half-aloud, by way of calling in his ears to verify the deductions of his eyes. In this tone he slowly recited the following paragraph :

"EXECUTOR'S SALE.—NEGROES!—Agreeably to order of court, will be sold, on Tuesday, February 20, before the Court-house door, in the town of Washington, Kentucky, the following negroes : Hagar, aged 60 ; John, aged 30 ; Ben, aged 21 ; Saul, aged 25 ; Albert, aged 14. Sold for the benefit of the creditors and heirs of the estate of Jesse Blutchford, Esq.

SAMUEL MORRIS,  
THOMAS FLINT,  
*Executors."*

"This yer I must look at," said he to Tom, for want of somebody else to talk to.

"Ye see, I'm going to get up a prime gang to take down with ye, Tom ; it'll make it sociable and pleasant like,—good company will, ye know. We must drive right to Washington first and foremost, and then I'll clap you into jail, while I does the business."

Tom received this agreeable intelligence quite meekly ; simply wondering, in his own heart, how many of these doomed men had wives and children, and whether they would feel as he did about leaving them. It is to be confessed, too, that the naive, off-hand information that he was to be thrown into jail by no means produced an agreeable impression on a poor fellow who had always prided himself on a strictly honest and upright course of life. Yes, Tom, we must confess it, was rather proud of his honesty, poor fellow,—not having much else to be proud of ;—if he had belonged to some of the higher walks of society, he, perhaps, would never have been reduced to such straits. However, the day wore on, and the evening saw Haley and Tom comfortably accommodated in Washington,—the one in a tavern, and the other in a jail.

About eleven o'clock the next day, a mixed throng was gathered around the court-house steps,—smoking, chewing, spitting, swearing, and conversing, according to their respective tastes and turns,—waiting for the auction to commence. The men and women to be sold sat in a group apart, talking in a low tone to each other. The woman who had been advertised by the name of Hagar was a regular African in feature and figure. She might have been sixty, but was older than that by hard work and disease, was partially blind, and somewhat crippled with rheumatism. By

her side stood her only remaining son, Albert, a bright-looking little fellow of fourteen years. The boy was the only survivor of a large family, who had been successively sold away from her to a southern market. The mother held on to him with both her shaking hands, and eyed with intense trepidation every one who walked up to examine him.

"Don't be feared, Aunt Hagar," said the oldest of the men, "I spoke to Mas'r Thomas 'bout it, and he thought he might manage to sell you in a lot both together."

"Dey needn't call me worn out yet," said she, lifting her shaking hands. "I can cook yet, and scrub, and scour,—I'm wuth a buying, if I do come cheap ;—tell em dat ar,—you *tell* em," she added earnestly.

Haley here forced his way into the group, walked up to the old man, pulled his mouth open and looked in, felt his teeth, made him stand and straighten himself, bend his back, and perform various evolutions to show his muscles ; and then passed on to the next, and put him through the same trial. Walking up last to the boy, he felt his arms, straightened his hands, and looked at his fingers, and made him jump, to show his agility.

"He an't gwine to be sold without me!" said the old woman, with passionate eagerness ; "he and I goes in a lot together ; I's rail strong yet, Mas'r, and can do heaps o' work,—heaps on it, Mas'r."

"On plantation?" said Haley, with a contemptuous glance. "Likely story!" and, as if satisfied with his examination, he walked out and looked, and stood with his hands in his pocket, his cigar in his mouth, and his hat cocked on one side, ready for action.

"What think of 'em," said a man who had been following Haley's examination, as if to make up his own mind from it.

"Wal," said Haley, spitting, "I shall put in, I think, for the youngerly ones and the boy."

"They want to sell the boy and the old woman together," said the man.

"Find it a tight pull ;—why, she's an old rack o' bones—not worth her salt."

"You wouldn't then?" said the man.

"Anybody'd be a fool 'twould. She's half blind, crooked with rheumatis, and foolish to boot."

"Some buys up these yer old critturs, and ses there's a sight more wear in 'em than a body'd think," said the man, reflectively.

"No go, 'tall," said Haley ; "wouldn't take her for a present,—fact,—I've *seen*, now."

"Wal, 'tis kinder pity, now, not to buy her with her son,—her heart seems to sot on him,—s'pose they fling her in cheap."

"Them that's got money to spend that ar way, it's all well enough. I shall bid off on that ar boy for a plantation-hand ;—wouldn't be bothered with her, no way,—not if they'd give her to me," said Haley.



"She'll take on desp't," said the man.

"Nat'lly, she will," said the trader, coolly.

The conversation was here interrupted by a busy hum in the audience; and the auctioneer, a short, bustling, important fellow, elbowed his way into the crowd. The old woman drew in her breath, and caught instinctively at her son.

"Keep close to yer mammy, Albert,—close,—dey'll put us up togedder," she said.

"O, mammy, I'm feared they won't," said the boy.

"Dey must, child; I can't live, no ways, if they don't," said the old creature, vehemently.

The stentorian tones of the auctioneer, calling out to clear the way, now announced that the sale was about to commence. A place was cleared, and the bidding began. The different men on the list were soon knocked off at prices which showed a pretty brisk demand in the market; two of them fell to Haley.

"Come, now, young un," said the auctioneer, giving the boy a touch with his hammer, "be up and show your springs, now."

"Put us two up togedder, togedder,—do please, Mas'r," said the old woman, holding fast to her boy.

"Be off," said the man, gruffly, pushing her hands away; you come last. Now, darkey, spring;" and, with the word, he pushed the boy toward the block, while a deep, heavy groan rose behind him. The boy paused, and looked back; but there was no time to stay, and dashing the tears from his large, bright eyes, he was up in a moment.

His fine figure, alert limbs, and bright face, raised an instant competition, and half a dozen bids simultaneously met the ear of the auctioneer. Anxious, half-frightened, he looked from side to side, as he heard the clatter of contending bids,—now, here, now there,—till the hammer fell. Haley had got him. He was pushed from the block toward his new master, but stopped one moment, and looked back, when his poor old mother, trembling in every limb, held out her shaking hands toward him.

"Buy me too, Mas'r, for de dear Lord's sake! —buy me,—I shall die if you don't!"

"You'll die if I do, that's the kink of it," said Haley,—“no!” And he turned on his heel.

The bidding for the poor old creature was summary. The man who had addressed Haley, and who seemed not destitute of compassion, bought her for a trifle, and the spectators began to disperse.

The poor victims of the sale, who had been brought up in one place together for years, gathered round the despairing old mother, whose agony was pitiful to see.

"Could'n't dey leave me one? Mas'r allers said I should have one,—he did," she repeated over and over, in heart-broken tones.

"Trust in the Lord, Aunt Hagar," said the oldest of the men, sorrowfully.

"What good will it do?" said she, sobbing passionately.

"Mother, mother,—don't! don't!" said the boy. "They say you's got a good master."

"I don't care,—I don't care. O, Albert! oh, my boy! you's my last baby. Lord, how ken I?"

"Come, take her off, can't some of ye?" said Haley, dryly; "don't do no good for her to go on that ar way."

The old men of the company, partly by persuasion and partly by force, loosed the poor creature's last despairing hold, and, as they led her off to her new master's waggon, strove to comfort her.

"Now!" said Haley, pushing his three purchases together, and producing a bundle of handcuffs, which he proceeded to put on their wrists; and fastening each handcuff to a long chain, he drove them before him to the jail.

A few days saw Haley, with his possessions, safely deposited on one of the Ohio boats. It was the commencement of his gang, to be augmented, as the boat moved on, by various other merchandise of the same kind, which he, or his agent, had stored for him in various points along shore.

The La Belle Rivière, as brave and beautiful a boat as ever walked the waters of her namesake river, was floating gayly down the stream, under a brilliant sky, the stripes and stars of free America waving and fluttering over head; the guards crowded with well-dressed ladies and gentlemen walking and enjoying the delightful day. All was full of life, buoyant and rejoicing;—all but Haley's gang, who were stored, with other freight, on the lower deck, and who, somehow, did not seem to appreciate their various privileges, as they sat in a knot, talking to each other in low tones.

"Boys," said Haley, coming up briskly, "I hope you keep up good heart, and are cheerful. Now, no sulks, ye see; keep stiff upper lip, boys; do well by me, and I'll do well by you."

The boys addressed responded the invariable "Yes, Mas'r," for ages the watchword of poor Africa; but it's to be owned they did not look particularly cheerful; they had their various little prejudices in favor of wives, mothers, sisters, and children, seen for the last time,—and though "they that wasted them required of them mirth," it was not instantly forthcoming.

"I've got a wife," spoke out the article enumerated as "John, aged thirty," and he laid his chained hand on Tom's knee,—“and she don't know a word about this, poor girl!”

"Where does she live?" said Tom.

"In a tavern a piece down here," said John; "I wish, now, I could see her once more in this world," he added.

Poor John! It was rather natural; and the tears that fell, as he spoke, came as naturally as if he had been a white man. Tom

drew a long breath from a sore heart, and tried, in his poor way, to comfort him.

And over head, in the cabin, sat fathers and mothers, husbands and wives; and merry, dancing children moved round among them, like so many little butterflies, and everything was going on quite easy and comfortable.

"O, mamma, said a boy, who had just come up from below, "there's a negro trader on board, and he's brought four or five slaves down there."

"Poor creatures!" said the mother, in a tone between grief and indignation.

"What's that?" said another lady.

"Some poor slaves below," said the mother.

"And they've got chains on," said the boy.

"What a shame to our country that such sights are to be seen!" said another lady.

"O, there's a great deal to be said on both sides of the subject," said a genteel woman, who sat at her state-room door sewing, while her little girl and boy were playing round her. "I've been south, and I must say I think the negroes are better off than they would be to be free."

"In some respects, some of them are well off, I grant," said the lady to whose remark she had answered. "The most dreadful part of slavery, to my mind, is its outrages on the feelings and affections,—the separating of families, for example."

"That *is* a bad thing, certainly," said the other lady, holding up a baby's dress she had just completed, and looking intently on its trimmings; "but then, I fancy, it don't occur often."

"O, it does," said the first lady eagerly; "I've lived many years in Kentucky and Virginia both, and I've seen enough to make any one's heart sick. Suppose, ma'am, your two children, there, should be taken from you, and sold?"

"We can't reason from our feelings on those of this class of persons," said the other lady, sorting out some worsteds on her lap.

"Indeed, ma'am, you can know nothing of them, if you say so," answered the first lady, warmly. "I was born and brought up among them. I know they *do* feel, just as keenly,—even more so, perhaps,—as we do."

The lady said "Indeed!" yawned, and looked out of the cabin window, and finally repeated, for a finale, the remark with which she had begun,—“After all, I think they are better off than they would be to be free.”

"It's undoubtedly the intention of Providence that the African race should be servants,—kept in a low condition," said a grave-looking gentleman in black, a clergyman, seated by the cabin door. "'Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be,' the scripture says."

"I say stranger, is that ar what the text means?" said a tall man standing by.

"Undoubtedly. It pleased Providence, for

some inscrutable reason, to doom the race to bondage, ages ago; and we must not set up our opinion against that."

"Well, then, we'll all go ahead and buy up niggers," said the man, "if that's the way of Providence,—won't we, Squire?" said he, turning to Haley, who had been standing, with his hands in his pockets, by the stove, and intently listening to the conversation.

"Yes," continued the tall man, "we must all be resigned to the decrees of Providence. Niggers must be sold, and trucked round, and kept under; it's what they's made for. 'Pears like this yer view's quite refreshing, an't it, stranger?" said he to Haley.

"I never thought on't," said Haley. "I couldn't have said as much, myself; I ha'nt no larning. I took up the trade just to make a living; if tan't right, I calculated to 'pent on it in time, *ye* know."

"And now you'll save yerself the trouble, won't ye?" said the tall man. "See what 'tis, now, to know scripture. If ye'd only studied yer Bible, like this yer good man, ye might have know'd it before, and saved ye a heap o' trouble. Ye could jist have said, 'Cussed be'—what's his name?—'and 'twould all have come right.'" And the stranger, who was no other than the honest drover whom we introduced to our readers in the Kentucky tavern, sat down, and began smoking, with a curious smile on his long dry face.

A tall, slender young man, with a face expressive of great feeling and intelligence, here broke in, and repeated the words, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." I suppose," he added, "that is scripture, as much as 'Cursed be Canaan.'"

"Wal, it seems quite *as* plain a text, stranger," said John the drover, "to poor fellows like us, now;" and John smoked on like a volcano.

The young man paused, looked as if he was going to say more, when suddenly the boat stopped, and the company made the usual steamboat rush, to see where they were landing.

"Both them ar chaps parsons?" said John to one of the men as they were going out.

The man nodded.

As the boat stopped, a black woman came running wildly up the plank, darted through the crowd, flew up to where the slave gang sat, and threw her arms round that unfortunate piece of merchandise before enumerated—"John aged thirty," and with sobs and tears bemoaned him as her husband.

But what need to tell the story, told too oft,—every day told,—of heart-strings rent and broken,—the weak broken for the profit and convenience of the strong! It needs not to be told;—every day is telling it,—telling it, too, in the ear of One who is not deaf, though he be long silent.



The young man who had spoken for the cause of humanity and God, before, stood with folded arms, looking on this scene. He turned, and Haley was standing at his side. "My friend," he said, speaking with thick utterance, "how can you, how dare you, carry on a trade like this? Look at those poor creatures! Here I am, rejoicing in my heart that I am going home to my wife and child; and the same bell which is a signal to carry me onward towards them will part this poor man and his wife for ever. Depend upon it, God will bring you into judgment for this.

The trader turned away in silence.

"I say, now," said the drover, touching his elbow, "there's differences in parsons, a'n't there? 'Cussed be Canaan' don't seem to go down with this 'un, does it?"

Haley gave an uneasy growl.

"And that ar a'n't the worst on't," said John; "mabbe it won't go down with the Lord, neither, when ye come to settle with Him, one o' these days, as all on us must, I reckon."

Haley walked reflectively to the other end of the boat.

"If I make pretty handsomely on one or two next gangs," he thought, "I reckon I'll stop off this yer; it's really getting dangerous." And he took out his pocket-book, and began adding over his accounts,—a process which many gentlemen besides Mr. Haley have found a specific for an uneasy conscience.

The boat swept proudly away from the shore, and all went merrily, as before. Men talked, and laughed, and read, and smoked. Women sewed, and children played, and the boat passed on her way.

One day, when she lay to for a while at a small town in Kentucky, Haley went up into the place on a little matter of business.

Tom whose fetters did not prevent his taking a moderate circuit, had drawn near the side of the boat, and stood listlessly gazing over the railings. After a time, he saw the trader returning, with an alert step, in company with a colored woman, bearing in her arms a young child. She was dressed quite respectably, and a colored man followed her, bringing along a small trunk. The woman came cheerfully onward, talking as she came, with the man who bore her trunk, and so passed up the plank into the boat. The bell rung, the steamer whizzed, the engine groaned and coughed, and away swept the boat down the river.

The woman walked forward among the boxes and bales of the lower deck, and, sitting down, busied herself with chirruping to her baby.

Haley made a turn or two about the boat, and then, coming up, seated himself near her, and began saying something to her in an indifferent undertone.

Tom soon noticed a heavy cloud passing over the woman's brow; and that she answered rapidly, and with great vehemence.

"I don't believe it,—I won't believe it!" he heard her say. "You're just a foolin with me."

"If you won't believe it, look here!" said the man, drawing out a paper; "this yer's the bill of sale, and there's your master's name to it; and I paid down good solid cash for it, too, I can tell you,—so, now!"

"I don't believe Mas'r would cheat me so; it can't be true!" said the woman with increasing agitation.

"You can ask any of these men here, that can read writing. Here!" he said to a man that was passing by, "just read this yer, won't you! This yer gal won't believe me, when I tell her what 'tis."

"Why, it's a bill of sale, signed by John Fosdick," said the man, "making over to you the girl Lucy and her child. It's all straight enough, for aught I see."

The woman's passionate exclamations collected a crowd around her, and the trader briefly explained to them the cause of the agitation.

"He told me I was going to Louisville, to hire out as cook to the same tavern where my husband works,—that's what Mas'r told me, his own self; and I can't believe he'd lie to me," said the woman.

"But he has sold you, my poor woman, there's no doubt about it," said a good-natured looking man, who had been examining the papers; "he has done it, and no mistake."

"Then it's no account talking," said the woman, suddenly growing quite calm; and, clasping her child tighter in her arms, she sat down on her box, turned her back round, and gazed listlessly into the river.

"Going to take it easy, after all!" said the trader. "Gal's got grit, I see."

The woman looked calm, as the boat went on; and a beautiful soft summer breeze passed like a compassionate spirit over her head,—the gentle breeze, that never inquires whether the brow is dusky or fair that it fans. And she saw sunshine sparkling on the water, in golden ripples, and heard gay voices, full of ease and pleasure, talking around her everywhere; but her heart lay as if a great stone had fallen on it. Her baby raised himself up against her, and stroked her cheeks with his little hands; and, springing up and down, crowing and chattering, seemed determined to arouse her. She strained him suddenly and tightly in her arms, and slowly one tear after another fell on his wondering, unconscious face; and gradually she seemed, and little by little, to grow calmer, and busied herself with tending and nursing him.

The child, a boy of ten months, was uncommonly large and strong of his age, and very vigorous in his limbs. Never, for a moment, still, he kept his mother constantly busy in holding him, and guarding his springing activity.

"That's a fine chap!" said the man, sudden-

ly stopping opposite to him, with his hands in his pockets. "How old is he?"

"Ten months and a half," said the mother.

The man whistled to the boy, and offered him part of a stick of candy, which he eagerly grabbed at, and very soon had in a baby's general depository, to wit, his mouth.

"Rum fellow!" said the man. "Knows what's what!" and he whistled, and walked on. When he had got to the other side of the boat, he came across Haley, who was smoking on top of a pile of boxes.

The stranger produced a match, and lighted a cigar, saying, as he did so:

"Decentish kind o' wench you've got round there, stranger."

"Why I reckon she *is* to'able fair," said Haley, blowing the smoke out of his mouth.

"Taking her down south?" said the man.

Haley nodded, and smoked on.

"Plantation hand?" said the man.

"Wal," said Haley, "I'm fillin' out an order for a plantation, and I think I shall put her in. They telled me she was a good cook; and they can use her for that, or set her at the cotton-picking. She's got the right fingers for that; I looked at 'em. Sell well either way;" and Haley resumed his cigar.

"They won't want the young'un on a plantation," said the man.

"I shall sell him, first chance I find," said Haley, lighting another cigar.

"S'pose you'd be selling him to'able cheap," said the stranger, mounting the pile of boxes, and sitting down comfortably.

"Don't know 'bout that," said Haley; "he's a pretty smart young un,—straight, fat, strong; flesh as hard as a brick?"

"Very true, but then there's all the bother and expense of raisin'."

"Nonsense!" said Haley; "they is raised as easy as any kind of critter there is going; they an't a bit more trouble than pups. This yer chap will be running all round in a month."

"I've got a good place for raisin', and I thought of takin' in a little more stock," said the man. "One cook lost a young un, last week,—got drowned in a wash-tub, while she was a hangin' out clothes,—and I reckon it would be well enough to set her to raisin' this yer."

Haley and the stranger smoked a while in silence, neither seeming willing to broach the test question of the interview. At last the man resumed:

"You wouldn't think of wantin' more than ten dollars for that ar chap, seeing you *must* get him off yer hand, anyhow?"

Haley shook his head, and spit impressively.

"That won't do, no ways," he said, and began his smoking again.

"Well, stranger, what will you take?"

"Well, now," said Haley, "I *could* raise that ar chap myself, or get him raised; he's

uncommon likely and healthy, and he'd fetch a hundred dollars, six months hence; and in a year or two, he'd bring two hundred, if I had him in the right spot;—so I shan't take a cent less nor fifty for him now."

"O, stranger! that's rediculous, altogether," said the man.

"Fact!" said Haley, with a decisive nod of his head.

"I'll give thirty for him," said the stranger, "but not a cent more."

"Now, I'll tell ye what I will do," said Haley, spitting again with renewed decision. "I'll split the difference, and say forty-five; and that's the most I will do."

"Well, agreed!" said the man, after an interval.

"Done!" said Haley. "Where do you land?"

"At Louisville," said the man.

"Louisville," said Haley. "Very fair, we get there about dusk. Chap will be asleep,—all fair,—get him off quietly, and no screaming,—happens beautiful,—I like to do everything quietly,—I hates all kind of agitation fluster." And so, after a transfer of certain bills had passed from the man's pocket-book to the trader's, he resumed his cigar.

It was a bright, tranquil evening when the boat stopped at the wharf at Louisville. The woman had been sitting with her baby in her arms, now wrapped in a heavy sleep. When she heard the name of the place called out, she hastily laid the child down in a little cradle formed by the hollow among the boxes, first carefully spreading under it her cloak; and then she sprang to the side of the boat, in hopes that, among the various hotel-waiters who thronged the wharf, she might see her husband. In this hope she pressed forward to the front rails, and, stretching far over them strained her eyes intently on the moving heads on the shore, and the crowd pressed in between her and the child.

"Now's your time," said Haley, taking the sleeping child up, and handing him to the stranger. "Don't wake him up and set him to crying, now; it would make a devil of a fuss with the gal." The man took the bundle carefully, and was soon lost in the crowd that went up the wharf.

When the boat, creaking, and groaning, and puffing, had loosed from the wharf, and was beginning slowly to strain herself along, the woman returned to her old seat. The trader was sitting there,—the child was gone!

"Why, why,—where?" she began, in bewildered surprise.

"Lucy," said the trader, "your child's gone; you may as well know it first as last. You see, I know'd you couldn't take him down south; and I got a chance to sell him to a first-rate family, that'll raise him better than you can."

The trader had arrived at that stage of



Christian and political perfection which has been recommended by some preachers and politicians of the north, lately, in which he had completely overcome every human weakness and prejudice. His heart was exactly where yours, sir, and mine could be brought, with proper effort and cultivation. The wild look of anguish and utter despair that the woman cast on him might have disturbed one less practised; but he was used to it. He had seen that same look hundreds of times. You can get used to such things, too, my friend; and it is the great object of recent efforts to make our whole northern community used to them, for the glory of the Union. So the trader only regarded the mortal anguish which he saw working in those dark features, those clenched hands, and suffocating breathings, as necessary incidents of the trade, and merely calculated whether she was going to scream, and get up a commotion on the boat; for, like other supporters of our peculiar institutions, he decidedly disliked agitation.

But the woman did not scream. The shot had passed too straight and direct through the heart, for cry or tear.

Dizzily she sat down. Her slack hands fell lifeless by her side. Her eyes looked straight forward, but she saw nothing. All the noise and hum of the boat, the groaning of the machinery, mingled dreamily to her bewildered ear; and the poor, dumb-stricken heart had neither cry nor tear to show for its utter misery. She was quite calm.

The trader, who, considering his advantages, was almost as humane as some of our politicians, seemed to feel called on to administer such consolation as the case admitted of.

"I know this yer comes kinder hard at first, Lucy," said he; "but such a smart, sensible gal as you are, won't give way to it. You see it's *necessary*, and can't be helped!"

"O! don't, Mas'r, don't!" said the woman, with a voice like one that is smothering.

"You're a smart wench, Lucy," he persisted, "I mean to do well by ye, and get ye a nice place down river; and you'll soon get another husband,—such a likely gal as you—"

"O! Mas'r, if you *only* won't talk to me now," said the woman, in a voice of such quick and living anguish that the trader felt that there was something at present in the case beyond his style of operation. He got up, and the woman turned away, and buried her head in her cloak.

The trader walked up and down for a time and occasionally stopped and looked at her.

"Takes it hard, rather," he soliloquized, "but quiet, tho';—let her sweat a while; she'll come right, by and by!"

Tom had watched the whole transaction from first to last, and had a perfect understanding of its results. To him, it looked like something unutterably horrible and cruel, be-

cause, poor, ignorant black soul! he had not learned to generalize, and to take enlarged views. If he had only been instructed by certain ministers of Christianity, he might have thought better of it, and seen in it an everyday incident of a lawful trade; a trade which is the vital support of an institution which an American divine\* tells us "*has no evils but such as are inseparable from any other relations in social and domestic life.*" But Tom, as we see, being a poor, ignorant fellow, whose reading had been confined entirely to the New Testament, could not comfort and solace himself with views like these. His very soul bled within him for what seemed to him the *wrongs* of the poor suffering thing that lay like a crushed reed on the boxes; the feeling, living, bleeding, yet immortal *thing*, which American state law coolly classes with the bundles, and bales, and boxes, among which she is lying.

Tom drew near, and tried to say something; but she only groaned. Honestly, and with tears running down his own cheeks, he spoke of a heart of love in the skies, of a pitying Jesus, and an eternal home; but the ear was deaf with anguish, and the palsied heart could not feel.

Night came on,—night calm, unmoved, and glorious, shining down with her innumerable and solemn angel eyes, twinkling, beautiful, but silent. There was no speech nor language, no pitying voice or helping hand from that distant sky. One after another, voices of business or pleasure died away; all on the boat were sleeping, and the ripples at the prow were plainly heard. Tom stretched himself out on a box, and there, as he lay, he heard, ever and anon, a smothered sob or cry from the prostrate creature,—"*O! what shall I do? O Lord! O good Lord, do help me!*" and so, ever and anon, until the murmur died away in silence.

At midnight, Tom waked, with a sudden start. Something black passed quickly by him to the side of the boat, and he heard a splash in the water. No one else saw or heard anything. He raised his head,—the woman's place was vacant! He got up, and sought about him in vain. The poor bleeding heart was still, at last, and the river rippled and dimpled just as brightly as if it had not closed above it.

Patience! patience! ye whose hearts swell indignant at wrongs like these. Not one throb of anguish, not one tear of the oppressed, is forgotten by the Man of Sorrows, the Lord of Glory. In his patient, generous bosom he bears the anguish of a world. Bear thou, like him, in patience, and labor in love; for sure as he is God, "the year of his redeemed *shall* come."

The trader waked up bright and early, and

\* Dr. Joel Parker, of Philadelphia.

came out to see to his live stock. It was now his turn to look about in perplexity.

"Where alive is that gal?" he said to Tom.

Tom, who had learned the wisdom of keeping counsel, did not feel called on to state his observations and suspicions, but said he did not know.

"She surely couldn't have got off in the night at any of the landings, for I was awake, and on the look-out, whenever the boat stopped. I never trust these yer things to other folks."

This speech was addressed to Tom quite confidentially, as if it was something that would be especially interesting to him. Tom made no answer.

The trader searched the boat from stem to stern, among boxes, bales and barrels, around the machinery, by the chimneys, in vain.

"Now, I say, Tom, be fair about this yer," he said, when, after a fruitless search, he came where Tom was standing. "You know something about it, now. Don't tell me,—I know you do. I saw the gal stretched out here about ten o'clock, and ag'in at twelve, and ag'in between one and two; and then at four she was gone, and you was a sleeping right there all the time. Now, you know something—you can't help it."

"Well, Mas'r," said Tom, "towards morning something brushed by me, and I kinder half woke; and then I hearn a great splash, and then I clare woke up, and the gal was gone. That's all I know on't."

The trader was not shocked nor amazed; because, as we said before, he was used to a great many things that you are not used to. Even the awful presence of Death struck no solemn chill upon him. He had seen Death many times,—met him in the way of trade, and got acquainted with him,—and he only thought of him as a hard customer, that embarrassed his property operations very unfairly; and so he only swore that the gal was a baggage, and that he was devilish unlucky, and that, if things went on in this way, he should not make a cent on the trip. In short, he seemed to consider himself an ill-used man, decidedly; but there was no help for it, as the woman had escaped into a state which *never will* give up a fugitive,—not even at the demand of the whole glorious Union. The trader, therefore, sat discontentedly down, with his little account-book, and put down the missing body and soul under the head of *losses!*

"He's a shocking creature, isn't he,—this trader? so unfeeling! It's dreadful, really!"

"O, but nobody thinks anything of these traders! They are universally despised,—never received into any decent society."

But who, sir, makes the trader? Who is most to blame? The enlightened, cultivated, intelligent man, who supports the system of which the trader is the inevitable result, or

the poor trader himself? You make the public sentiment that calls for this trade, that debauches and depraves him, till he feels no shame in it; and in what are you better than he?

Are you educated and he ignorant, you high and he low, you refined and he coarse, you talented and he simple?

In the day of a future Judgment, these very considerations may make it more tolerable for him than for you.

In concluding these little incidents of lawful trade, we must beg the world not to think that American legislators are entirely destitute of humanity, as might perhaps, be unfairly inferred from the great efforts made in our national body to protect and perpetuate this species of traffic.

Who does not know how our great men are outdoing themselves, in declaiming against the *foreign* slave-trade. There are a perfect host of Clarksons and Wilberforces risen up among us on that subject, most edifying to hear and behold. Trading negroes from Africa, dear reader, is so horrid! It is not to be thought of! But trading them from Kentucky,—that's quite another thing!

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LEGEND FOR THE FACULTY.—About the middle of the 14th century all the physicians in Madrid were suddenly alarmed by the intrusion of the ghosts of their patients. Their doors were so besieged by the spectres of the dead, that there was no entrance for the living. It was observed that a single *medico* of no reputation, and living very obscurely, was incommoded with only one of these unearthly visitors. All Madrid flocked incontinently to the fortunate practitioner, who accordingly pocketed fees by the bushel. He continued to reap a plentiful harvest till his brethren promulgated the unfortunate discovery, that the aforesaid single ghost, was, when alive, the only patient that ever consulted him!—*Camerarius.*

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TRAGEDY OF DOUGLAS.—At the first rehearsal of this celebrated Drama, the following was the cast:—

LORD RANDOLPH.—Dr. Robertson, *historian.*

GLENALVON.—David Hume, *Do.*

OLD NORVAL.—Dr. Carlyle, *minister of Mus-selburgh.*

DOUGLAS.—John Home, *the author.*

LADY RANDOLPH.—Professor Ferguson.

ANNA (the Maid).—Dr. Hugh Blair.

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The following anecdote of George the Third is not without its moral:—"I was accompanied by Turnerelli, the sculptor, to whom His Majesty sat for his bust; touching which I may relate an anecdote, characteristic enough of the manner and astuteness of the sovereign. Sitting one morning, he abruptly asked, 'What's your name?' —'Turnerelli, Sir!' replied the artist.—'Oh, aye, so it is,' rejoined the monarch; 'Turnerelli, elli, that is, Turner, and the elli, to make the gæse follow you.'"



## FUTURITY.

River of my soul that flowest  
 Onward through the gloom ;  
 Unto what bright ocean goest  
 Thou, beyond the tomb :  
 That dread desert, parched and drear,  
 Where thy waters disappear !

! Nought can be annihilated,  
 Nothing that hath life ;  
 And what hath not ? All created  
 Things with change are rife ;  
 Yet, what hath been—it shall be,  
 Unto all eternity !

Earthly things return to earth ;  
 Vapours to the air ;  
 Exhalations, which have birth  
 From the ocean, share  
 This same all-pervading power,  
 And return in every shower.

Countless generations sleep  
 Underneath our feet ;  
 Roaring torrents onward sweep,  
 Mother floods to meet :  
 Yet the dry land groweth not,  
 And the sea o'erfloweth not.

Crystal streams that from the mountain  
 Flow, yet run not dry ;  
 Do ye not like Life's red fountain,  
 Your own source supply ?  
 And as ye in circles roll,  
 So, the river of my soul.

Flowing first from God—the ocean  
 Whence all life doth flow ;  
 Steadily with onward motion  
 To the source doth go :  
 And the circle made complete,  
 Higher life, not death, doth meet !

Death is the horizon line,  
 Bounding mortal sight ;  
 Darkness shows the sun's decline,  
 Not the end of light :  
 Still the bright orb sheds its ray ;  
 Still the soul flows on its way.

ERRO.

Henry VIII. murdered to avoid the charge of adultery ; so in our times, also, men, who seduce the wife, clear their honour by shooting the husband.

## THE CRUSADER OF BIGORRE.

## A LEGEND OF THE PYRENEES.

DURING our stay at Bagnères we made an excursion to the Chateau de Bénac, once the property of that dought crusader, Sire Bos de Bénac, whose marvellous return from the Holy Land, through the aid of the devil, is still the favorite history of the neighbouring peasantry. The chateau stands well, looking down upon a straggling village of the same name, and on the pretty, tumbling river Etchez, and was originally a very respectable place of defence, with its ramparts, its three huge towers, and its walls full eight feet thick. Nor does time appear to have had much power over it ; but, alas ! the peasant who purchased it after the first revolution, has worked so vigorously at its destruction, that he has razed to the ground the tower, once used as a prison, reduced that towards the east to nearly his own level, while the southern tower is split from its roof to its foundation.

The chapel has been suffered to remain intact, that it may serve as a stable ! The present mistress of the castle and her companion, a bright, lively montagnarde, related to us Sire Bos de Bénac's wonderful history with charming vivacity, pointing out, as they proceeded, the famous breach made by the demon in the southern tower, which nobody has ever been able to repair, and which the crowbar and hammer of the peasant have respected. In part of the original building we were shown a vaulted room, said to have been that of the crusader, in the wall of which was formerly to be seen a tablet of marble, on which was engraven in letters of gold the knight's marvellous adventure. An Englishman is said to have bought and carried off this odd addition to his travelling baggage ; but the memory of the peasants supplies the void, and I give the lines as I heard them, in the original :—

“ Ayant resté sept ans au Terre-Sainte,  
 Le démon en trois jours m'a porté ;  
 Mais, déclarant mon nom on me taxe de feinte  
 Pour courir à l'Hymen ; quelle deloyauté !  
 Je fais voir mon anneau, mon vieux levrier j'appelle,  
 Et c'est le seul témoin que je trouve fidèle.  
 Démon ! ce plat de noix paiera ton transport,  
 Et je vals dans la solitude  
 Me guérir, songeant à la mort,  
 De ce que ton emploi me fait inquiétude.”

“ I tell the tale as 'twas told to me.”

Now, you must know, that at the time when Philip I. was King of France, there was in the country of Bigorre, at the foot of the Pyrenees, a brave and powerful knight, called Messire Bos de Bénac. This knight was one day leaning dreamily against the parapet of his castle, his eyes fixed on the Pic du Midi, though he saw it not, and yawning from very idleness. There was no passing guest to play at chess with him ; he had given his armour its highest polish ; he had visited his stables, his kennels, and his hawks ; and Roland, his beautiful white greyhound, tired with the morning's course, only replied to the capricious calls of his master by lazily raising his sharp nose. At this moment the chaplain appeared at the further end of the meadows, whipping on his pony to unwonted speed. The Lord of Bénac hastened down to

meet him; more, in truth, from want of occupation, than from true courtesy.

"What news, Sir Priest?"

"Great and surprising news!" answered he.

"What! is there war with Béarn, Foix, or Comenenges!—with the King of Arragon or Count of Toulouse?"

"Heaven defend us from all such! War between princes! war among Christians!—mere sacrilege! But hearken and I will tell you of a holy war—a war ordained of heaven."

The priest then commenced a recital of the sufferings and humiliations of the pilgrims in the Holy Land, the insolence of the infidels, and the ruin of Christianity. Sire Bos's eyes flashed as he listened.

"And wherefore delay to punish the miscreants?" he exclaimed.

"Such in fact, is the intention," replied the chaplain. "A brave and holy gentleman of Picardy is returned from beyond the seas, his heart bursting with virtuous indignation; he goes, from city to city, from town to town, from chateau to chateau, telling of the profanation of the sacred tomb, and the oppression of the Christians. At his voice all are moved; he draws after him knights and lords, ladies, monks, bishops, clerks, and serfs; his voice is like that of an angel, which none can resist. With a cross sewed on the left shoulder, they set forth shouting, 'God wills it!'"

"God wills it—yes, God wills it," answered Sire Bos, in a voice interrupted by sobs. "And where are these valiant men?"

"Some are gone towards Hungary, others sweep on towards Marseilles. Peter the Hermit, clad as a penitent, a cord round his waist, his feet bare and beard unshorn, weak in body, but inexhaustible in spirit, leads one party of the mighty host; the other is headed by the valiant Captain Godfrey de Bouillon."

"And I restidly here!" cried the young knight, striking his spurs against the pavement, "while others are already on their way. Bernard, Gaudens, Privat!" he shouted in a voice of thunder.

"Sire Rupert, my Squire? Let my household be armed—assemble my vassals; I must have twenty lances under my banner; let my slingers refit their bicoles—put on your coats of mail! Go, call Raymond the Sluggish, who ought to be ever at my side to receive my orders." And the fiery chevalier swore at his major-domo, and at every serving-man who did not appear at his call.

When, at last, they were all assembled, from Rupert, his Squire, who was of the house of Montgaillard, down to the goat and swine-herds, and to the lowest drudge who fed the dogs and the hawks, he made known to them the words of the chaplain, with such vehemence of language and of gesture, that they became, one and all, inflamed with hatred towards the Saracens. The knight, then taking off his cap, and kneeling down, said:

"Mon Père, give me the cross, and let all those present have the good fortune to receive it with me."

A piece of scarlet cloth was brought by Ghiberta, the knight's nurse, whose office of housekeeper was indicated by the jingling bunch of keys that hung from her girdle; Michelotte, the young girl who aided her in the care of the castle, stood, with

downcast eyes and heightened colour, before her Seigneur, cutting out the crosses with a huge pair of scissors, and presenting them to the chaplain, who, having first blessed them, fastened one on the breasts of the knight's followers. Scarcely was the ceremony over, when Bos shouted—

"Forward to the work! Maitre Raymond, look in the iron chest, see what remains of the Tournois livres and Morlan sous, which my father bequeathed to me at his death; and since 'God wills it,' call in the rents, mortgage the fiefs, borrow from the Abbey of St. Savin—from the monks of St. Sever de Kostang—from the Chapter of Tarbes. . . . Ah! if we had but a Jew! but alas! there is not one of the accursed race in all Bigorre. Money, nevertheless, must be had—be-gone!" Then turning to the chaplain, he inquired how he had heard all that he had related.

"At the bishop's palace at Tarbes, where it was told with shouts and praise. Lord Gaston, of Béarn is already marching to join Raymond, Count of Toulouse."

"And I shall arrive the last," groaned the knight; "nothing will be left for me to do!"

"Heaven, Seigneur, will consider your good intentions."

"Should heaven make up its accounts with me," said Sire Bos, rather sharply, "it will not be so easily satisfied."

In a few hours, when Sire Bos's great heart beat more quietly in his bosom—when he had examined one by one and affectionately kissed every piece of his armour—when he had put his war-horse through all his paces, he passed his hand thoughtfully over his forehead, and called for his mountain pony, agile as a goat.

"My cousins of Baudéan are further in the mountains, and, by our Lady of Puy, it would be ungracious to depart without inviting them to the enterprise."

Springing on the pony, he struck his spurs into it, and galloped off. He passed Bagnères-les-bains, entered the valley of Campan, and the clock of Baudéan struck eleven as he knocked at the gate.

"Ho! who comes at this hour?"

"Sire Bos de Bénac."

At this name, the drawbridge was lowered, and the Châtelain and his son hastened to meet Bos.

"Fair cousin," they all exclaimed at the same moment, "God wills it."

"You have heard of the crusade?" inquired Bos, breathlessly.

"We are just returned from Tarbes."

By the light of the torches they showed the cross, and embraced each other. The Lady of Baudéan, and her young daughter Mathe, stood on the threshold, silent and sorrowful. Bos kissed the hands of his aunt and cousin, saying joyously:

"Fair aunt are our scarfs ready?"

But Mathe's hand, retained in his, trembled violently.

"Dear nephew," said the Châtelaine, in a voice which faltered in spite of her efforts, "you have taken us by surprise; but I will divide between my husband, Sancho, and yourself a piece of the true cross, to be your help in time of need."

"Iolande," said the Sire de Baudéan, "the women of France have more courage than you."

"They have not resolution to remain behind,"



murmured Mathe, restraining her tears with difficulty.

When Sire Bos joined the Lords of Baudéan at their repast, he remembered that he had had no time for eating since noon. A quarter of izard, a shoulder of mutton, a roast goose, were buried in huge deep dishes, with broad edges, on which serpents, birds, and lizards were prettily designed. The table was covered with butter from Campan, cheese from Ossun, apples and walnuts from the plain, and the wines of Spain and Roussillon sparkled in silver drinking-cups, rivalling the tints of the ruby and amber. The knights drank to Peter the Hermit, to the first engagement, the honour of the ladies, and the taking of Jerusalem. The Lady Iolande herself superintended the buffet, and on this evening waited on her relatives with a demeanour full of care, dignity and sorrow. Notwithstanding the goodness of the wine, however, Sire Bos became occasionally *distracted*, when turning his eyes towards the darkest corner of the room, where sat Mathe, in a high chair, nearly hidden from view. As soon as he could leave the table, he approached her, saying, as he passed his large hand over her silky hair:

"Cousin, are you sleeping already?"

"Think you I would sleep to shorten the few hours that remain?"

The gentle girl's feet rested on a stool of black cloth, worked in coloured wool. Bos knelt on the stool, and, placing his hands on the two arms of the chair, he looked in Mathe's face. The tears were slowly rolling down her fair cheeks; she bent her head over the knight's hand. Bos's manly heart was moved; he had never called her aught but "Mathe," or "cousin," but now he murmured,

"My own beloved."

"Rather say, 'poor forsaken one,'" answered Mathe; "I lose father, brother, and you, Bos; and where shall I turn for comfort or support?"

"Here, dearest; and Bos drew her to his heart, and as her fair head leant on his breast, she looked up sorrowfully at him, and said:

"Here, for one hour?"

"For thy life."

"Oh, cousin Bos," she replied, despondingly, "and if the Saracens should come here?"

"Fear nothing—*God wills it*, and thou wilt pray for me. Mathe, wilt thou be my ladye and my châtelaïne?—wilt thou that I ask thy hand of thy parents? The Pope will grant us the dispensation."

"I will, said Mathe, putting her hand in his, "for if without thee, I would have become a nun—no other should ever be my husband."

The Lord of Bénéac arose, leading his cousin; she—pale, slender, overcome by her emotions; he—tall, high in courage, and strong of will. They approached the Sire of Baudéan, who was busily instructing his wife as to the management of his affairs during his absence, recommending prudence and a retired life for her and his daughter.

"Noble Sire," said Bos, "and you my fair aunt, will you accept me for your son?"

"What would you have, my nephew? do we not love you even as our son Sancha?"

"That does not content me; you must give me my cousin Mathe to wife."

"By the holy St. Savin! that is impossible—you are relations in the fourth degree."

"It is a difficulty that can be overcome—obviated at Rome. I will give as many livres Tournois as are required, and pasture-ground to the Abbey of St. Sevar de Kostang, and a serf to the church of Ibos."

"Do so," said the Sire de Baudéan; if you succeed, she is yours."

"How long have you loved your cousin?" asked Iolande of her child.

"How can I say? my love has grown with me."

"Behold," cried Bos, with a loud voice, "my betrothed before God and man. While I am absent from her, my heart will be a stranger to joy; naught can equal her in my eyes but fame of arms, my faith as a Christian, and the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre."

"Add my nephew, if the Church consents."

"She will consent."

Mathe gave her troth in a voice full of tenderness and grief:

"Bos, I am thine, here, or in the blessed Paradise."

"And may we all meet there," responded those present.

Sancho loosened the blue and silver ribbon from his sister's head, saying—"Sister Mathe, give him a love token."

"Knight," said the trembling girl, "may this gift from your ladye cause you neither coil nor death!"

The two Lords of Baudéan laughed at her emotion, while she hid her face in her mother's bosom; and Bos smiled at the speech of a child.

"Nevertheless," said he, "some blood must be shed for this gift—either mine or the accursed Saracen's."

At these words Iolande felt Mathe's head sink heavily on her shoulder—she had fainted.

"Bos, my son," said the Châtelaïne, angrily, "you cannot love this silly coward—this wren that has been placed in an eagle's nest?"

The Lord of Bénéac carried the fainting girl, light and fair as the down of the swan, to catch the breeze from the mountain at the open casement, watching with tender solicitude till she should open her eyes.

"She is not formed to live without support," said he. "Poor gentle dove! Sweet may-flower! rest on my bosom."

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Seven years later where were these cavaliers—these men at arms—those archers that followed the three Lords of Bigorre, carrying lances and halberds, pikes and slings, after their banners and pennons? Of that troop which left the castles of Baudéan and Bénéac with such proud step, raising clouds of dust, and making the air ring with the clang of trumpets and clarions—of all those, but thirty ever set foot on the shores of Palestine. Some were floating on the waves of the Mediterranean, amid the shattered timbers of wrecks; others met death in Cyprus, or under the walls of Constantinople; and of these thirty, there soon remained only the two Lords of Baudéan, lying, side by side, on the plain of Joppa, their faces scarred with wounds—vultures darting their beaks against their unprotected skulls, and jackalls prowling around them. The Lord of Bénéac, that impetuous lord, lay bound in the bed of an old cistern, at the bottom of a tower, a captive to the

Saracens, and scarcely half recovered from twenty wounds;—swearing, stamping, striking his head and his fists against the massive walls; praying to God and all the saints; calling on Jerusalem, and kissing a blue and silver ribbon, spotted with large dark stains. It was Mathe's love-gift—Mathe's, who before his departure had become his wife. The good knight plucked up fresh courage every morning, as a pious knight should do; but the evening found him crouched on the pavement, sad and despairing, his hands clasped convulsively together, and his eyes unnaturally strained on the damp-stained walls. Inaction was killing him; the cold damp of the prison chilled his heart, and a longing to see his wife consumed him. Suddenly he exclaimed—

"I would rather give myself to the Evil one than remain here any longer!"

The Devil, always at hand and on the watch, appeared. It was not Lucifer, that great archangel, with proud front, blackened with the thunderbolts of heaven, yet beautiful still, even in his guilt; it was one of those wicked inferior spirits, encased in a form, half man, half goat, with a shrill malicious laugh—with horns and hoofs—that vulgar devil, one of Lucifer's satellites, who traffics in souls and makes bargains with misers, usurers, unjust judges, usurpers and other thieves—a demon who has the same offer for the poor wretch who covets a well-filled purse, as for the great man who is tempted by a throne.

"Take your wish, and give me your soul. Command me," said the Devil to the knight.

"Oh, ho!" said Sire Bos, "I should not have suspected that you were my companion here!"

"I am always ready to render a service."

"At what price?"

"Nothing in this life. You may, if you wish it, live to be a hundred years old; afterwards you will belong to me. That is but fair."

"Avant!—it is an evil compact."

"Think over it, however," returned the demon. "At this very hour Godfrey de Bouillon flaunts through Jerusalem, and you are absent."

Bos made a gesture of despair.

"The crusaders are embarking for their own country; you will never again see your Castle of Bénéac perfumed by the southern breeze from the mountains."

The knight's head sunk on his breast.

"You will rot in the sepulchre which you entered alive."

The hands of the knight were clenched.

"Your lands are ravaged by your old enemy and rival, the Baron des Angles. You cannot chastise him; he will laugh at your misfortunes in your own house."

The knight started to his feet—

"He loves your wife, Mathe; she is beset by his attentions; her heart fails."

"Hast thou yet more to tell me, thou more than devil?"

"If you desire it, I will generously show you Mathe, as a pledge of our bargain."

"Show me Mathe."

Immediately the Castle of Baudéan, where Mathe had remained with her mother, appeared on the damp wall, like a fine picture. There was the room of the afflicted Châtelaine of Bénéac—her large bed of green sammete, whose hangings re-

presented the history of Sainte Quettérie, a young maiden martyred at Aire, in Gascony, who carried her head, bright with glory, in her hands. The carpets were of the black bear and red fox of the mountains, into whose thick fur the feet of the attendant maidens sunk without a sound; the coffer of black wood, inlaid with box, containing her wools and needles; the Prie-Dieu in front of a finely carved ivory crucifix; on the right, a bôn timer of silver-gilt and enamel; on the left, a reliquary embroidered with the Agnus of Rome; beneath, the presentation to the temple and St. James. Mathe, kneeling on the cushion of the Prie-Dieu, appeared to hold to life but by a thread; her thin, white hands, on which the blue veins might be counted, were raised to heaven, and she prayed:—"My Saviour! and you, Blessed Mary! and you, my lord St. James, patron of my house, deliver my father from all evil!—deliver my brother from all evil!—deliver me from all danger!—and may Bos, my beloved husband, rest in peace!" The false Baron des Angles raised the hangings, and entered the room familiarly, exclaiming—"By our Lady of Bigorre, if you still continue to despise my love, and still refuse to become my wife, you shall no longer be Châtelaine of your possessions, for I will give them up to the fire and the sword, and you shall become my concubine in a dungeon."

Mathe replied with tears—"My lord give me yet fifteen days; if, in that time, I shall receive no news of him after seven years' absence, I shall consider him dead, and will become your lawful wife."

Gradually the picture faded from the wall, and there remained but the damp streaming down.

"To-day is the fifteenth day," said the Devil; "the Baron des Angles is resolved, from mockery and ostentation, to marry your wife, in your castle, in your chapel."

"Make thy bargain!" exclaimed Bos.

"So be it," said the demon; "for you, long life and happiness; for me, your soul!"

"My soul is not mine, it belongs to God."

"Well, then, your heart?"

"My heart is my king's; let us, however agree that victory shall remain with him who can outwit the other."

"So be it," again said the demon, feeling sufficiently secure of his prey.

"Thou must convey me this very evening to my Castle of Bénéac."

"In a moment, if you desire it; but I prefer passing a few hours on the way for the pleasure of the journey."

"I invite thee to supper."

"You may spare yourself that demonstration of hospitality."

"Thou art invited to supper after vespers; it is a condition of the treaty; thou must sup after me."

"Before or after," answered the demon; I am not proud after the manner of men."

"Thou shalt have what I leave; if thou findest anything thou canst bite, I give myself to thee."

"Knight, my teeth are good."

"Demon, I will incur the risk."

The wicked spirit laughed fearfully like the hissing of a serpent, or the creaking of rusty bolts.

"Laugh," said the knight, gravely, "and by the holy mass, I shall not be the one to weep."



"You shall have all my pleasures," said the demon, adding: "Take off your cross."

"I do not quarrel with thy feet or horns," replied the knight; "let each have his device and his mark."

"Yours embarrasses me," said the Devil, gruffly. "Then break the bargain."

"No; so many are thus marked and yet are mine. Let us go."

The walls opened; they passed out, and the evil spirit, taking Bos's hand, which he burnt to the very marrow, placed him on a cloud. Those who on sea or land saw the black vapour floating towards the west, crossed themselves, and pointed to it as the precursor of a horrible tempest, or some fearful calamity. Sire Bos, with a tranquil heart, floated on without uneasiness.

"I never desire a better steed," said Sire Bos.

"You are not so easily put out, I see," replied the demon.

As they passed over the Island of Rhodes, he observed:

"Many of the knights of that sect will become mine, bartering their poverty and vow of chastity for my works and pomps."

"They will leave the Saracens whom they have killed, in payment," answered Bos.

They saw Nismes, that famed city of the Romans, sacked by Normans and Saracens, in ruins, and almost depopulated.

"Oh! the stupidity of mankind!" exclaimed the Devil, "who, having so few years to live, shorten those few by war."

"Hold thy tongue, varlet of hell," replied the knight, disdainfully; "thou knowest not the value of fame, nor the smile of beauty, nor the praise of minstrels—things far above life."

"Oh," said the demon, "excuse me; war is one of our inspirations—it is we who implant that passion in your hearts."

"Poor devil, I pity thee! thou hast no good sword, which thou lovest as a mistress, with which thou canst practise for hours how to wound or slay thine enemies in front or rear."

When skirting Roussillon, they observed its warm and voluptuous manners; its dances, where the female, shot up from the ground, falls back gently on the firm encircling arm of her skillful partner. Both knight and demon smiled at the sight of this pastime.

"Hurrah for the crusades," said the latter; "while you are discomforted out there, your wives and daughters dance in the flowery meadows."

"The faithless ones!" murmured the knight.

"Every woman has three things light belonging to her," said the demon, "her heart, her tongue, and her feet. If you had remained in Palestine a little longer, your Mathe would have loved the Baron des Angles. She would have confessed it to him; and, if he had become tired of her, she would have run after him."

"Thou liest in thy throat."

"You are captious, Sir Knight."

"Retract thy words!"

"Men alone retract them."

The demon desiring a little diversion caused the vapour to become so light, that Messire Bos found nothing whereon to rest his material body; but nothing daunted, he shouted—

"I will pursue thee even to thy caldrons—I will reach thee either by valour, miracle, or magic."

"Shift for yourself as you can," said the demon, quietly.

"Avant thou Evil One! Thou leavest me in the hands of God."

"A truce," said the Devil, whose whole being was troubled at that word—"a truce, and keep your lips from uttering that word."

"I will keep it in my heart," thought the knight.

They were now above Toulouse—which had been called the Rome of the Garonne—then proud of its basilicas raised on its ancient temples. The bells of its four-and-twenty towers sounded the knell for the dead.

"It is for Raymond of St. Gilles, the bold crusader," said the Devil, "who died in Palestine, in his Castle of Pilgrimage, and whose son has been driven hence by Guillaume de Poitiers."

The knight, still incensed against the demon, answered not, but bent in honour of the illustrious Comte de Toulouse. Rubbing his hands, the devil continued:

"In two or three centuries the Pope will make a crusade against this fine country of Languedoc. For our benefit he will exterminate whole armies of heretics, without, however, obtaining for that deed a quittance for the condemned crusaders."

"Wicked juggler! of what boastest thou? Have heretics a soul? Is not every crusader absolved from his sins?"

In a short time they floated over the rich lands of Bigorre—over its rounded mountains, looking, in the distance, like a camp assemblage of giants' tents. They saw the impetuous Etchez rolling its foaming waves along, and the three lofty towers of Bénac standing proudly on the hill which rises above the village, and commands the three valleys. Sire Bos devoutly saluted his native soil and the heritage of his fathers.

"This little spot in the universe, to which your poor heart clings so fondly, will not long be the property of those of your name."

"I hope, however, to have offspring."

"From the Montauts it will pass to the Rohan-Rocheforts, until a great tempest shall uproot the seigneurs, to replace them by the sons of serfs. The descendant of one of those whom you see bending under his labour, shall become the possessor of your castle, and will amuse himself with destroying it bit by bit. The winds and birds of heaven will do the rest."

"Ere one of these serfs shall pull down the great towers of Bénac, thou, oh, vassal of Satan! must reign on the earth."

"Every one in his turn, Baron—you first, then your serf."

The knight whistled a hunting air, then said:

"If all that thou hast said should come to pass in a thousand years or so, what would be said of me?"

"Two good women, spinning, shall recount your history, as an old wife's tale, in the midst of the ruins."

"Thus thou seest," said the knight, drawing himself up, "that so much as the name of that serf, if he ever exist, will not be known; but a knight is as immortal as thou art."

The cloud sank down gently on a hill in front of Bénac, on the other side of the Etchez. The de-

mon, where he put foot to the ground, left an ineffaceable mark, which may still be viewed without danger, provided one previously makes the sign of the cross. The evening breeze whistled through the branches of the apple and walnut trees. A small path, scarcely traced on the side of the redoubt, showed how few were those who now frequented the castle. In the entrance court the thistle and nettle grew in luxuriant wildness, the melissa threw out its aromatic tufts from the walls, the houseleek blossomed in the crevices of the threshold, large cobwebs hung over the stable-doors, and the open kennels were noiseless. The good knight's heart sank at the remembrance of former days, when friends, retainers, coursers and falcions, had assembled so joyously in those courts. A tear, the first since the death of his mother, dimmed his eyes, and he turned aside to hide it from the demon; but that malicious spirit had seen it as it rose from the heart, and, with flattering tone, said:

"Fair sir, joy and life will return here; gay hunters, brave knights, minstrels with their harps, and bright maidens, will come to welcome you, and celebrate your fame. Do you desire pages, esquires, like a prince? or Arab coursers, more docile and accomplished than those of the Soudan, with Moorish slaves prostrate before you to lead them? Will you have Eastern beauties to dance and sing before you when you are weary? or will you be honoured as a bishop or mitred abbé? Would you be content to raise the envy of the Count of Bigorre, your Seigneur? or will you depose him, and take his rank?"

Without reply the knight hastily mounted the steps of the entrance. The heavy knocker, in his angry hand, struck the door with violence, and resounded, echoing, from the towers. A long silence succeeded, and Sire Bos was again raising the knocker, when hasty and heavy footsteps were heard; and the aged face of Nurse Ghiberta appeared at the grating, with distended eyes and mouth.

"Ah! mother Ghiberta, have you forgotten Sire Bos de Bénac?"

"Unlucky wight!" answered she, "do you dare to joke with the sorrows of this place? Begone and may you never again have occasion for laughter."

"Alas!" said the knight, "am I, then, but a phantom, with the devil by my side? Oh! nurse, nurse, has age deprived you of sight, that you cannot recognise your old master—he whom you have nursed in your arms and nourished at your bosom?"

"No, no! How could Sire Bos, my handsome foster-child, be so thin and haggard? Where are his armour and war-steed? Where are his people? Would he have returned on foot like a penitent, and almost naked, like the basest serf?"

Bos replied with a sigh: "All my companions are slain, mother; all are passed from life unto death! By the will of God, I alone return."

Ghiberta raised her hands in horror. "All slain! Thou liest! Certes thou liest, false pilgrim, in the hope of a night's lodging."

"By the bones of the ten thousand virgins, by all the relics of the Theban legion! thou shalt learn who I am."

The Devil who had taken the appearance of a chorister of a cathedral, now said:

"Dame Ghiberta we come on the part of the Baron des Angles—open the door."

"Ah! where, then, was the use of deceiving me? are you not, at last, masters here? Wherefore stir up the shreds of a poor vassal's heart in order to discover there the cherished remembrance of her lord? Will you impute it to me as a crime that I am faithful to his memory? Ah! I see how it is! My son Bos, my dear son, has been engaged with the accursed infidels, and will never return to take vengeance of his enemies."

The good Bigorraise wiped her aged eyes, drew aside the bolts, turned the key, and removed the iron bars which secured the double doors, murmuring to herself as she did so:

"Oh! many's the time I have thus opened the door when the young Baron came in after curfew, in order that the Châtelaine, his honoured mother, should not suspect anything."

The knight and the devil entered. A boy left in the château, because seven years back he was too young to follow his seigneur, aided Michelotte to light a fire in the great hall where the wide chimney-piece rested on two gigantic lions of the yellow marble of Campan, whose frightful claws, teeth, and mane were curiosities much celebrated in the province. The fire burnt brightly, throwing a high and clear flame, which detached the swallows nests in the chimney, and dislodged the bats suspended therein. It lighted up the large bearskins hanging from the beams, with stag's horns—the slender heads of the izards surmounted by their pretty black horns—the tusks of the wild boar—eagles and vultures, with outstretched wings;—along the wood-work were also suspended boar-spears and nets, cornets and trumpets, all rusty and covered with dust. Messire Bos gazed sorrowfully on these noble signs of past sports.

"Gougat," said he to the varlet, "are there still bears in the mountains?"

"More than men."

The wily demon approaching said:

"Fair sir, by daybreak to-morrow you will possess the finest pointers from Spain, the best greyhounds of England—a pack of hounds with never-erring scent, untiring in pursuit, whose deep baying shall be heard beyond the mountains. Your huntsmen's horns shall waken even the dead lords in their vaults, and you will follow the chase on a steed that shall exceed the stag in speed, or on a strong hackney which fears not the wild boar. Your falconers will present you with milk-white gerfalcons from Italy, and merlins whose eyes defy the sun, and who will strike down an eagle with wings measuring twenty feet across."

The Sire de Bénac listened with open eyes, distended nostrils, and impatient foot to the flattering words of the demon; then said coolly:

"The time for such amusements and luxuries is not yet come."

Continuing the tour of the hall, he came opposite the distaff of his mother, placed with its spindles on a small stand.

"Oh! my mother," said he mentally, "you who lived and died devoutly, aid me now."

Michelotte came in. Seven years had only developed, not destroyed her youthful charms; tall, strong, fresh, and plump, she was a good specimen of a Bigorraise.

"Michelotte," said the knight, "let us see if



your young eyes will be better than those of old Ghiberta; do you recognise me?"

"St. Saven help me! Where do you suppose I should have seen such a face as yours, unless it were among the wretched followers of the Baron des Angles, or in the halter in the crossing of Vie?"

"Your pretty little figure has increased, and your fine skin is less fair; nevertheless I remember you well, young one. Have you, then, quite forgotten Sire Bos de Bénac?"

"Sire Bos, the handsome brave knight, praised and beloved by all the young girls of Bigorre. No, truly; the image of my dear lord lives in my heart as a bright star, and bears no resemblance to you."

"Ah! fiend," said Bos to the demon, "this is certainly one of your tricks."

"I never trouble myself to efface. Men have no need of aid there—made to live but a moment, each step is short."

Michelotte assisted Ghiberta in pouring the Spanish wine from the skins into broad decanters, and placing them on the sideboard. She then put tallow-candles into the high silver candelabras.

"Do the bees of Bénac no longer yield honey, mother Ghiberta?" inquired the knight.

"They still yield it, grace be to God! but tallow will be good enough for this evening's fête; the wax may be kept for the dead."

She proceeded to open the coffers to select linen and quilts.

"You have but one bed to provide for, nurse," cried Bos.

"May a curse light on it," murmured Ghiberta.

"May God bless it," said the knight; nevertheless, only one bed; for my companion here will leave after supper."

"Think you that I am not acquainted with silken curtains and beds of down, and plumed dais!"

"No, no; you know them well; you love to wander around them, and encourage sleep when it is not needed, and too pleasant dreams, treacherous temptations and all that leads to evil."

Then turning to Ghiberta, the knight asked whether the Lady Mathe de Bénac were in great affliction.

"She was afflicted beyond measure," answered Ghiberta, "but she is now become resigned."

"Heaven has inspired her with hopes of my return."

The demon gave a smile of fearful malice. Near midnight the sound of horses was heard in the court; it was the Baron des Angles conducting Mathe to her espousals in the chapel of Bénac.

"Demon," said the knight, "you belong to me for this evening; mount the belfry, and sound the great bell."

The chapel was lighted up; Mathe, kneeling on cushions, as at her first marriage, bent like a plant stricken by the storm. Her mother, Dame Iolande de Baudéan, supported her, as before—but no longer with joy and pride—rather with the grief of a widow mourning over her last hope. A few ladies and waiting-women stood around, with downcast eyes. Followed by his friends, the Baron entered, with sparkling eyes, and a smile of

insolent triumph on his lips, stamping and causing his spurs to clank upon the sepulchral stones, in proud defiance of all Lords of Bénac, dead or living. Dressed in a fine coat of mail, with velvet mantle, and cap shaded by feathers, he placed himself on the right of Mathe. At the farther end of the chapel were his paid retainers, a few trembling vassals of the lordship of Bénac, and near the door were the old dog and falcon of Sire Bos, which had been placed there by order of the Baron, to be witnesses, as it were, of his triumph over all that had belonged to the Crusader. A monk of Escaladien, stood at the altar in his surplice and stole.

"Monk!" shouted the Baron, arrogantly, "do thy business."

The monk, with fearful and sorrowful mien, advanced, with the ritual in his hand.

"Messire Guillaume, Guillaune, Baron des Angles."

"Add," said the Baron, "Lord of Bénac, Avérac, Aribafreyte, and other places."

At these words the strong hand of Sire Bos seized his enemy by the throat.

"I will make you swallow your words again, traitor," cried he.

The Baron quailed at the sight of Bos, whom he recognized, though not as a living being. The knight, who held him so tightly as to stop his breath, gave him with the other arm a blow on the head, which felled him—set his foot on him—and pressed him to the ground, as he would crush a worm.

"Friends or enemies," said he, raising his voice, "do you recognize the Lord of Bénac by this act?"

How recognize the proud noble of Bigorre with that yellow skin, those starting tones, that head almost shorn, that dirty and bristling beard, without casque, or cap, or even the smallest hood on that bare skull; and for all clothing a wretched coat of grey stuff, not reaching to the knees; neither boots nor spurs, and the feet only covered by the tattered remains of Turkish slippers? Who could have known the handsome, dark knight of Bigorre?—so much had fatigue and captivity, and the cruelty of the Saracens disfigured him! All remained lost in astonishment. He continued—

"Noble or vassal, is there not one among you who, from chivalry or Christian charity, will acknowledge me?"

The old white greyhound, which had risen at the first sounds of his voice, made his way through the crowd, wagging his tail, and, stopping before the knight, gave a long cry, which seemed to express all the sorrows of absence, and the happiness of again seeing him; then rising on his hind legs, he placed his fore-paws on the chest of the knight, whining affectionately.

"Rollo, my brave dog, thou bearest witness to thy master."

The knight and the dog clung to each other. Then the merlin sprang above the falconer, and, flying over the crowd, alighted on his master's wrist, shaking his bells, and greeting him with quivering wings, joy and tenderness beaming from his eye.

"And thou, also, my fine Sylvan—are there but you two faithful?"

A second tear rose to the knight's eye, which he wiped on the bird's wing.

Wonder seized on all, and some cried—"Surely this must be Sire Bos de Bénac"; but others said—"It is a robber, a saracen, a sorcerer."

The friends and retainers of the Baron, believing themselves at last of defending him, now rushed, all armed, upon the knight; but, raising the Baron, and holding him as a shield before his head and breast, he snatched the shaft of a lance which was lying on the tomb of one of his ancestors, and made such good use of it in overthrowing and breaking the backs of his nearest opponents, that he was well able to defend himself until his vassals in the chapel, and those who had obeyed the infernal summons from the belfry, came to his aid. The enraged aspect of Sire Bos—the strength of his blows—that formidable and unequalled voice—proved to all that it was indeed the *preux* and mighty knight of the mountains, who had strangled a bear in combat, who would carry a cask like a goblet in his arms, and who, adroit as powerful, always unhorsed in the tourney whoever could be induced to risk his fame against him. When the chapel had been cleared of the enemies, and the Baron des Angles alone remained, bruised and vanquished, Sire Bos approached Mathe, who, after fainting, had recovered her consciousness in the midst of the tumult. Bending towards her, he said softly:

"My wife, my beloved, do you know me?"

Now it was that the brave Knight trembled.

"I know you not," cried the Châtelaine, confused, frightened, and turning her head away.

"Have mercy on me, I know you not."

Sire Bos drew from his bosom the half of a ring.

"I left you," said he, "the other half. Are ring and memory both lost?"

Mathe looked wildly on the ring.

"It is," said she, "the ring of my lord and dearly beloved Bos. Are you Bos?"

"To supper," cried the demon, anxious to change the theme; "to supper—I am wanted elsewhere."

"So be it, that we may make an end of this," said the discouraged knight; and he whispered a few words in the ear of the amazed Ghiberta.

They passed to the banqueting-hall. Upon the upper table-covering of lace, in the midst of silver dishes, drinking-cups, inlaid with gold, and chased candelabras, in which now burnt brightly the yellow wax of Bénac, Nurse Ghiberta, with shame and vexation on her brow, placed one small, wretched dish of walnuts.

"It is a vow," said Sire Bos; "we shall not want a *chef-de-cuisine* to-night."

Seated between the Dame Iolande and the Lady of Bénac, whose eyes rested constantly on him with more of doubt and uncertainty than of happiness, the knight mournfully picked his walnuts. The guests looked on in astonishment. The demon, seated at a corner of the table, opened his flaming eyes, gloating over the knight, as the gamester covets and watches the piece of gold for which he plays. When the crusader had picked and repicked his nuts, until not a bit remained, he threw the empty shells on the table—

"Try," cried he to the demon, "to sup after me; and if you cannot, begone in God's name!"

Heaven would not permit a knight so full of faith to become a prey to the Evil One, who, with a fiendish yell, sprang at the wall, through which he vanished, leaving an opening which no human workman has ever been able to close, and through which the pure azure of the sky can still be seen across the ruined tower of the once magnificent Castle of Bénac. Hence arose the proverb—"A Bigorraise will cheat the Devil."

Sire Bos left the table, passed the gates of the castle, and took the road to the Valley of Lourdes. Two things weighed heavily on the heart of the good knight—the forgetfulness and coldness of his lady, and the services and companionship of the devil, although he had come off victorious. Distrusting all earthly happiness, he desired only to obtain his portion in Paradise, and sought a hermitage, where he could pass his life in prayer, and obtain peace and resignation. Nevertheless, clinging still to a wish to be beloved, he took with him his greyhound and his falcon. His end was unknown. His possessions passed to Loïse (or Louise) de Bénac, who brought them to the family of Montault; and, in order to preserve the remembrance of this singular and veracious history, his boots and spurs were preserved in the Church of the Cordeliers at Tarbes, until 1793, when the torrent of the Revolution swept away boots, spurs, and treasures; and the church itself is now fast disappearing, having been long disused.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

## THE VENDETTA.

ONE morning we were off the coast of Sardinia, steaming rapidly along for the Straights of Bonifacio. The night had been tranquil, and the morning was more tranquil still: but no one who knew the capricious Mediterranean felt confident of continued fair weather. However, at sea the mind takes little thought for the morrow, or even for the afternoon; and as we sat in the warm shade of the awning, looking out on the purple horizon in the east, or on the rocky and varied coast to the west, I felt, and if the countenance be not treacherous, all felt that it was good, even for landsmen, to be moving over waters uncrispd except by the active paddles, beneath a sky all radiant with light. My companions were chiefly Levant merchants, or sallow East Indians; for I was on board the French packet *Le Caire*, on its way from Alexandria, of Egypt, to Marseilles.

I had several times passed the Straits, each time with renewed pleasure and admiration. It would be difficult to imagine a scene more wild and peculiar. After rounding the huge rock of Taolara—apparently a promontory running boldly out into the sea, but in reality an island, we are at once at the mouth of the Straits. The mountains of Corsica, generally enveloped in clouds, rise above the horizon ahead, and near at hand a thousand rocks and islands of various dimensions appear to choke up the passage. The narrow southern channel, always selected by day, is intricate, and would be dangerous to strangers; and indeed the whole of the Straits are considered so difficult, that the fact of Nelson, without previous experience, having taken his fleet through, is cited even by French sailors as a prodigy.



On one of the rocky points of the Sardinian coast, I observed the ruins of a building, but so deceptive is distance, I could not at first determine whether it had been a fortress or a cottage. I asked one of the officers for his telescope; and being still in doubt, questioned him as I returned it. He smiled and said: "For the last five or six years, I have never passed through the Straits by day without having to relate the story connected with that ruin. It has become a habit with me to do so; and if you had not spoken, I should have been compelled, under a penalty of passing a restless night, to have let out my narrative at dinner. You will go down to your berth presently; for see how the smoke is weighed down by the heavy atmosphere upon the deck, and how it rolls like a snake upon the waters! What you fancy to be merely a local headwind blowing through the Straits, is a mistral tormenting the whole Gulf of Lyons. We shall be tossing about presently in a manner unpleasant to landsmen; and when you are safely housed, I will come and beguile a little time by relating a true story of a Corsican Vendetta.

The prophecy was correct. In less than a quarter of an hour, *Le Caire* was pitching through the last narrows against as violent a gale as I ever felt. It was like a wall of moving air. The shores, rocks and islands were now concealed by driving mist; and as the sea widened before us, it was covered with white-crested waves. Before I went below, a cluster of sails ahead was pointed out as the English fleet; and it was surmised that it would be compelled to repeat Nelson's manoeuvre, as Sardinia and Corsica form a dangerous lee-shore. However, the atmosphere thickened rapidly; and we soon lost sight of all objects but the waves amidst which we rolled, and the phantom-like shores of Corsica.

The officer joined me, and kept his promise. By constant practice, he had acquired some skill in the art of telling at least this one story; and I regret that I do not remember his exact words. However, the following is the substance of his narrative:—Giustiniani and Bartuccio were inhabitants of the little town of Santa Maddalena, situated on the Corsican side of the Straits. They were both sons of respectable parents, and were united from an early age in the bonds of friendship. When they grew up, Giustiniani became clerk in a very humble mercantile establishment; whilst Bartuccio, more fortunate, obtained a good place in the custom-house. They continued on excellent terms till the age of about twenty-one years, when an incident occurred, that by making rivals of them, made them enemies.

Giustiniani had occasion to visit the city of Ajaccio, and set out in company with a small party mounted upon mules. Bartuccio went with him to the crest of the hill, where they parted after an affectionate embrace. The journey was fortunately performed; in about a month Giustiniani was on his way back, and reached, without accident, just as night set in, a desolate ravine within a few leagues of Santa Maddalena. Here a terrific storm of wind and rain broke upon the party, which missed the track, and finally dispersed; some seeking shelter in the lee of the rocks, others pushing right and left in search of the path, or of some hospitable habitation. Giustiniani wandered

for more than an hour, until he descended towards the plain, and, attracted by a light, succeeded at length in reaching a little cottage having a garden planted with trees. The lightning had now begun to play, and shewed him the white walls of the cottage streaming with rain, and the drenched foliage that surrounded it. Guided by the rapidly succeeding gleams, he was enabled to find the garden gate, where, there being no bell, he remained for some time shouting in vain. The light still beamed faintly through one of the upper windows, and seemed to tell of a comfortable interior and cosy inmates. Giustiniani exerted his utmost strength of voice, and presently there was a movement in the lighted chamber—a form came to the window; and, after some delay, the door of the house was opened, and a voice asked who demanded admittance at that hour, and in such weather. Our traveller explained, and was soon let in by a quiet-looking old gentleman, who took him up stairs into a little library, where a good wood-fire was blazing. A young girl of remarkable beauty rose as he entered, and received him with cordial hospitality. Acquaintance was soon made. Giustiniani told his little story, and learned that his host was M. Albert Brivard, a retired medical officer, who, with his daughter Marie, had selected this out-of-the-way place for economy's sake.

According to my informant, Giustiniani at once fell in love with the beautiful Marie, to such an extent that he could scarcely partake of the supper offered him. Perhaps his abstinence arose from other reasons—love being in reality a hungry passion in its early stage—for next day the young man was ill of a fever, and incapable of continuing his journey. M. Brivard and his daughter attended him kindly; and as he seemed to become worse towards evening, sent a messenger to Maddalena. The consequence was, that on the following morning Bartuccio arrived in a great state of alarm and anxiety; but fate did not permit him again to meet his friend with that whole and undivided passion of friendship in his breast with which he had quitted him a month before. Giustiniani was asleep when he entered the house, and he was received by Marie. In his excited state of mind, he was apt for new impressions, and half an hour's conversation seems not only to have filled him with love, but to have excited the same feeling in the breast of the gentle girl. It would have been more romantic, perhaps, had Marie been tenderly impressed by poor Giustiniani when he arrived at night, travel-stained and drenched with rain, in the first fit of a fever; "but woman," said the sagacious narrator, as he received a tumbler of grog from the steward, "is a mystery"—an opinion I am not inclined to confute.

In a few days, Giustiniani was well enough to return to his home, which he reached in a gloomy and dissatisfied state of mind. He had already observed that Bartuccio, who rode over every day professedly to see him, felt in reality ill at ease in his company, spoke no longer with copious familiarity, and left him in a few minutes, professing to be obliged to return to his duty. From his bed, however, he could hear him, for some time after, laughing and talking with Marie, in the garden; and he felt, without knowing it, all the

pangs of jealousy ; not that he believed his friend would interfere and dispute with him the possession of the gem which he had discovered, and over which he internally claimed a right of property, but he was oppressed with an uneasy sentiment of future ill, and tormented with a diffidence as to his own powers of pleasing, that made him say adieu to Marie and her father with cold gratitude—that seemed afterwards to them, and to him when reflection came, sheer ingratitude.

When he had completely recovered his strength, he recovered also to a certain extent his serenity of mind. Bartuccio was often with him, and never mentioned the subject of Marie. One day, therefore, in a state of mingled hope and love, he resolved to pay a visit to his kind host ; and set out on foot. The day was sunny ; the landscape, though rugged, beautiful with light ; a balmy breeze played gently on his cheek. The intoxication of returning strength filled him with confidence and joy. He met the old doctor herboring a little way from his house, and saluted him so cordially, that a hearty shake of the hand was added to the cold bow with which he was at first received. Giustiniani understood a little of botany, and pleased the old man by his questions and remarks. They walked slowly towards the house together. When they reached it, M. Brivard quietly remarked : “ You will find my daughter in the garden,” and went in with the treasures he had collected. The young man’s heart bounded with joy. Now was the time. He would throw himself at once at Marie’s feet, confess the turbulent passion she had excited, and receive from her lips his sentence of happiness, or—No, he would not consider the alternative ; and with bounding step and eager eye, he ran over the garden, beneath the orange and the myrtle trees until he reached a little arbour at the other extremity.

What he saw might well plunge him at once into despair. Marie had just heard and approved the love of Bartuccio, who had clasped her, not unwilling, to his breast. Their moment of joy was brief, for in another instant Bartuccio was on the ground, with Giustiniani’s knee upon his breast, and a bright poniard glittered in the air. “ Spare him—spare him !” cried the unfortunate girl, sinking on her knees. The accepted lover struggled in vain in the grasp of his frenzied rival, who, however, forbore to strike. “ Swear Marie,” he said, “ by your mother’s memory, that you will not marry him for five years, and I will give him a respite for so long.” She swore with earnestness ; and the next moment, Giustiniani had broken through the hedge, and was rushing frantically towards Santa Maddalena.

When he recovered from his confusion, Bartuccio, who, from his physical inferiority, had been reduced to a passive part in this scene, endeavoured to persuade Marie that she had taken an absurd oath, which she was not bound to abide by ; but M. Brivard, though he had approved his daughter’s choice, knew well the Corsican character, and decreed that, for the present, at least, all talk of marriage should be set aside. In vain Bartuccio pleaded the rights of an accepted lover. The old man became more obstinate, and not only insisted that his daughter should abide by her promise, but hinted that if any attempt were

made to oppose his decision, he would at once leave the country.

As may well be imagined, Bartuccio returned to the city with feelings of bitter hatred against his former friend ; and it is probable that wounded pride worked upon him as violently as disappointed passion. He was heard by several persons to utter vows of vengeance—rarely meaningless in that uncivilised island—and few were surprised when next day the news spread that Giustiniani had disappeared. Public opinion at once pointed to Bartuccio as the murderer. He was arrested, and a careful investigation was instituted ; but nothing either to exculpate or inculpate him transpired, and after some months of imprisonment, he was liberated.

Five years elapsed. During the first half of the period, Bartuccio, was coldly received by both M. Brivard and his daughter, although he strenuously protested his innocence. Time, however, worked in his favour, and he at length assumed the position of a betrothed lover, so that no one was surprised when, at the expiration of the appointed time, the marriage took place. Many wondered indeed why, since Giustiniani had disappeared, and was probably dead, any regard was paid to the extorted promise, whilst all augured well of the union which was preceded by so signal an instance of good faith. The observant, indeed, noticed that throughout the ceremony, Bartuccio was absent and uneasy—looking round anxiously, over the crowd assembled, from time to time. “ He is afraid to see the ghost of Giustiniani,” whispered an imprudent bystander. The bridegroom caught the last word, and starting as if he had received a stab, cried : “ Where, where ?” No one answered ; and the ceremony proceeded in ominous gloom.

Next day, Bartuccio and his young wife, accompanied by M. Brivard, left Santa Maddalena without saying whither they were going ; and the good people of the town made many strange surmises on the subject. In a week or so, however, a vessel being wrecked in the Straits, furnished fresh matter of conversation ; and all these circumstances became utterly forgotten, except by a few. “ But this drama was as yet crowned by no catastrophe,” said the officer, “ and all laws of harmony would be violated if it ended here.” “ Are you, then, inventing ?” inquired I. “ Not at all,” he replied : “ but destiny is a greater tragedian than Shakspeare, and prepares *dénouements* with superior skill.” I listened with increased interest.

The day after the departure of the married couple, a small boat with a shoulder-of-mutton sail left the little harbour of Santa Maddalena a couple of hours before sunset, and with a smart breeze on its quarter, went bravely out across the Straits. Some folks who were accustomed to see this manœuvre had, it is true, shouted out to the only man on board, warning him that rough weather was promised ; but he paid no heed, and continued on his way. If I were writing a romance, if, indeed, I had any reasonable space, I would keep up the excitement of curiosity for some time, describe a variety of terrific adventures unknown to seamen, and wonderful escapes comprehensible only by landmen, and thus make a subordinate hero of the bold navigator. But I



must be content to inform the reader, that he was Paolo, a servant of Giustiniani's mother who had lived in perfect retirement since her son's disappearance, professing to have no news of him. In reality, however, she knew perfectly well that he had retired to Sardinia, and after remaining in the interior some time, had established himself in the little cottage, the ruins of which had attracted my attention. The reason for his retirement, which he afterwards gave, was that he might be enabled to resist the temptation to avenge himself on Bartuccio, and, if possible, conquer his love for Marie. He no longer entertained any hope of possessing her himself; but he thought that at least she would grow weary of waiting for the passage of five years, and would marry a stranger, a consummation sufficiently satisfactory, he thought to restore to him his peace of mind. Once a month at least he received, through the medium of the faithful Paolo, assistance and news from his mother; and to his infinite discomfiture learned, as time proceeded, that his enemy, whilom his friend, was to be made happy at last. His rage knew no bounds at this; and several times he was on the point of returning to Santa Maddalena, to do the deed of vengeance from which he had hitherto refrained. However, he resolved to await the expiration of the five years.

Paolo arrived in safety at the cottage some time after dark, and communicated the intelligence both of the marriage and the departure of the family. To a certain extent, both he and the mother of Giustiniani approved the projects of vengeance entertained by the latter, but thought that the honour of the family was sufficiently cleared by what was evidently a flight. Paolo was disappointed and puzzled by the manner of the unfortunate recluse. Instead of bursting out into furious denunciations, he became as pale as ashes, and then hiding his face in his hands, wept aloud. His agony continued for more than an hour; after which he raised his head, and exhibited a serene brow to the astonished servitor. "Let us return to Santa Maddalena," he said; and they accordingly departed, leaving the cottage a prey to the storms, which soon reduced it to ruins, and will probably ere long sweep away every trace.

Giustiniani reached his mother's house unperceived, and spent many hours in close conversation with his delighted parent. He did not, however, shew himself in the town, but departed on the track of the fugitives the very next day. He traced them to Ajaccio, thence to Marseilles, to Nice, back to Marseilles, to Paris, but there he lost the clue. Several months passed in this way; his money was all spent, and he was compelled to accept a situation in the counting-house of a merchant of the Marais, and to give up the chase and the working out of the catastrophe he had planned for his Vendetta.

A couple of years afterwards, Giustiniani had occasion to go to one of the towns of the north of France—Lille, I believe. In its neighbourhood, as my narrator told me—and on him I throw the whole responsibility, if there seem anything improbable in what is to come—the young man was once more overtaken by a storm, and compelled to seek refuge in a cottage, which the gleams of the lightning revealed to him. This time he

was on foot, and after knocking at the door, was admitted at once by a young woman, who seemed to have been waiting in the passage for his arrival. She was about to throw herself into his arms, when suddenly she started back, and exclaimed: 'It is not he!' Taking up a candle, which she had placed on the floor, she cast its light on her own face and that of the stranger, who had remained immovable, as if petrified by the sound of her voice. "Madam," said he, brought to himself by this action, "I am a stranger in these parts, overtaken by the storm, and I beg an hour's hospitality."

"You are welcome, sir," replied Marie, the wife of Bartuccio, for it was she; but she did not at the moment recognise the unfortunate man who stood before her.

They were soon in a comfortable room, where was M. Brivard, now somewhat broken by age, and a cradle, in which slept a handsome boy about a year old. Giustiniani, after the interchange of a few words—perhaps in order to avoid undergoing too close an examination of his countenance—bent over the cradle to peruse the features of the child; and the pillow was afterwards found wet with tears. By an involuntary motion, he clutched at the place where the poniard was wont to be, and then sat down upon a chair that stood in a dim corner. A few minutes afterwards, Bartuccio came joyously into the room, embraced his wife, asked her if she was cold, for she trembled very much—spoke civilly to the stranger, and began to throw off his wet cloak and coat. At this moment the tall form of Giustiniani rose like a phantom in the corner, and passions, which he himself had thought smothered, worked through his worn countenance. Brivard saw and now understood, and was nailed to his chair by unspeakable terror, whilst Bartuccio gaily called for his slippers. Suddenly Marie, who had watched every motion of the stranger, and, with the vivid intuition of wife and mother, had understood what part was hers to play, rushed to the cradle, seized the sleeping child, and without saying a word, placed it in Giustiniani's arms. The strong-passioned man looked amazed, yet not so displeased, and, after a moment's hesitation, sank on his knees, and embraced the babe, that, awaking, curled its little arms round his head—

A tremendous crash aloft interrupted the well-prepared peroration of the narrator; and, to say the truth, I was not sorry that a sail was carried away, and one of our boats stove in at this precise moment, for I had heard quite enough to enable me to guess the conclusion of the history of this harmless Vendetta.—*Chambers' Ed. Journal.*

BUTTERFLIES IN THE WESTERN PAMPAS.—The horizon was strangely distorted by refraction, and I anticipated some violent change. Suddenly myriads of white butterflies surrounded the ship, in such multitudes that the men exclaimed, "It is snowing butterflies!" They were driven before a gust from the north-west, which soon increased to a double-reefed topsail breeze, and were as numerous as flakes of snow in the thickest shower. The space they occupied could not have been less than two hundred yards in height, a mile in width, and several miles in length.—*Captain Fitzroy.*

## AMERICAN HONOUR.

A TALE OF 1875.

ABOUT one hundred years ago, there was at Philadelphia, in Pennsylvania, a family consisting of several members. It belonged to the middle class—that is to say, contained barristers, bankers, merchants, solicitors, and so on—all of them animated, at least so far as appears, by a high sense of honour and integrity. But noble sentiments are no certain guarantee against poverty. One of the members of the family in question became embarrassed, borrowed £1000 of one of his relatives, but lost his memory soon after, and, having so remained for years, died, leaving behind him a widow with several children. He could bequeath them no property, instead of which they received as their inheritance high principles, and a strong affection for the memory of their father. The widow also was, in this respect, perfectly in harmony with her sons. By dint, therefore, of prudence, industry, and economy, they amassed among them the sum of £400, which they rigidly appropriated to the payment of a part of their father's debt. The widow had, indeed, called them together around her death bed, and told them that, instead of a fortune, she left them a duty to perform; and that if it could not be accomplished in one generation, it must be handed down from father to son, until the descendants of the Bonds had paid every farthing to the descendants of the Sydney Smiths.

While matters stood in this predicament, the creditor part of the family removed to England, and the debtors remained at Philadelphia, struggling with difficulties and embarrassments, which not only disabled them from paying the paternal debt, but kept them perpetually in honourable poverty. Of course, the wish to pay in such minds survived the ability. It would have been to them an enjoyment of a high order to hunt out their relatives in England, and place in their hands the owing £600. This pleasure, which they were destined never to taste, often formed the subject of conversation around their fireside; and the children, as they grew up, were initiated into the mystery of the £600.

But that generation passed away, and another succeeded to the liability; not that there existed any liability in law, for though a deed had been executed, it had lapsed in the course of time, so that there was really no obligation but that which was the strongest of all—an ineradicable sense of right. Often and often did the Bonds of Philadelphia meet and consult together on this famous debt, which every one wished, but no one could afford, to pay. The sons were married, and had children, whom it was incumbent on them to support; the daughters had married, too, but their husbands possibly did not acquire with their wives the chivalrous sense of duty which possessed the breast of every member, male and female, of the B. family, and inspired them with a wish to do justice when fortune permitted.

It would be infinitely agreeable to collect and peruse the letters and records of consultations which passed or took place between the members of this family on the subject of the £600. These documents would form the materials of one of the most delightful romances in the world—the

romance of honour, which never dies in some families, but is transmitted from generation to generation like a treasure above all price. When this brief notice is read in Philadelphia, it may possibly lead to the collection of these materials, which, with the proper names of all the persons engaged, should, we think, be laid before the world as a pleasing record of hereditary nobility of sentiment.

After the lapse of many years, a widow and her three nephews found themselves in possession of the necessary means for paying the family debt. Three quarters of a century had elapsed. The children and the children's children of the original borrower had passed away; but the honour of the B. family had been transmitted intact to the fourth generation, and a search was immediately commenced to discover the creditors in England. This, however, as may well be supposed, was no easy task. The members of the S. family had multiplied and separated, married and intermarried, become poor and wealthy, distinguished and obscure by turns, changed their topographical as well as their social position, and disappeared entirely from the spot they had occupied on their first arrival from America.

But honour is indefatigable, and by degrees a letter reached a person in Kensington, who happened to possess some knowledge of a lady of the S. family, married to a solicitor practising with great success and distinction in London. When the letter came to hand, she at first doubted whether it might not be a sort of grave hoax, intended to excite expectation for the pleasure of witnessing its disappointment. However, the English solicitor, accustomed to the incidents of life, thought there would at least be no harm in replying to the letter from Philadelphia, and discovering in this way the real state of the affair.

Some delay necessarily occurred, especially as the B. family in America were old world sort of people, accustomed to transact business slowly and methodically, and with due attention to the minutest points. But at length a reply came, in which the writer observed, that if a deed of release was drawn up, signed by all the parties concerned in England, and transmitted to America, the £600 should immediately be forwarded for distribution among the members of the S. family. Some demur now arose. Some of the persons concerned growing prudent as the chances of recovering the money appeared to multiply, thought it would be wrong to send the deed of release before the money had been received. But the solicitor had not learned in the practice of his profession, to form so low an estimate of human nature. He considered confidence in this case to be synonymous with prudence, and at any rate resolved to take upon himself the entire responsibility of complying with the wishes of the Americans. He accordingly drew up the necessary document, got it signed by as many as participated in his views, and sent it across the Atlantic, without the slightest doubt or hesitation. There had been something in the rough, blunt honesty of Mr. B.—'s letter that inspired in the man of law the utmost reliance on his faith, though during the interval which elapsed between the transmission of the deed and the reception of an answer from the States, several of his friends exhibited a disposi-



tion to make themselves merry at the expense of his chivalry. But when we consider all the particulars of the case, we can hardly fail to perceive that he ran no risk whatever; for even if the debt had not legally lapsed, the people who had retained it in their memory through three generations—who had from father to son practised strict economy in order to relieve themselves from the burden—who had with much difficulty and some expense, sought out the heirs of their creditor in a distant country, could scarcely be suspected of any inclination to finish off with a fraud at last.

Still if there was honour on one side, there was enlarged confidence on the other; and in the course of a few months, the American mail brought to London the famous £600 due since before the War of Independence. The business now was to divide and distribute it. Of course, each of the creditors was loud in expressions of admiration of the honour of the B. family, whose representative, while forwarding the money, asked with much simplicity to have a few old English newspapers sent out to him by way of acknowledgment. For his own part, however, he experienced a strong desire to behold some of the persons to whom he had thus paid a debt of the last century; and he gave a warm and pressing invitation to any of them to come out and stay as long as they thought proper at his house in Philadelphia. Had the invitation been accepted, we cannot doubt that Brother Jonathan would have acted as hospitably in the character of host as he behaved honorably in that of debtor. It would have been a pleasure, we might indeed say a distinction, to live under the same roof with such a man, whose very name carries us back to the primitive times of the colony, when Philadelphia was a city of the British Empire, and English laws, manners, habits, and feelings regulated the proceedings and relations of its inhabitants. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the London solicitor will some day drop in quietly upon his friend in Philadelphia, to smoke a cigar, and discuss old times with him. He will in that case probably fancy himself chatting with a contemporary of Rip Van Winkle. Doubtless there are thousands of such men in the States, where frequently everything that is estimable in the English character is cultivated with assiduity.

How the property was distributed among the S. family in England, we need not say. Each surviving individual had his or her share. The solicitor was only connected with them by marriage; but with good old English ideas of uprightness and integrity, he was fully able to appreciate the Philadelphia lawyer's sentiments. He would have done exactly the same himself under similar circumstances; and therefore, had the sum been tens of thousands instead of hundreds, it could not be said to have fallen into bad hands. Whether the transaction above noticed has led or not to a continued correspondence between the families, we are unable to say; but we think the creditors in England would naturally have felt a pleasure in exchanging intelligence from time to time with their worthy debtors in Philadelphia. These things, however, are private, and, therefore, we do not intend to trench upon them.

## LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A LAW CLERK.

### BROTHER AND SISTER.

THE leaf which I am about to transcribe will be found only, in a slight degree, the record of my own personal observation; but I do not the less feel confident in its general accuracy, inasmuch, as my informants could have had no motive for mystifying or misleading me,—a postulate of great importance in estimating the credibility of of the most trustworthy persons. There are one or two blanks in the narrative which I might indeed inferentially fill up, but this I have no doubt the reader will do quite as well for him or herself.

Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, were I believe, both natives of Clifton, Bristol. Certainly the husband was the son and sole offspring of a wealthy, but somewhat feeble-minded gentleman, who had long resided there. Edward Reeves was the issue of a second marriage, and his father was again a widower at the age of sixty-three: in less than two years afterwards—having been, I suppose wonderfully happy in his choice of previous partners—the old gentleman ventured—rash gamester!—for a third prize in the connubial lottery, and drew—a widow, one Mrs. Halliday, the handsomest, cleverest and poorest of two sisters; her sole wealth, her brilliant eyes, her silver tongue, her Hour smile, and two fine children—boys. Alas! the brilliant eyes, the silver tongue, the Hour smile, seen by the light of common day, which in this instance, dawned upon the matrimonial horizon, in something less than a fortnight after the “happy” one, proved to be mere shams—surface lacquer—elaborate deceit. A disastrous union it was soon found to be for Edward Reeves, his young, gently-nurtured wife, and their children, Jonathan and Mabel. The orange blossoms of the bride, were cypress wreaths to them,—funereal emblems of departing peace and competence. The old story, in such cases, quickly developed itself. The scilicet bridegroom lapsed into a nonentity without a serious struggle; and little Jonathan, happening one day to thrash Master Halliday, a boy of about his own age (seven years), for spiteful usage to his sister, Mabel, accelerated the catastrophe. The antagonistic parties could no longer inhabit the same house; Edward Reeves and family removed to a cottage in the vicinity, and the son was thenceforth a stranger to his father's dwelling, till he received a formal invitation to attend his funeral, and the reading of his will. “In the name of God, Amen!” gasped out the shaky voice of Randall, the attorney,—a worthy man though a lawyer. “I, Jonathan Reeves being of sound mind, and in full possession of all my faculties, hereby give and bequeath to Maria, my beloved wife, all and sundry the estate, real and personal, of which I may die seised and possessed: to wit—” A fierce outcry, natural, if unseemly, under such circumstances, interrupted the reader. It came from the beggared son who had leaped to his feet in wild dismay as the lawyer's words of doom—for such they truly were—fell upon his ear. But the bitter consternation and despair of the revived man were too terrible and giant-like for articulate utterance; and after one or two abortive efforts at speech, he sank on the floor in

a fit. The usual bustle ensued—the usual remedies were applied; Edward Reeves was restored to consciousness, and conveyed home. The formal reading of the will was completed; the hearers went their several ways; and the tiny segment of the world's great circle in which the incident occurred, revolved again pretty much in its old course,—except indeed as regarded the disinherited son and those dependent on him. To be sure, everybody said it was a scandalous will—a downright robbery of the legitimate heir; but everybody also smiled graciously or fawningly, as the case might be, upon the fair and fortunate legatee; and everybody, that could, cheerfully ate her dinners, and gaily quaffed her wines. The property thus luxuriously disposed of, amounted to about twenty-five hundred a year, beside the personals, and was devised absolutely to the widow, with the remainder to *her* sons, unless she otherwise determined by will: even pretty little Mabel, of whom her grandfather was so fond and proud, was not left so much as a keepsake!

I know little concerning the legally plundered family during the following ten years, except that Edward Reeves never thoroughly recovered the shock inflicted by his father's will, and that his wife, a meek-hearted, loving woman, but, like her husband, of no great force or energy of character, participated in his wearing grief and resentments, and descended step by step with him to a premature grave. They were withdrawn, I understood, somewhat suddenly, and within two or three weeks of each other, to that brighter and better land, but for whose auroral promise, this earth of ours were so drear a Golgotha, strewed with mouldering bones, and withered hopes, and breaking hearts. Neither can I relate the precise gradations of descent in the social scale passed through by the unfortunate family, till, at the period of the father and mother's decease, they occupied a poorly-furnished second floor in Redcliffe Street, Bristol, nearly opposite the church. I fancy, however, remembering to have heard that business of some sort was attempted by Edward Reeves, with money obtained through the intervention of Mrs. Robinson, the usurping legatee's sister, and a very decent person, let me add, although, from inferiority of worldly circumstances, greatly in awe of her lucky relative. Be this correct or not, Jonathan Reeves had been apprenticed to a working jeweller, and when his parents died was within a twelvemonth of finishing his time. Mabel, two years her brother's junior, had not then left her poor home; chained there as she was by love for her heart-broken parents, though frequently offered a comfortable asylum, by sympathising friends, in interchange for such light service, as she could render. That lingering tie had snapped, and the fair girl's hesitating step trembled at length upon the threshold of the world, she feared, yet longed to enter. I can readily believe all I have heard of Mabel Reeves's singular attractiveness as a girl, from what I saw of her when a matron. It was easy then to trace the yet lingering elastic grace, the slight, but finely-rounded outline of her charming figure; the delicately fair, pale-rose tinted features, which, lit meekly up with guileless eyes of blue, and shrouded with down-falling golden hair, caused the dullest-visioned passer-by to pause in instinctive admiration of the beautiful flower, fresh as it

seemed, from the hand of God, and still radiant with the angel-light of Paradise. Jonathan was not uncomely, but it was difficult—so strongly marked was the contrast between the sombre, saturnine intelligence of his aspect, and the innocent candour, the almost infantine simplicity of hers—to believe they were such near relatives. Yet were they true and loving ones. Jonathan Reeves loved his sister beyond all things—even money!—and Mabel's affection for her brother was as deep and earnest as it was confiding and unselfish. They differed as widely in turn of mind and disposition as they did personally. The clouds of life passed over, and left no lasting trace upon Mabel's joyous, kindly temperament, and she was ever forgiving as a child. Jonathan, on the contrary, brooded with revengeful rancour over the wrongs of his family, and pursued with his bitterest maledictions those who had caused and profited by its downfall; evil wishes, which, however provoked, generally, as the Arabic proverb hath it, “come like domestic fowls home to roost.”

Mabel went to live with a Mrs. Houston, of Clifton, in a kind of hybrid capacity, compounded of lady's-maid and companion. Mrs. Houston greatly disliked the rich and handsome widow Reeves (though on quite civil visiting terms with her), chiefly—so friendly gossips sneered—because she *was* rich and handsome; and dearly the patronizing lady loved to parade before their mutual acquaintance the interesting girl rendered destitute but for Mr. Houston's interposition, by the infamous will—goodness knows how obtained—of her imbecile grandfather. Mabel was, however, very well treated, by her somewhat ostentatious patroness, and her education was sedulously advanced. Her improvement was so marked and rapid, that her brother grew impatient, almost jealous, of the change. It seemed to be creating a gulf between them: other *indices* relating to her, augmented his chagrin and disquietude.

“These Sunday visits to your brother, Mabel,” he broke out one day, with a bitterness lately but too habitual with him, “are becoming wearisome and distasteful to you. These narrow rooms, this shabby furniture, contrast miserably with Mrs. Houston's gilded saloons.”

“Oh! Jonathan, how can you be so cruel,—so unjust?” exclaimed poor Mabel, with suffused eyes, and trembling voice.

“I have noticed this impatience,—this growing alienation,—this disgust,—call it what you will—for months past,” resumed the brother with increased violence. “And tell me,” he added, with quick anger, and, pausing in his hasty striding to and fro to seize her by the arm, and look with menacing sternness in her face,—“Tell me who was the perfumed fop I saw you with in the park on Thursday last: answer quickly and without equivocation, or the God of Heaven—”

“I with!” stammered the pale, startled girl,—“I with! you mistake, Jonathan. There were several—”

“Yes, yes, I know; Mrs. Houston and half-a-dozen others were of the party—a gay assemblage, Mabel, which your vulgar brother may not profane by a too close approach. But this being-letted be-whiskered *gentleman* I speak of, was with *you*; affected to be conscious of no other's presence; walked, whispered, at your side—and you,



Mabel, you smiled upon his insulting courtesies! Mabel," continued the excited young man, after vainly waiting a few moments for a reply, "Mabel, you do not answer. Once—once!" he added in a changed and lower tone, but fierce and deadly as the hissing of a serpent. "Once as twilight was falling, I caught a nearer view of his face, and it flamed through me that I had seen it before; that—but no, it could not be: to suppose that if our murdered mother's child were—"

"O, Jonathan!" sobbed Mabel, "you will break my heart."

"Nay, forgive me, Mabel," exclaimed the brother with sudden revulsion of feeling, "forgive the blaspheming thought that for a moment wronged you. Dear child, how could I be so mad?"

"Dear Jonathan, dear brother!" murmured the weeping girl, as her head sank upon his shoulder; but her eyes, he noticed, were stedfastly averted, as if dreading to encounter his.

"I am rash as fire, at times, dear Mabel," said the brother, after a lengthened silence, "and utter words without sense or purpose. But we will talk of this matter calmly, wisely, as friendless orphans in this bad world should. You sweet sister, possess, in a peerless degree, the dangerous gift of beauty: men such as he with whom I saw you in eager converse, look upon beauty in our class of society as a toy, as—"

"Our class of society," echoed Mabel, flushing scarlet; surely we are as well born, of lineage as reputable, as any of Mrs. Houston's friends or visitors. The difference between us is in the accident of riches only—nothing else."

"Of riches only—nothing else!" shouted Jonathan Reeves, with a renewed paroxysm of anger mingled with scorn, and casting his sister off as he sprang impetuously to his feet. "Riches only," quoth she, as if—great God!—riches were not the be-all and the end-all of this nether world. The prime distinction between base and noble—vice and virtue—and did not sundry men as widely as earth from heaven! Riches *only*, forsooth! Hark ye, girl," he added, "you are on the verge of a precipice, and by heaven—"

He spoke to deaf ears. Mabel had fainted. As soon as she was sufficiently recovered, a hack coach was called, and Jonathan escorted her to Clifton, the silence between them only broken by a mutual "good night." The next day he gave Mrs. Houston written notice that, on that day month, Mabel Reeves would return to his, her legal guardian's home.

It was soon apparent that Mabel Reeves was extremely averse to compliance with her brother's wishes or demands. She grew dull, melancholy, absent and reserved in manner, and appeared to dread that till she attained her majority, and it wanted a whole twelvemonth of that,—she would be little better than a prisoner in his house. A day or two before the expiration of the stipulated term, the brother received a hurriedly scrawled note from Mrs. Houston. Mabel had fled!—To London it was rumoured, but with whom (if with anybody), nobody could conjecture. She had been gone five or six hours before the discovery was made. Finally, Mrs. Houston wished to see Mr. Reeves instantly.

The brother tore the note to atoms, and sped

off with frantic speed towards Clifton. Before Mrs. Houston, who was painfully agitated, could utter a word, Jonathan Reeves broke in with "Those vipers (the Hallidays I mean), are in the habit of visiting here. James, the youngest, especially. Is that so?"

"Yes, certainly, they are, but—"

He did not wait the conclusion of the sentence, and in a minute or two he was thundering at the mansion of the dowager Mrs. Reeves. The servant who opened the door was instantly thrust aside, and guided by the voices he heard within, Jonathan Reeves burst unannounced into the dining-room. "My sister," he gasped, "thieves, plunderers, devils,—where is my sister?"

The company, thus flatteringly addressed, were Mrs. Reeves, Mrs. Robinson, and the two Messrs. Halliday. They stared at each other, and at the questioner, their looks indicating not so much surprise or alarm, as concern and irresolution.

"We have heard something of this unhappy business," said Mrs. Robinson; "but be assured no one here has been privy to, or aided your sister's flight."

"You—you answer," shouted Reeves, addressing the gentlemen; "it is you I suspect, not your aunt."

"My aunt's answer is mine, "said the older Halliday; "and I deeply grieve—"

"Perdition to your grief and you! And now, Sir, your reply. What say you?"

Mr. James Halliday sat in the shadow of the heavy window curtains, and it was growing dusk, so that it could not be distinctly seen; but his voice was firm enough as he replied, "I have nothing to say: it is now three or four days since I last saw Miss Reeves."

The baffled querist glared bewilderedly for a few minutes, from one to the other, and then muttered aloud, but speaking to himself, "It may be as they say. They are certainly both here, and she gone; gone—six hours since. But if she be hid in the bowels of the earth I'll find her."

He then rushed out of the house as madly as he had entered it, reached home, provided himself with money, and left per mail for London the same evening. A fortnight afterwards he returned, haggard, worn, half-crazed, without Mabel!

Again a gap occurs in this roughly-connected narrative, extending over eighteen years and upwards; and when I again re-knit its broken thread, it is the month of March, 1812,—at which time I visited Bristol on some legal business, in which Mr. Randall, the solicitor, was concerned, and thus became a hearer and spectator of the last act in this curious domestic drama.

Jonathan Reeves, I must first state, was still a bachelor, and resided in Redcliffe Street, but nearer towards Bedminster Bridge than he formerly lodged, where he kept a small working jeweller's shop. He was still poor; and not only so in purse, but in heart and spirit. Years of senseless repining, and unavailing regrets, had done their work upon him, aided, it is grievous to record, by the ravages of drink, to which fatal propensity he had gradually addicted himself; so that, not yet forty, he was already an aged man! Mabel, he had never seen nor heard of,

directly, but he had every year received parcels containing presents of some value, which could only come from her, and denoting that, at all events, she was not suffering from poverty. There was no address given—no line written; but every parcel contained a lock of golden hair, and, strangely enough, the brother thought the well-remembered colour did not suffer change from age,—nay, the very last he had received was positively, he was sure, more brightly golden than that which he had hoarded up some fifteen years before! Mrs. Reeves, his grandfather's wealthy relict, still lived, in London he believed; but it warmed the sickness of his cankered heart to know, in paralytic helplessness, as well as deep mental gloom, caused by the untimely passing away, within a twelvemonth of each other, of her two sons, who had both died unmarried. Charles Robinson would therefore—unless in a fit of caprice she disinherited him, and she was, people said, as vengefully capricious, as much dominated by selfish and odourate passions, as when life was young with her—come ultimately into possession of the greatly improved and augmented property.

This is all I think I have to set down respecting the interval of eighteen years and upwards, which terminated in March, 1812. In that month the long-desired letter from his sister reached Jonathan Reeves. It was affectionate, but reserved and brief in regard to her flight from Bristol, and subsequent existence; and it was stated that the time for a full explanation was still, in all probability, far distant. She was a widow, and alone, and yearned to find herself once more in the home of her brother. She should not be a burden to him, having enough (though barely so) for her own maintenance. She would be in Bristol on the fourth day after the receipt of the letter, which was subscribed "Mabel," only.

"You are but little altered, Mabel," said Jonathan Reeves, after the first rapturous emotions that swelled his heart on again embracing his long-lost sister, had somewhat subsided; "still beautiful, though more sedately so, perhaps; ay, and I think more hopeful too: but surely, Mabel, this hair, thinner than I once knew it, is scarcely so bright and glossy, as the locks you lately sent me."

Mabel coloured a little, and replied, "you fancy so, that's all."

"It may be as you say: a widow, and recently," he added, glancing at her dress.

"Yes, dear Jonathan. I wrote you so."

"And children, none?"

"One only," replied the staid mother, with bowed head and husky voice, "and she has been taken from me."

A long silence ensued, suddenly broken by Jonathan Reeves. "Did you know, Mabel, that Mrs. Robinson, that woman's sister, has returned to Clifton within the last month, and resides in the old place?"

"I have heard so."

"Her son Charles is now the lawful heir, is he not?"

"It would appear so, unless our grandfather's widow should will it otherwise: she has the power to do so."

"That is not likely, I think. Mrs. Robinson is a kind woman enough: I have worked for her often. The old dreams are gone, Mabel, and harsh necessity has humbled my pride. She has sent to say I must not forget to call to-morrow on business. You are tired: good night."

"You would have been amused, Mabel," remarked Jonathan Reeves, as he sat down to tea the next evening, on his return from Clifton, "to hear how anxious Mrs. Robinson is concerning you. Over and over did she cross-examine me, to find out what she said you *must* have confided to me of past events, and yet I thought she seemed pleased when satisfied that I knew nothing. Is not this a splendid diamond?" added the jeweller, holding a large old-fashioned ring encircling a magnificent jewel to the light, upon which, his grey, eager eyes were fixed all the time he had been speaking,—"*clumsily* set, but of the finest water, and very, very valuable, from its size and colour. It was grandfather's," he added, quickly; "part of the rich spoil, of which we were plundered. It should be ours, Mabel."

"Yes, perhaps so, in fairness and equity; but in law it belongs to Mrs. Reeves. Tell me," continued Mabel, in her turn speaking with quick nervousness, "did you notice anybody, any stranger—that is anybody I know, I mean—either, no matter, with Mrs. Robinson?"

"Let me see. Her son was at home, and there was a young woman with him, Miss Murray I think they called her; a sort of humble companion. Ah! You tremble and change colour; you are ill."

"No, no, a slight faintness, that's all."

The jeweller's thoughts quickly reverted to the diamond. "I think," he said, "this jewel, which as you say is ours in fairness and equity, must be at least worth two hundred pounds."

"To us that can matter little," replied his sister, quietly. "You had better put it away in a safe place at once. I shall take a walk," added Mabel, "as far as Mr. Randall's: he lives in Queen Square, does he not?"

"Yes, on the left-hand side from here; name on a brass plate. At least two hundred pounds," Mabel heard her brother mutter, as she closed the door, his fascinated gaze still riveted upon the flashing diamond.

"At least that sum; and we so poor."

Jonathan Reeves's almost continually absorbed contemplation of the diamond, and muttered comments on its value, at length raised a feeling of alarm in Mabel's mind, which closer observation but heightened and confirmed. The re-setting had been for sometime finished, but Reeves was always ready with an excuse for not parting with it. This appeared unaccountable, till Mabel discovered that he had been industriously engaged in the preparation of a paste imitation, which, in size, cutting, and, as far as possible, in lustre and colour, was a fac-simile of the true jewel. Such a matter required to be promptly and decidedly dealt with, and Mabel was pondering how to proceed, when a lucky chance relieved her from all difficulty. Her brother was out, and Mrs. Robinson's footman called for the ring. Mr. Charles Robinson was engaged out that evening, he said, and must have it. Mabel desired no better, and instantly delivered it to the messenger. Before



going away, the man happened to casually remark that Mrs. Robinson had been summoned to London about a week previously, he believed, in consequence of alarming reports concerning her sister's health; a piece of news which so flurried and agitated Mabel, and so completely drove all thoughts of the diamond from her head, that it was not till the brother had been ransacking the shop for several minutes in search of the missing treasure, that she remembered to tell him it had been sent home. The intelligence literally dumfounded him; he stared and trembled as if utterly overwhelmed with surprise and dismay; and, when he had somewhat recovered from the shock, he went about the house moaning and lamenting as if he were demented, or had sustained some grievous irreparable loss; and all night long his sister heard him pacing up and down his chamber, as restless and perturbed as during the day.

About three o'clock on the following afternoon Jonathan Reeves arrived at Clifton, and asked to speak with Mr. Charles Robinson; his request was complied with, and he told the young gentleman that he had called to place a foil beneath the diamond; it should have been done before it left his shop had he been at home when it was called for, and would add greatly to its brilliancy. The young man carelessly consented, and told Reeves to go into his dressing-room, where he would find the ring on a toilet table. The job did not occupy much time, for scarcely three minutes elapsed before the jeweller re-appeared, bowed hurriedly to Mr. Charles Robinson, said it was all right, and hastened away. "How deuced queer the man looks!" thought Charles Robinson. "Surely he has not stolen the ring! but no, that is out of the question, I should think; I will see, however." The ring was safe enough, and the young man blushed for his suspicions. "A droll improvement, though," he presently muttered, "he has effected; my judgment and eyes must be strangely at fault, or—" Charles Robinson rang his dressing-room bell, and desired the servant who answered it to go instantly to an eminent, lapidary, in Wine Street, Bristol, and request that he would come and speak with him, Mr. Charles Robinson, immediately. In less than an hour the lapidary arrived, and what followed thereupon we shall presently see.

It was just dark when Jonathan Reeves reached his home, and had not his sister been herself in a state of great excitement she must have noticed that he was deathly pale—nervous almost to fainting, and fell with abject helplessness into his chair like to a drunken man. "Mr. Randall has just left," began Mabel, her usually meek, calm eyes, ablaze with light; "and has brought strange news,—news just arrived. Our grandfather's widow, Mrs. Reeves, is dead,—has died intestate. Mrs. Robinson will be here to-night or to-morrow morning to communicate with her son, and accompany him back to London,—her son, the rightful heir-at-law you know." These last words Mabel pronounced with exultant emphasis. Her brother hardly appeared to hear her; the nervous terror that possessed him visibly increased, and a slight scuffle at the door by some passers-by increased it to frenzy. "Shut—bar the door, dear Mabel," he hoarsely ejaculated, "or I am ruined, lost! O God! that ever I was born!"

The violence of his terror startled Mabel, she hastily bolted the door, and then demanded an explanation of his frightful words. "I have been mad during the last fortnight," he answered; "mad with greed and drink,—I must have been so, Mabel; but no sooner was the crime effected, and I inextricably meshed in the toils, than the wretched, drunken illusion, promising success, impunity, vanished at once, and I saw that detection was inevitable—the gallows sure—and swift as sure."

"The gallows! Oh my brother!"

A loud knock at the door interrupted them. "They are come!" gasped the criminal, with white lips. "Here, Mabel, quick, take my purse, the accursed thing is there."

Mabel had hardly time to conceal the purse about her person, than the frail door-fastenings were burst in, and several constables entered.

"We were expected I see," remarked the chief of them, glancing at the fear-stricken man. "We have a warrant," he added, civilly addressing Mabel, "for the apprehension of your brother, on a very serious charge, but we need not unnecessarily intrude upon *you*. There is a coach at the door; come Mr. Reeves."

The instant Mabel found herself alone, she drew forth and examined the purse. The true diamond was there! Alas! alas! And that this calamity should have happened now—now that—but not a moment should be lost. Mr. Randall must be seen instantly. Perhaps,"—and the thought which glanced across her brain sent the hot blood in swift eddies through her veins,— "perhaps he may yet be saved."

It was about half-past nine o'clock when Mr. Randall reached Clifton. Mrs. Robinson, who had not long arrived, was busy for the moment, but would see him presently if he could wait. Certainly he could. "Mr. Charles Robinson is not at home, I believe," he blandly added; "but I daresay I shall find Miss Murray in the drawing-room." Mr. Randall briskly ascended the stairs, and as he opened the drawing-room door, said—"Be sure to let me know the instant Mrs. Robinson is disengaged." In about a quarter of an hour he was informed that the lady was expecting him in the library.

"It is a very unfortunate affair," said Mrs. Robinson,—after a few preliminary sentences. "Had I been at home there should have been no prosecution. But it must I suppose now go on."

"Your son must appear either to confirm his accusation, or, by absenting himself, admit it to be false."

"I am very sorry for it, but the prosecution shall be leniently urged. Poor Mabel Reeves, too! You are aware, I know, how much I risked by taking her daughter when neither of them had hardly bread to eat. Had my sister heard of it, it is quite possible my son would have been disinherited. But that danger is now past."

"It is true, then, that Mrs. Reeves died intestate."

"Yes, and as the two Messieurs Halliday died without *legitimate* male or female issue, my son is, you are aware, the heir, under the original will settlement."

"That would be as you say. By-the-by, who has the custody of this unfortunate ring?"

"It is locked up," was the reply, "in a drawer in my dressing-room. Miss Murray shall bring it here if you wish to see it."

"Oh dear no, not at all. I am glad to hear you are not disposed to press the case harshly, supposing there to be one at all; and I have the honour to wish you, madam, a very good evening."

The magistrates' office was crowded the next day by an auditory which it did not surprise anybody to find, since they were all thoroughly acquainted with the antecedents of both parties, sympathised with the prisoner rather than the prosecution. Mrs. Robinson and her son were seated near the magistrates, *Miss Murray* had placed herself beside her mother, and, but that Mabel looked pale and agitated, two more charming females, at their respective ages, could not, I think, be found in the city of Bristol, or the two counties in which it stands.

At eleven precisely, the accused was placed in the dock, and business commenced. Mr. C. Robinson proved what he had seen, and then the lapidary was placed in the witness box. He had been sent for by Mr. Robinson, and found that a paste imitation, a very good one he must say, had been substituted for the original diamond, which he knew well, and had very lately seen in the prisoner's shop.

"Is the ring here?" asked Mr. Randall.

"Yes, it is in this case," replied Charles Robinson, handing it across the table.

"Very good. Now come, Mr. Lapidary, be modestly candid, let me intreat you. Are you positive, I ask, that you can always distinguish paste from a diamond, especially between the lights, as in this instance?"

"Sure!" rejoined the lapidary, with dignified contempt, "I could tell the difference blindfold. Look at this ring yourself; paste you perceive is—paste you perceive is—the devil!"

"Is it indeed!—well that is something new at all events. But pray go on with your very lucid description."

The confounded lapidary could *not* go on. His face was alternately as red as brick-dust and white as chalk.

"Can this be the ring," he at length stammered, addressing Charles Robinson, "that I saw yesterday evening?"

"No doubt of it—why do you ask?"

"Because this is unquestionably a real diamond—the real diamond, no doubt about it."

"The real diamond!" vociferated the mayor indignantly. "What is the meaning of this accusation then? But the witness seems hardly to know whether he stands on his head or heels."

A white-headed gentleman in a large way of business, as a jeweller, it was whispered, stepped forward, and after looking closely at the ring, said, "This is not only a real diamond, but one of the finest I have ever seen of its size." At this confirmation of what had at first appeared to be too good to be true, the audience broke into a loud cheer, which was again and again repeated. The accusation was formally given up, and the prisoner was immediately liberated "without the slightest stain upon his character," the mayor emphatically assured him. I never, I must say, saw an accused person so thoroughly bewildered

by a triumphant acquittal in my life. Happily he held his tongue, which was a mercy.

"Hand the ring this way, if you please, Mr. Randall," said Charles Robinson, tartly.

"Ought I not, think you sir, to hand it to the right owner at once?"

"Certainly—you are asked to do so."

"In that case I must present it to this young lady on my right."

"To that young lady—to Miss Murray!"

"That was a mere *nom de circonstance*, and there is now no necessity for its retention. Her true name is Mabel Halliday, and she is the legitimate daughter and sole heiress of James Halliday, deceased. This we shall be able to show beyond the shadow of a doubt at the proper time and place, if her right is opposed, which is not, however, likely. James Halliday and Mabel Reeves were married, by banns, in London; and the fear of disinheritance by Mrs. Reeves, has hitherto prevented its acknowledgment. All this can be legally established, and I only mention these details because I know the great majority of the people of Bristol will rejoice, that an estate, cruelly diverted from the legitimate heirs, has, by the overruling providence of God, been restored to them in the person of their descendant, Mabel Halliday." I do not think the auditory breathed while this was uttered, but at its conclusion, a perfect hurricane of cheering took place, prolonged for several minutes. It was taken up in a trice, and ran like wildfire along the streets; in fact, the enthusiasm rose to such a fever-heat that I positively apprehended some accident would befall the mother and daughter, so boisterously did the mob press round to see, congratulate, and hurrah them. As Mr. Randall anticipated, no impediment was offered to Mabel Halliday's accession to the property of which Mrs. Reeves had died possessed according to the tenor, happily unrevoked by his implacable relict, of her great grandfather's will. Jonathan Reeves, I have reason to know, was startled into sober and decorous conduct by the exceedingly narrow escape he had from the iron hands of the law. Should any reader fail in comprehending *how* it was he was so cleverly extricated from such deadly peril, he will be, if that can console him, in precisely the same mental condition as the discomfited lapidary who, to the day of his death, could never comprehend how the paste of the evening could possibly have become the diamond of the morning.

DUN.—Some think falsely it comes from the French, where *donnez* signifies "give me," implying a demand for something due; but the true origin of this expression owes its birth to one Joe Dun, a famous bailiff of Lincoln, so extremely active, and so dexterous at the management of his rough business, that it became a proverb, "when a man refused to pay his debts, to say, 'Why don't you dun him?'" that is, "Why don't you send Dun to arrest him?" Hence it grew into a custom, and is now as old as since the days of Henry VII. In Rider's Dictionary, dun is stated to be derived from *dunan*, Saxon, "to thunder," to demand a debt with vehemence.—*Brady's Varieties of Literature.*





## THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

### SEDURENT III.

(*Mr. Maclear is announced by the barking of Nell.*)

THE MAJOR.—Peace Nelly, good dog! knowest thou not the footfall of a friend?

MR. M.—I fear that I am somewhat intrusive thus anticipating my visit by an hour, but in truth I was somewhat anxious to hear the continuation of our friend Mrs. Grundy's adventures, and have come to solicit her to continue the recital.

THE MAJOR.—Unfortunately this is a very unlucky day for the purpose. It is the anniversary of a very melancholy event in the category of her misfortunes, and the good dame is now, as is her wont at this season, enjoying the privacy and solitude of her own apartment.

MR. M.—I am sorry.

THE MAJOR.—Nay man, thou shalt not be disappointed—I have heard the story often enough to know it well, and I may spare her feelings a partial trial, by becoming myself the narrator of it, if it pleaseth thee.

MR. M.—I shall be delighted to listen to you, and the more so as the trial to me will be still less, than in hearing it from her own lips.

THE MAJOR.—Give me the cue then. Where did she leave off.

MR. M.—She had just embarked for India.

THE MAJOR.—Aye, and a sorrowful voyage it was. The incidents of a departure from one's native land, to a country thousands of miles away, are of so purely a personal kind, as to vary almost in every case. Still, there are certain leading circumstances common to all; but these have been so frequently and graphically described, that a repetition would

only be irksome to you. Suffice it to say that a few weeks found them baking under a tropical sun to the southward of Madeira. The ship in which they were was one of the finest of her class, one of those frigates of the Company's Service, which are now less common than they used to be. A detachment of her husbands regiment and some others going out to reinforce the service companies were on board under his charge, with several women and children attached to them. A severe epidemic fever broke out among them, and the anxiety and fatigue attending his care of these troops predisposed him to an attack of the disease. For five weeks she watched and nursed him, and when the hues of returning health began to spread over his cheek once more, her exhausted frame became an easy prey to the remorseless assailant. A naturally strong constitution however withstood its violence and in a short time, she was able to resume her accustomed evening walk on the deck. We can readily conceive, my dear Sir, what the happiness of those moments must have been. Two young beings mutually dependent on each other for all the kindly offices of domestic life, under circumstances of a most trying nature, and at a time when their relative duties were as yet novel to them, just snatched from the grasp of the King of Terrors, were now in sweet communion under the starry sky and in the balmy atmosphere of a tropical evening. Gliding through the dark blue Atlantic, the foaming water sparkling around them with that singular luminous appearance, so startling when seen for the first time, they must have revelled in the joy of rescue, the sense of security, the dream of hope. The future would seem to borrow its

colouring from the scene around, and hallowed by the feelings of past suffering, the enjoyment of the present must have been full indeed. Oh! that it could have been as abiding.

All seemed to promise fairly for an average passage. The Cape had been doubled and after a favourable run for a few days with a fair wind, one of those terrific tornados so common in those latitudes set in, and after enduring its violence for two days, in spite of all the precautions which the most skilful seamanship could devise, seconded by untiring exertions of sailors and soldiers, their fine vessel became a total wreck. The terrors of that scene appeared to tax her fortitude to its utmost. Fortunately within a few days they were discovered by one of H. M. cruisers and with the assistance of the united crews, she was soon put in such a condition as to be enabled to prosecute her voyage to its completion.

The regiment was stationed on the frontier of the disturbed districts. Indeed hostilities had already commenced, and it was not improbable that on reaching his destination her husband would speedily be engaged in action. No very pleasurable prospect this for the young wife. Her very worst fears were realized. On arriving at head quarters, he found himself under orders to proceed at once with a detachment in charge of ammunition to the seat of war. They who had shared together the risk of disease, and the perils of shipwreck, must now be separated—he, to encounter the chances of war, she to endure the trial of suspense and undergo the agony of childbirth. One can scarcely imagine an accumulation of equal misfortune. She became a mother; and for a brief season had the gratification of enjoying the society of the father and infant together. How little can those who instigate and promote warfare, reflect upon the ceaseless grief, the mental torture they occasion. The peace of home, disturbed; the heart, broken—the bright hopes, crushed—the noble creatures destroyed. And after all, where is the recompense. National pride. Territorial possession. What are these to one single image of the creator mutilated by the death-dispensing ball—one forlorn and hopeless widow sighing over the lifeless form of him who was all in all to her—one helpless orphan left to grapple with the cold, cold world!

The circumstances attending Major Grundy's death after returning to duty were of a very peculiar and harrowing nature, and form a complete episode in this eventful narrative, but as I hear preparations for the evening's repeat perhaps you will prefer my postponing its recital to a future occasion, rather than that it should be interrupted.

Mr. M.—Willingly. And while we discuss our Bohea, we may descant upon the topics more immediately connected with our respective

vocations, you as a maker, I as a vender of Books. I brought out this little volume in my pocket in order that you may notice it. It is the last of PUTNAM'S semi-monthly Library, and is entitled the Arctic Journal, or Eighteen Months in the Polar Regions.

THE MAJOR.—The republisher seems an enterprising and spirited one, it is only the other day I read a notice of this book in the English reviews as just appearing. The book shall have attention, but really what with Appleton, Putnam, to say nothing of Harper, and sundry others,—one has enough reading in the month.

MR. M.—Putnam's selection appears to be admirably made, and probably more with a view to instructive reading than his rival, who with equally good taste, caters for his patrons amusement. The circulation of these works must be enormous to warrant the cost of production.

THE MAJOR.—Yes. But what do you think of all these republications being made, without any regard to the interest of the author in his copyright?

MR. M.—Many English authors dispose of the privilege of reproduction to the American publisher, well knowing that it were better to reap such an advantage than to suffer by absolute piracy, or otherwise limit the circulation of their works. This of course is done with due regard to the interest of the home publisher, where he is the beneficiary of the copyright. But, after all, the system of piracy is much to be regretted, and it is to be hoped that ere long a good system of international legislation will be adopted on this point, for it would be a great reproach on the age that so many thousands of English readers should be deprived of the advantage of perusing the writings of the authors of both countries except at a high cost, to many amounting to a prohibitor.

THE MAJOR.—I hear approaching footsteps and doubt not they are those of our now renowned shantyists. Let us welcome them.

THE LAIRD, (reciting) enters—

"The chief in silence strode before,  
And reached that torrent's sounding shore,  
Which, daughter of three mighty Lakes,  
From Venachar in silver breaks."

THE MAJOR.—Why Laird, have you been poring over your favourite lately, that you should come sounding his verse in such a jaunty style as that.

THE LAIRD.—A truce to your joking, Major. It's very true that the words are Sir Walter's, but it was in nae buik o' his that I read them last; nor after a' do I think that the application o' them is sae much out o' the way. Here I am a great chief in my ane way, "Nascimus Princeps"—but I forgot a' my humanity whilk the old dominie at the schule skelped into me down i' the Gallowgate, so I must beg for a dictionary, to astonish you anither time, but as I was saying, we'll premise I'm the chief, and who can gainsay that? Well



yonder's the "sounding" shore of Ontario, and as for the three Lakes, why there are Erie, Huron and Superior, you see Major!

THE MAJOR.—Precisely—but if not in the Lady of the Lake, where did you read the words?

THE LAIRD.—In a buik I hae read wi' a great deal o' pleasure, and I recommend it to your favourable consideration, as the language o' conventional intercourse has it. The buik, guid luck to it, is called "A Step from the New World to the Old and back again, with thoughts on the good and evil in both, and vera guid thochts they are, let me tell ye,—thochts in the brain of a sensible and well informed man, who apparently makes good use o' baith e'en, lugs and memory.

THE SQUIREN.—I'll let my owld setter Brian to any mongrel cur in the city, and by the powers there's no lack of them, the fellow speaks in exalted terms of Scotland.

THE LAIRD.—Noo, man, dinna betray any national jealousy here. It's undoubtedly true that Mr. Tappan, that's the author's name, did not visit the land o' your nativity, the mair pity, as he might have given us some correct, impartial, and seasonable hints with respect to it, but I presume his arrangements wad not permit of it—equally true is it that he descants in glowing terms upon the grandeur and beauty o' his mountain hame, but it's a done in guid taste, and the introduction o' Scott's poetry in connection wi' the scenes through which he was passing is natural enough, for an ardent admirer of nature and its poetry which he seems to be. But then he's equally enthusiastic in praise o' the guid points he saw in other lands, and not a few o' them either.

THE MAJOR.—Can you give us a sample of his style, by way of a bait?

THE LAIRD.—Well I believe I can. I put the first volume in my pocket, to read after walking out here. Speaking of England, (and the passage has its value for "Little York," so let the Mayor and Corporation take tent,) and describing the enormous parks in London, where the population, rich and poor, young and old, enjoy the privilege of breathing a purer atmosphere than what goes through their lungs in the dense city, and alluding to the same feature in continental cities, he says:—But! did mortal ever ken the like! I have left the buik at hame, so I must defer reading you the passages till anither time.

THE DOCTOR.—Well done, Laird! however I shall read your book as soon as may be. Meantime, I beg to call your attention to a curious little brochure, which I hold in my hand. It is rather too much in my own particular line, for general taste, but is nevertheless designed for, and ought to be read by everybody—ladies and gentlemen.

THE LAIRD.—It's seldom we hear you speak in such unqualified terms o' buiks or anything else, therefore you'll be guid enough to let us

have the name o' baith the work and the author.

THE DOCTOR.—Authoress in this instance, Laird, "The Laws of Life by Elizabeth Blackwell, M. D."

THE MAJOR.—A feminine Esculapius!—Where did the lady acquire her academical honour?

THE DOCTOR.—At Geneva, State of New York; but this is the least important or interesting feature in her history. The degree I believe is not a mere honorary one, but was obtained after diligent study and examination, Miss Blackwell it would appear is so singularly blessed with respect to temperament and mental constitution, that she was able to enter freely into all those investigations which are considered so repugnant in the medical profession. She visited Europe in order to add to her information, and was well received in France where she met with one or two similar spirits among her sex. She paid a penalty for her boldness, having lost an eye in consequence of some disease contracted during her studies. All this is very startling and to Englishmen particularly, very objectionable, nor do I intend to become the champion of the system of considering the sex a matter of indifference in the pursuit of knowledge. Woman happily has her proper and useful sphere of action, one for which man is physically, constitutionally, and mentally unfitted, the duties of which, are sufficiently arduous and important to require the exercise of a high order of intellectual power; it is to be regretted therefore when women step beyond the bounds of that peculiar sphere. But, yet, we have several instances in which the female mind has accomplished much more in the path of abstract science, it is barely needful to mention the name of Mary Somerville, but what I admire in the authoress, of whom I am now speaking, is, that having boldly plunged into an unwonted path, she has not rashly and blindly pursued it at a headlong pace, but has evidently traced its devious windings with care and advantage, marking every feature of importance in the landscape, and reflecting deeply upon their general character and the office they perform in making up the whole, and pleasing view.—The book contains the fruits of her study and experience given in the form of lectures to the mothers of her country on the physical education of their daughters. It contains many a pointed and timely rebuke on the prevalent system of the day, and is calculated to do much service, if properly appreciated and acted upon. I will not trouble you by quoting from its pages, but refer you to the little work itself; you will find it repay the perusal. Have you seen "Swallow Barn," by Kennedy?

THE SQUIREN.—I had the recreation of glancing through it the other day, being attracted by the style of the illustrations which are particularly felicitous and well executed. It

is professedly a second edition of an old publication, and, if so, has been brought out at a very fortuitous time. The whole story is a counterpart of Uncle Tom's cabin, and gives us life in the South in rather more pleasing colours, than we find them delineated by Mrs. Stowe. However, as our friend Maclear has made a speculation in the reprint of the latter, perhaps the less we say of Swallow Barn, the better.

MR. M.—On the contrary; it is well always to hear both sides of a story, and I am not so wedded to my prejudices, as not to enjoy a good book, even when in opposition.

THE LAIRD.—Parliamentary phraseology! But the truth is that nigger question is a little overdone at present. Nae doubt it places the American people in an anomalous position to find sic sticklers for freedom maintaining the abominable and unchristian practice of human slavery. But it is an evil entailed upon them from their forefathers, when the genius o' the age was different—and having been recognized by the founders of their constitution at the time of its construction, it will require time to alter and ameliorate the matter.—'Here is a providence in the existence of slavery. Men do not sufficiently consider this, and when the season arrives for its abandonment, God will in His mercy appoint the method and the instruments.

THE SQUIREEN.—The book is well written.

THE DOCTOR.—Pray Major can you recommend to me some light and easily digested volume, suitably for this sultry season of the year. Something, I mean, a trifle more substantial than the puff-paste of a novel, and a fraction less solid than the sirloin of a history, or an essay upon political economy. I purpose making an expedition to St. Catharines next week, per steamer, and should like to be furnished with literary fodder for the way.

THE MAJOR.—This little red coated book is the very article which you desiderate. It is "*The Book of Snobs, by Will Thackeray.*" forming a portion of "*Appleton's popular Library.*"

THE DOCTOR.—Did not the contents thereof appear in the pages of *Punch*?

THE MAJOR.—They did, and for a season formed the leading and most appetizing attraction of that racy periodical. In my humble judgement Thackeray is one the ablest fictionists of the present day.

THE LAIRD.—I dinna like that word *fictionist*! It has a conceited, snappish novelty about it, that I canna thole! Noah Webster, aiblins, might pawtroneeze the expression, but I'll be bound to say that honest auld Sam Johnson wud hae growled at it as he wad at a Yankee.

THE SQUIREEN.—Or a Scotsman!

THE LAIRD.—Nane o' your jeers Paddy!—If it had na been for a Scotsman its but little

the world wad hae known about the great lexicographer!

THE SQUIREEN.—Perchance none but a North Britain could have had a stomach strong enough for the undertaking, of blowing the horn for *Ursa Major*—and recording his grizzly escapades!

THE LAIRD.—Div ye mean onything personal, ye ill-tongued thriftless bogtrotter?

THE DOCTOR.—Come, come children! no bickerings in the shanty, or Mrs. Grundy may perchance not be at home, the next time that you shew your face in the clearing! Besides I have got the ear of the chair. You were speaking about Thackeray, Major, when this little Johnsonian episode occurred!

THE MAJOR.—I think that in future ages, he will be more consulted and referred to, than almost any of his essayist companions. Thackeray like Addison and Fielding possesses an intuitive faculty for observing and illustrating the characteristic features of society! With a few touches, laid on seemingly, at hap-hazard, this great artist produces, if not a finished picture, at least a life-like sketch of of some specific classic order.

THE DOCTOR.—Is he not somewhat too much tinged with what William Hogarth called the *caricatura*?

THE MAJOR.—Not more so, than was the said William Hogarth himself! I fully grant that the *groupings* which Thackeray presents are such as you do not meet with in every day life, but examine each figure separately and we would be justified in making oath that you have met with the counterpart thereof, though perchance you could not particularize the precise epoch and locality!

THE LAIRD.—I speak under correction Major, but it seems to me that you are getting a thocht prosy and metaphysical. What would you say to giving us a slice o' Thackeray, and let each one judge for himself as to its quality? The proof o' the pudding ye ken, is the preening o't!

THE MAJOR.—As you will, Laird. Here is a morceau, taken at hap-hazard. I must premise that Mr. Goldmore is a "dull and pompous Leadenhall Street Cræsus, good natured withal, and affable—cruelly affable. Goldmore patronizes Raymond Grey, Esq., barrister-at-law, "an ingenious youth without the least practice, but who has luckily a great share of good spirits, which enables him to bide his time, and bear laughingly his humble position in the world." Gray is married and his helpmate being a lady of good sense, the couple contrives to live in frugal comfort, without seeking to ape a style which their income would not warrant them in assuming.

The barrister, a little annoyed at Goldmore's ostentatious patronage, which is limited, I may mention to a dinner twice or thrice in the season, determines to have a little quaint, good humoured revenge. He accordingly invites the



Nabob to pot-luck, and I take up the narrative at the point, when Gray communicates the "astounding information to" to his better half:—

"My love," says MRS. GRAY, in a tremor, "how could you be so cruel? Why, the dining-room won't hold MRS. GOLDMORE?"

Make your mind easy, MRS. GRAY; her ladyship is in Paris. It is only CRESUS that's coming, and we are going to the play afterwards—to Sadler's Wells. GOLDMORE said at the Club that he thought SHAKESPEARE was a great dramatic poet, and ought to be patronised; whereupon, fired with enthusiasm, I invited him to our banquet."

"Goodness gracious! what *can* we give him for dinner? He has two French cooks; you know MRS. GOLDMORE is always telling us about them; and he dines with Aldermen every day."

"A plain leg of mutton my LUCY,

I prythee get ready at three;

Have it tender, and smoking, and juicy,

And what better meat can there be?"

says GRAY, quoting my favorite poet.

"But the cook is ill; and you know that horrible PATTYPAN, the pastrycook's" \* \* \*

"Silence, Frau!" says Gray, in a deep tragedy voice. "I will have the ordering of this repast. Do all things as I bid thee. Invite our friend SNOB here to partake of the feast. Be mine the task of procuring it."

"Don't be expensive, RAYMOND," says his wife.

"Peace, thou timid partner of the briefless one.

GOLDMORE's dinner shall be suited to our narrow means. Only thou do in all things my commands." And seeing by the peculiar expression of the rogue's countenance, that some mad waggyery was in preparation, I awaited the morrow with anxiety.

Punctual to the hour—(By the way, I cannot omit here to mark down my hatred, scorn, and indignation, towards those miserable Snobs who come to dinner at nine, when they are asked at eight, in order to make a sensation in the company. May the loathing of honest folks, the back-biting of others, the curses of cooks, pursue these wretches, and avenge the society on which they trample!)—Punctual, I say to the hour of five, which Mr. and Mrs. RAYMOND GRAY had appointed, a youth of an elegant appearance, in a neat evening dress, whose trim whiskers indicated neatness, whose light step denoted activity, (for in sooth he was hungry, and always is at the dinner hour, whatsoever that hour may be,) whose rich golden hair, curling down his shoulders, was set off by a perfectly new four-and-ninepenny silk hat, was seen wending his way down Bittlestone Street, Bittlestone Square, Gray's Inn. The person in question, I need not say, was MR. SNOB. *He* is never late when invited to dine. But to proceed with my narrative:—

Although Mr. SNOB may have flattered himself that he made a sensation as he strutted down Bittlestone Street with his richly gilt-knobbed cane, (and indeed I vow I saw heads looking at me from Miss SQUILSBY's, the brass-plated milliner opposite RAYMOND GRAY's, who has three silver-paper bonnets, and two fly-blown French prints of fashion in the window,) yet what was the emotion produced by my arrival, compared to that with which the little street thrilled, when at five minutes past five

the floss-wigged coachman, the yellow hammer-cloth and flunkies, the black horses and blazing silver harness of MR. GOLDMORE whirled down the street! It is a very little street of very little houses, most of them with very large brass plates like MISS SQUILSBY's. Coal-merchants, architects, and surveyors, two surgeons, a solicitor, a dancing master, and of course several house-agents, occupy the houses—little two-storied edifices with stucco porticoes. GOLDMORE's carriage overtopped the roofs almost; the first floors might shake hands with CRESUS as he lolled inside; all the windows of those first floors thronged with children and women in a twinkling. There was MRS. HAMMERLY in curling papers; MRS. SAXBY with her front awry; MR. WRIGGLES peering through the gauze curtains, holding the while his hot glass of rum-and-water—in fine, a tremendous commotion in Bittlestone Street, as the GOLDMORE carriage drove up to MR. RAYMOND GRAY's door.

"How kind it is of him to come with *both* the footmen!" says little MRS. GRAY, peeping at the vehicle too. The hugest domestic, descending from his perch, gave a rap at the door which almost drove in the building. All the heads were out; the sun was shining; the very organ-boy paused; the footman, the coach, and GOLDMORE's red face were blazing in splendour. The herculean plushed one went back to open the carriage-door.

RAYMOND GRAY opened his—in his shirt-sleeves.

He ran up to the carriage. "Come in, GOLDMORE," says he. "Just in time, my boy. Open the door, WHATDYECALLUM, and let your master out,"—and WHATDYECALLUM, obeyed mechanically, with a face of wonder and horror, only to be equalled by the look of stupefied astonishment which ornamented the purple countenance of his master.

"Wawt taim will you please have the *cage*, Sir," says WHATDYECALLUM, in that peculiar unspellable, inimitable, flunkified pronunciation which forms one of the chief charms of existence.

"Best have it to the theatre, at night," GRAY exclaims; "it is but a step from here to the Wells, and we can walk there. I've got tickets for all. Be at Sadlers' Wells at eleven."

"Yes, at eleven," exclaims GOLDMORE perturbedly, and walks with a flurried step into the house, as if he were going to execution (as indeed he was, with that wicked GRAY as a JACK KETCH over him). The carriage drove away, followed by numberless eyes from door-steps and balconies; its appearance is still a wonder in Bittlestone Street.

"Go in there, and amuse yourself with SNOB," says GRAY, opening the little drawing-room door. "I'll call out when the chops are ready. FANNY's below, seeing to the pudding."

"Gracious mercy!" says GOLDMORE to me, quite confidentially, "How could he ask us? I really had no idea of this—this utter destitution."

"Dinner, dinner!" roars out GRAY, from the dining-room, whence issued a great smoking and frying; and entering that apartment we find MRS. GRAY ready to receive us, and looking perfectly like a princess who by some accident, had a bowl of potatoes in her hand, which vegetables she placed on the table. Her husband was meanwhile cooking mutton-chops on a gridiron over the fire.

"FANNY has made the roly-poly pudding," says he; "the chops are my part. Here's a fine one; try this, GOLDMORE." And he popped a fizzing cutlet on that gentleman's plate. What words, what notes of exclamation can describe the nabob's astonishment?

The table-cloth was a very old one, darned in a score of places. There was mustard in a tea-cup a silver fork for GOLDMORE—all ours were iron.

"I wasn't born with a silver spoon in my mouth," says GRAY, gravely. "That fork is the only one we have. FANNY has it generally."

"RAYMOND!" cries MRS. GRAY, in an imploring face.

"She was used to better things, you know: and I hope one day to get her a dinner service. I'm told the electro-plate is uncommonly good. Where the deuce is that boy with the beer? And low," said he springing up, "I'll be a gentleman." And so he put on his coat, and sat down quite gravely, with four fresh mutton chops which he had by this time broiled.

"We don't have meat every day, Mr. GOLDMORE," he continued, "and it's a treat to me to get a dinner like this. You little know, you gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease, what hardships briefless barristers endure."

"Gracious mercy!" says Mr. GOLDMORE.

"Where's the half-and-half? FANNY go over to the 'Keys' and get the beer. Here's sixpence." And what was our astonishment when FANNY got up as if to go!

"Gracious mercy! let me," cries GOLDMORE.

"Not for worlds, my dear Sir. She's used to it. They wouldn't serve you as well as they serve her. Leave her alone. Law bless you!" RAYMOND said, with astounding composure. And MRS. GRAY left the room, and actually came back with a tray on which there was a pewter flagon of beer. Little POLLY (to whom, at her christening, I had the honour of presenting a silver mug, *ex officio*) followed with a couple of tobacco pipes, and the queerest roguish look in her round little chubby face.

"Did you spsak to TAPLING about the gin, FANNY, my dear?" GRAY asked, after bidding POLLY put the pipes on the chimney-piece, which that little body had some difficulty in reaching—"The last was turpentine, and even your brewing didn't make good punch of it."

"You would hardly suspect, GOLDMORE, that my wife, a HARLEY BAKER, would ever make gin punch? I think my mother-in-law would commit suicide if she saw her."

"Don't be always laughing at Mamma, RAYMOND," says MRS. GRAY.

"Well, well, she won't die, and I don't wish she would. And you don't make gin punch, and you don't like it either—and—GOLDMORE, do you drink your beer out of the glass, or out of the pewter?"

"Gracious mercy!" ejaculates CRÆSUS once more, as little POLLY, taking the pot with both her little bunches of hands, offers it, smiling to that astonished director.

And so, in a word, the dinner commenced, and was presently ended in a similar fashion. GRAY pursued his unfortunate guest with the most queer and outrageous description of his struggles, misery, and poverty. He described how he cleaned the

knives when they were first married; and how he used to drag the children in a little cart; how his wife could toss pancakes; and what parts of his dress she made. He told TIEBIRTS, his clerk, (who was in fact the functionary who had brought the beer from the public house, which Mrs. FANNY had fetched from the neighbouring apartment) —to fetch the "bottle of port wine," when the dinner was over; and told GOLDMORE as wonderful a history about the way in which that bottle of wine had come into his hands, as any of his former stories had been. When the repast was all over, and it was near time to move to the play, and MRS. GRAY had retired, and we were sitting ruminating rather silently over the last glasses of port, GRAY suddenly breaks the silence by slapping GOLDMORE on the shoulder, and saying "Now GOLDMORE, tell me something."

"What?" asks CRÆSUS.

"Haven't you had a good dinner?"

GOLDMORE started, as if a sudden truth had just dawned upon him. He *had* had a good dinner; and didn't know it until then. The three mutton-chops consumed by him were the best of the mutton kind; the potatoes were perfect of their order; as for the roly-poly, it was too good. The porter was frothing and cool, and the port wine was worthy of the gills of a bishop. I speak with ulterior views; for there is more in GRAY's cellar.

"Well," says GOLDMORE, after a pause, during which he took time to consider the momentous question GRAY put to him—"Pon my word—now you say so—I—I have—I really have had a monstrous good dinnah—monsous good, upon my word! Here's your health, GRAY, my boy, and your amiable lady; and when Mrs. GOLDMORE comes back, I hope we shall see you more in Portland Place." And with this the time came for the play, and we went to see Mr. PHELPS at Sadlers' Wells.

The best of this story (for the truth of every word of which I pledge my honour) is, that after this banquet, which GOLDMORE enjoyed so, the honest fellow felt a prodigious compassion and regard for the starving and miserable giver of the feast, and determined to help him in his profession. And being a Director of the newly established Antibilious Life Assurance Company, he has had GRAY appointed Standing Counsel, with a pretty annual fee; and only yesterday, in an appeal from Bombay (BUCKNUCKEE BOBRACHEE v. RAMCHOWDER-BAHAWDER) in the Privy Council, LORD BROUGHAM complimented Mr. GRAY, who was in the case, on his curious and exact knowledge of the Sanscrit language.

Whether he know Sanscrit or not, I can't say: but GOLDMORE got him the business; and so I cannot help having a lurking regard for that pompous old Bigwig.

THE DOCTOR.—Many thanks Crabtree for calling my attention to the "*Book of Snobs*." I am glad the papers are collected, and I am certain the volume will have a great run.

THE SQUIRE.—What other beet-root handbook is that at your elbow, Major?

THE MAJOR.—Another of Appleton's series being "*A Journey to Katmandu, or the Nepaulese Ambassador at home*."

THE SQUIRE.—And who may the author be?



THE MAJOR.—His name is Laurence Oliphant, son of Sir Anthony Oliphant, Chief Justice of Ceylon. The father is a lawyer of good repute, but the son's existence has hitherto been unknown to me.

THE LAIRD.—How does the lad handle his pen, Crabtree?

THE MAJOR.—Pretty fairly. He tells his story, in a plain, straightforward manner, but does not appear to be burdened with much ideality. Seldom if ever can wild and dreary regions which he traverses, rouse him to the altitude of enthusiasm.

THE LAIRD.—A' the better, Culpepper, a' the better! I like to meet wi' a plain matter o' fact tourist, wha tells you honestly what he sees and leaves you to do the reflections yourself! Gie me the oysters in their unsophisticated shells, and let me add the pepper and vinegar to my own mind!

THE MAJOR.—As a sample of Mr. Oliphant's style I may read you the following account of a review of Nepalese troops at Katmandu:

The parade-ground was situated immediately under the city walls, and upon it 6000 men were drawn up: the uniforms differed in some instances; the "rifles" were in a pea-green suit which hung about them loosely, while the regiments of the line wore red coats, with trowsers ample enough to please a Turk. Upon their turbans or caps were the distinguishing badges of their respective corps—a half-moon, a lion, the sun, and various other devices. The regiments were not numbered as with us, but adopted some magniloquent high-sounding title suggestive of their valour in war, fearlessness of danger, and other martial qualities.

There was no cavalry, the country not being adapted to that arm of the service, but the artillery seemed very fairly handled; there was an immense deal of firing, both of small arms and great guns, which I believe was very good; and there were a great number of evolutions performed, which, as I am not a soldier, did not seem to me more incomprehensible than such manœuvring usually is, but I was informed by those who were capable of judging, that in this instance they really were altogether without meaning. Regiment after regiment marched past, the men swinging their arms regularly as they moved, and trying to persuade themselves they were British grenadiers. At all events the band was playing that tune. Suddenly the music changed; they struck up a lively polka, and a number of little boys in a sort of penwiper costume, clasping one another like civilized ladies and gentlemen, began to caper about, after which they went through various antics that surpassed the wildest notions of our highly civilized community: all this while the troops were manœuvring as vehemently as ever, and the boys were dancing as fantastically; and the whole thing was so eminently ridiculous and looksd so very like a farce, that it was difficult to maintain that dignified and sedate appearance which was expected from the spectators of a scene so imposing.

Jung alone looked for no expressions of surprise or admiration from us, but was evidently disappointed and chagrined at the inferiority of his own

soldiers to those he had seen in Europe and amongst our Indian troops. He could indeed point with pride to the stalwart bearing and soldier-like appearance of his men, but he had seen "the Guards" reviewed, he had been present at an inspection of 15,000 of the French army at Versailles, and he seemed half ashamed of the display we were witnessing, notwithstanding our efforts to comfort him by telling him that we had little thought the art of war was so far advanced in the wild valleys and rocky mountains of Nepaul.

THE DOCTOR.—This weather is a trifle too melting for the latitude of Nepaul. The very name adds to the perspiration which dims the glasses of my spectacles. Let us then don the seven leagued boots, and leaving the East, hasten away with Mrs. Ida Pfeiffer for Iceland!

THE LAIRD.—A loup indeed! Frae a sun-stroke to a frost bitten tae! Wha may the said Luckie Fife (is that what ye ca' her?) be when she's at home?

THE DOCTOR.—She is a German lady gifted or cursed with an incontrollable impulse to visit all the nooks and corners of this round world of ours. Hardy as a Shetland pony, she contrives to journey with tolerable comfort through regions where a Cockney Tourist would starve, and so easy are her commissariat wants supplied that for ten days at a stretch her commons were confined to mouldy bread, and cheese as hard as Aberdeen granite!

THE MAJOR.—And where have the fair Ida's wanderings extended?

THE DOCTOR.—After rustication for a season in Palestine, she took the notion to visit Iceland, and the results of her pilgrimage are contained in this volume, the title page thereof runs as follows:—"*A Journey to Iceland, and Travels in Sweden and Norway, translated from the German by Miss Charlotte Fenimore Cooper.*"

THE LAIRD.—Cooper! Is she only relation to the great novelist think ye?

THE DOCTOR.—His daughter, and by all accounts worthy of her accomplished sire.—Her present task she has executed in an exceedingly business like manner. I have never seen the original of Mrs. Pfeiffer's work but the translation bears internal evidence sufficient to convince any practiced reader, that the *spirit* and *character* of the writer's style has undergone no organic change in the process of conversion into Anglo-Saxon.

THE LAIRD.—What kind o' a place does Mrs. Feef—(I never can pronounce your German jaw-breaking names) make out Iceland to be?

THE DOCTOR.—Very far from being a Paradise, I can assure you. The presiding genii of the region appear to be filth and famine, and the inhabitants not many degrees removed from that aboriginal tribe, described by old lord Montboddo, who sported tails, and fed upon acorns!

THE LAIRD.—I think Ida had little to do

when she went stravauging among sic' a crew. What could have tempted any woman, not an eligible candidate for Bedlam, to visit an outlandish place like that?

THE DOCTOR.—Probably because it *was* outlandish! She tells us in her preface: "Iceland was a country where I hoped to behold nature, under an aspect entirely new and peculiar."

THE SQUIREN.—By the curling tongs, and tooth-brush of Venus, the fair sex are the same all the world over! *Novelty* is the fuel which gets up their steam! A new print, a new silk, a new trinket, or a new country have each and all their peculiar attractions for the "sweetness of our existence!" Bless them!

THE MAJOR.—I should opine, that if Mrs. Pfeiffer be a woman of sense and observation, her volume would be replete with interest. Iceland is to the million very much a *terra incognita*.

THE DOCTOR.—You will not be disappointed by a perusal of the book under consideration. Bating her locomotive *furor*, Madam, I see, possesses no small modicum of mother-wit, and uses both her eyes and her brains to substantial purpose. For myself, at least I can testify that her journal has given me a more definite and distinct idea of the physical and moral features of Iceland than I previously could boast.

THE LAIRD.—Let the honest woman speak for herself, Doctor, an' it please you! Let's hear what she's got to say!

THE DOCTOR.—Here follows Mrs. Pfeiffer's description of Havenford, the first spot of Iceland upon which she placed foot:—

The wooden houses, occupied by the merchants or their factors, are of a single story, with five or six windows in front; a low flight of steps leads to an entrance, in the centre of the building, which opens into a vestibule, with two doors communicating with the rooms to the right and left. In the rear is the kitchen, and the courtyard is beyond. Such a house contains four or five rooms on the ground floor, and a few small chambers under the roof.

The arrangements are entirely European; the furniture, a great deal of which is mahogany, is all brought from Copenhagen, as well as the mirrors, and the cast-iron stoves. Handsome rugs are spread in front of the sofas, neat curtains hang before the windows; the whitewashed walls are ornamented with English engravings, and china, silver, cut-glass, &c., are displayed upon the chests or corner-tables. The rooms are scented with roses, mignonette, and pinks, and I even saw one piano-forte here. Any person who should suddenly be set down in a house like this, without having made the journey, would be sure to imagine himself in some town on the continent of Europe, and not in that distant region of poverty and barrenness, the island of Iceland. I found the habitations of the easy classes in Reikjavick, and the other places I visited in this country, exactly similar to those in Havenford. I next entered some of the huts, which I found to be decidedly more Icelandic. They are small and low, built of

lava blocks, filled in with earth, the whole sodded over with grass, and they might easily be mistaken for natural elevations in the ground, if the wooden chimneys, the low doors, and almost imperceptible windows, did not betray that they were tenanted by human beings. A dark and narrow passage, not more than four feet high, leads on one hand to the dwelling-room, and on the other to the store-room, where the provisions are kept, which is also used in winter to stable the cows and sheep. The fire place is generally at the end of this passage, which is purposely built so low in order to exclude the cold. The walls and floors of these huts are not boarded; the dwelling-rooms are barely large enough to sleep in, and perhaps to turn round; the whole furniture consists of the bedsteads, with a very scanty supply of bedding, a small table, and a few chests; the latter are used for seats as well as the beds. Poles are fastened in the walls to which clothes, shoes and stockings, and other things of that kind are suspended; and a little shelf, with a few books on it, is generally found in each hut. No stoves are needed in these crowded rooms, which are sufficiently heated by the warmth of their numerous inmates.

There are also poles in the fireplaces to hang up the wet clothing and dry the fish. The smoke often spreads itself over the room and finds its way very slowly out of the air-holes. There is no wood for fuel in the whole island. The rich import it from Norway and Denmark, and the poor burn turf, to which they often add fish-bones or fat, and a most offensive smoke proceeds from this disgusting offal.

On entering one of these hovels, it is impossible to say which is the worst, the suffocating smoke of the passage, or the stifling air of the inner room, poisoned with the perspiration and uncleanness of so many persons. I am persuaded that the horrible eruptions so common among the Icelanders, are more to be attributed to their unparalleled filthiness than to the climate or their peculiar food.

In my distant travels throughout the country, I found the huts of the peasantry every where equally dirty and miserable. Of course I do not mean to say there were no exceptions, for even here a few rich peasants can well afford to live in greater comfort, according to their means and inclinations. But to my notion, we should judge of the habits of a people by the mass, and not by the few, as many travellers are in the habit of doing; and very rare indeed were the examples of cleanliness which I saw.

Havenford is surrounded by a most beautiful and picturesque field of lava, which at first swells to a gentle eminence, then sinks again, and finally stretches in one wide plain to the neighboring hills. The different masses, black and bare, arise in the most varied shapes, to the height of ten or fifteen feet, assume the figures of walls, pillars, grottoes and excavations, over which large level pieces will often make a natural bridge; the whole formed by blocks of congealed lava, which in some places are covered to their summits with grass and moss, presenting that delusive appearance of stunted trees which I saw from the ship. The horses, sheep, and cows scramble about in these fields, industriously seeking out every small green spot; and I myself was never weary with scram-



bling; I could not sufficiently admire and wonder at this fearfully beautiful picture of desolation.

**THE SQUIREN.**—What does she say about the people generally? I mean as to their appearance?

**THE DOCTOR.**—Listen:—

The natives of Iceland are of medium height and strength. Their hair is light, and not unfrequently of a reddish shade, and their eyes are blue. The men are generally ugly, the women rather less so, and among the young girls I occasionally saw quite a pleasing face. It is a very uncommon thing for either sex to attain the age of seventy or eighty years. They have a great many children, but the proportion of those who live to grow up is very small; of the numbers who are born to them few survive the first year; which is not surprising when it is considered that the mothers do not nurse their infants, who are brought up on the most unwholesome kind of food. After their first year they seem to be strong and healthy, though their cheeks are apt to be of a singularly bright red, as if they were always covered with a rash. Whether this be owing to the effect of the keen air, or in consequence of their wretched diet I am not able to decide.

**THE LAIRD.**—Ha'e they any Doctors, think ye, in that out-o'-the-way corner of creation?

**THE DOCTOR.**—Yes, and Parsons, too; but according to our authoress these learned professions stand rather at a low discount in the land office! She says:—

The most laborious among the salaried offices in this country are those of the physicians and the clergy. Their circuits are very extensive, particularly the physicians, who are often sent for from a distance of twenty or thirty German miles. And when it is taken into consideration how often they are exposed to the fearful tempests of an Iceland winter, which lasts six or eight months of the year, it must be confessed that their lot is not an enviable one, and it is only wonderful that any one should be willing to accept the post.

When the doctor is called for in winter, the country people present themselves with shovels and pickaxes to clear the road for him, and always come provided with several horses, as he is frequently obliged to change from one exhausted animal to another, during his long rides through the fog and darkness, the snow-drifts and storms; life and death often hanging on his speed the while. Sometimes he returns to his own fire-side quite worn out with the cold and exposure, and has barely time to recruit from his fatigues before another summons arrives, and he must tear himself again from his family to face new dangers, before he has had time to relate the perils of his former expedition. When he is sent for by sea the risk is still greater on that stormy element.

The salary of the physicians is by no means in proportion to their services, but that of the priests is still less so. Some of the benefices are only worth from two to eight florins a year, and the richest of them does not produce more than two hundred florins. The government provides a house for the priests, often no better than a peasant's hut, a small pasture-ground, and a few heads of cattle; and they are also entitled so a share of the hay,

sheep's wool, fish, &c., of their parishioners. But most of the clergy are so poor that they and their families are dressed in the usual garb of the peasantry, from which it is difficult to distinguish them. The wife attends to the cattle, and milks the cows and sheep, assisted by her maid, while the priest goes into the field and mows with the aid of his man. His whole intercourse is naturally confined to the poorer classes, and therein consists that patriarchal simplicity of life and manners which has been lauded by so many travellers. I should like to know if any of them would be willing to try it?

Besides all his other labors, the same priest has often three or four districts under his charge, which are sometimes at a distance of several miles from his residence. He is expected to visit them all in turn, so as to hold divine service in each district once in every few weeks. The priest, however, is not compelled to brave all weathers like the physician, and whenever Sunday proves a very stormy day he dispenses with his visitations, as it would be impossible for his scattered congregations to assemble.

The post of Sysselmann (answering to our bailiff of a circle), is the most desirable of all, for this officer has a good salary and very little to do; in many places he has a right to all the waifs, which is a privilege of some importance on account of the wood drifted from the American continent.

**THE SQUIREN.**—Confound these bailiffs! Go where you like, gentry of this description always contrive to get their bread buttered on both sides! In Iceland, as in poor old Ireland, they live upon the fat of the land. Bad cess to them say I!

**THE MAJOR.**—Like the peripatetic Pfeiffer, I confess a weakness for novelty, and perchance may take Iceland as my next vacation ramble. Pray does she give a fellow an inkling touching the mode of travelling in these same regions?

**THE DOCTOR.**—She does; but the picture which she draws is by no means a very flattering one.

The best season for a journey is from the middle of June to the end of August, at the latest; before that period, the streams are so much swollen by the melted snows that it is very dangerous to ford them; and many patches of deep snow, still untouched by the sun, and covering deep pits and heaps of lava, lie in the traveller's way. Here the danger is equally great; the horses sink in at every step, and there is reason to be thankful if the whole soft covering does not give way at once. On the other hand, the heavy storms and rains often begin in September, and flurries of snow are to be expected at any time during that month.

The traveller should carry his own provisions, and should have in addition a tent, a cooking apparatus, a pillow, some blankets and warm clothing, all of which are indispensable to his comfort. Most of these articles were too expensive in my case, and I was not provided with any of them; but I was exposed, in consequence, to terrible privations and fatigues, and was often obliged to ride an incredible distance before I could reach a night's

shelter in some little church or hut. I lived for eight or ten days at a time on bread and cheese alone, and slept on hard benches or chests, where I was often unable to close my eyes all night from the cold.

To guard against the violent rains it is desirable to have a water-proof cloak, and a glazed broad-brimmed hat, such as sailors wear; an umbrella is perfectly useless, for the rains are generally accompanied by a great deal of wind, and one is often obliged to ride at a very quick pace, and it is easy to imagine that it is quite out of the question to hold one up.

THE MAJOR.—That kind of work would not at all harmonize with my gout! I fear that till rail-roads are introduced into these Runic regions, Culpepper Crab-tree must give them a wide berth!

THE DOCTOR.—It is as laborious and uncomfortable a process getting out of the island as vagabondising therein. Attend to the cabin bill of fare of the vessel in which Dame Pfeiffer sailed from Iceland for Copenhagen:

The fare on board this ship was exactly the same for passengers, captain, mate and crew. For our morning's meal we had wretched tea, or more properly dirty water of the color of tea, which the common hands drank without any sugar; the officers making use of a small lump of candy, which they hold in their mouths, where it melted rather slower than refined sugar, while they poured down cup after cup to moisten the ship biscuit and butter which composed our breakfast.

The dinners varied from day to day; first we had a piece of salted meat, which having been soaked all night in sea-water, and cooked next day in the same, was so intolerably hard, tough, and over-salted, that it required a seaman's palate to relish it. Instead of soup, vegetables, or dessert, we had barley grits, plainly boiled, without salt or butter, and eaten with syrup and vinegar. This dish was considered delicious by my companions, who could never cease wondering at my perverted taste when I pronounced it uneatable.

The second day produced a piece of bacon, boiled in salt water, and the barley grits again. On the third we had codfish and peas; and although the latter were hard, and cooked without butter, I found them more palatable than anything I had yet tasted. The first dinner was repeated on the fourth day, and so it went on during the whole passage; a cup of coffee without milk always closing our noonday meal. The evening's repast was like that of the morning, tea-water and ship-biscuit.

THE LAIRD.—Hech Sirs! but that is lenten commons, indeed! Never after this will I turn up my nose at the fried pork and salt rising o' puir Canada! Badly aff as we aften are in the back woods for viands, we are seldom quite so bad as this floating purgatory! Bacon boiled in salt water, and barley grits! My conscience! it scunnars a body to think o't!

THE SQUIREN.—I have got enough of Iceland. Let us call a new cause. There is a fresh novel here, have any of you perused it?

THE DOCTOR.—What name does it answer to?

THE SQUIREN.—“Dollars and Cents.” It is published by George P. Putman, New-York, and purports to be concocted by a certain *Amy Lothrop*.

THE MAJOR.—I skimmed over the affair this forenoon.

THE SQUIREN.—Are its contents as valuable as its title? In these hard times there is something provokingly attractive in the *nomen* which sister or mother (as the case may be), Lothrop, has chosen for her bantling!

THE MAJOR.—If yawning, oh, Squireen! has a tendency to give you lock-jaw, I would not recommend you to essay the perusal of these same “Dollars and Cents.”

THE LAIRD.—Is the story so wersh as all that?

THE MAJOR.—*Wersh* as porridge *sans-salt*, or a haggis devoid of onions and pepper!

THE DOCTOR.—Since you commenced discussing its merits, I have been glancing at the production, and the dialogue appears to be easy and flowing enough, and the English correct.

THE MAJOR.—True enough; but in so saying you have exhausted the bead-roll of its virtues! It is talk, talk, talk, from alpha to omega! As for *story*, like the Knife-grinder of Canning,

“It has none to tell, sir.”

In every chapter, two or three personages with leathern lungs, discourse on every imaginable topic, from the price of pumpkins up to the ultimate destiny of “our union;” and the hapless narrative remains nearly in *statu quo*. If it make any progress, the rate is about as homœopathic as that of a rheumatic fly through a glue-pot!

THE LAIRD.—I trust friend Maclear has no great stock o' the wark! if so, it is like to prove a nest-egg on his hauns, honest man!

THE MAJOR.—I am not quite so sure of that, Laird. Twaddle has many devoted disciples in Canada. There are hundreds who would prefer the gentle insipidity of the *Ladies' Magazine* to the substantial nutriment of *Blackwood* and the *Edinburgh*. Even in our own good city you will have no difficulty in finding scores upon scores who, whilst swearing by Mr. Gore and T. S. Arthur, would write down James Hogg as vulgar, and John Galt as coarse! Such gentry would not scruple to invest their superfluous “dollars and cents” in the respectable commonplace of *Amy Lothrop*!

THE LAIRD.—My guid auld neighbour, Colonel Geddes, wha' has been through a' the Iron Duke's wars, commissioned me to bring him oot some new buik aboot the continent o' Europe. He disna mind muckle what it touches upon, sae be that it relates to the people and land where he has spent the best and brightest portion o' his days. Od' I



maun get the Colonel to come and visit the shanty before the winter sets in. He can crack like a pea-gun by the hour about Badajos (Badahos, as he ca's't), Salamanca, and Waterloo!

THE MAJOR.—We shall be delighted to see him. In the meantime, be so good as to present your friend with my respects.—Major Culpeppor Crabtree's respects, mind you,—and this volume, which I think he will relish.

THE LAIRD.—Read the name o't, for I've mislaid my spec's!

THE MAJOR.—“*Claret and Olives, from the Garonne to the Rhone: or, Notes, Social, Picturesque, and Legendary, by the way. By Angus B. Reach. New-York: George P. Putman. 1852.*”

THE DOCTOR.—I commend your judgment in selecting this work for the Colonel's *devoirs*. Seldom have I perused a volume with more sustained interest.

THE MAJOR.—What a striking account does Reach, (who is one of the most promising writers of the day,) give of the Landes, that strange, wild region of France!

THE LAIRD.—The Landes! I dinna mind at the present moment onything about them?

THE MAJOR.—Mr. Reach shall indoctrinate you on the subject. He says:—

“Excepting here and there small patches of poor, ill-cultivated land, the whole country is a solitary desert—black with pine-wood, or white with vast plains of drifting sand. By these two great features of the district, occasionally diversified by sweeps of green morass, intersected by canals and lanes of stagnant water, the Landes take a goodly slice out of La Belle France. Their sea line bounds the French side of the Bay of Biscay, stretching from Bayonne to the mouth of the Gironde; and at their point of greatest breadth they run some sixty miles back into the country; thence gradually receding away towards the sea, as though pushed back by the course of the Garonne, until, towards the mouth of the river, they fade away altogether.

So much for the *physique* of the Landes. The inhabitants are every whit as rugged, strange and uncultivated. As the Landes were four centuries ago, in all essential points, so they are now. What should the tide of progress or improvement do in these deserts of pine and sand? The people live on French soil, but cannot be called Frenchmen. They speak a language as unintelligible to a Frenchman as an Englishman; they have none of the national characteristics—little, perhaps, of the national blood. They are saturnine, gloomy, hypochondriac, dismally passing away dismal lives in the depths of their black forests, their dreary swamps, and their far-spreading deserts of white, fine sand.”

THE SQUIREEN.—Faith and troth it seems to me to be six and half-a-dozen between these Landes and Iceland. St. Patrick forbid that I should come to be a squatter in either!

THE LAIRD.—Is the book entertaining for

the Colonel? You see he disna care for dry reading.

THE MAJOR.—As much so as any novel or romance you ever perused. It abounds with lively sketches of scenery and character, interspersed pleasantly with exceedingly well told legends of *diablerie*, very suitable for a long mid-winter night.

THE DOCTOR.—I was particularly struck with the account of Jasmin, the peasant-poet of Provence and Languedoc—the “last of the Troubadours”—as he not inappropriately terms himself. I am sure you will all concur in awarding me a vote of thanks for reading to you the following life-like particulars, given by Mr. Reach, of this remarkable man:—

“Standing bravely up before an expectant assembly of perhaps a couple of thousand persons—the hot-blooded and quick-brained children of the South—the modern Troubadour plunges over head and ears into his lays, working both himself and his applauding audience into fits of enthusiasm and excitement, which, whatever may be the excellence of the poetry, an Englishman finds it difficult to conceive or account for. The raptures of the New Yorkers and Bostonians are weak and cold, compared with the ovations which Jasmin has received. . . . There is a feature, however, about these recitations, which is still more extraordinary than the uncontrollable fits of popular enthusiasm which they produce. His last entertainment before I saw him was given in one of the Pyrenean cities (I forget which), and produced 2000 francs. Every sous of this went to the public charities. Jasmin will not accept a stiver of money so earned. With a species of perhaps overstrained, but certainly exalted chivalric feeling, he declines to appear before an audience to exhibit for money the gifts with which nature has endowed him. After, perhaps, a brilliant tour through the South of France, delighting vast audiences in every city, and flinging many thousands of francs into every poor-box which he passes, the poet contentedly returns to his humble occupation, and to the little shop where he earns his daily bread by his daily toil, as a barber and hair-dresser. It will be generally admitted, that the man capable of self-denial of so truly heroic a nature as this, is no ordinary poetaster.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jasmin, as may be imagined, is well known in Agen. I was speedily directed to his abode, near the open *Place* of the town, and within earshot of the rush of the Garonne; and in a few moments I found myself pausing before the lintel of the modest shop inscribed, *Jasmin, Perruquier, Coiffeur de jeunes Gens*. A little brass basin dangled above the threshold; and looking through the glass, I saw the master of the establishment shaving a fat-faced neighbour. Now, I had come to see and pay my compliments to a poet, and there did appear to me to be something strangely awkward and irresistibly ludicrous in having to address, to some extent in a literary and complimentary vein, an individual actually engaged in so excessively prosaic and unelevated a species

of performance. I retreated, uncertain what to do, and waited outside until the shop was clear.

Three words explained the nature of my visit; and Jasmin received me with a species of warm courtesy, which was very peculiar, and very charming—dashing at once with the most clattering volubility and fiery speed of tongue, into a sort of rhapsodical discourse upon poetry in general, and his own in particular—upon the French language in general, and the *patois* of it spoken in Languedoc, Provence, and Gascony in particular. Jasmin is a well-built and strongly-limbed man, of about fifty, with a large, massive head, and a broad pile of forehead, overhanging two piercingly bright black eyes, and features which would be heavy were they allowed a moment's repose from the continual play of the facial muscles, which were continually sending a series of varying expressions across the swarthy visage. Two sentences of his conversation were quite sufficient to stamp his individuality. The first thing that struck me was the absence of all mock modesty, and the pretended self-underrating, conventionally assumed by persons expecting to be complimented upon their sayings or doings. Jasmin seemed thoroughly to despise all such flimsy hypocrisy. 'God only made four French poets!' he burst out with; 'and their names are Corneille, Lafontaine, Beranger, and Jasmin!' Talking with the most impassioned vehemence, and the most redundant energy of gesture, he went on to declaim against the influences of civilization upon language and manners as being fatal to all real poetry. If the true inspiration yet existed upon earth, it burned in the hearts and brains of men far removed from cities, *salons*, and the clash and din of social influences. Your only true poets were the unlettered peasants, who poured forth their hearts in song, not because they wished to make poetry, but because they were joyous and true. Colleges, academies, schools of learning, schools of literature, and all such institutions, Jasmin denounced as the curse and the bane of true poetry. They had spoiled, he said, the very French language. You could no more write poetry in French now, than you could in arithmetical figures. The language had been licked and kneaded, and tricked out, and plumed, and dandified, and scented, and minced, and ruled square, and chipped—(I am trying to give an idea of the strange flood of epithets he used)—and pranked out, and polished, and muscaded, until for all honest purposes of true high poetry, it was mere unavailable contemptible jargon. It might do for cheating *agents de change* on the Bourse—for squabbling politicians in the chambers—for mincing dandies in the *salons*—for the sarcasm of Scribeish comedies, or the coarse, drolleries of Palais Royal farces; but for poetry the French language was extinct. All modern poets who used it were mere *faiseurs de phrase*, thinking about words, and not feeling. 'No, no,' my Troubadour continued; 'to write poetry, you must get the language of a rural people—a language talked among fields, and trees, and by rivers and mountains—a language never minced or disfigured by academies, and dictionary-makers, and journalists; you must have a language like that which your own Burns (whom I read of in Chateaubriand) used; or like the brave old mel-

low tongue unchanged for centuries—stuffed with the strangest, quaintest, richest, raciest idioms, and odd, solemn words, full of shifting meanings and associations, at once pathetic and familiar, homely and graceful—the language which I write in, and which has never yet been defiled by calculating means of science or jack-a-dandy *litterateurs*.

THE LAIRD.—I say lads, hae ony o' ye read Herman Melville's new wark?

THE DOCTOR.—You mean "*Pierre*; or the *Ambiguities*" I presume?

THE LAIRD.—Just sae! I saw it on Scobie's counter this morning, and wad ha'e coft it if I had had siller enouch in my spleuchan!

THE DOCTOR.—It was just as lucky, that your exchequer was at so low an ebb, else thou might have been a practical illustration of the old saw which declares that a fool and his money are soon parted!

THE LAIRD.—You astonish me! I wad ha'e judged that in this age o' commonplace, a production frae the pen o' the author o' *Mardi* wad ha'e been a welcome addition to the stores o' our booksellers!

THE DOCTOR.—Melville unquestionably is a clever man, but in the present instance he has sadly mistaken his walk. "*Pierre*" from beginning to end is a gigantic blunder, with hardly one redeeming feature.

THE MAJOR.—What is the nature of the story?

THE DOCTOR.—You might as well ask me to analyse the night-mare visions of an Alderman who after dining upon turtle and venison had wound up by supping upon lobsters and toasted cheese! The hero is a dreamy spoon, alike deficient in heart and brains, who like Hamlet drives a gentle confiding maiden crazy by his flatulent caprices, and finally winds up by drinking poison in prison to save his neck from a hempen cravat!

THE MAJOR.—The affair, I presume belongs to the German school?

THE DOCTOR.—Yes! "*Pierre*" is a species of New York Werter, having all the absurdities and none of the beauties of Goethe's juvenile indiscretion!

THE MAJOR.—Strange that a really able man like Herman Melville should have compromised himself so egregiously by giving birth to such a production!

THE DOCTOR.—'Tis passing strange!

THE SQUIRE.—Men of genius will occasionally be guilty of such freaks. I remember Liston once playing Richard III. for his benefit in the Theatre Royal, Dublin, and though his most tragic passages were received with shrieks of laughter from box, pit, and gallery, the besotted comedian could not be convinced that it was with himself and not the public where the error lay!

THE MAJOR.—By the way, Laird, you have got some grandchildren I believe?

THE LAIRD.—O ay! There's Peggy nine



years auld, and wee Girzy close upon sever. They are staying wi me at present, puir things!

THE MAJOR.—Will you be so good as to present the little ladies in my name with these two numbers of the "*Snow Drop*?"

THE LAIRD.—Many thanks Crabtree! But what's the *Snow Drop*, if a body may ask?

THE MAJOR.—An exceedingly judicious magazine published in Montreal. I have met with few works of a similar description better calculated at once to amuse and instruct the rising generation.

THE LAIRD.—Has it got any pictures? Girzy is terrible keen for pictures!

THE MAJOR.—It is profusely adorned with well executed wood cuts, illustrative of the text, and designed with considerable artistic skill. Altogether the *Snow Drop* is a credit to our Province in general, and Montreal in particular.

## COLONIAL CHIT-CHAT.

### PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.

On Thursday, the 19th ult., at two o'clock, His Excellency, the Governor General proceeded in state to the Council Chamber, in the Parliament Buildings. The members of the Legislative Council being assembled, His Excellency was pleased to command the attendance of the Legislative Assembly, and that House being present, the Hon. E. Caron, Speaker of the Legislative Council stated, on behalf of His Excellency, that he did not think, fit to declare the cause for which he had summoned the present Parliament, until a Speaker of the Legislative Assembly had been elected, according to law.

The gentlemen of the Assembly returned to their own house, when Mr. Hincks proposed that J. S. McDonald should be elected Speaker. Mr. Morin seconded the motion, which was carried on a division by a vote of 55 to 23.

On the following day, at three o'clock, His Excellency having taken his seat upon the throne, commanded the attendance of the Legislative Assembly. The Hon. J. S. McDonald informed His Excellency that the choice of the assembly had fallen on him to be their Speaker, and he craved for the members the customary privileges. After which His Excellency was pleased to deliver the following Speech:—

*Hon. Gentlemen of the Legislative Council, and Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly,*

I have much pleasure in meeting you, in order that we may unite our endeavors to the promotion of the interests of the Province.

Notwithstanding the deep interest occasioned by the general election, the utmost tranquility has, I am happy to inform you, prevailed throughout the Province, during the period which has elapsed since the close of the last Parliament.

Under these favorable circumstances, I am en-

abled again to congratulate Parliament on the prosperity of the Province. Securities continue to rise steadily in value, and the returns of the Census recently completed, furnish most satisfactory evidence of the advancement of the Colony, in wealth, and population. The estimated deficiency in the postal revenue has not been exceeded, although greatly extended accommodation has been offered to the public by the establishment of additional Post Offices, and increased Postal Service. There is reason to believe, that before long, the receipts of the Department will balance the expenditure.

Another heavy calamity has, however, I am greatly concerned to state, befallen the Province, in the destruction by fire of a large portion of the important city of Montreal. I am confident that you will bestow your best consideration on any measure that may be proposed to you, for the purpose of mitigating the effects.

The importance of placing the currency of British North America, on a uniform basis, and of introducing the decimal system, has been frequently recognized by Parliament. A measure will be submitted for your consideration, which will, I have reason to believe, promote the accomplishment of this object. I shall cause such documents to be placed before you as will put you fully in possession of the steps which I have taken during the recess, with the view of giving effect to the intentions of the Legislature, embodied in the Acts passed last session, for promoting the construction of Railways. I have endeavored in these proceedings to act, so far as circumstances have permitted, in concert with the Lieutenant Governors of the Lower Provinces, in connexion with these works, and with the subject of public improvements generally. The position of bonds issued on the credit of the Municipalities of Upper Canada, merits attention. The security afforded to holders under the Municipal Acts now in force in that part of the Province, is of a very ample and satisfactory description. It is not improbable, however, that your wisdom may devise measures which, without materially altering their character, may tend to enhance their value in the market.

The importance of establishing direct steam communication between Great Britain, and the Ports of Quebec and Montreal, has been repeatedly pressed on the Government, by persons interested in the commerce of the Province. The subject which has a material bearing on the prosperity of emigration, and the reduction of freights on the St. Lawrence has engaged my anxious attention during the recess, a plan for the attainment of the object in view, which will, I trust meet your approbation, will be submitted for your consideration. I shall lay before you a despatch which I have received from the Principal Secretary of State for the Colonies, communicating the views of the Imperial Government in reference to the Clergy reserves, and stating the grounds on which Her Majesty's Ministers refrained from introducing a measure into the Imperial Parliament, during the last session, for the repeal of the Imperial statute on this subject.

*Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly,*

The condition of the revenue is satisfactory,

and indicates general prosperity among the consuming population of the Province. I shall direct the accounts for the past, and estimates for the current year, to be laid before you, and I rely on your readiness to grant such supplies as may be necessary for the maintenance of the credit of the Province, and the efficiency of the public service.

*Honourable Gentlemen, and Gentlemen :*

Various subjects, of much importance to the interests of the Province, will no doubt, engage your attention, during the session which is now commenced. An addition to the representation seems to be called for by the increasing population of the Province, and the rapid development of some of its more recently settled districts. It is probable, that through the instrumentality of the municipal system, now in full operation in Upper Canada, and of the assessment law you may be enabled to establish an efficient and inexpensive mode of registering parliamentary electors in that part of the Province. In connection with this subject, I recommend for your consideration the claims of certain classes of occupiers now excluded from the franchise, on whom there is reason to believe it may be conferred with advantage to the public interests. The interests of Agriculture are entitled to the special care and attention of Government, in a country where so large a portion of the community is employed in Agricultural pursuits. The absence of any sufficient provision for obtaining correct statistical information respecting the productions of the country and for diffusing knowledge, which may be serviceable both to those engaged in Agriculture and to persons proposing to become settlers, have been long a subject of complaint. I do not doubt that you will bestow your best consideration on any unobjectionable measure that may be submitted for remedying this defect, and perfecting a more speedy settlement of unoccupied land in both sections of the Province.

It is probable that grievances, which are alleged to exist under the feudal tenure, which obtains in certain parts of Lower Canada, may engage your attention. I am confident that in dealing with this subject, which is one of great delicacy, you will manifest a scrupulous regard for the rights of property, which have been acquired and exercised in good faith, and with the sanction, tacit or declared, from the legal tribunals of the Province.

Arrangements are now in force in both sections of the Province, for the maintenance of indigent patients consigned to the Lunatic Asylum, which appear to be, I regret to observe, in some respects defective, the case of the unfortunate persons involves considerations of humanity of the highest order, and I confide in your readiness to bestow your best attention on any measure that may be submitted to you for the remedy of this evil. In all the measures which you may adopt for the promotion of the Province, and the happiness and contentment of the people, you may rely on my zealous co-operation, and I shall not now further detain you from the important duties in which you are about to engage, only to express my humble hope that the Almighty may render our efforts efficacious for the public good.

For the subjoined interesting statistics we are indebted to the *British Colonist*.

UPPER CANADA.		LOWER CANADA.	
Years.	Population.	Years.	Population.
1770	a few French emigrants,	1776	. . . 8,415
1791	. . . . . 50,000	1688	. . . 11,249
1811	. . . . . 77,000	1700	. . . 15,000
1824	. . . . . 151,097	1706	. . . 20,000
1825	. . . . . 158,027	1714	. . . 26,904
1830	. . . . . 210,437	1759	. . . 65,000
1832	. . . . . 261,060	1784	. . . 113,000
1834	. . . . . 320,693	1825	. . . 423,630
1836	. . . . . 372,502	1827	. . . 471,876
1839	. . . . . 407,515	1831	. . . 511,922
1841	. . . . . 465,375	1844	. . . 690,782
1842	. . . . . 486,055	1848	. . . 770,004
1848	. . . . . 723,292	1852	. . . 902,780
1852	. . . . . 950,530		

PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.—The Annual Exhibition of the Provincial Agricultural Association, will be held in Toronto, on the 21st, 22nd, 23rd, and 24th of September. Extensive arrangements have been made to ensure a display of the produce and industry of the country, commensurate with the increase in its population and wealth, since the last Exhibition held in this city four years ago.

The Local Committee in their address to the Citizens of Toronto express their confident expectation that the Ontario, Simcoe and Lake Huron Railroad will be opened, and the Locomotive in operation as far as Bradford, by the time fixed for the fair. A very large number of visitors from all parts of Canada and the United States is looked for, and (for the purpose of affording every facility to strangers to procure suitable accommodation) the local committee have announced their intention to keep a record of all houses of entertainment in the city and environs, as also the extent of accommodation each possesses and the charges for the same.

SUSPENSION BRIDGE OVER THE FALLS OF THE MONTMORENCY.—According to the *Journal de Québec*, the Turnpike Trust have by virtue of a law passed last Session of Parliament acquired the Montmorency Bridge, and this bridge being old and rickety, the road commissioners have determined to replace it by a new one. It is intended, says our contemporary, not only to make the bridge useful but attractive. Strangers are to be attracted by two wonders at the same time and place—the one a natural, and the other an artificial wonder. The Road Commissioners have determined to make a Suspension Bridge. And what is still more marvellous, says the *Journal de Québec* speaking of the bridge “*il faut qu'il soit le plus près possible de l'abîme et que de la première l'on puisse contempler avec étonnement, la seconde merveille de Dieu.*” Mr. Keefer, Chief Engineer of the Board of Works, and Mr. Rubidge of the same Department have been called upon



with the consent of Government to measure the ground necessary and to make an estimate of the cost of the work.—The *Journal* has seen Mr. Rubidge's plan of a bridge, which will be 380 feet in length and is intended to be placed almost perpendicularly over the edge of the Falls, and about six feet from the surface of the river. The spectacle, says our contemporary, will be sublime. It is said further that Mr. Hall the proprietor of the land on both sides of the Falls has promised to give, without any consideration whatever, the land necessary for the bridge and for a road leading from the present highway to it. The cost of the bridge is estimated at £5,500.

We learn, says the *Montreal Herald*, that Dr. Mauritz Maquer, a very distinguished German naturalist, is now making a tour in Canada.

**THE FIRE IN MONTREAL.**—The *Montreal Gazette* gives the following returns of the number of houses, &c. burnt in that city on the 8th and 9th of July; Houses, 1,108; number of families made houseless, 2,886; estimated value of property destroyed, £340,816, or \$1,363,264.

#### CAPE BRETON.

The *C. B. News* of the 28th ult. says:—"We understand that a gentleman from Toronto, Upper Canada, has recently visited Sydney.—It appears that one of the purposes for which he came among us, was to examine the capabilities of the country, and the nature and character of our productions. The chief object of his visit, however, was,—and it is a matter of great interest to us all,—to examine into the possibility of a Rail-road from Pettitcodiac, New Brunswick, to Louisburg, as the great Rail-road Terminus of this Continent. Of this possibility we have never entertained a doubt, and we entered upon the consideration of the question at much length, about the time of the meeting of the Railway Delegates at Portland, in the United States, as will be

seen by reference to the '*Cape Breton News*,' of August 3rd, 1850.

#### NEW BRUNSWICK.

We are informed that our Government have concluded to appropriate One Thousand Pounds towards the relief of the sufferers by the late great fire at Montreal. We have no doubt that the Legislature will cheerfully confirm this grant.

Three years ago a man purchased a Farm in the lower part of Woodstock for £700,—shortly after he sold off one lot for £200, and last week he disposed of the remainder for £1050—clearing by the transaction, besides his living for the three years, £550.

#### BERMUDA AND THE WEST INDIES.

The Bermuda Legislature was prorogued on the 26th July. The business transacted during the 24 days the House actually met, is said to be unprecedented in the annals of the Island. Governor Elliot congratulates the Colony on its growing prosperity thus:

The continued increase of the produce of the soil, the remunerative prices abroad, and the striking improvement in the industry and skill of the people are gratifying subjects of reflection. And when we consider that the attention of so many highly intelligent and practical persons is devoted to the close observation and better development of the natural resources of the islands, we may, I think, look forward to the future most encouragingly. If it should please God to prosper the colony for the next few years with a succession of favourable crops, such as that which has just been gathered, it is manifest that all branches of business throughout the Islands must be steadily stimulated, to the great advantage of the body of the people, and with the happiest effects upon that continued course of improvement in the towns and over the whole face of the country which already meets our notice in every direction.



The English news is singularly unimportant, for we already knew the uncertain results of the General Election, and late arrivals but con-

firm that uncertainty to its fullest extent. We shall not weary our readers by second-hand speculations as to what the Ministry will or will not

do, or as to what coalition or what course the Opposition may make or take. Recording only two or three items, we are content to leave the subject for the present; there will be no lack of opportunity for returning to it:—

#### THE NEWLY ELECTED COMMONERS.

The job of manufacturing a new House of Commons is finished. The workmen have put their article out of hands. They cannot now alter the nature of the thing they have made; but must make the best of it till it will be broken up again. The kind of stuff it is made of—how it will wear and work—can only be learned by the test of experiment. Qualities and capabilities—good, bad, or indifferent—it has inherent in its nature, which washing or tinkering cannot alter; but what they are must be left to time to show.

The aptitude of this new machine to subserve the purpose of any party or party leaders is very uncertain. If any reliance can be placed on professions, or trustworthy inferences drawn from antecedents, there will be about 310 Ministerialists and 344 Non-Ministerialists in the House of Commons. But many Non-Ministerialists are suspiciously ostentatious in professions of anxiety to eschew factious opposition; and some Ministerialists, hampered by previous declarations, may not always be able to offer Lord Derby a thorough-going support. Ministers, however, it appears on the surface, have failed to obtain an absolute majority. But their supporters maintain that the incompatible views of the different sections of Opposition render it impossible to combine them for any effective assault upon Ministers or their policy. *Is the Ministerial phalanx less obnoxious to internal dissensions than the Opposition?* Mr. Disraeli, since the Buckinghamshire nomination, has disappeared from public view. He is understood to be, like the adepts or thaumaturgi of old, labouring in mystic seclusion at the concoction of his grand panacea—or like Mahomet in his cave, devising a new chapter of the Koran to meet some unforeseen exigency—or like Friar Bacon, elaborating by word and spell his brazen head. But when the great work is completed, what chance has it of the unanimous approval of Mr. Disraeli's party? Will that which meets the wishes of converts bent on crossing the Free-trade prairies into which they have been led, satisfy those who still hanker after the flesh pots of protection? Mr. Disraeli is prepared to conform to "the spirit of the age," but will he be able to persuade, not merely his bucolical supporters, but even some of his fellow-placemen, to follow his example?

The showy or substantially useful qualities likely to be brought into play by the new House of Commons are not less problematical. The number of unknown, or at least untried Members, is very great—nearly one-third of the whole House. In a good many instances it will be found that one cipher has taken the place of another; and the only use of ciphers is to make up sums in notation. But there have been also changes among the more restless and pushing spirits whose doings and sayings determine the action of the Legislature, or at least impart a characteristic tone to its proceedings.

In all its essentials, the House of Commons seems little changed by the recent elections, except in a slightly increased torpidity and feebleness, the inevitable work of time on men and their works. A general election is supposed to be for the House of Commons what Medea's kettle was for old Æson; but in the present instance the venerable gentleman appears to have passed through the process not merely without having his youth restored, but positively without having the insidious progress of old age arrested.

Evidences unfortunately are multiplied as to the existence of potato blight in Ireland. One feels reluctant to confess this appalling fact to oneself; but its truth can scarcely be doubted. This additional grievance must give fresh impulse to emigration.—The influx of gold from Australia, and the exodus of adventurers to the various Colonies comprised under that general heading, continue to be enormous. Mr. Macaulay, M. P. for Edinburgh, is said to be convalescent. So much the better for our chance of more English history from his pen. His parliamentary tongue may remain silent, without any grave loss to the nation.

No news from India or from the Cape, of a very important nature, success, so far, seems to attend the British movements.

#### GOLD IN THE WEST INDIES.

The following is an extract of a letter from Trinidad, Port Spain, August 1st:—The gold diggings of Demerara are causing as great a revolution in this island as the Australian and California diggings have both in Europe and America. Our planters, with several agricultural labourers, have already started, some of whom are realizing their most sanguine expectations. Lord Harris, (the Governor,) his family and suite will shortly visit the West India Eldorado.

We cannot congratulate the good people of the West Indies on the discovery of that which no doubt they consider to be a source of immense wealth. At the present moment some of the smaller Islands, as Barbadoes, St. Vincent, and Antigua, are nobly rising from out of the depression under which they laboured. They have by a wise and judicious policy, settled their emancipated population comfortably under equitable laws, and have been working harmoniously and in a Christian temper for some time past. If Gold be so close within their reach, may we not fear an abandonment of their legitimate pursuits, and, as a consequence, a sacrifice of the cultivation of their great staple—the sugar-cane?

Wise people say that every man has his hobby; and thoughtful readers very soon discover what are the hobbies editorial. We acknowledge then frankly that one of ours is an unconquerable antipathy to the present occupant of supreme power in France. With every desire to record honestly the prominent events that occur in that country, on whose condition the welfare of Europe so greatly depends, and with a wish to be guarded against individual prejudice, we find ourselves



deriving a malicious pleasure from reading or aiding to circulate the harsh truths that are told regarding him.

The news of the month is the retirement of M. Casabianca from the office of Minister of State, or Premier, in which he is succeeded by M. Achille Fould, the well known financial operator. Other changes in the Council of State have taken place, caused by the removal of those members who dared to vote against the seizure of the Orleans property, and the substitution of the merest tools. One of these last alone has a name which may be recognised; it is that of M. de Cormenin, the author of some clever pamphlets, an Orleanist, Republican, or Bonapartist, as suits him best.—The festival announced for the 15th, at Paris, was, we read, to be shorn of its expected military attractiveness. The National Guard is not thought to be ripe for the distribution of the Eagles. The *Moniteur* assigns as a reason for the change that the President might be embarrassed by the cries of the citizen soldiary—meaning its presumed clamour for the Empire. The truth appears to be that “His Highness” is fearful of their silence.

The Prussian Government has semi-officially denied the existence of the treaty antagonistic to a French hereditary Empire, which the London *Morning Chronicle* lately dug up from some unknown source. We still suspect that the Elysée has been at the bottom of it.—Victor Hugo, expelled from France, has now been driven out of Belgium, and has taken refuge in the island of Jersey. His forthcoming “Napoleon the Little,” if written up to his standard of ability, will produce a strong sensation in France, whence it will scarcely be possible to exclude it.

The Arts in France have sustained a severe loss in the person of Tony Johannot, whose clever pictorial illustrations of books must be remembered by many of our readers.

Concerning such public affairs of the United

States as have interest for us, it may be noticed that on a late occasion, in the Senate Chamber at Washington, Mr. Seward of New York made a full and satisfactory statement of the difficulties regarding the Fisheries. We do not propose to follow him through his long and able speech;—content that he exposed the absurdity of all the hubbub that has been raised about it, and showed that there was no novelty in the claim now enforced by Great Britain, and no necessity for the indignation hitherto expressed.

The President of the U. S. has declined answering an enquiry from the Senate, as to proposals made to the American Government for the annexation of the Sandwich Islands. From this fact it may be inferred that the matter has actually been under consideration by the Cabinet at Washington.

The invasion of Guayaquil by the redoubtable General Flores has resulted in a miserable failure. His forces have been dispersed, and his vessels have been given up to Gen. Urbina, the President of Ecuador. Flores himself contrived to escape.

Late accounts from Havannah mention that many political arrests have been made, and that an uneasy feeling prevails:—At present we hear of no further infamous and insane projects for invasion. Unwonted secrecy has been preserved, if there be any in contemplation; but we doubt the fact.

**THE MILITIA.**—The uniform for the Militia is in active preparation, Government having contracted for several thousand suits, of which the greater part are already completed. The dress is of the ordinary military appearance—the coat buttons close up to the neck, and the tail is the narrow peak, or “bottail.” The colour is scarlet, with yellow collar and cuffs, one row of buttons, of a dark leaden hue, surmounted by a crown only, by Firmin, decorates the front.—*B. A. Des.*



**FARM MACHINERY.**—The portable farming produce mill, from Mr. Crosskill, of Beverly, has been tried at Canterbury, in the presence of many of the leading agriculturists in the neighbourhood. The experiment was very satisfactory; it ground oats and beans, and, to show what it was capable of doing, flint stones were ground to fine powder, by putting different kinds of grinding plate in, an operation which was attested in 15 minutes; and from which, it appears, any substance can be ground, from flint-stones to barley meal. The mill was driven by the portable steam-engine

belonging to Mr. Neame, of Selling, who, we are informed, has purchased the mill. At a private trial at Mr. Neame's farm, at Selling, it crushed oats at the rate of 30 bushels per hour, and split beans at the rate of 60 bushels per hour, and ground barley to fine meal at the rate of 8 bushels per hour, besides grinding bones, and crushing flint stones, bricks, &c.—*Canadian Journal.*

**RANSOME AND MAY'S ONE-HORSE HARVEST CART.**—This cart is very useful and well adapted for carrying large loads from the harvest fields. It

is made very light in weight, and, from the best materials being used, and good workmanship, it is strong. It may be more readily loaded than the waggons in ordinary use. It is manufactured by Messrs. Ransome & May, of Ipswich, who gained the gold medal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England at the general meeting at Oxford, and a second time at Derby. The price of the cart is not necessarily much higher than those of the older and less efficient vehicles. Flat carts were used in many parts of the country for the harvest home, but they obviously incurred more or less damage to the crop. Frames projecting at an angle from the body of the cart were subsequently employed to accomplish one of the objects obtained by Messrs. Ransome & May's cart; which secures not only great width in loading, but a perfect guard to the wheels. In the present state of agricultural affairs, small savings are of great importance to farmers, who may soon economise the cost of a cart in the saving of labour and time, and the safety to crops obtained in conveying them by proper vehicles from the field to the farm-yard.—*Ibid.*

**AGRICULTURAL ENGINEERING.**—The farm of Harold Littledale, Esq., of the County of Chester, England, furnishes an illustration of the very artificial practice now becoming by no means uncommon among the scientific Agriculturists of the day. The experiment so thoroughly and successfully carried out by Mr. Littledale, derives additional interest and importance when contemplated with regard to the proposed distribution of the sewage water of London and some of the large provincial towns, over the farms in the vicinity of those great centres of population. Canadian Farmers are not in a position to avail themselves of the expensive artifices described below. Such examples, however, serve well to encourage the enterprising in this country, to seize upon every rational means of raising the standard of Husbandry, and to arrive at that practice which secures the greatest amount of permanent remuneration with comparatively the least expenditure of capital. The details subjoined we extracted from the report to the Board of Health on Liscard Farm near Birkenhead, by W. Lee, Esq., Superintending Inspector.

Mr. Littledale has drained all the land on this farm capable of being drained. Both pipes and tiles have been used. Some of the drains are laid only 2½ feet deep, others 4 feet, and latterly, increased as the result of experience. The average width between the drains is about 21 feet. The cost was £4 to £5 sterling per acre.

Liquid manure is preserved for distribution in a tank capable of containing 58,300. It is forced by means of steam power through iron pipes, through a distance of two miles, serving for 150 acres. There is a hydrant for every 300 yards of main. The hydrants are so fixed that with 150 yards of hose the distributor and boy can irrigate 10 acres per day. The quantity distributed to each acre being about 4,118 gallons.

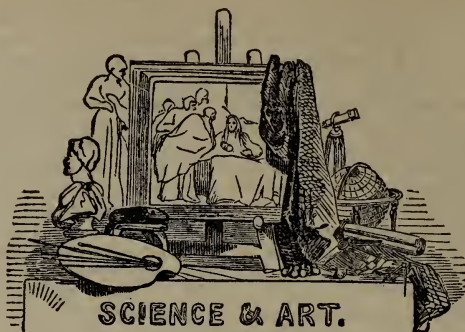
As to the general result of draining, liquid manures, and other improvements effected by Mr. Littledale, I (Mr. Lee) was informed that the yield of the whole farm is double what it was 10 years ago.

**GRAFTING EVERGREENS.**—The French nursery men are very successful in grafting evergreens, and practice it as follows:—"The proper time for grafting pines, is when the young shoots have made about three-quarters of their length, and are still so herbaceous as to break like a shoot of asparagus. The shoot of the stock is then broken off about two inches below its terminal bud; the leaves are stripped off from 20 to 24 lines down from the extremity, leaving, however, two pairs of leaves opposite and close to the upper end of the shoot so headed back—which leaves are of great importance for drawing up the sap. The shoot or stock is then split to the depth of two inches, with a very thin knife, between the two pairs of leaves left; the scion is then prepared—the lower part being stripped of its leaves to the length of two inches, and is then cut to a wedge and inserted, in the ordinary mode of cleft grafting. The graft is tied with a slip of woollen, and a cap of paper is fastened to a stake, and firmly fixed over the whole graft, to protect it from the sun and rain. At the end of 15 days this cap is removed, and the ligature at the end of a month." Some evergreens, grafted in this way, make a second growth of five or six inches the first year—but most sorts do not start till the next year.

**INSECT ON THE PLUM.**—An esteemed correspondent at Springfield, Otsego Co., has sent us a specimen of an insect and of a portion of the bark of a plum tree, containing a deposit of its eggs. The eggs are in compactly filled rows, beneath a single slit through the epidermis. The insect was lost, and we cannot speak of its character. This cannot be the cause of the black knot, as suggested by our correspondent, as in numerous cases, the most rigid microscopic examination of the black knot, has failed to reveal any indications of external or local injury—besides which we have often observed deposits of eggs, not dissimilar, but larger, both in the plum and cherry, that produced no effect whatever, except small mechanical injury. Indeed it is rare that insects produce any other result. We hope our correspondent will favour us with the results of future observations.

**CHERRY TREES AT MIDSUMMER.**—Many young cherry trees have been set out the past spring, and have already commenced growth. But if left with hard exposed soil about them, a large portion will die before the close of summer, or during the hot, dry weather. If watered, as the work is usually done, the surface will become hardened and crusted, the roots not reached, and some trees killed by the very process intended to save them. An acquaintance, who set out 50 cherry trees a few years since, informed us that he watered about a third, every one of which died—most of the others lived. If it becomes necessary to apply water, the earth should be removed down to the roots, and replaced when the water is poured in. But it is far better to *keep* the ground constantly and moderately moist, than to flood it after it becomes dry. This is completely effected by mulching. Spread round the young cherry trees early in summer, old straw, spoiled hay, mown weeds, or any similar material, to a depth of six compact inches, and a few feet in diameter, and they will flourish and grow through the whole season.





## THE EXHIBITION OF ALL NATIONS.

This wondrous work is now an event of the past. Its gems of Nature and of Art have disappeared, and the Crystal Casket which enclosed them has returned to its elements, and will assume under another sky, a more permanent character and a nobler form. Like the hero who dies in his glory, or the sage whose name is embalmed amid the great truths which he has bequeathed to his race, the Exhibition of the world's industry rises on the page of history when its natural elements have fallen; and long after its crystal roof has ceased to dazzle, its cherished memories will put forth more hallowed and more enduring radiations.

The Panarama now exhibiting in the St Lawrence Hall, places those who see it almost on a level with the favored who visited the great marvel itself.

The view down the Transept, with Oastler's beautiful fountain full in front, is truth itself, and, alone, is sufficient to repay a visit. The Inauguration scene is also remarkably good. The other scenes pass so rapidly before the spectator, that a confusion of ideas, such as was experienced, but in a greater degree, on a first visit to the Palace itself, is excited and a second and even a third visit will be required to satisfy the mind.

We do not mean to advise none to go who cannot visit this exhibition a second time.—We recommend on the contrary no one to lose an opportunity that may never be again afforded, but we also recommend them not to judge hastily of the merits of what they have seen, but to visit it as often as they can, and we feel convinced that each visit will afford increased pleasure.

THE TRUNK LINE OF RAILWAY.—In consequence of the negotiations which took place in London some time since between the Delegates of the Provincial Government and the leading firms of English Railway Contractors, Mr. Ross, Civil Engineer, has on behalf of Messrs. Jackson, Peto, Brassey and others, made a tour of the Province with a view to ascertain the prospects and facilities which it affords for Railway construc-

tion. Mr. Ross has been accompanied by Mr. Thomas Keefer, C. E., and they have together visited the lines in both Provinces already in course of construction, and the routes suggested for those in contemplation. Mr. Ross has already taken the contract for the Quebec and Richmond Railway, and it is inferred from the very favorable opinions that he has expressed, that the parties for whom he acts will be prepared at a very early date to enter largely upon the construction of other lines. Mr. Ross goes to England immediately, but is expected to return to Canada after a sojourn there of three or four weeks.—*Can. Jour.*

NORTHERN RAILWAY.—Some new appointments have been lately made on this line, consequent upon the resignation of the Honorable H. C. Seymour late Engineer in Chief, whose heavy engagements in the United States induced him to retire from that office. The Company has appointed F. C. Cumberland, Esq., as his successor, and we understand that that gentleman has already entered upon his duties. It is not improbable that the line to Bradford (34 miles) will be opened on the 25th September, and it is intended to complete the remainder of the length to Barrie (69 miles) early the ensuing winter. Four miles of the permanent way has already been laid, and the first Locomotive Engine is daily expected. The Toronto Depot and Road Stations are to be constructed immediately.—*Id.*

PRESENT STATE AND PROGRESS OF TELEGRAPH LINES IN CANADA—2,437 MILES OF WIRE.—Lines in Canada were first established some six years ago, commencing at Montreal and extending westward, and to the Niagara River, and subsequently to Quebec, and on the Ottawa River. The lines from Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, and to Buffalo, have proved lucrative to the stockholders from the date of their construction. The line west from Hamilton to London, has not done as well so far as profits are concerned, from the fact that there has been no through connection with the American line at the West. This however, is about being remedied, and the line extended to Detroit, and there connected with five lines that now pass through that city. The original capital of the present lines in Canada, was double per mile what is now required, on account of the reduction of prices for all kinds of material.—*Id.*

ST. LAWRENCE AND LAKE HURON AND PETER-

**BOROUGH JUNCTION LINES.**—The Report of the Engineer of the St. Lawrence and Lake Huron Line has been issued. It is proposed to connect the Ogdensburgh route with Peterborough and the Georgina Bay. It has not yet been determined where the Southern Terminus shall be located, whether at Kingston or Prescott; the original proposition was to the latter town, but in view of the early constructions of the Trunk line, Kingston may it is said be selected, as saving distance and answering the whole purpose. An application is about to be made to Parliament for a Charter to construct a Junction Line between Toronto and Peterborough—and a reconnaissance has already been made of the route. Whether as a portion of a traffic line (by which it is affirmed the distance would be less than by the Lake shore) or a loop line to it, by which to connect the back Townships with Toronto and Kingston respectively, the scheme appears to be well worthy of favorable consideration.—*Id.*

**THE GREAT WESTERN.**—The works on this line are progressing with great rapidity. The Carriage Factories at the Hamilton Depot are nearly complete, and the car builders will be put in early possession. All the arrangements have been made with reference to Locomotive power and general rolling stock, and throughout the whole length of the line there is full evidence of the most energetic action on the part of all concerned. Engineers in connection with this Company are now engaged on a survey between Toronto and Hamilton, and a charter will probably be obtained during the present Session of Parliament authorizing its construction. In this route the two cities will be united at an early date, and (taking the whole length from the Detroit River to Toronto) a large instalment of the Trunk line will be secured.—*Id.*

**THE ELECTRIC CLOCK.**—Among all the wonders of that wonder-working principle, electricity, whether we view its powers in the instantaneous conveyance of information between distant places, its agency in blasting rocks in safety, the disposition of metals from their solutions, or other of its numerous appliances, there is not one of them which strikes the mind as more extraordinary or interesting than its application as a prime mover for the measurement of time. In this, however, it has now become most completely successful, and insures a correctness and regularity which cannot be obtained by other clocks, however well constructed. We believe the first idea of working clocks by electricity is due to Mr. Alexander Bain, who first commenced putting it in practice in 1838. His first attempt was to make a common clock transmit its time to other clocks at a distance, effected by the action of electro-magnets, in which he was perfectly successful. The next step was the application of the electric power to work single clocks, so that no winding might be required, and the common clock dispensed with altogether. This, in a commercial point of view, was of great importance, as such a clock, either for private houses or public buildings, could be used either singly or made the governor or parent clock to other dials in different parts of the building. The ordinary galvanic apparatus was found, however,

neither uniform or lasting, giving more trouble and expense than the common clocks; and in prosecuting his experiments, Mr. Bain, in 1842, discovered that a plate of zinc and of copper, buried in the earth, gave a uniform and continuous force of sufficient power to work clocks of any size, from the smallest mantel time-piece to large church clocks.

In the construction of an electric clock, the pendulum rod is of wood and suspended to a metal bracket, fixed to the back board. The bob of the pendulum is composed of a reel of insulated copper wire, with a brass covering to improve its appearance, forming an electro-magnet in the usual manner. The ends of the wire are carried up the rod, terminating in two suspension springs, which serve the double purpose of suspending the pendulum, and conveying the current to and from the bob. Two brass tubes contain each a bar of magnetised steel, and act as alternate attractors to the bob. There is a break on the pendulum for letting on and cutting off the current which, acting on the bob, operates also on clocks at distant places. The plates of zinc and copper are buried about 4 feet underground, and 3 feet apart, and to them perfectly insulated copper wires are soldered. A regulating weight being attached to the pendulum to bring it to time, the apparatus is complete. For the motion on the dial plate, only two wheels and an endless screw are required, besides the minute and hour wheels; and the clock instead of moving the pendulum, being on the contrary moved by it, a much smaller degree of stress and friction is the result. The pendulum once set in motion acts on the break; and the current being, as we have shown, alternately cut off and admitted, regular motion is obtained, which will continue for many years.

In situations where it is inconvenient to obtain the electric current from the earth the voltaic is resorted to; but in almost every case the first mode has proved the easiest, as well as the most effective. The cost of its plates is a trifle, and it has been ascertained that they will retain their efficacy for years. The advantages of this application of electricity to another of our wants it is scarcely possible to estimate, as through the medium of auxiliary clocks, exact time may be kept through a whole neighborhood, or, in short, to wherever wires can be laid down. In fact it is now shown to be possible that all the principal clocks in the kingdom might be united to keep time with one governing one, without winding up or need of attendance of any kind from one year's end to another.

Mr. Bain's warehouse for these clocks is at 43, Old Bond street; and we think an inspection of them is deserving the attention of the scientific.  
—*Mining Journal.*

#### CALORIC SHIPS.

The idea of substituting a new and superior motive-power for steam will no doubt strike many minds as extravagant, if not chimerical. We have been so accustomed to regard steam-power as the *ne plus ultra* of attainment in subjecting the modified forces of nature to the service of man, that a discovery which promises to supersede this agency will have to contend with the most formi-



dable preconceptions as well as with gigantic interests. Nevertheless, it may now be predicted with confidence, that we are on the eve of another great revolution, produced by the application of an agent more economical and incalculably safer than steam. A few years hence we shall hear of the 'wonders of caloric' instead of the 'wonders of steam.' To the question: 'How did you cross the Atlantic?' the reply will be: 'By caloric of course!' On Saturday, I visited the manufactory, and had the privilege of inspecting Ericson's caloric engine of 60 horse power, while it was in operation. It consists of two pairs of cylinders, the working pistons of which are 72 inches in diameter. Its great peculiarities consist in its very large cylinders and pistons, working with very low pressure, and in the absence of boilers or heaters, there being no other fires employed than those in small grates under the bottoms of the working cylinders. During the 8 months that this test-engine has been in operation, not a cent has been expended for repairs or accidents. The leading principle of the caloric engine consists in producing motive-power by the employment of the expansive force being produced by compression of the air in one part of the machine, and by its dilatation by the application of heat in another part. This dilatation, however, is not effected by continuous application of combustibles, but by a peculiar process of transfer, by which the caloric is made to operate over and over again—namely, the heat of the air escaping from the working cylinder at each successive stroke of the engine, is trans-

ferred to the cold compressed air, entering the same; so that, in fact, a continued application of fuel is only necessary in order to make good the losses of heat occasioned by the unavoidable eradication of the heated parts of the machine. The obvious advantages of this great improvement are the great saving of fuel and labour in the management of the engine, and its perfect safety. A ship carrying the amount of coal that the Atlantic steamers now take for a single trip, could cross and recross the Atlantic twice without taking in coal; and the voyage to China or California could be easily accomplished by a caloric ship without the necessity of stopping at any port to take in fuel. Anthracite coal being far the best fuel for this new engine, we shall no longer have to purchase bituminous coal in England for return-trips. On the contrary, England will find it advantageous to come to us for our anthracite. A slow radiating fire without flame is what is required, and this is best supplied by our anthracite. The *Ericson* will be ready for sea by October next, and her owners intend to take passengers at a reduced price, in consequence of the reduced expenses under the new principle.

The cutting of the Koh-i-Noor has proceeded in the most satisfactory manner up to the present time; the difficulty which suggested itself originally has been successfully overcome, and all fears of any injury to the diamond during the operation are at an end.

## MRS. GRUNDY'S GATHERINGS.

### CHIT-CHAT FOR SEPTEMBER.

THE continued warm weather forbidding a return to town, or any activity in the display of new fashions, we cannot interest our readers more than to quote for their benefit some *invaluable* hints on dress, taken from the "London Quarterly." We wish we had space for the whole article; as it is, we know of very few ladies in city or country but may be benefitted by the taste and common sense—a rare combination—which these extracts display.

The true object and importance of taste in dress, few women understand. "Even if woman had been made as ugly as we," says the author, "she would still, no doubt, have been the object of our highest intellectual devotion; but woman was made 'exceedingly fair,' a creature not only fitted for all the deference and homage our minds could bestow, but obviously intended for the most elegant wardrobes and brilliant *trousseaux* our pockets could furnish. But, however we may fall short of our duty to the sex in this latter respect, let no woman therefore suppose that any man can be really indifferent to her appearance. The instinct may be deadened in his mind by a slatternly, negligent mother, or by plain maiden sisters; but she may be sure it is *there*, and, with a little adroitness, capable of revival. Of course, the immediate effect of a well-chosen feminine toilet operates differently in different minds. In some, it causes a sense of actual pleasure; in others, a

consciousness of passive enjoyment. In some, it is intensely felt while it is present; in others, only missed when it is gone.

"Such being the case, the responsibility of a wife in this department is a very serious one. In point of fact, she dresses for two, and, in neglecting herself, virtually annoys her husband. Nature has expressly assigned her as the only safe investment for his vanities; and she who wantonly throws them back from their natural course, deserves to see them break out on his own person.

"But independent of the plain law of instinct, there is one for the promotion of dress among ladies, which may be plainer still to some—and this is the law of self-interest. Wm. Honeycomb says he can tell the humour a woman is in by the color of her hood. We go farther, and maintain that, to a proficient in the science, every woman walks about with a placard, on which her leading qualities are advertised.

"For instance, you meet one, no matter whether pale or rosy, fat or thin, who is always noticeable for something singular and *outré* in her dress; a bonnet with blue and pink trimming, or of a new color never imagined before; a gown so trimmed that she cannot lean back upon it; a cloak so cut that she cannot walk upright in it; a new kind of quilling which scratches her, and catches every body else, a new pattern which blinds the eyes to look at; a *berthe* strung of beads from Novæ Zembla; a boa woven of feathers from New

Paris Fashions for September.



PROMENADE COSTUMES.—See page 282.





Zealand; and if further she wears them with a piteous and dejected look, as if she were a martyr to the service, you may be sure this is a shy, timid weak soul, who while she is attracting all eyes to her costume, has no other thought than how she may best escape observation. This is a prize to milliners, whose insight into human nature through the garb it wears is all for our argument, and who seeing immediately that she has neither taste nor judgment of her own, can always persuade her to lead some forlorn hope, called 'the very last fashion,' but a fashion in which no one else would have the courage to be first.

"Again, if after the first unfortunate has passed on her way, you meet another equally extravagant in her style, only with this difference, that she has opinions of her own, and these of the most *prononcé* kind; if she wear the largest pattern and the gaudiest colors upon the most ordinary material, or the highest flounces upon the richest; *if, being poor, she has a quantity of show lace, mock fur, or false jewelry*, showing that her object is not economy, but display; or if, being rich, she mixes up the best together, pearls on head, cameos on neck, diamonds on stomach; if she disposes her hair in inordinately long curls or extraordinarily curious braids; and if, beneath a skirt which covers an incredible circumference of ground, or beneath a body which hardly covers any space at all, you catch glimpses of substances neither neat, clean, nor fine—you may guess this is a vain, vulgar, and perhaps bold woman.

"Far different from those we have hitherto reviewed, are the dress doctrines of her who next follows, though not so well exemplified in details as in generals. *Her first study seems to be the becoming, her second, the good, her third, the fashionable*, which, if it be both good and becoming, it always is, or may be. You see this lady turning a cold eye to the assurances of shopmen and the recommendations of milliners. She cares not how original a pattern may be, if it be ugly, or how recent a shape, if it be awkward. Whatever, therefore, fashion dictate, she follows laws of her own, and is never behind it. She wears very beautiful things, which people generally suppose to be fetched from Paris, or at least made by a French milliner; but which, as often as not, are bought at the nearest town, and made up by her own maid. Not that her costume is always either rich or new; on the contrary, she wears many a cheap dress, but it is always pretty; and many an old one, but it is always good. Not a scrap of tinsel or trumpery appears upon her. She puts no faith in velvet bands, or gilt buttons, or twisted cordings. She is quite aware, however, that the garnish is as important as the dress; all her inner borders and beadings are delicate and fresh, and, should anything peep out which is not intended to be seen, the same scrupulous care is observable. After all, there is no great art either in her fashions or her materials. The secret simply consists in her knowing the three grand unities of dress—her own station, her own age, and her own points. And no woman can dress well who does not. After this, we need not say that whoever is attracted by the costume will not be disappointed in the wearer. She may not be handsome, nor accomplished, but we will answer for her being even-tempered, well informed, *thoroughly sensible*, and a lady.

"Upon the whole, a prudent and sensible man, desirous of 'looking before he leaps,' may safely predicate of the inner lining from the outer garment, and be thankful that he has this, at least, to go by. That there are such things as female pirates, who hang out false lights to entrap unwary travellers, we do not deny. It is only to be hoped that, soon or late, they may catch a Tartar on their coasts. For, of all the various denominations of swindlers who practise on the goodness or the weakness of mankind, that woman is the basest who is a dandy during courtship, and a dowdy after marriage.

"As regards an affectation not unfrequent in the sex, that of apathy towards the affairs of the toilet, we can only assure them, for their own sakes, that there is not a worse kind of affectation going. A woman, to be indifferent to her own appearance, must either be hardened to all feminine tastes and perceptions, or an immense helress, or a first-rate beauty, or think herself one."

**EVENING DRESS FOR HOME.**—Dress of *mousseline de soie à disposition*; a beautiful wreath of flowers follows the festooned edge of the flounces, which are four in number, and in each festoon is a palm, formed also by a wreath of flowers. The body is plain and opens *en cœur*; the *revers* are carried round the back of the dress, the edge is festooned and beyond is woven a border of palms: the sleeves are of the pagoda form, they are wide, festooned at the bottom, and finished like the *revers*; the lace under the sleeves is of the same form. *Chemisette* of brussels net; the fronts are laid in folds; a beautiful insertion finishes the front edge, at each side of which a lace is set on a little full.

**YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S COSTUME.**—Dress of fine cashmere, fastening at the back: both the backs and fronts of the body are plaited from the shoulders to the waist, round which is worn a belt of the same material: wide sleeves, three-quarter's length. The skirt is very full; it is embroidered *à la robe*; a rich silk trimming may be substituted for embroidery. Gaiters of dark drab cashmere.

**YOUNG LADY'S COSTUME.**—This frock is of silk *à disposition*, the skirt with three flounces: low *caraco* body, the front crossed by narrow bands. Loose silk *paletôt*, the edges festooned and trimmed with a full fringe; very wide pagoda sleeves, finished to correspond. High white body of plaited cambric, and large *bouillon* sleeves. Drawn bonnet, with full feather laid across and drooping on the left side: in the interior, low on the cheeks, is a trimming of *tulle*.

#### MICHAELMAS DAISY.

This flower may be knitted, with two stitches for the width of the row, but it is much quicker to work it in a chain of crotchet; it is generally variegated, either in two shades of red, or two shades of violet. The variegation is produced by working with two threads of Berlin wool, one of a deep, the other of a light shade, of the same color.

Make a chain of simple crotchet, about a yard in length, then cover a piece of thin wire, as long as you can conveniently manage, with one thread



of Berlin wool, and begin to sew this wire along one edge of the chain, leaving about an inch of the wire at the beginning; when you have sewn about an inch, cut the chain, pull the thread through the last stitch, bring your wire round, sew half the second edge, then bring round the wire that you left at the beginning, sew it to meet the other, letting the wires cross each other, twist them and the wool together tightly, to form a stalk, and turn up the two little petals, first cutting away one of the wires close to the twist, to prevent the stalk being too thick when finished.

Wind a piece of yellow wool on the end of one of your fingers, pull it out thus doubled, and twist a bit of rather strong wire over it, twist the wire very tight, and make with this wool a kind of a little ball, which must be covered with a piece of common net (dyed yellow, if possible), tie the net as tight as possible over the wool. This forms the daisy.

When you have made a sufficient number of petals to form two or three rows, each row being made rather larger than the first, you must sew them all round the little heart, and proceed to make the calyx as follows;—

Make a chain of twelve stitches with the crotchet needle using green wool, not split, work two rows in double crotchet, increasing two stitches in the second row. Sew this calyx under the petals, fasten up the open side, and gather the stitches of the lower extremity, cover the stem with green split wool.

#### BUD.

Make a small ball of any color, then take fifteen or twenty bits of split wool, the same colors as used for the flower, each about an inch long, tie them tightly as a little bundle; fasten this on the top of the little ball, to which you must fix a wire, bring down the ends of wool, in alternate stripes of dark and light shades, tie all these ends round the wire, and cut them close. Wind a bit of green wool, as a very small ball, immediately under the bud, then with green wool, not split, make a row of herring bone stitches, from the little bud, to about half way up the colored one. This makes a very pretty bud, looking as if just ready to blossom.

#### LEAF.

Like that of the Heart's-ease.

### SELECTION OF PAPER-HANGINGS.

Our housekeeping readers cannot fail to be interested in the following simple rules on which the cheerfulness of home so much depends.

According to the taste or judgement with which the pattern is chosen, so will the appearance of the room, when papered, be agreeable or displeasing. Large patterns should, of course, be only used in large rooms. Dark-tinted papers are most suitable for light rooms, and light papers for dark rooms; many a dingy or gloomy apartment may be made to wear a cheerful aspect by attention to this particular. Stripes, whether on a lady's dress or on the walls of a room, always give the effect of height; consequently a low room is improved by being hung with a striped paper. The effect is produced by a wavy stripe as well as a straight one, and, as curved lines are the most graceful,

they should generally be preferred. Any pattern with lines crossed so as to form a square, is unsuitable for a low room; but with the lines made sloping or diagonal, there is not the same objection. A diamond trellis pattern, with a small plant creeping over it, looks well in a small summer parlor. For a common sitting-room, a small geometrical pattern is very suitable; being well covered, it does not show accidental stains or bruises, and, in the constant repetition of the design, there is no one object to attract the eye more than another. These are sometimes called Elizabethan patterns; they are much used for stair-cases, halls, and passages, but they are not to be chosen at random. According to the height and dimensions of the passage or stair case, such should be the pattern. A large pattern on a narrow staircase, and in a passage not more than eight feet in height, has a very heavy and disagreeable effect. A light gray, or yellow marble, divided into blocks by thin lines and varnished, will be found suitable for most passages, if care be taken to adapt the size of the blocks to the place where they are to appear.—A size that would look well in a hall twenty feet wide, would be altogether too large in one only four or six feet. Many persons must have noticed in their visits of business or pleasure, that some houses present a cheerful aspect as soon as the door is opened, while others look so dull that they make one low-spirited upon entering them. The difference is caused by the good or bad taste with which they have been papered and painted.

A safe rule with regard to paper-hangings, is to choose nothing that looks extravagant or unnatural. Regard should be had to the uses of an apartment; a drawing-room should be light and cheerful, a parlor should look warm and comfortable without being gloomy; bedroom papers should be cool and quiet, and generally of a small pattern, and of such colors as harmonize with bed-furniture and other fittings. It is worth while also to consider the sort of pictures to be hung on a wall.

**TOMATOE SAUCE.**—Warm your tomatoes until you can skin them; beat the pulp with finely-grated ham, onion, parsley, thyme, salt, and Lucca oil, all as small as possible; pass through a sieve, and pour over macaroni. Serve hot.

Tomatoes are good skinned, the seeds taken out, and with a little butter and finely-chopped herbs, beaten into a paste with eggs, and fried in a light batter.

**ANTONIO'S RECEIPT BOOK.**—I requested the good natured nephew to dress me a dish of macaroni, which he did as follows, one of his many modes of preparing it: He boiled it till just tender, and no more. The English cook it too much, he said. When drained, he grated a sufficient quantity of both Gruyère and Parmesan cheese, and alternately put upon the dish, first macaroni, and then cheese, finishing with the cheese. Over this he poured strong beef-gravy, in which some tomatoes, had been dissolved, and put it a few minutes in the oven, and then a few more before the fire in a Dutch oven; but he preferred a hot hole, and to cover it with a *four de campagne*, or cover upon which to place hot embers.



#### INSENSIBILITY TO FAMINE.

There are many people who do not know when they have had enough; but, according to Sir Fitzroy Kelly, there are also many—so many as to include the majority of Her Majesty's subjects—who cannot tell when they have had too little. Lord Derby's Solicitor General has made this discovery, and imparted the new-found truth to his constituents of East Suffolk, whom he is reported to have thus addressed at the hustings:—

"It has been said that upwards of 3,000,000 quarters of wheat more were imported in 1850 and 1851 than in 1845 and 1846, before the repeal of the Corn Laws took place. \* \* \* While I admitted, as I do now, the truth of the fact that there was this increase in the importation, I venture to assert that the food, the comforts and enjoyments of the people have been in no wise increased, have not, taking them as a mass, been increased at all; for if 3,000,000 more quarters have been imported, 3,000,000 quarters less have been produced in this country."

The people at large, before the repeal of the Bread Tax, were certainly not in the perfect fruition of food, comforts and luxuries. These good things according to SIR FITZROY KELLY, have since in no wise increased. Therefore they have diminished: for the population has gone on increasing. But the vulgar cry is still "Hooray for cheap Bread!" which, as your friend EUCLID would say, is absurd, ridiculous, preposterous, if it means scarcity, as it does if we are to believe SIR FITZROY KELLY.

So much corn has been imported, so much less has been grown, so many more mouths to feed, so much less bread for each: that is the case of our learned friend. Well: suppose, we have not eaten so very much more bread than we used to eat. May not SIR FITZROY KELLY find an explanation of this circumstance in the fact that we have eaten more meat? Bread is not the only article of food we rejoice in. A very general opinion prevails that Free Trade has enlarged our dietary altogether; so that the masses are not so restricted as they were to bread-dinners. Most of us go about under an idea that we have partaken, in additional measure, of beef, mutton, veal, and lamb: but this, the SOLICITOR GENERAL will perhaps tell us, is an illusion. Now is it not the fact, that he has himself been studying electro-

biology, and trying to impress the susceptible subjects of East Suffolk with a fancy that a bellyful is short-commons?

But if Free Trade is a delusion, why should the Derbyites seek to undeceive us? How cruel of them to disturb our blessed hallucination! If we imagine we have a Lotus in the big loaf, humour the national mania, allow us to continue in the enjoyment of it: if we are crazy, nevertheless you see it keeps us quiet.

**GOLDEN PROSPECTS.**—Owing to the expected influx of gold from Australia, it is reported in the best informed circles that Gold Stick will ultimately have his wand of office composed of the precious metal. The metal, however, will be less precious than it is at present; and the rise in comparative value of the secondary metallic substance, will render it, by and by, a much more fortunate lot than it is even now, to be born with a silver spoon in one's mouth.

#### A DOUBTFUL POINT.

LOOKING over a file of the *Times* newspaper the other day, our eye was caught by the following passage:—

"I consider as *great Criminals* those who, by personal ambition, would compromise the small amount of stability guaranteed us by the Constitution."

These, gentle reader, are the words of PRESIDENT LOUIS NAPOLEON, delivered in his message to the French Assembly upon its opening in November, 1850. Their quotation, we think, is rather opportune just now; for if LORD MALMESBURY'S "Extradition of Foreign Criminals Bill" had passed into law, it clearly might have been questioned whether, in the event of the above speaker seeking refuge on our shores, we should not have bound, upon his own "considering," to send him back again.

**OUR DOG DAY NUMBER.**—We had some thought in consequence of the heat, of presenting our readers this week with a number of iced *Punch*; but having to go to press rather before publication, it occurred to us that the weather might change in the meanwhile; and besides, the refrigerative process would have been attended with some difficulty, which could only have been surmounted by the coolest impudence.



# THE TRAPPER'S SONG.

THE POETRY FROM THE "MAPLE LEAF;" THE MUSIC COMPOSED AND DEDICATED TO S. THOMPSON, ESQ.

BY J. P. CLARKE, MUS. BAC.

ANDANTE CON MOTO.

Voice.-----

Piano-forte.

A - way, a - way! my dog and I! The for-est boughs are

bare; The ra-diant sun shines warm and high, The ra-diant sun shines

warm and high, The frost-flake gems the air! A - way, a - way, thro'

for-ests wide, Our course is swift and free! Warm<sup>neath</sup> the snow the sapplings hide—

Warm 'neath the snow the sapplings hide, On its ice-crust firm step we.

The partridge with expanded crest,  
Struts proudly by its mate;  
The squirrel trims its glossy vest,  
Or eats its nuts in state.

Quick echoes answer, shrill and short,  
The woodcock's frequent cry—  
We heed them not—a keener sport  
We seek—my dog and I.

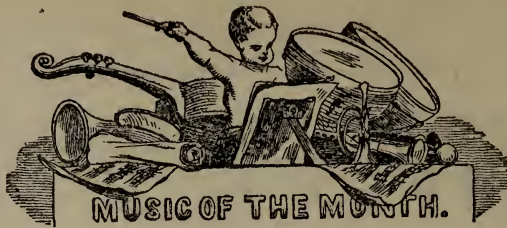
Far in the woods our traps are set,  
In loneliest, thickest glade—  
Where summer's soil is soft and wet,  
And dark firs lend their shade.

Hurrah! a gallant spoil is here  
To glad a trapper's sight—  
The warm-clad marten, sleek and fair,  
The ermine soft and white.

Away, away! till fall of eve,  
The deer-track be our guide;  
The antler'd stag our quarry brave,  
Our park—the forest wide.

At night, the bright fire at our feet,  
Our couch the wigwam dry—  
No laggard tastes a rest so sweet  
As thou, good dog, and I.





THE Musical events of the past month have been Concerts by Paul Julien,—the Lucca Family,—the Vocal Music Society, and Mrs. E. C. Bostwick.

Paul Julien's playing was everything that could have been expected. Each piece was a beautiful, a poetic whole; and it was marvellous that so young a musician could perform such wonders with his instrument. We regretted much that the citizens of Toronto had only the one opportunity of hearing so admirable a violinist.

Of the Lucca Family, we would remark that we entirely agree with Horace Bushnell: "Considering their defect of advantages and means of culture, occupied in the business of shoe-making; and cultivating music only as a pastime, and a means of possible elevation, they have attained to a degree of excellence in the art that is certainly very remarkable."

Mrs. Bostwick's Concert came off on the 20th, and we regretted the want of taste which left so many seats empty. Mrs. Bostwick has a magnificent voice, and although not quite so finished an *artiste* as Miss Hayes, is yet quite as pleasing. Her "Qui la Voce," from "I Puritani," "Happy Birdling," and "Down the Burn Davie," were all most beautifully sung,—and the great charm of her singing is, that she imparts just the proper feeling and expression that each song requires, and we have no *fioriture* introduced into everything, whether a simple ballad or a grand scena. We hope ere long to see Mrs. Bostwick again in Toronto.

The last open night of the Vocal Music Society was well attended, as all the meetings of this excellent Society are; but the programme, in consequence of the absence of many of the members, was not rich as usual. There was, however, quite enough to furnish very conclusive evidence that practice was performing its work surely, and that a very

marked improvement had taken place. Mr. Clarke's song of "At Gloamin' I'll be there, love," was most rapturously encored. We trust that at the next public Concert given by this Society, which will, we believe, take place one night during the Provincial Exhibition, Mr. Clarke will repeat this little gem.

It is reported that Miss Hayes has engaged the St. Lawrence Hall for three nights during the same period. There are also some whispers current respecting Alboni.

#### MUSICAL NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE.

NEW YORK.—The mid-summer draught of Music is only partially revived by an occasional performance of the French Operatic Company, at Castle Garden, and such minor attractions as Christy's Minstrels, *et id omne genus* of popular entertainment. But we are approaching the commencement of a new season, and there just now occur to us such musical visions as—Alboni—Sontag. *Alboni* and *Sontag*?—two queens of song. Which shall reign?—that is the question. What will Alboni do when Sontag comes,—and what will Sontag do when Alboni begins again? And,—more emphatically still—what will *either* of them do, when the all-engrossing election excitement commences—or, until such excitement be overpast? It will require some good generalship on the part of the managers to settle all these questions, and determine the plan of next autumn's campaign. But, good generals are in the field, and everything promises to go on smoothly.

SARATOGA.—Alboni has recently given two concerts at this fashionable resort. She received unbounded applause, and heaps of dollars.

SPAIN.—After Gottschalk (the American pianist) had given his second concert in Madrid, he received from the *Toreador*, Don José Redondo, a magnificent sword, with the following letter:

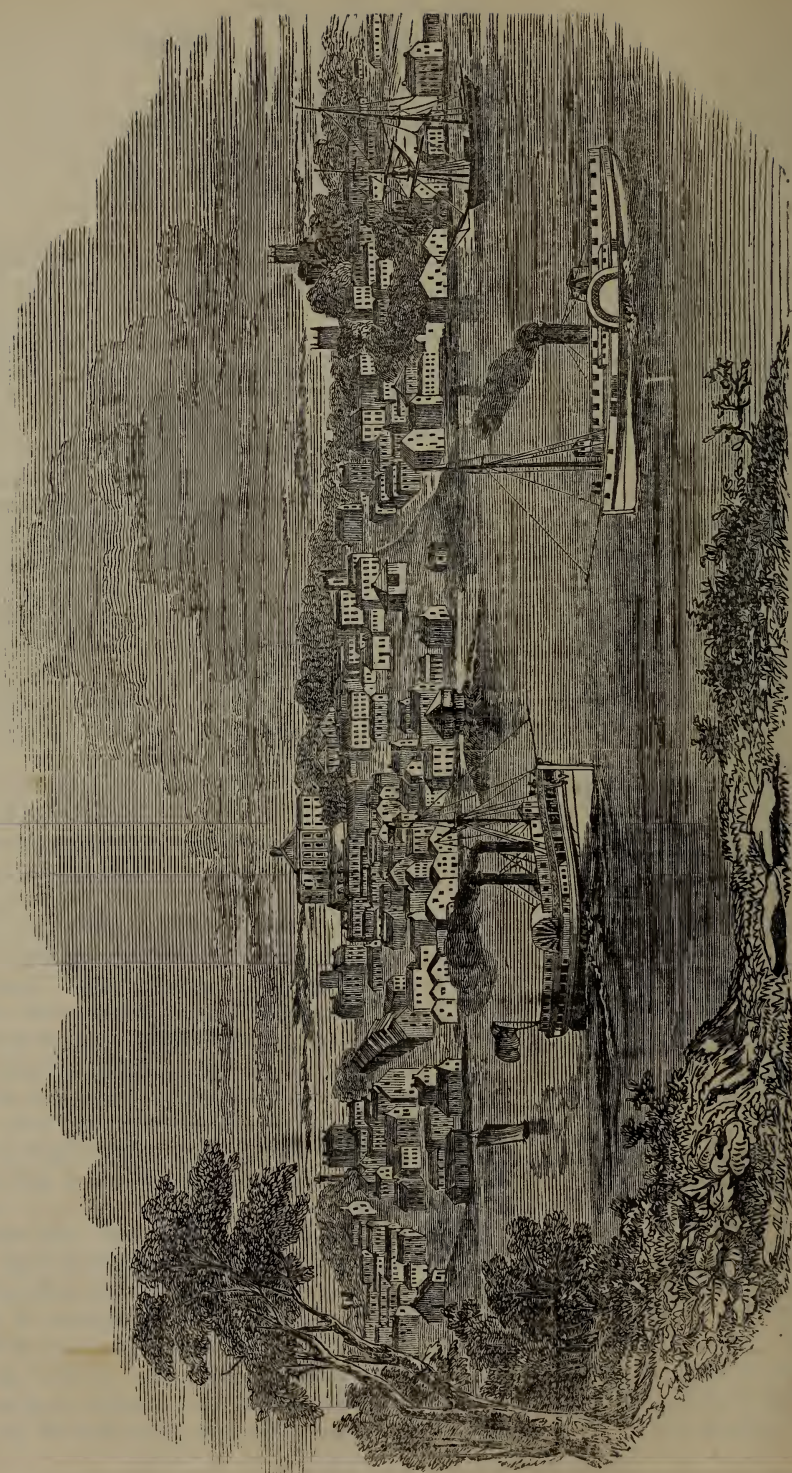
"MY DEAR M. GOTTSCHALK:—I feel greatly obliged for the invitation you sent me for your concert. It procured me an opportunity of admiring an artist who is proclaimed by all the connoisseurs of the four quarters of the globe one of the first pianists of the day. Wishing to present you with an ineffaceable token of my admiration, I beg your acceptance of one of the swords with which I have succeeded in maintaining the Spanish Torero in the high position to which the much-regretted Francisco Montés raised it. In exchange, I beg to demand, as a mark of your esteem, your autograph, which I shall preserve as one of the most precious curiosities of my life."

(Signed),

JOSE REDONDO.







VIEW OF BROCKVILLE, C. W.

THE

# ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.—TORONTO: OCTOBER, 1852.—No. 4.

## THE CITIES OF CANADA.

### BROCKVILLE.

BROCKVILLE, the subject of our illustration in the present number, is agreeably situated on the north bank of the St. Lawrence, some 60 miles east of Kingston.

The country is here broken into a pleasing variety of successive ridges, running parallel with the river, and on the first of these is built the principal street, with the Court House, Jail, &c., rising immediately behind. "The town," says Smith's Canada, "was laid out in 1802, and in 1817 it was stated to contain 64 dwelling-houses and stores; at that time the Court House was described as an elegant brick building." The population, by the last census, is stated to be 3,400, and one member is returned by the town to Parliament. At the extreme right of the engraving, on the top of the hill, is the Church of England, from its position the most prominent object in the view. A little behind stands the Presbyterian; and almost hid from sight amongst the trees, is the Congregational. Directly in the centre, and occupying a very conspicuous place in our sketch, is the new Court House, a very handsome building of blue limestone; a little to the right, again, is the Methodist, and to the left the unfinished tower of the Free Kirk is just discernible. These build-

ings are all handsome and substantial structures, as are also the Catholic and Baptist places of worship. The market is very easily distinguished in an open space or square; and strange to remark, it is of wood, a material, we should have imagined, would not have been selected for such a building, where an abundance of excellent stone is so easily procurable.

The Block House appears directly in the foreground, in front of the town. It was built during the rebellion of 1837, on the site where formerly stood the Cholera Hospital.

"Brockville," to borrow the words of the writer of a very spirited sketch in the "Maple Leaf," "though far from being the most important in size and population in our Province, yet cannot fail to be an object of interest. The association with the memory of him who fell in the arms of victory on the heights of Queenston, whilst it adds a feature to its attractions, renders it an enduring monument of his fame." Happily, however, these are not the times when grey-haired veterans, leaning on their rusty swords, refresh each other's memories with recollections of well-fought fields. The dove of peace hovers over our western waters, and our watchwords are Freedom, Concord, Industry, and Man. Nor is Brockville without evidences of the blessings which attend this change, or of the monu-



ments which peace is daily erecting amongst us.

The town affords an appearance of solidity grateful to the eye of those accustomed to the cities and towns of the Old World, and of substantial wealth and comfort. The handsome houses of stone, with cut-stone fronts, and public buildings of the same massive material, give it an appearance of wealth and importance, which few Canadian towns of the same size and population can boast of. At the same time, the heaviness and gloom which the general use of stone in the buildings would otherwise create, are agreeably relieved by the number of residences, even in the heart of the town, which are surrounded by neat gardens and ornamental trees. This appearance of wealth and stability, as we have already stated, is in a great measure attributable to the abundance of fine limestone and granite found everywhere in the neighbourhood.

The town boasts of a fair proportion of grist, saw, and other mills, while an extensive foundry is in operation, where a very large business is carried on, affording employment to nearly one hundred workmen.

There are several manufactories in the town for candles, pot and pearl ash, &c., besides extensive tanneries.

The St. Lawrence is here of considerable depth to the water's edge, obviating in a great degree the necessity for those long wooden excrescences which present generally such an offensive feature to the eye on an approach to our Canadian shipping ports.

Steamers of the largest class make daily stoppages on their course up or down the mighty stream, while quite a fleet of sailing vessels is attached to the port, and the busy hum of men and piles of merchandize attest the growing importance of the prettily situated town.

The commercial prosperity of Brockville declined, in some degree, after the construction of the Rideau Canal, a stupendous work of art, connecting the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Rivers, and cut by the Government chiefly for military purposes, but which enabled passengers and the forwarders of merchandize to avoid what was considered at that time the dangerous navigation of the St. Lawrence, even though by a circuitous and expensive route.

Of late years, however, the carrying trade has found its old and apparently natural channel, as canals wide and deep render the much dreaded rapids no longer an obstruction to navigation, while the business man smiles as he remembers the formerly impracticable "Lachine," "The Cascades," "The Cedars," and "The Sault."

The town boasts of a ship-building yard in which a considerable business is done.

The Agricultural Exhibition of 1851 was held in Brockville, and attracted a vast concourse of spectators.

The river is about two miles and a half across, and offers at every point a succession of the most beautiful and romantic views. From Brockville a macadamized road to Smith's Falls on the Rideau Canal has been completed, and another to Merrickville, also on the canal, with a short road, five miles in length, to Coleman's Corners, now called Lyra.

Just at the town, commences the beautiful scenery of the (so-called) Lake of the Thousand Islands, extending nearly to Kingston. They are mostly all composed of granite, some of them thickly wooded, while the scenery they present is exceedingly picturesque. Just in the neighbourhood of Brockville they are small and stand very close together, affording delightful spots for pic-nic parties, of which the inhabitants of this beautiful town and the surrounding country fully avail themselves during the summer, gathering together in numerous merry parties, in the well-built row-boats, or yachts, for which Brockville enjoys some degree of celebrity. Occasionally parties on a more extended scale visit this delightful spot, chartering for the day some one of the numerous small steamers which ply from shore to shore as ferry boats. Further up the river the islands are in clusters, and the channel through which the steamer steers becomes more crooked and narrower, while from the various bays and sheltered nooks myriads of wild fowl hover, ever on the wing, shrieking and chattering as if to scare the rude intruder away who has invaded their solitudes. Though called the Thousand Islands, the total number is 1330, from the islet (a mere speck on the bosom of the lake) jutting its irregular form out of the water, to the larger and fertile island, several square miles

in extent, and dotted with fine farms, evidencing, by their appearance and numerous flocks, the industry of the inhabitants.

The back country, generally, is level, without being flat,—is well cleared, and pretty free from stumps. It is well settled, and is said to be a good farming country. The soil is loam, and the timber consists of beech, oak, maple, elm, interspersed occasionally with a little pine, hemlock, cedar, and balsam.

### EMIGRATION TO NORTH AMERICA,

CONSIDERED WITH REFERENCE TO THE UNITED STATES.

If any reader has doubted the justness of what we said in our last paper, about the ignorance of Canada which is sometimes evinced on the other side of the water, we would just refer him to a recent most notorious instance.

The lieges of these Provinces were somewhat startled, a few weeks ago, by a piece of very remarkable news, which arrived per the English mail. They were informed by the geographically learned editor of a Liverpool paper, that the railroad from Quebec to Richmond is to be 600 miles long; and that the timbers were to be laid on the stumps of trees, which the erudite journalist believed of course, grow, in these regions, at the exact convenient distance asunder, requisite for laying the "track." The journal in question—*Willmer & Smith's Times*—is expressly published for American circulation, and in the present instance, at all events, contained something new to the Jonathans and Bluenoses, as well as to the Canucks. None of us ever saw such wonders, as those described by the learned instructor of the outside barbarians of both hemispheres. There was some reason to suspect, that a Yankee wag (there are a few, but not many of the species extant,) had hoaxed the Liverpool man, with the doubly mischievous purpose, of showing how little the English people know about the country, and of quizzing the climate of the Eastern Provinces. The story about running the material over the top of the frozen snow, is extremely rich, and reminds us of the slaughter we have known made among the deer, when the snow would bear the hunter's weight, but the poor animals broke through, and were easily caught. And in 1831-2, there were days during which, in the early morning, the cattle could walk on the frozen crust. But drawing railway material over so frail and very temporary a covering, is a thing unheard of in Canada, although the Liverpool genius (or the Yankee, which

ever it may be,) seems familiar with the idea. The article is too great a curiosity to be lost, and we accordingly embalm it for the benefit of all concerned:—

#### "THE QUEBEC AND RICHMOND RAILWAY.

"We have noticed in another column, the departure of Mr. William Jackson, M. P., for the United States, by the *Africa*, on Saturday last. The precise object of the hon. gentleman's visit to the new world is not generally known. The Canadian Government have resolved on the construction of a railway from Quebec to Richmond, which is situated near the head of Hudson's Bay, with the view of forming a direct communication between the St. Lawrence and that great inlet of the Atlantic. During the last two years a civil engineer, named Ross, has been engaged in surveying the district through which this line is to pass, and, upon the faith of this report, Messrs. Brassey, Peto, Jackson, and Bates have contracted to construct the line, at a rate, we believe, of £10,000 per mile. The length of the line is about 600 miles, and the contract entered into is limited, at present, to the first 100 miles. The object of Mr. Jackson's visit to the spot is to ascertain whether the report of Mr. Ross can be so far relied upon as to induce the contractors to engage for the completion of the entire line. To assist him in arriving at a correct conclusion, a confidential agent of Mr. Brassey, who has had great experience in the formation of the Trent Valley, the North Staffordshire, the Havre and Paris, and other lines, goes out to-day in the *Canada*, for Boston, accompanied by an able engineer. They will join Mr. Jackson at Boston, and proceed at once by railway to Montreal, and thence to the scene of operations. The first object is to survey the route, and the second to convey, during the ensuing winter, the requisite *matériel* to different stations on the projected line, ready for active operations in the spring. This will be effected by means of sledges driven over the surface of the frozen snow. A vessel will, in due time, be chartered for the conveyance of iron, tools, and other requisites, together with a large body of skilled artisans, to the St. Lawrence, in the spring. The contractors have undertaken to clear the route of all timber within twenty-five yards on each side of the line, and the timber thus felled will, of course, be rendered available for the construction of the railway. One new and curious feature in this gigantic undertaking is that the trees, cut down on the direct route of the railway, will have their stumps left in the ground, about eighteen inches above the surface; to serve as cheap and permanent sleepers for the rails! The line, as we have said, will be 600 miles in length, and its construction will occupy a space of six years. When completed, it will form a line of communication of the greatest public importance; and we trust that the work will fulfil the expectations not only of the late Government, which conceived or adopted the plan, but of the contractors, whose public spirit and unrivalled enterprise have already spread their reputation throughout every region of the globe, and bid fair to realise the prophetic boast of Ariel, that he

'Would put a girdle round about the earth  
In forty minutes.'"



And now, to resume our backwoods prelections.

Having administered a few gentle hints to the monied gentfolk who adventure to the "settlements," we have to notice some other classes who may make very useful settlers—useful both to themselves and the country.

Mechanics of all kinds, of course, have great advantages over those settlers who have not any trades at their finger ends. A carpenter, for instance, makes use of the profits of his shop-work to assist in clearing his land, and men of his craft being comparatively scarce when a settlement is commenced, he reaps a good reward for his industry. Smiths and waggon-makers, also, make rapid progress, and almost always become extensive freeholders.

We have spoken of men tenderly brought up, blundering into the woods, and having reason to repent of their rashness. This must be understood to apply only to those, who really are unable to bear the hardship and labour. There are, however, hundreds of young men, well enough educated, but without the slightest taste, or even capacity for pursuits requiring mental exertion or sedentary occupation. Many of these men have ample strength of body and constitution for hard work. They will perform wondrous feats at boating or hunting, and are prodigious in the cricket-field. They look forward to commissions in the army, which are not so easily had just now; and if the prize is gained, it leads, probably, to a campaign in South Africa, or some amusement of that kind, where the hardship and labour are such as would try the mettle of the toughest bushmen in America. How many of these youths could spend their time, with vastly more profit, in the settlements of Canada, than in idling about their father's houses, or spending their days in learning the besetting vice of idleness, while waiting with wearied hope for some "berth," which a kind patron has promised, but who cannot say positively that it will be vacant for the next five years, and for which, probably, young hopeful will not be found most admirably fitted after all. Such gentlemen are not without a certain daring to undertake bold enterprises; for, at this very time, scores of them are setting out for Australia. What they want, in Canada, is a cool, patient determination to master difficulties, even at the expense of time,—not merely the dashing boldness which would make them "smart" seamen, or brave soldiers. We have seen many specimens of them in Canada. Such as have evinced that moral courage and healthy determination, without which ultimate success is found in no country, have done well; and such men always will be success-

ful. They have entered with avidity upon the work required of them in their new station—and with too much eagerness probably at first,—and found, that although it would go hard with delicate lads, it is just the thing for broad-shouldered fellows, who always thought themselves fit for anything that required a strong arm and a determined will. The "style of living" they find somewhat new, and what wouldn't have been called exactly "the thing" at Cambridge; but then, what of that? It is all *earned*, and there *is* something glorious in eating the bread of one's own winning. Any white-fingered gentry among our readers, who cannot subscribe to this fact from experience, owe us especial thanks for reminding them of it. We have pointed out for them a new pleasure. Go and try it, friends!

The gentleman-settler soon finds that he has not over-rated the hardships of manual toil. Unlike those of whose career we spoke in our last chapter, he is almost without means, and can only just manage to keep himself from being compelled to "hire out." But rather than be idle, or become a sponge, or a "loafer," he will do that, and right cheerfully, too, and will discover that he has not lost caste by it in the least, among those by whom he is surrounded. He soon learns the work of the country, and puts his shoulder to the wheel gallantly, to get in a piece of crop the first season, on some new land, in addition to the small patch of clearing his "lot" (which he is to pay for by instalments) contains. By the time this is done, he is pretty well up to things, and the neighbours always try to secure his attendance at their bees,—they wouldn't miss such a stout fellow on any consideration,—and he reaps the benefit of his usefulness, in the readiness with which he can obtain help when he wants it.

He sometimes is inclined to think of past days, and former companions, but very little of that sort of thing troubles him, for he has no time to be doleful. In fact, there is not a moment to spare, and the constant action of mind and body—the one contriving the work and the other doing it—cause a buoyant healthiness in both, which was unknown even at college. Nothing like constant employment for the prevention of dyspepsia or the blues. And if he does call to mind the career of his former chums, he is much inclined to be convinced that he's not the worst off among them. True enough, Snooks went to India, to take possession of a situation in the "civil service;" but that is not what it used to be for coining money, while the climate is just as severe upon the liver as ever. And Smith has got into the Guards, but he draws upon his unfortunate

father with an alacrity that astonishes the old gentleman, and with a lack of spirit at which a Canadian farmer's son would be disgusted. The poverty, if poverty it be, and the independence of the backwoods are better than *that*, at all events. And then poor Miles has got a situation in a bank, where he may be till his hair is gray, at the same remarkably moderate salary; and who wouldn't rather breathe the fresh air, though he has to work in it, with all the rough enjoyments of rustic competency about him, than remain poring over a desk all day,—so thinks, at all events, the manly occupant of the trim log-house, which he has built himself, and where he lives on the produce of his own industry and frugal management, and enjoys such a life much more than if he were costing his father an annuity he could ill spare, and assisting to diminish the family property which ought to be distributed among his sisters. It were well if this kind of spirit were more generally evinced by young gentlemen who come to Canada. They may learn a useful lesson in this respect from the youths of Canada and the United States. The old country youth, after he has arrived here, is too apt to think, that one of his chief duties is to draw bills of exchange upon "the governor;" while the young American or Canadian, is often too proud to receive assistance after he is sixteen or so, and, not unfrequently, at an age when an Englishman is still trying to bleed his friends, the young American is making arrangement to support the "old folks," for, as he justly remarks, they helped him when he "warn't" able to help himself, and it is his turn to help them now. It is true, that this independence of the the youngsters has its evils; but they are only such as sound education will cure, while the benefits are most palpable, and thoroughly consistent with the state of a young and growing community.

But, we shall be asked, would you send fine promising young men, who have been brought up to expect the position and the comparatively easy lives which their fathers have enjoyed before them,—would you send these healthy buds of promise, to waste their glories in the wilderness of a "new settlement," among the uncouth plants of a Canadian bush? By your permission, most judicious (we are sick of calling you gentle,) reader, we will answer that question, *imprimis*, by asking you another. Pray, then, what else would you do with these prime specimens? They are neither disposed nor fitted for business,—they cannot find their way into the Army List, or obtain sinecures,—they cannot be, and ought not to be, if it were possible, supported in idleness. If

you send them to Australia, they may possibly make money,—they are pretty sure to lead desperately hard lives. California is an infinitely less desirable place; and the only other destination we can think of, is the Western States. Now the life of a Canadian settler, even at the roughest, is pleasure itself, compared with what must be endured either in Australia, California, or the Western Prairies. In the case of nine out of ten of the men we are speaking of, it is necessary for them to move somewhere, and they may do far worse than turn Canadian farmers.

It is perfectly true that the position of such settlers is not free from temptation. There are few inducements to pleasure, it is true, but there are temptations to idleness and consequent dissipation, and that seems to be all that can be said against the social position of the gentleman bush man. Now we have but little to say to those, who give this as a conclusive reason against any attempt to convert respectable young men into good backwoods farmers. The temptations, such as they are, are not very powerful, where men of proper spirit are concerned. Those who have spent more of their time at the inn than on their lots, have been led into those practices by an inherent idleness, such as would pull them down in any country, and prevent their earning their livelihood at any employment. If the state of society in the new settlement is such as to lead to idleness and unbusiness-like habits, it must be admitted, that in any of the gold countries matters are infinitely worse; and we have never found that in the Western States, they are any better. There are many worse places, even as far as sobriety and morality are concerned, than a backwoods settlement in Canada. There is less gold, but less lawlessness, also, than in Australia, or some other places advertised by the Emigration Societies.

And the Canadian settler finds a resting-place in his adopted country. He does not merely come here as a wanderer in search of money, wherewith to return to the old country, just in time to find that habit has deprived him of all taste for his old mode of life, and that the changes which time has effected, have rendered "home" the very reverse of the welcome goal which he has fancied it. Such is the case with men who "go abroad" in search of Indian promotion or Australian gold. But in Canada, a man *settles*, in the real sense of the term, and finds himself connected with, and interested in, the material progress of the country, the development of its resources, and the improvement of its society. There is something in this, more calculated to excite and to gratify a



manly and honest ambition, than is to be found in any other British Colony. And in a foreign country, there are circumstances, which are calculated to damp very much any such laudable aspirations. The settler, such as we have described, finds himself surrounded by numerous circumstances, which if he will but look at them in a liberal spirit, cannot fail to excite his warm sympathies and most praiseworthy ambition. He finds, that although many thousand miles from his birth-place, the facilities for communication with home, are many times greater than those enjoyed by the people of any other colony of the empire,—that, except for the actual distance, he can almost imagine himself in England,—the people by whom he is surrounded are, with few exceptions, his countrymen,—the language is his own,—the habits of life are similar,—the climate, the soil, (when once the stumps are out of it), the productions of the earth—all these are, as nearly as possible, those of the old country. And he has to own allegiance to no foreign flag; but, while, to all men, of all creeds and colours, he finds the same British laws affording protection, he sees that all this is under the sway of the same monarch that he has been taught to honour from his childhood.

Yet the communities which spring up in the new settlements, are such, as to offer a wide field for social improvement. The neighbours are nearly all adventurers, of one kind or other, and many of them far from well-informed. The influence, in these new settlements, of the educated men, ought to be of much importance. They may be well expected to display a spirit above the mere consideration of their potato crops. They can readily become popular, if they exhibit ordinary courtesy towards their neighbours, and having become so, their advice and assistance are sought in all matters affecting the improvement of the settlement. They can be very instrumental in preventing those feuds which will arise, in places where people from different parts of the old country, perhaps from rival counties, are brought into collision,—in promoting the establishment of schools,—in assisting in public improvements,—and, above all, in aiding in the good work of providing for the religious instruction of the people,—in striving for the establishment of the means of public worship,—the erection and endowment of churches, where, in the most important respect, all may feel that their removal from “home,” has not been such an exile, after all, for, after the manner of their fathers, they may still meet and solemnize the worship of their God. In short, there are most glorious opportu-

nities, if men would but seize them, of making themselves thoroughly useful.

We know there are many who look upon manual labour, as something almost degrading, and measure a man's progress in life, by the successful efforts he may make to get away from the plough. We do not allude to the men who entertain old-fashioned aristocratic ideas about position, and so forth: those will generally listen to reason; but we have in our mind, one of the classes of the new school of social dogmas. A set of talkers and writers does exist, who are everlastingly maudling about “intellectual advancement,” as opposed to the earning of honest livelihoods, by plain two-handed work. These would be horrified at the idea of men, who had been sent to school in their boyhood, turning themselves into hard-fisted yeomen in after years. They would soon preach us a sermon about the “development of the mind,” and the degenerating influences of “unreasoning labour,” and the lack of ambition which is displayed by a man, who, with “higher powers,” has submitted to become a mere “hewer of wood and drawer of water.”

We are not quite certain, that a few months' active logging would not be a wholesome thing enough for these “new light” preachers.

It is absurd to say, that hard work is an “unreasoning” occupation, as we have seen it called. It is a time-honoured employment, and has been much in vogue, even in “pretty well-informed circles,” ever since the days of Adam, and the “intellectual capacity,” which these modern philosophers are so fond of talking about, was not at all dimmed, in the first preachers of our faith, by the bodily labour which they performed, to obtain the “daily bread,” which was given to them.

It must be recollected that we are speaking of men who have come to the woods, because their bodily strength and aptitude for out-of-door exercise fits them for the work, while all their tastes and habits of mind, have been such as to prevent their applying themselves to business or intellectual avocations. There are thousands of such men, and not without a fine manly turn of mind either, such as renders them fully as far above a mean thought or action, as the most acute and reputable merchant, or most brilliant star of any learned profession. To such men, and to nearly all descriptions of men, in fact, labour, and especially farm-work, is a healthy occupation to the mind as well as the body. In plain English, it keeps men out of mischief; and when straightforward, sensible *thinking*, on practicable subjects, is required, give us the “*mens sanus in corpore sano*.” Commend us to the man whose

brain has not become warped, by attempts to force it into that kind of action for which it was not intended, and whose mind has not become enervated by that sickly confinement of the body, which "office life" too often subjects it to.

One of the most absurd quack notions of the day,—and we are at perfect liberty to expose quackery and humbug, although are we pledged to eschew political and religious controversies—one of the ugliest of these impositions, is,—the attempt to separate education from labour, not by professing to take education from the working man—that absurdity, we hope, is exploded, but by proposing to take the well informed man from manual labour. In the United States, it is too much the fashion, as soon as lads have mastered their spelling books and can read general history (which consists of the history of the United States, made patriotically, to constitute the "hull" world of the school library,) to leave their wholesome farm labour, and betake themselves to some employment, which enables them to wear Frenchified dress coats, sport remarkably fine fingers, perhaps scribe nonsense for a fifteenth rate newspaper, and write occasional modest letters to the farm, about their "intellectual advancement," and the possible state for which they may shortly condescend to sit in Congress. Some Canadians are prone to follow the pernicious example, in the spirit of it, at least, and they sometimes do so to their cost.

The fact is, no man can be too well informed for his station. The very worst workmen as well as the worst farmers in Canada, are the most illiterate—the very best, are those who are educated. It has long been the boast of Scotland, that her yeomanry are better educated than those of the Sister Kingdoms. They are certainly far from being the worst workmen. Many of them are settled in Canada. We have always found them remarkable for the soundness of their education, the clearness of their views on general subjects, and particularly those most useful to a farmer, and, above all, for the great amount of *hard labour which they were accustomed to master*, as well as the cheerfulness and content with which they devoted themselves to it.

"Unreasoning labour" forsooth! We would respectfully ask whether there is anything less "intellectual" about ploughing and harvesting, than in the dull occupation of the counting house, or the abstruse science of measuring silks and cottons; or the monotonous labour of scribbling the trash of a lawyer's office.

Still, it is our duty, to point out, as well the mistakes made by some who do settle in the woods, as the errors of others in believing that they never could succeed there.

As we have before shown, the mistakes often arise from a want of consideration of

the capacities of the parties concerned,—their fitness or unfitness for a particular mode of life.

It too often happens, that men with large families, who, upon the whole, can do very well on a farm, insist on making all their sons farmers, come what will of it; while others, with an equal degree of ill-judgment, refuse to let any one connected with them, have anything to do with so laborious an occupation.

This is a country where education, for youths at all events, is readily accessible. The proper way then is, for any one who settles as a Canadian farmer and has a large assortment of the rising generation, to educate them all in a sound and sensible manner, and then, let all of them who have strong bodies and appear capable of becoming good farmers, stick to the soil, and not *fash* their heads about university scholarships, or the doubtful prizes of the "learned professions," which are now-a-days somewhat few and far between, and, like the breachy cattle we have seen in the woods, often caught with much labour, and after all of comparatively little value. It is pretty clear, that on a good farm, there will be found abundant use for all the knowledge which a lad has picked up at school, and for as much more indeed, as he is ever likely to get within his cranium. In the family there may possibly be one or two physically unable to rough it, and for them there can always be found employment in the cities. As the country improves, the opportunities for employment in mercantile and professional pursuits increase, and with a good education to begin upon, an industrious young man, even without capital, can always earn a competency.

If it be thought that we have over-coloured the success of the Canadian bushman, we err in good company, for very many men who have gained their experience *in the Province*, and whose testimony is therefore valuable, bear out our statements. Our space does not permit of our drawing upon more than one writer, but the following extracts from a Lecture on Emigration, delivered by the Hon. R. B. now Mr. Justice Sullivan, will be admitted to be reliable testimony:—

"How many, I should like to know, of the settlers on the Canada Company's lands, commenced their clearing with seventeen pounds sterling a head to bear their expenses. I look over the returns, and I find the most successful among them, who have acquired the most property, and paid best for their land, began with no capital whatever, ask those who remain of the early settlers of Upper Canada, when the journey hither was almost as difficult as one to the Rocky Mountains would be in our day. You do not find they had houses built for them, or roads made for them; no, their great struggle was with the isolation in which they were individually placed. Ten to one, but the first one you meet will tell you—'Sir,



when my father settled in our township, there was not a road, or a mill, or a neighbour within ten miles of us.' Most of them went in debt for the little supplies of provisions they wanted, and thought it no hardship to pay the debt afterwards from the produce of their lands. Five dollars worth of flour, and a like value of pork or other food, would be abundance for each individual, taking men, women, and children, until crops would be gathered. Families of five, becoming settlers, ought to consider themselves rich with twenty pounds worth of provisions, tools, and seed. I believe three-fourths of the settlers in the woods in this country, possessed no such sum; and with assistance to that extent the new settlers ought to succeed, and would succeed well."

And the learned gentleman in the same lecture, thus addressed his Irish countrymen, urging them to look to emigration to Canada as the means of relieving them from the poverty prevalent in their own unfortunate island:—

"You who are Irishmen and who belonged to the middle class of society, who are the sons of small farmers in Ireland, or of small tradesmen in Irish towns and cities, must remember well the narrow economy, the parsimonious housekeeping, which was necessary to make both ends meet. It used to be said of the Kinsale gentry that they had hake and potatoes for dinner one day, and, by way of rarity, potatoes and hake the next. You know with what anxiety parents watched their growing families, feeling them an increasing burden, and wondering where the mass of society would open places in which to introduce the wedge, which was to make their children self-dependent. You have witnessed the struggles to obtain small parcels of land at exorbitant rents, which would leave to the tenantry just sufficient in favorable seasons for subsistence, and hopeless arrearages, should prices be low or crops bad. Have you not had in your neighbourhood the midnight burning, the hideous murder? Have you not been startled from your slumber by the clank of arms, to look abroad and see the glittering sabres of the soldiery surrounding the unhappy criminals, on their way to captivity and death? What occasioned this? Some higher rent offered for a farm, which made the tenant homeless; some despairing resistance to the fate which was to make the tenant a half-employed laborer, and his family beggars. In this descending course to social perdition, were there not times when the sinking tradesman, the small farmer, could have emigrated, with more abundant means, more manly strength, and more of the habit of enduring privation, than one half the emigrants who have peopled the Western States of America; and more available property to commence a settlement, than one half the Irish emigrant population of Canada, who are now independent freeholders? What these people wanted was American ambition; they should not have struggled for what their own country contained. They should have sought for better things abroad. For several years of the period I speak of, namely, from 1816 downwards, land in this country was given free, and at this moment land can be obtained on credit, at prices which an industrious man can pay in a

few years with his own labour. Many have emigrated, many have come here, but how few in comparison with the multitudes left behind, how few in comparison with the multitudes which this country was capable of receiving. And yet did it require more courage to cross the Atlantic than to become an Irish laborer for hire, more exertion to clear a farm than to work from morning till night, feeding on potatoes at sixpence a-day, more endurance to sit by a blazing wood-fire in a Canadian shanty, than to shiver over the stunted hearth of an Irish cabin?—was the certain prospect of abundance in the one case, less cheering than the inscription "hope not," which may well be placed over the door of each Irish peasant?

"This picture is Irish. I dare not indulge in any portraiture of society in the sister island. If there be no destitution amongst the agriculturists and artisans of England, if the accounts we read of Parish Unions be fables,—if there be not in truth an addition of 800,000 souls to the population of England each year,—if the condition of the English labourer be not worse than it was twenty years ago,—if the prospects of the English farmer be as bright as they were twenty years since,—if the Glasgow weavers be a prosperous class, as compared with the Canadian landholders,—if the Highland hills afford abundance to the brave children of the soil,—then all I can say is—happy island! You want no extension of territory, you can afford to conquer colonies, and to give them for nothing to the needy Americans, that they may sell them, that they may found sovereign states upon your inheritance. But if there be destitution and poverty even in England and Scotland,—if the increase of population overstock the labour market,—if the wealth of nations flowing into your country brings no riches to the poor,—if the condition of the great mass of society have anything of a downward tendency,—if fathers look with any uneasiness upon the future prospects of their children,—then how much more applicable to you is my reproach; for you have the means of emigrating, you have the means of settling on land with ease and comfort, you have the opportunity before you of individual independence, and of founding a great transatlantic community, of spreading the constitution, laws, and intelligence of your country over new regions, and you want the spirit, the ambition, the enterprise of the Yankee, whose manners you ridicule, and whose wandering propensities you affect to despise.

"To the class I have just described, those who have the means of emigrating, and of settling upon land; to those who are still more happy, in the present means of paying for land; to those who can do still better, and choose their new position on land already improved, and in the midst of cultivation and population; to all whose condition is not one of present ease, and of hopeful future for themselves and their children,—this country of Canada offers all the inducements to emigration, arising from cheap land, fertile soil, good and healthy climate. If labour be comparatively dear, so much the better for the labourers. If this makes land cheap, so much the better for the settler. If labour were here as cheap as at home, the land which you can now purchase for ten shillings or one pound an acre, would be worth one or two

pounds an acre in rent, and its selling price would be thirty or forty pounds an acre. How, then, could you become landowners? As the case now stands, those who have capital can employ labourers, and they can do it with profit, because the investment of capital in the price of land, is small. Part only of what you would pay in rent and poor rates, is paid in wages. One hundred acres of land, held in fee simple, is not so profitable as one hundred acres of fee simple property at home; but one hundred pounds worth of land will yield five times the profit of a hundred pounds worth of land at home; and, moreover, every man who works a week for himself, has a tangible or calculable gain. What, I ask you, must be the profit of cultivating land, when, with its produce alone, an industrious man can, by the improvement and cultivation of thirty or forty acres, in a few years, pay the credit price and interest upon two hundred acres, and make the market value of the farm double what it was at first, in the course of operation? If specimens are wanting of what Canada can produce, I ask the intending emigrant to examine the Canadian wheat and flour in the home markets. If specimens of what our poor emigrant population can do are wanted, let them inquire of the thousands at home who are benefitted by remittances of money from the poorest of our people, to aid their relatives in Ireland, or to assist in bringing them from that land of misfortune and beggary. These are simple, absolute truths, and if truth can cross the sea, why do men remain under circumstances daily becoming worse? Why do they not flee while it is yet time? Why will not love for their children move them, if they are too contented themselves? An Irish emigrant myself, I feel and speak on these subjects warmly; and, addressing, as I now do, an audience of my fellow-citizens of Toronto, chiefly composed of emigrants or their children, in a city which I have seen grow from eight hundred to twenty thousand inhabitants, in the midst of a country prospering by means of emigration, do you wonder that I should feel deeply on this subject, or that I should love the land to which a kind Providence has directed my footsteps."

And the following well-told story illustrates, aptly enough, the idea we have endeavoured to give, of what may be done in the woods:—

"When I look into the books published to guide settlers, I find one of the first inquiries set down is, how much does it cost to build a log-house? How much will it cost to clear an acre of land? How much will the first crop sell for? A pretty set of settlers they would be, to whom these questions would be of any use. My answer would be,—Go and build a shanty for yourself, clear your acre of land with your own hands, and eat up your first crop, with the aid of your wife and children and the pigs, if you can.

"I was one day riding out towards the Owen's Sound Settlement, with a gentleman now dead, the late William Chisholm, whom we used to call White Oak, for his truth and honesty of character, and genuine soundness of heart. At the township of Garafraxa, a place with scarcely any inhabitants, after getting over a detestable road, and having been long without seeing a house, we

fell upon a large and handsome clearing of one hundred acres, with herds of cattle grazing in the pastures, sheep clustered in the shade under the fences, wheat ripening in the fields, and apples reddening in the orchard—a good log-house, and a better barn and stable, in the midst of all this. Inside the house was a respectable-looking man, his wife and grown-up daughters. Their house was clean, comfortable, and abundant, and we fared well. They had books on the shelves, and one of the girls was reading, others spinning, churning, or knitting. I asked no questions, but knowing that my friend could give me the history of the settler on the road in the morning, I waited. My first exclamation was, 'Well, Chisholm, I do envy you your countrymen! That man must have lived here many years without a neighbour?' 'Yes,' was the answer, 'he was the first settler in these parts; and when he came, there was no white man between him and Lake Huron?' 'He must have been poor, or he would not have come here?' 'Yes,' was the answer, 'he was very poor.' 'He must have educated his children himself?' 'Yes, there was no school within many miles of him.' 'He could not have employed labourers?' 'No, all this was the work of his own hands.' 'Then,' again I said, 'I do envy you your countrymen! This is Scotch prudence, Scotch energy, Scotch courage.' 'Well,' said he, 'it may be all just as Scotch as you like to make it, but after all the man is an Irishman.'

I could fill a book, not to say a lecture, with such anecdotes, but each one of you could do the same. They could be told of Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen, from north and south; of men with large families, and men alone; of men who began with a little, and men who began with nothing. And, Father of Mercy! is it for such men that poor-houses are built? and is it for such that a half a meal of potatoes is a bounty? Are such men to hold out their hands to beg? Are they to see their wives and little ones starving, while the lands of *their* country, their inheritance, lie vacant and unpeopled? Can three thousand miles of sea, and a three weeks' voyage, make all this difference?"

It has been naturally enough a matter of surprise, that the settlement of such vast tracts of available land, as are to be found in Canada, has not occupied more than it has, the attention of the Imperial Government. Public money and public energy is being directed to the transporting of the emigrant, to Australia. Would it not be as well to pay some attention to the settlement of the waste lands of Canada, to take means to disseminate information, as to the country, to provide the means of transport to *their destination* (not merely to Quebec) of such people as want nothing to make them good settlers, but the means of reaching the lands—to make liberal grants of land on the condition of actual settlement, and to encourage the emigration of all classes of enterprising men, by showing the poor that they can better their condition, and the wealthy that they can invest their capital with benefit to others and immense advantage to themselves. As Mr. Sullivan



observed, "what will be the consequence to us, if no great movement is made to people the British territories in this quarter of the world? The United States have pressed on us in the north-east; they have got to the northward of us in the west. We are advancing slowly, our Government is speaking with complacency of their emigrants being received into the United States, and our public lands are held back from settlement, and kept up for years. Why, the consequence will be that, out-flanked by a powerful population, left without the natural increase and nurture which a wholesome distribution of the people of the empire ought to cause, we must fall at no distant period into dependence on the American Republic. Then, indeed, British subjects will come and settle amongst us, and they will buy the land from strangers, which their forefathers bled to win and to maintain, and England will have the satisfaction of considering that she was very careful in keeping the peace, and very learned, respecting the labour market of America."

The space we have left for referring to the other occupations to which emigrants may turn their attention, is small, and this part of the subject can be but glanced at.

In a business point of view, it stands to reason, that a country in which real estate increases in value, in a manner almost unexampled in any other part of the world, must afford a fair field for the investment of money. There is very little difficulty in accounting for the wealth which is now enjoyed by the families of the earlier settlers in the Province. They began by purchasing or obtaining grants of large blocks of wild land. Those tracts now contain towns and villages, are intersected by good roads, and, except in cases where the capitalist has held at unreasonable prices, filled with thriving settlers. The sons of the first owner can now show fat rent rolls, and plethoric lists of bonds and mortgages. Some suppose that the increase in the value of these lands has been an accident, arising mainly from the fact of the unexpected immigration, which is not now proportionably so rapid as it was a few years back, and that such rises cannot be reckoned upon. This is a mistake. The rise in the value of property was never more rapid than at present, owing to the commencement of railway speculation. The fact is, that the fluctuations in property are now, and are likely to be, more rapid than ever.

Nor can it be a very bad country for the investment of money, when the market value of that commodity is from eight to ten per cent., and with no difficulty about safe investments. It may fall to seven, on the repeal of the Usury Laws, but it will not be lower than that for many years to come, while so much capital is required for the completion of the numerous public improvements.

The consequence of the rapid growth of

towns, where but a few years ago there were but huge trees, has been, that new openings have constantly been made for the investment of capital, the pursuit of all kinds of trade, and the employment of numerous artisans. A town containing 30,000 inhabitants now covers a space, which, so recently as the war of 1812, contained but a few small houses, and such a mere handful of people, that the Yankees were able to capture it. The accumulation of wealth has necessarily enriched those who have had the opportunity of taking part in the business of a place which was rising so rapidly; and the consequence is not surprising, that among its wealthiest inhabitants, we recognize tradesmen who commenced life at the very beginning, as far as capital was concerned, less than twenty years ago.

Every town and village in the Province affords a similar example in a greater or less degree; and now that the railway mania has set them all agog, some of the western towns evince an intention of showing, that in a few years they intend Toronto to be scarcely "a circumstance" to them.

There is abundant scope for the safe investment of capital and enterprise in all branches of mercantile business, but chiefly in that of domestic manufactures. The manufacture of Canadian wool, although Mr. Patterson and Mr. Gamble have carried off the prizes for blankets, at the Great Exhibition, is but in its infancy, as far as its extent is concerned. Those who have entered upon the business have shown, that Canada need not be behind hand in the quality of her fabrics, but there is much need of an increase in the quantity. To see what we *can* produce, and to judge therefrom, and it is the best possible criterion, whether it be advisable to embark in any kind of pursuit in the country, a person who is in doubt, should visit one of our Provincial Exhibitions, and compare what he there sees, with the produce of any other country he has ever heard of, of which the settlement is so recent. With sincere national pride, but without a spark of vanity on the subject, we simply defy him, to name any part of the world, so recently reclaimed from wilderness, where such a display of native productions could be got together.

And now most respected reader and most enterprising publisher, the "old settler" bids you good-by for a while. May the shadow of your infant magazine never be less! but let it win the reward which I never knew to fail judicious Canadian industry and enterprise. I feel a national pride in showing your "monthly as a thorough specimen of Canadian 'home manufacture,'" and like the blankets of the Gamble's and Patterson's, it ought to win the honours. Good-day to ye, I say, I shall palaver no more 'bout emigration; but, a few months hence, I may be found, possibly, trudging to that snug shanty where you jollify with your

choice spirits, (no offence is meant to the promoters of the Maine Law.) But "shanty" is a strange name for that place where you luxuriate. In my time, a shanty was a place as innocent of chimney, door, window, or floor (save some hewn bass-wood slabs perhaps,) as Paul De Kock's and Reynolds' books are of decency, or common sense. If you would wander in my direction, I could show you a place of the kind, wherein a friend of yours lived near twenty years syne, and that a remnant thereof is still left, proves that elm logs are not bad material for house building. Such a shanty as your's, transplanted to the *real* backwoods, would gain the reputation of having been built by some rich gentleman, who was able to pay the highest price for flour and pork, and likely to let out some fat contracts in land clearing. By-the-bye, I had some advice to give you about these kind of "jobs," but forgot it; never mind, the loss is small; and as your shanty, seems a snug box for an old man to spend an hour in, and your company somewhat of the funniest, I say you may expect at one of your "sederunts," to meet with your casual contributor, the "old settler."

R.

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 THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.

## No. iv.

 TOUCHING THE SECOND COURTSHIP OF THE DOW-  
 AGER LADY SOUROCKS, AND THE ISSUE THEREOF.
 

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AFTER Lady Sourocks had given the mitten to Beau Balderston, as recorded in the preceding chapter of these most veracious Chronicles, she, to a great extent, sequestered herself from the din and blandishments of society. Whether this resolution was come to in consequence of wounded pride or a damaged heart, I must leave to the determination of the learned. But, if I might hazard a conjecture, I should say, that, considering the ripe senectitude (as Mr. Paunty hath it) of the dame, Cupid had little to say in the matter. The truth is, that the notions of equality imported from France, along with lace and fancy soaps, had worked an unwholesome change upon the manners of the rising generation of Dleepdaily, prompting them to dispense with the respect which they had been wont to pay to the gentry. Time was, when the appearance of her ladyship on the Main Street, was the signal for a universal dropping of curtsies and doffing of Kilmarnock bonnets. Now, however, she could hardly show face, without being greeted with jeering interrogations about

the health of her ancient admirer, coupled with tittering inquiries as to whether the wedding-day had yet been fixed.

In these circumstances, it was not much to be wondered at, that the scandalized dowager should withdraw herself as much as possible from a world which had been turned upside down; or that saving and excepting her periodical visits to the kirk, she was seldom seen beyond the precincts of her mansion.

The leading proportion of her time was devoted to antiquarian pursuits, and to the arrangement and cultivation of her museum, on which she set no small store.

This said museum, which had been accumulating for upwards of twenty years, was the wonder and pride of the whole country-side. Many opined that there was not its equal or marrow within the boundaries of the three United Kingdoms, not even excepting the host of curiosities in the Glasgow College, about which the student lads of Dleepdaily and its vicinity made such a boast.

As my duties made me, in a manner, a member of her ladyship's establishment, I can bear witness that fame had not exaggerated the multiform marvels of her museum.

It boasted of a specimen of everything rare and anti-deluvian, whether in nature or art. Touching the former, her ladyship's presses (cabinets she called them) and shelves were crowded, chock-full, with what might be denominated the "stickit" or spoiled handiworks of Nature, or productions which she had fashioned in moments of whim or eccentricity. There could be seen cats with two tails,—sheep with three legs,—owls sporting bats wings,—and toads covered with feathers, like black-birds. The store of warlike weapons, of the olden time, might have armed a whole regiment, and the ancient coins provided them with a day's pay in advance.

Then as to books, you would have been ready to make affidavit, that their owner had got the plundering of some of the convents or monasteries in the days of the Reformation! The very smell of them, as Dr. Scougall often used to observe, was enough to inoculate an ignoramus with learning! I much question whether the Moderator of the General Assembly, who composed his sermons in Hebrew, and wrote his dinner invitations in Greek, had read even the title-page of a tithe of them.



Indeed, for that matter, her ladyship used often to boast, when in a bragging mood, that the majority of them were *eunuchs*,\* by which she meant, so far as I could gather or expiscate, that no duplicates of them had escaped the destructionfull claws of Time!

To give anything like a list of these literary rarities, is altogether out of the question, because, even if I could manage to transcribe the heathenish names thereof, I verily believe that the catalogue would more than fill all the spare paper in the burgh! I may mention, however, that the most remarkable item of the lot was a tall Bible, bound in timber boards, imprinted in Latin, or some such barbarous tongue, by that notorious magician and serf of Satan, Dr. Johann Faustus. Some of the larger letters thereon were stamped with blood, instead of orthodox ink,—a fact to the verity of which I can depose, seeing that I had ocular demonstration of the same. Never could I look upon that grewsome memorial of necromancy without shuddering, and marveling at the lengths to which a thirst after forbidden knowledge will carry the wayward children of Adam! Many serious folk were of opinion that it ill became a professing Christian to keep such a monument of iniquity within her dwelling, and worthy Mr. Whiggie's Elders used to hold it up, and with justice, as a matter of reproach against the Establishment, that the Kirk Session did not interfere and put an end to the scandal! Alas! the good old times of faggots and tar-barrels have long since passed away, never more, I sorely fear, to return!

But to revert to the museum. I have ever been of opinion that the immortal Robert Burns (the bard whose genius made the plough as illustrious as a Duke's coronet) must have had the collection of Lady Sourocks in view, when he penned the lines on "*Captain Grose's peregrinations through Scotland, collecting the antiquities of that kingdom.*" The following verses could only have been inspired by an inspection of the wonders of "the mansion," more by token that the glorious ploughman once visited the same, but never had an opportunity of overhauling the memorabilia of the Grose Gatherings:—

"She has a routh o' auld nick-nackets;  
O' rusty aim and jinglin' jackets,  
Wad haud the Lothians thrice in tackets,  
A towmont guid;  
And parritch-pats and, and auld saut-backets,  
Afore the flood!

Of Eve's first fire she had a cinder;  
Auld Tubal Cain's fire-shool and fender."

It is an old saying, that the longer a greedy man drinks, the thirstier he grows; and in like manner, her ladyship's itch for the acquisition of the rare and wonderful, increased in equal ratio with the replenishment of her cabinets. Never did she lose an opportunity of becoming the possessor of everything that was mouldy, worm-eaten, or useless, provided only that it was uncommon. She was a constant attendant at the auctions for twenty miles round, at which, instead of inspecting the napery and furniture, like other sensible folk, she was always to be seen prying and *poutering* amongst bunches of old ballads, and such like unprofitable trash. Every gang of tinkers which passed through Dreepdaily, visited "the mansion," with queer-shaped ram's-horns, for which they always found a ready market; and many an honest, sterling sixpence has she paid away to Hosea Twist, the tobacconist, in the purchase of moulded farthings and superannuated groats. Hosea knew his customer's weak side, and generally contrived to take a liberal measure of her foot.

At the cycle which I am now recording, Mr. Gideon Mucklekyte was the incumbent of the parish of Dreepdaily. Verily and truly he was in more senses than one, a *great* man in his day and generation, seeing that he weighed considerably more than nineteen stone. Beloved reader, if you have ever seen the effigy of Daniel Lambert in the *Eccentric Biography*, you will be able to form a pretty correct idea of the excellent pastor's bulk and ponderosity. If his *cloth* had permitted him to exhibit his person for filthy lucre, he would unquestionably have realized a mint of money; for assuredly such a mass of animated tallow was rarely to be met with. Like the fat Knight of Shakespear, he "larded the lean earth as he walked along," and when he chanced to stand beside a prize-competing ox at a cattle show, the quadruped, dwindled down by the contrast into a puny skeleton!

Mr. Thom, the witty minister of Govan, (who may well be termed the Scottish Dean

\* QUERY?—"Unique," P. D.

Swift) used to observe with his wonted jocosity, that there were few men in the Kirk of Scotland possessed of more *personal weight* than the unctuous Doctor Mucklekyte, but that unfortunately he was as *heavy in the pulpit as out of the same!*

Now the Doctor, worthy man, was, to a certain extent, tarred with the same stick as Lady Sourocks.

He had an equal reverence and veneration for whatever was old, *outré*, and useless. If his collection did not equal in extent that of his titled parishioner's, it was by no means for want of will, but solely because his preposterous and almost superhuman bulk prevented him from hunting after "*ferlies*." His limited stipend, moreover, put an interdict upon the purchase of the same, for the *teind* of Dreedpaily fell somewhat short of the income of the Archbishopric of Canterbury!

Since the formation of this petty planet which we call the world, two of a trade have never been found to agree. Consequently there was a continual war of rivalry between the minister and the dowager. The one never made a conquest of anything superlatively strange, without the other being well nigh ready to explode with spite and vexation.

When the doctor chanced to discover an antiquarian treasure, or a *lusus naturæ*—say a mermaid or a mare's nest—he never failed to inform her ladyship, promptly, of the event, and request an early inspection of the same. With grief and humiliation do I record that a philanthropic desire of imparting pleasure was not the moving cause of the learned Mucklekyte's alacrity on such occasions. His object was more to enjoy his triumph over a less fortunate rival than to quench the thirst of her curiosity. However, there was no love lost between the pair. Lady Sourocks was fully qualified to play at the same tantalizing game, and never failed to repay her pastor's left-handed compliments with liberal interest, when she had the means of doing so.

Here I must leave the antiquarian couple for a brief season, in order to make my readers acquainted with a new and most important personage in the history which I have undertaken to record.

It was, as near as I can recollect, about three years, or three years and a-half, after the Nong-tong-paw affair, that Captain Gehazie

McLoon, the skipper of a London East India-man, came to Dreedpaily on leave of absence from the Honourable Company, as he was pleased to denominate his owners, to visit some of his kinsfolk who resided within the burgh.

Gehazie was a dashing, neck-or-nothing rover, boasting of a larger modicum of wit than of grace—and who, if all tales were true, was more conversant with the cards and dice-box than was promoteful of the health and vigour of his exchequer. He had the reputation, it may be added, with those sages that saw farther into mill-stones than their duller visioned neighbours, of being on the look-out for a wife, whose fortune might build up and replenish his consumptive and dilapidated purse! In fact, there was something about his look and manner which forcibly brought to mind that verse in Sir Alexander Boswell's excellent song:

"The first, a captain to his trade,  
Wi' skull ill-lured, but back weel clad,  
March'd round the barn, and by the shed,  
And papped on his knee.  
Quo' he ' my goddess, nymph and queen,  
Your beauty's dazzled baith my een!  
But deil a beauty he had seen  
But—Jenny's bawbee!"

The genteel designation of Captain, and the blandishments and bravery of his golden and blue uniform, were passports to the best society of Dreedpaily. It is no marvel, therefore, that shortly after his advent, Mr. McLoon got acquainted with our excellent friend, Lady Sourocks, and ere long he was observed to pay her an extra particular amount of attention. He gallanted her to parties—carried her pattens when the muddy portions of the streets had been passed—and if he chanced to be her opponent at whist, generally contrived that she should be victorious in the game. As Dr. Scougal, who was somewhat of a cynic (as Mr. Paummy terms snarlers) observed, the captain baited his hook with a sprat in order that he might catch a herring!

Now, as I have hinted before, there was nothing about her ladyship's outward tabernacle, to account for this extra particular devotion on the part of the blooming bachelor of two-and-thirty. Small resemblance did she bear to the representation of Venus in the history of the heathen gods, and her temper, like summer small beer, had been rather soured by the thunder of Time's wings. Still she boasted of a redeeming point. She



could exhibit a bank receipt displaying more than three figures, the fourth being of a dignity considerably exceeding that of a paltry unit! In one word, the "tocher" of Lady Sourocks was the jewel, the brightness of which threw a host of imperfections into the back ground;—and Gehazie's eyes being none of the dullest, he soon got a glimpse of the same, and admired the prospect quite as much as Beau Balderston had ever done!

The captain's furlough, being but limited, he determined to make hay while the sun shone, and, accordingly, began to lay siege to the antiquated fortress in due and scientific form. Right speedily did he discover how the bearings of the land lay (to use the jargon of sea-farers), and being as cunning as a fox, and deep as a practice-bronzed lawyer, he pointed his guns accordingly. Artfully did he commence by lauding to the skies the dowager's collection of wonders, affirming with oaths which would have terrified a Flander's trooper, that they beat Prester John's, and the Pope of Rome's all to sticks, both of whose museums he had visited in his voyagings. At the same time, the flatterer took care to hint at some items which her ladyship, with all her riches, lacked, and which, as he mysteriously suggested, he might possibly, with some superhuman exertions, procure for her.

He had a tongue which might wile a bird from the tree, and often when curling the frontlets of the august Sourocks, have I laid down the tongs, fairly entranced and carried away by the intoxication of his narrations!

The yeast worked as favourably as the brewer could hope or expect! Every day did the antiquated dowager get fonder of her suitor;—and ere long the gossips of Dreedaily (for we are cursed with our own share of such vermin) began to predicate the very day on which the minister would get a job in the conjunction of the parties.

It is incumbent upon me, at this point, to certify the ignorant in such matters, that one of the rarest things under the wide canopy of heaven is a tom tortoise-shell cat. Indeed, so much is it prized and sought after that, unless historians are the more deceitful, kings have been known to barter their dominions for one, and, after all, chuckle in their sleeves,

under a conviction that they had taken in, or done for the venders.

This being premised, it so happened that as the captain and his venerable sweetheart (for such in reality was now the dame) were sitting billing and cooing over a cup of green tea, her ladyship heaved a deep and expressive sigh. "Oh, Gehazie!" she exclaimed, many's the grand sight ye have seen (he had been enlarging upon Mahomet's Coffin, and the Roc of Sinbad the Sailor)—but have ye ever in the course of your travels fallen in with a tom tortoise-shell cat? Oh, what a proud and happy woman it would make me, if I could only become the possessor of such a priceless treasure! It would render my collection absolutely peerless, and cause the heart of Dr. Mucklekyte to break with sheer envy!"

Mr. McLoon did not say much on the subject, at that sederunt, but his eyes glanced and twinkled with an expression of cunning and exultation, and he seemed to be anxiously revolving some deep matter in his mind. He took his leave by times, and early next morning, when he called to pay his respects, he presented her ladyship with a fine, full-grown young cat, of the sex and colour which she so sorely coveted.

This, of course, was irresistible! What greater proof of affection could mortal man give? He struck whilst the iron was hot—made his proposals in due and regular form—was accepted—and an early day was fixed for the nuptials, the space being abbreviated in consequence of the captain's lack of time.

Was not the dowager Lady Sourocks a proud and happy woman? She seemed to tread upon the air, and if the king had met with her, the chances are great that she would not have condescended to call him cousin! So mighty was the ecstasy of her delectation that she appeared to think little about the change of condition which she was so soon to undergo. The idea of the *marrowless* cat was so extensive and absorbing that it occupied every nook and cranny of her brain, to the exclusion of every meaner concern!

I need hardly say, that, as a matter of course, her ladyship could not keep her good fortune to herself. Without loss of time she

despatched a herald to the *manse* (or parsonage, as Englishmen call it), summoning Doctor Mucklekyte to his "*faur hours*," or tea, as there was something extra wonderful to be submitted to his inspection!

The minister promised attendance, and religiously kept his promise, though it was Saturday night, and he had not written more than the twentieth head of his Sunday's forenoon discourse! Over he came at the appointed hour, and sat himself down, as usual, in the big elbow chair. The doctor had acquired a prescriptive right to this ease-engendering lounge, more by token that no other seat in the mansion would have accommodated his outrageous and unsurpassed bulk!

Justice having been done to the *scandal broth*, (as Sir Walter Scott styles it), and the paraphernalia of the tea-table removed, Lady Sourocks, who disdained the modern frivolity of bells, blew a silver whistle, and directed her right-hand woman, Betty Bachles, to bring in the illustrious, and never-enough-to-be-appreciated grimalkin! "You will find it," she said, "on my Indian shawl, upon the top of the spare bed, and, as you value your life, don't toozle or disturb the precious angel. I would not have a hair of it ruffled for a French King's ransom!"

Betty departed upon her momentous mission, but in vain did she search for the object of her embassy. There lay the shawl bearing evident marks of recent pressure, but the much cherished cat was no where to be found! Her ladyship soon got an inkling of the alarming aspect which matters had assumed, and rushed about the tenement in a state closely bordering upon distraction! Every corner was searched, and trebly searched, but in vain! The cat—the priceless, neighbourless cat was amissing, and not a clue could be got of her hiding place or fate!

Here was a terrific stramash, as the Highlanders say! Lady Sourocks speedily adjourned into a nervous fit! Betty Bachles stood quaking as white as a bleached dishclout; and the doctor who on the plea of increasing infirmities in general, and the rheumatics in particular, had never abandoned his seat, began a homily touching the distresses of Job!

This was like casting oil upon a bonfire to extinguish the same, and had the effect of

driving the bereaved curiosity-hunter almost into a state of insanity, "Job!" quo he,—she shrieked like a delirious sea gull—"Job, indeed! Na, na, Doctor Mucklekyte, say naething to me o' Job! He nae doubt had his trials and crosses, honest man, but oh! he never, never lost a tam tortoise-shell cat!"

Betty Bachles afterwards certiorated me, that during the transaction of these passages the doctor, though he tried to assume an appearance of sorrow and sympathy yet could not altogether conceal a twinkle of exaltation in his bleared grey eyes. Beyond doubt he was inwardly rejoicing that after all, his rival's collection was to be deprived of what would have thrown his own for ever into the back ground of mediocrity. Alas! for poor human nature!

After some time, when Mass John had exhausted his bead roll of costive comforts he rose to take his leave of the grief-stricken and most dolourous mansion. Hardly, however, had he reached the door, when his ears were riven with a scream, surpassing in bitterness that which ariseth from a ship at the moment of its going to the bottom!

"Oh, Doctor Mucklekyte! Doctor Mucklekyte!" yelled forth the seemingly demented dowager—"What's this that I see! Oh that I should have been spared to behold such a sight!"

Stupified and confounded by the unearthly din, the minister turned back. His eye, instinctively fell upon the chair which he had so lately occupied, and then the withering truth lay revealed in all its naked horrors! He saw—and his seething brain whirled round at the sight—he saw the miserable martyr of a cat lying on the seat, cold, and stiff, and dead, crushed flat as a paving stone or a pan cake!

Self-revealed was the mystery! The miserable quadruped had wandered into the parlor—fallen asleep upon the fatal arm-chair, and in a twinkling, before it could either squeak or squeel had been bereft of life by the unconscious doctor! Beneath his Titanic ponderosity even a bull-dog, would to a physical certainty, have been constrained to yield up the ghost!

But who can describe the innocent cause of all this mighty ruin? Not Peter Powhead, for one! Suffice it to say that as soon as the



poor Doctor could command, to a certain extent his wandering and staggering wits he made a rush to the door—ran home as if the next year's stipend depended on his speed—and never drew breath till he had denned himself in the deepest recesses of his study.

Like the ancient Grecian painter, of whom I have heard Mr. Paumy discourse, I draw a veil over the sharp pangs of the doubly widowed Lady Sourocks. Imagine, gentle reader every thing that is gloomy and heart-rending, and then double the dose, and you may come to have some faint idea of her sufferings!

After the first whirlwind of her grief had subsided, her ladyship dispatched forthwith a letter to a cunning artificer in Glasgow, requiring him to come forthwith, and embalm the remains of the murdered cat. These were, in the interim, placed upon the roof of an out-house, the speedy progress of corruption (it being the middle of summer) forbidding any detention within doors.

Notwithstanding of the tragedy above related, the preparations for the nuptials proceeded as formerly agreed upon. The captain, as I stated above, had a peculiarly enticing tongue—and he promised to bring home another cat of the same breed, which his friend the Emperor of China possessed, and which, he said His Majesty would doubtless bestow upon him, if applied to.

The important morning came round at last, like other ordinary days. Mr. McLoon was to call about noon with the best man, to claim his bride, and her ladyship was in a perfect even-down stew in adorning and beautifying her person for the solemn and awful ceremonial.

As she was meditatively standing, after the completion of her busking, at a window which overlooked the lair where the doomed cat lay in the purrless sleep of mortality, she thought that she discovered an incomprehensible change in its appearance. Not a word did she whisper to any one, but grasping a pair of tongs, glided softly out of the house, and made a careful *post mortem* examination of the corpse.

What a discovery did she make of the craft and villainy of the Judas, who had managed to gain her mature affections!

The cat was no longer of a tortoise-shell

hue, but the bulk thereof presented a dirty grey, and streams as of melted paint, ran all around the neighbourhood. To make sure of the matron's purse and hand, the graceless imposter had coloured a common *baudrons* in imitation of the rarity, and a heavy shower of rain falling shortly after the exposure thereof, had revealed the coat of paint, and the captain's coat of hypocritical darkness, at one and the same time!

Being a considerate woman and prudent, instead of proclaiming the discovery she lifted the tell-tale body into her apron, and regaining her chamber, quietly there awaited the coming of the blushless, fortune-hunting traitor.

Punctual to a minute he made his appearance, marching up the Main street with his white top boots and gold laced coat as proud like as the grand master of the turkey-cocks!—He knocked majestically at the outer door with the air of a man having authority, looking grandly on the convocation of women and children who stood at the bottom of the stair, admiring his pomp and bravery! The Duke of Wellington when he got a sight of Boney's back at Waterloo could not have exulted more than did Gehazie McLoon at that eventful epoch of his existence!

Slowly did the door open upon its massive hinges, but instead of the captain receiving his bashful (rouge) blooming bride, he got the defunct cat, rank as it was with filth and corruption dashed about his ears! And in place of "my brave sweetheart" and so forth, the gentlest word he obtained was, "ill-looking thief," and "unhanged deceitful catteran!"

To cut a long story short, the school boys, who had begged a holyday to see the company at the wedding, got word of the transaction, and executed summary justice upon the delinquent. They pelted the poor detected vagabond out of the town with rotten eggs, and never more was he seen within the bounds of the royal burgh of Dreedpdaily!

And so endeth the chronicle of the Dowager Lady Sourocks' second and last wooing!

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THE THRONE OF THE GREAT MOGUL.—The Mogul empire has ever been proverbial for its splendour. At one time, the throne of its chief was estimated at £4,000,000 sterling—the value being chiefly made up of diamonds and other jewels, received in gifts during a long succession of ages.

## SONGS AND BALLADS,

BY A BACKWOODSMAN.

## No. III.

## THE CANTY CADGER.

GEORGE TURNBULL, better known in the head of Liddlesdale and Jed Forest, as the Canty Cadger, or galloping Eggman, is the individual whose love is chronicled in the following verses. His father and grandfather, by the mother side, were both Cadgers; and Geordie, who had lived from a child with his old maternal relative, followed the same occupation. It was at Swinnie Toll-gate, three miles west of Jedburgh, where he used so oft to "come jingling in" on the market night, Tuesday, and was aye made so welcome by the Toll-keepers bonnie daughter. I can recollect, well, frequently seeing him and his grey mare, early on the Wednesday morning, just going out of sight at Swinnie dyke nook at the gallop. Unfortunately the upshot of so much love was a young Cadger. But Geordie was honourable—if he did what was wrong he also did what was right—put a stop to the gossip of the half of the parish, and made her "an honest woman," after all. They were living thirty years ago, and for aught I know may be living still, at the Blackleemouth, a little above the wears on Roule water, in the very cottage where old George Edomson, a Norian of excentric memory, had first settled and lived for nearly a century before them.—"Bonnie Hobbie Elliot," the fine old Border Air, to which these verses were written, is mentioned somewhere by Scott, and was a great favorite in my young days. I have frequently known the dounce guidman to order the parlor door to be set ajar, so that he might hear it more distinctly when sung by the maiden at her wheel on a winter's evening. The following verse, with the chorus, is all that I recollect now of the old Song :

My Peggy can bake my bread;  
My Peggy can brew my ale;  
And if I was ever sae sick,  
My Peggy wad make me hale.

Bonnie Hobbie Elliot,  
Cannie Hobbie now,  
Bonnie Hobbie Elliot,  
He lives at Unthanke knowe.

O weels me on the cadger,  
He's aye sae fu' o' his glee,  
O' a' the lads that ca' here  
The cadger's the man for me.

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The cadger can cuddle and kiss,  
The cadger can dance and sing,  
And there's nane atween Liddle and this  
But the canty cadger can ding.  
O weels me on the cadger, &c.

Whenever I hear but his whistle,  
Or stoulins he g'ies me a clap,  
My heart gets in siccan a bustle,  
It's like to loup into my lap.  
O weels me on the cadger, &c.

Yestreen, when Kirk Yetholm and mair  
At the bridal were a' in their braws,  
He dawted and danced wi' me there  
Till I didna ken weel where I was.  
O weels me on the cadger, &c.

I'm plagued to dethe wi' my mither—  
Aye rhyming away "will ye spin,"  
But my wheel gangs as light as a feather  
When Geordie comes jingling in.  
O weels me on the cadger, &c.

My tittle she's everly jeering,  
My father does naething but flyte,  
I greet when I'm out of their hearing,  
And wish so for Tuesday's night.  
O weels me on the cadger, &c.

My blessings upon his grey yaud,  
The yaud but and the creel,  
And mickle braw luck to the lad  
That's tousled me off sae weel.  
O weels me on the cadger,  
He's aye sae fu' o' his glee,  
O' a' the lads that ca' here  
The cadger's the man for me.

DRUDGERY OF PANTOMIME PERFORMERS.—The leading actors are seldom or never employed in the pantomime. They consider it *infra dig*, and secure exemption by a clause in their letters of engagement. The business is discharged by the second rates, and *utility* men. The latter are worked like galley-slaves; I have often marvelled how they got through the duties which belong to their position. They represent on the average four characters in the opening, with treble that number in the comic-sequel, a change of dress for each. Young aspirants for honours histrionic, who are tired of their indentures, and have souls for poetry, figure to themselves the stage as a nice, jolly, easy, idle life. I would advise them to begin at the beginning, and enlist as utilitarians for the run of a pantomime. There is nothing like experience for cooling down enthusiasm. Long before their term of service has expired they will petition for dismissal, or use interest for an immediate exchange into the comparative comfort and indulgence of the House of Correction.—*Dublin University Magazine*.



## OCCASIONAL SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF THE BLINKS'.

## No. I.

A CHAPTER RELATING TO THE BLINKS FAMILY, AND MORE PARTICULARLY TO ITS PRESENT RESPECTED HEAD—RAMBLING, INTRODUCTORY, AND A LITTLE BIOGRAPHICAL.

MR. JOHN BLINKS was a good, honest, respectable and comfortable sort of a man, who had started light in the race of life; carrying little or nothing in those artificial cavities, the pockets, which serve much the same purpose in man, as the pouch of the monkey and extra stomach of the camel do in those other varieties of mammiferous animals.

The race of life, however, differs from all other races in this important particular—that light weight by no means increases speed—and to be what is commonly called a “fast man,” it becomes essentially necessary that he should be well, that is, heavily backed—the more heavily the better; and strange to say, the more of this kind of weight he carries, the more he seems to be in need of ballast.

In Mr. John Blinks, as I said before, these convenient appurtenances were at the commencement of his journey, in a collapsed, shrunken and empty condition—and if the naked truth must be told, the natural cavities of the body, which were evidently intended by nature to contain something, as she has made nothing in vain, were in not much better condition. “What!” says one, “were his stomach and his pockets equally empty?” Alas! poor fellow, it was even so, for being the second of ten boys, his father, who for the trifling duty of curing the souls of three or four thousand parishioners in a rural district in the south of England, received for emolument something less than half of the salary of my Lord Cutaway’s *valet de chambre*; was not always able, notwithstanding, the active economy of a bustling little wife, to spread so ample a board as the actual necessities of a growing family required.

Now John was emphatically a sturdy chip of an old English oak block, which means, I suppose, that he was sound at heart, though vegetating on little better than a barren rock. A soil, if so it may be called, which not unfrequently yields the toughest and most durable timber; and though not blest at the period of which I speak with the most acute perceptions—he had still a very tolerable share of what this world, ever dealing in the strongest contradictions, calls from its rarity common sense.

John had now attained the age of fifteen, and a perpendicular altitude of five feet four inches, and lying on his back one clear, calm, cloudless day, in the neighbourhood of a friendly hedge, looking up into the unfathomable sky, a position he was fond of assuming

when in a thoughtful mood—it seemed so to expand his soul, and clear his mind from the dust and rust of plodding every day matters, as a plunge in the clear blue ocean refreshes and invigorates the physical frame. The idea suddenly seemed to strike him that this kind of thing was not going to do. He was getting too old to be much longer dependent upon a father whose small means were already overtaxed. Sooner or later he must grapple with the world for himself, fighting in the ranks as a foot soldier, he must now advance with the column or he would be thrown down, marched over and trodden under foot. Man is a progressive animal, and already in the generous spirit of budding manhood he felt himself a man, his breast expanded at the thought, he did not believe the journey of life so rough as had been represented to him, he felt within him a latent energy which could scale mountains, or dare the dangers of the untrodden deep, and ere he sprang from the ground, his resolution was taken, and he who but an hour ago had lain down a boy, rose from the earth a man.

Of how much do we not feel ourselves capable at such an age, and why not? Is it not so in every phase of nature? It is the young bee, inexperienced though he may seem, that fabricates the purest honey;—the young shoots, and not the scathed and time-worn branches that yield the fairest and most perfect fruit. We all probably enter upon life forewarned, and therefore forearmed to meet its trials, we are ready and able enough to scale its cloud-topped mountains, but we stumble over the first mole-hill in our path—and, from every fall, rise dispirited and with the loss of much of that confidence which was our greatest strength. The gigantic difficulties we were to encounter and grapple with like Titans, seem never to come within reach of our arm—but the lapse of a few short years finds us broken down, disheartened, dismayed and perishing, like a lion stung to death by gnats, amidst the pressure of innumerable ills of so petty a nature, that they would excite in us only a smile of scorn, had we been left but a tithe of the glowing energy with which we first bounded forward to encounter them. Could we but meet the ills of life drawn up in array for pitched battle at such a time. Who would not fight manfully to the last gasp against any odds? and—

“As victor exult, or in death be laid low,  
With his back to the field and his feet to the foe.”

But this is not our destiny. We are fighting in an enemy’s country, whose policy it is not to expose himself to the first flush of our ardour; though the adverse powers never oppose themselves in any great force. Yet are they never altogether absent, we are harassed continually in front, flank and rear, until fairly worn out and exhausted with marching, counter-marching and innumerable

small reverses—too contemptible to be taken individually into consideration, we are ready at the first new alarm to throw down our arms, and yield us up prisoners to a mere handful of the foe.

John straightway returned home, and astonished his father by stating broadly the result of his cogitations,—adding, "If the world is, as Antonio says,

'A stage where every man must play his part;'

then it is time I began to play mine. Life is short, and the world is wide. It must find room for me. I will no longer under any consideration be a burthen and expense to you and my mother. The world may be a hard nut to open, but if there is anything in it, it shall yield me my share of the kernel."

It was in vain that the worthy old pastor impressed upon his mind the impracticability of his scheme, he maintained stoutly that "nothing is impossible to him that believeth," and he had no want of faith. Was not history full of examples of the unconquerable force of the human mind when directed by energy and perseverance? Did not Thomas Guy, the lighterman's son, begin the world penniless and die possessed of half a million? And do not the Tamworth Almshouses, Christ's Hospital, and the yet more celebrated one in Southwark which bears his name, yet stand to commemorate the fact? And have not hundreds of others fought the battle of life single handed with equal success? Impracticable! Pshaw! every thing was impossible till it was accomplished. Columbus' egg was a case in point; nature, he argued, was full of mysteries, which it was the business of man to unravel, and things that now are regarded as commonplace matters of course, were absolute impossibilities a few centuries ago.

As if to establish satisfactorily, at least to his own mind, the truth of his arguments; he succeeded in a short time in overruling by his honest and earnest manner the cautious advice of his father, and the, yet harder to overcome, tearful dissuasions of his mother, and one sunrise saw him with all his worldly possessions appended to a stout cudgel over his shoulder, bidding adieu to the home of his childhood, and stepping out manfully for the nearest seaport town, with the determination of putting himself on board the first ship, no matter what her destination, that would take him for what upon trial he might be worth. "*Aide toi, et le ciel t'aidera*," says the French proverb. John had never heard of it, unless Æsop's waggoner imploring assistance from Hercules could have given him a hint, but in his own mind he had already experienced its meaning.

John's education in consequence of the active duties in which his father was engaged, coupled with his scanty means, had been much neglected; of reading and writing, those two doorways of knowledge, he pos-

sessed the keys, beyond this he had little to boast of; but there were few books in his own language, within his reach, that he had not read, and as is not unfrequently the case with boys who have felt the want of education, he was a tolerably good thinker. To have seen his awkward loutish figure, reclining in the position I have mentioned, beneath the shade of a hedge or tree—a casual observer would have regarded him as the personification of laziness; but such judgment would have been as false as the superficial judgments of the world usually are. There was an engine at work within that apparently inanimate form—and a certain amount which was represented by the knowledge he had picked up from various sources, was then and there being multiplied by reflection—any small facts which nature offered as he went along being added in to make up the sum total. By this process of mental arithmetic he had long since arrived at the conclusion, that the greatest mechanical power which the world has produced, could never equal the effects of the steady continuous application of the smallest means. The slow development of the oak from the acorn had not escaped him—nor the smooth and silent action of the rill which had worn itself a passage through the granite rock. "Rome" thought he, "was not built in a day," but time hath conquered even Rome, the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong; and nature upon all sides proclaims this truth, that perseverance is strength. What is the power of the minute coral insect when compared to that of the mighty ocean in its wrath? Yet this insignificant adversary is daily robbing the sea of its dominions—and ocean recoils foaming before it. Many a fertile island, the work of this frail architect, now waves its blooming verdure—where once the storm-tost mariner foundered amid the waters and sounded their depths in vain!

It was with the full intention to go and do likewise, so far as the power in him lay, that John now,

"Like the nautilus shell on the fathomless sea,"

steered boldly forth into the world. It was his first voyage out of sight of home—but he was honest, resolute, hopeful and courageous—all which qualities are indispensable in a journey attended by so many dangers;—and long ere time had

"Sent with pallid ray,  
Streams of cold, untimely gray,  
Through the locks whose burnished hue  
Had but seen of years a few."

Honesty, resolution and courage, had won their reward. Rich, he was not, yet; but he had enough, and to spare—and this, in his opinion, was wealth.

The nature of John Blinks, however, was not one to enjoy the favours of fortune alone—and in verification of the proverb—"Where goods increase, they are increased which eat



them,"—he about this time took it into his head to marry—"to have some one," as he has since expressed it to me in the words of a favourite poet, (for John, while gathering the fruit of the garden, was not unmindful of the flowers,)

"To cheer his sickness—watch his health—  
Partake—but never waste his wealth—  
Or stand with smiles un murmuring by,  
And lighten half his poverty."

The person who was distinguished by having this honour conferred upon her (and let me tell you that the gift of half such a heart as his was an honour that the highest in the land might have been proud of), was the only daughter of a Mr. Percival, a gentleman of decayed fortune, whose acquaintance he had picked up during a short sojourn at Monte-Video, where he had gone as supercargo. John had carried his principles with him fairly through life—did nothing in a hurry, except occasional acts of charity, of which the world, who considered him a close, cautious man, knew nothing; but having once made up his mind upon any subject, it became from that time as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. It was owing to this peculiar idiosyncrasy that his matrimonial operations were conducted in a different manner to that commonly pursued by men who are getting up in the world. It did not take him long to satisfy himself that in Jane Percival he had found one of those rare specimens, who, though cast in Nature's fairest mould, presented her least attractive side to the outward gaze. Much as you might be struck by her first appearance, which was singularly beautiful, this, which might be called the bloom upon the rose, was lost sight of when a more intimate acquaintance revealed what, to follow up the comparison, might be called the fragrance of the flower—the genuine and sterling qualities of her mind.

John, however, was in no hurry. The idea of marriage had not presented itself to him, before, as one requiring his own personal consideration. Love had never knocked at the door, or, if he had, he had found the occupant so much engaged with other concerns that he had no time nor inclination to let in so troublesome a visitor. But now he would be denied no more—and his knocks were so loud and frequent that John felt he must give him a hearing at last; and who that ever yielded so much to the imp, but has found his concessions met by yet more unreasonable demands?

Such, however, was the experience of our friend. For though he had now sailed on his return voyage, the mischievous urchin, whose acquaintance he had made, would give him no rest. There was no end to the tricks he played him: and even his sleep, which before had been tranquil as that of a child, was now, through his machinations, continually troubled (or, fair reader, blest, if you prefer it), by vis-

ions of the lady of Monte-Video in desperate positions—either drowning, burning, being rudely assaulted, or some other equally terrible alternative, from which nothing but the most violent efforts of Mr. John Blinks could rescue her.

All men of genius have their peculiarities and favourite positions for indulging in meditation. Calvin thought best in bed; Cujas when laid at full length upon the carpet; Camoëns amidst the tramp of charging squadrons; Corneille with bandaged eyes, writhing upon a sofa. That of John may, perhaps, be remembered; and though far from the sunny fields of merry England, was there no other place in which he could indulge his humour? Happy thought! The upper poop deck was a quiet, retired spot; the crossjack was as good for all practical purposes as a hedge; and, no sooner said than done, he was up—aye, and down upon his spinal processes ere his eye had lost its momentary glance of exultation. It was long since he had enjoyed such a refreshing reverie—even Time for a moment seemed to be arrested, and the past, the present and the future, were arraigned before him, as they shall hereafter stand in the endless *now* of eternity. Who can tell over what weary wastes of land and ocean, thought, that electric spark of the mind ranged instantaneously, as some new feature of the case under consideration required the presence of the various parties interested at the conference. Swift as was the arrowy course of the shoal of porpoises which played about the ship, as though she rested stationary upon the waters, crossing and recrossing her course, curvetting and leaping; now, a thousand fathoms deep beneath the clear blue sea, now tossing the whole length of their shining bodies aloft into the sun's rays, glittering like gems and gold. What though their speed had rivalled that of the storm-driven cloud, was it, when compared to that subtle movement of the mind? Surely a type of its immortality. Space, it hath already annihilated. But Time is yet to be overcome.

After long study and reflection, John arrived at the conclusion that it would be prudent to marry. "I am not yet rich," said he, "but I can already see that the road I am travelling leads to competence, and I have travelled towards it too long to be mistaken." It never for a moment entered his thoughts to consider what the weight of the lady's dowry might be; he had never been accustomed to make bargains in that way; and, I am satisfied from what I know of him, that even when surrounded by the greatest difficulties, he would have spurned contemptuously any amount of gold that might have been offered him in compensation for marrying a woman he did not love. He despised all such trafficking as a species of dishonest barter, in which himself represented the

amount to be paid in consideration; and he would no more have consented to pass himself off for more or less than he was worth, than he would have paid for any merchandise in spurious coin. Poverty in principle and poverty in love, thought he, are the only two poverties to be avoided in marriage; for love which alone can confer happiness in the married state, is a plant that may be nourished by riches, but cannot be begotten by them.

John had practically fathomed the meaning of the word poverty, and understood the right use of money as well as any one. It represented at once his ammunition and commissariat department, for the war which he waged with Time—but beyond this he cared very little for it, thinking, with Bacon, that "riches cannot be called by a better name than the baggage of virtue; for as the baggage is to an army, so is riches to virtue; it cannot be spared nor left behind, but it hindereth the march; yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory."

With riches, beyond what he had daily use for, he as yet knew little; but with poverty he had gone to school, and been on terms of the most intimate acquaintance. He was a rough fellow, and had bullied him a good deal at first, but John was candid enough to own that he had received as much good as evil at his hands; and after grappling with him often, and at length overcoming him, he had learnt to regard him in a different light—and, like a true John Bull, refused ever afterwards to fear an enemy whom he had once conquered.

His mind once made up on the question, he began to wonder within himself that its advantages had never struck him before. He always knew there was something he wanted—a sort of indefinite longing, as if some attraction were being constantly practised towards him, which he could not altogether resist, nor yet quite understand the means of complying with. It was as clear as the noon-day sun to him now: the fountain had burst its bounds, and flowed as naturally to the ocean of its destiny as any other mountain torrent rushes to the sea. And no two tributary streams ever mingled their clear waters to form one river, in more indivisible unity, than he felt in the beautiful language of Scripture, that "they twain would be one flesh." Nevertheless, he was to all appearance as cool as a cucumber, for he was not a man to be carried madly away by anybody or anything. The passions, he used to say, are either good or evil in exact proportion to the rank which they occupy in the kingdom of the mind. If they are subservient, then are we masters, and enjoy all the advantages to be derived from their ready participation in our desires. If they are masters, then are we slaves, and subject to all the heartburn-

ings and ignominious conditions which slavery imposes.

In leaving John to his soliloquy, the reader will not be surprised to hear that he soon found his way back to Monte-Video; he arrived there most opportunely, for Jane's father had died, and the young and delicately-nurtured girl, left to her own resources, was just making her first actual acquaintance with a cold and selfish world. Her unprotected condition left her exposed to the worst evils, and her hitherto sunny life had already been darkened by the petty annoyances to which her position rendered her peculiarly obnoxious. John, when he sailed from Monte-Video, had said nothing definite about ever returning thither again; but Jane, by that quick intuitive perception which women so eminently possess in matters of the heart, had read, to a certain extent, his feelings almost before he had rightly construed them himself. His return, therefore, though nothing could have been more in accordance with her own wishes, did not appear to astonish her so much as John had expected.

During his short stay upon this second occasion, he outraged all preconceived notions of his being a quiet commercial gentleman; embroiled himself with many of the young men of the city, one of whom, an erratic disciple of Esculapius, he had incontinently kicked out of the window, for some real or fancied impertinence to his innamorata, whereby, to use that worthy's own words, the glutei muscles and tubera ischii were so seriously injured, that he was unable to present himself comfortably on horseback for a week. And the probability is, that had he remained much longer in the vicinity, this aspiring anatomist would have been attempting to probe his pericardium with a rapier, or trying the physiological effects of metallic lead in doses of half an ounce. Matters, however, were soon satisfactorily arranged, and John sailed again for England with a tolerable cargo of hides and tallow, and a wife.

Now that we have fairly lodged him in the arms of his lady-love, we will bid adieu to him—wishing him, as he deserves, all health, happiness and prosperity, for the space of eighteen years; at the end of which period; viz., at the present time, this first day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two; we find a retired comfortable old gentleman of some forty-five or fifty years of age, resident not very far from Toronto, the Queen City of Western Canada—and generally known at the Post Office as John Blinks, Esq., vulgarly as "old Blinks" in contradistinction to a younger gentleman of that name who, but for a somewhat slighter make, more intellectual forehead, and some trace of his mother's look about the mouth, we might easily mistake at first sight for the John Blinks with whom we are already



acquainted, at the period of his life when this veritable history commences.

Rough old Time hath passed gently over the countenance of old Blinks—a tolerably fair proof that he has been a good, honest sort of a man: a kind of fellow whom even old time would feel a respect for and deal tenderly with accordingly. There was not a wrinkle in his face that was not eloquent of good humour and contentment. None of those seams and furrows which like the ripple-mark indelibly imprinted upon the rock, show where the waves of passion have once rolled; but good, honest, homely wrinkles, which like little wavelets dancing in the sunbeams tell that the deep, clear ocean peacefully slumbering beneath them, is tranquil and at rest.

Fortune, too, had favoured him even beyond his anticipations, probably because he had ever treated the fickle jade cavalierly. She regarded him evidently in the favourable light of an old suitor, of whom she need not be ashamed, and occasionally even yet, glanced complacently upon him—to show that she had not forgotten him. It might have been, too, that he was a different kind of man to those who usually courted her, for John was eminently calculated, had his lot fallen in other circumstances, to have made a scientific man and philosopher—she may have regarded him therefore in the light of an admirer seduced from her older, though, by many considered, more lovely sister science, and have felt an especial interest in him,—owing to this tacit acknowledgement upon his fact, of the superior fascinations of her charms: certain it is—she had treated him more handsomely, than many who had sacrificed themselves soul and body at her shrine, and now when he had ceased to pay her even a show of court, she liked to keep up his jolly acquaintance for the sake of auld lang syne.

But love, the mischievous scamp from whom he had at one time suffered so many torments, had perhaps recompensed him better than either. He seemed indeed to have been so much enchanted by the downright honesty and openness of heart, evinced by the old fellow on his first acquaintance, that he began to feel many twinges of conscience for the tricks he had played him. To make amends therefore, he resolved never to leave him again, lest a worse and more mischievous imp than himself, finding the door of such a goodly house open, should enter and play the devil there.

Blinks had two children, the eldest of whom, a boy, we have barely introduced to the reader; the other was a girl—and four individuals never rendered themselves happy, by the simple family process of each using all endeavours to make the others so, to a greater extent than the family of the Blinks'. Young Blinks possessed all the good abilities of his father, fostered by judicious education. He

had, like his father, a strong bias towards scientific pursuits, and he loved to follow and trace the workings of nature through all her wonderful and instructive paths. They were tastes that the old man delighted to foster, and indeed they had been implanted in his breast mainly through his instrumentality. He remembered how his own youthful yearnings after knowledge had been nipped and blighted by the stern necessity under which he laboured;—but in his son he saw himself young again, and reaped an ample reward for all his own toils and self-denials in the pleasure of thus, in his old age, leading him gently along the flowery paths, which in youth he had been forbidden to tread. Who has not felt the satisfaction and delight of travelling through new and beautiful scenery with one loved companion who can enter into our enthusiastic feelings, and, by their apt appreciation of all that strikes us as most lovely, enhance our own enjoyment of the scene? Such sensations were akin to the feelings of old Blinks, and it would be difficult to say, whether, in those short excursions into the fields of knowledge, the old man or the boy reaped the truer enjoyment. He was rather the friend and companion of his son, than the stern guardian and preceptor. He was one of those rare old men, of whom we can all perhaps recollect an example, with whom even as boys we felt ourselves at home; whom we never met without pleasure, and never parted from without regret. Yet, from whom we always carried something ennobling away, which made us hold ourselves more erect, and feel that we were something more than we had originally thought ourselves: whose words, which furnished food for meditation long after their authors had departed for ever, in many instances still linger like sweet music in our ears, and make us even as we transiently recall them, wiser and better men. I, at least, in the dim past can trace the shadow of such an one, who, when the snows of many winters rested upon his brows, was ever young and joyous with the young; entering into all their tastes and amusements, nay, prompting and directing them at the same time inseparably weaving and blending the most delightful instruction with them, with all the ardour and enthusiasm of a boy. It is a rare talent, possessed indeed by but few, and never to be forgotten by those who have once witnessed its effects.

It is a faculty which without directly imparting instruction by moral precepts and sage counsels, yet fills you with knowledge which it seems to draw from the depths of your own mind. It rather offers a conducting wire by which you be made acquainted with the depths of your own thoughts than supplies you with ideas ready made. It leads you insensibly to think and form conclusions which you adopt as if they came from one whom you implicitly believe; whereas as a tacit assent,

which indeed was all that was wanted to give the chaos a tangible form, is all that you have received. It is like a little furrow made to release the waters of a vast, swollen but land-bound lake, mighty even in rest. It needs but the direction, the first little outlet to be made, the first little impulse to be given, and soon the tiny, rippling rill spreads and widens into a broad and majestic river, whereon navies freighted with the wealth of nations may float to its utmost course.

In our next chapter we propose to treat of the Blinks' at home, and in the mean time

"Wish you all a fair good night,  
With rosy dreams and slumbers light."

### REFLECTIONS.

The woods that graced the rugged steep,  
And flung their branches o'er thy deep,  
Niagara, and seemed to frown  
As on thy surges they looked down—  
No longer unmolested stand,  
But ravished by a wanton hand,  
Their very ashes scarce are found,  
Now mingling with the furrowed ground.  
The "battle oak" which towered on high,  
And long the tempest did defy,  
Now sweeps across the foaming main,  
And ploughs its yielding waves in vain!

But where are they, the warrior band,  
Who called these wilds their fatherland?  
Who through the woods, now swept away,  
In former times were wont to stray;  
To rouse the panther from his lair,  
Or fearless face the shaggy bear,  
And force him from his rocky home  
To perish in the torrent's foam.  
Are they too gone?—And are there none  
To tell their tale?—Alas! not one—  
The echoes from thy sounding shore,  
Seem to reply, they are no more.  
Thy falling spray which bids to wave,  
The brightest verdure o'er their grave,  
In ceaseless tears weeps the decline  
Of those who worshipped at thy shrine.  
The deer which on thy verdure fed,  
Tosses on high his antlered head,  
And swiftly bounding o'er the earth,  
He leaves the heights that gave him birth,  
And seeks in some far distant wood,  
Far from thy falls, his flowery food.

Land of the west, the wild and rude,  
Nature's last mighty solitude,  
Ere the far rolling billows bore  
The bold Italian to thy shore,

Thy glorious inland waters rolled  
Majestically, uncontrolled,  
In solitary grandeur free  
Far westward from the wide prairie,  
To meet and mingle with the sea!  
And o'er thy free unfurrowed sod,  
The upright, dauntless native trod,  
He whom his conquerors have styled  
The savage of the western wild:  
Then Erie on thy stormy breast,  
Nought heavier than the sea-bird pressed—  
Save when the Indians' light canoe,  
O'er thy clear depths as lightly flew;  
Or when from out the woods profound,  
The wolf's long howl re-echoed round;  
And bursting from his covert near,  
Parted thy waves the panting deer.  
Not there as now, before the gale,  
The graceful bark let loose her sail;  
No gallant steamer dashed the spray,  
Triumphant from her bows away:  
But rolling surges like the steed  
Unbroken, coursed with fiery speed,  
Till checked at last, with sullen roar,  
They fell in foam upon the shore.

Here then indeed was solitude,  
Where man but rarely did intrude;  
The joyous earth with many a fold,  
Her varied garment round her rolled.  
Here rose in lofty majesty,  
The forests' queen, the "tulip tree;"  
While gloriously around her played,  
The huge "blackwalnuts" waving shade;  
And from its hoary, branching head,  
The creeping moss descending spread,  
Till through the tresses soft and green,  
Its rugged bole can scarce be seen.  
So have we seen in distant land,  
The ivy lay her trembling hand  
On some old tower, and kindly spread  
Soft mantle o'er its shattered head,  
As if to shelter from the storm  
The remnant of that noble form,  
To which it clung in ages past  
For stay, against the wintry blast.

There, too, in towering grandeur stood,  
That ancient warrior of the wood,  
The "hickory" whose coat of mail,  
The keenest axe may scarce assail;  
Yet even to its scaly breast,  
The vine depending, clung for rest,  
And circled round its giant stem,  
In many a leafy diadem.  
The "oak" and "maple" side by side,  
Flung to the sky their branches wide;



While graceful "birch" and "hemlock" green,  
Filled up the intervals between.

And flowers—oh! what hosts of flowers,  
Bloomed at their feet in summer hours:  
Of every form and every hue,  
"Turk's cap" and "lady's slipper" too;  
And bee-like "orchis" and more scant,  
Beside the stream the pitcher plant;  
And down the swaley forest glade,  
Now flashing bright, now lost in shade,  
The gay "lobelia's" crimson dye,  
And violets blue as the sky,  
With many a nameless flower, there,  
Then lent a sweetness to the air.

Here, where the sun his ardent ray  
Shot from the zenith at mid-day;  
The feathered tribe, a gorgeous race,  
Fled for a shady resting place.  
Amidst the overarching green  
The "scarlet tanager" was seen;  
And there, sweet harbinger of spring,  
The "blue-bird" glanced on azure wing.  
High up in plumes of orange drest,  
The oriole hung her pensive nest;  
While woodpeckers, a noisy train,  
Hammered away with might and main;  
And tiny humming-birds, so small  
An acorn would have held them all,  
Contending fiercely might you see,  
With some pugnacious humble-bee.

Such scenes by day gave glad delight,  
Yet scarce less lovely was the night:  
For there the pale moon's quiet beam,  
In silver traced the forest stream;  
And on the heaving lake did rest,  
Like lover, on his lady's breast:  
While through the dark umbrageous shade,  
The intermitting fire-fly played,  
And downy moths, that silent fly,  
Like spirits of the dead, went by.

Thus nature gloried as when young;  
And did not nature find a tongue?  
Aye—for such seasons short delay—  
For night, for morning, and mid-day.

Soon as the pine-top did disclose  
The mellow light as morn arose,  
From lowly bush and lofty "plane,"  
Pealed forth the "robin's" cheerful strain;  
The woodpecker his work began,  
The lively squirrel nimbly ran,  
And echo clearly did prolong  
The merry mock-birds changeful song.  
The doe upstarted from her lair,

Shook the bright dew-drops from her hair,  
And bleating led the graceful fawn,  
To brouse in the refreshing morn.  
All tuneful nature then did raise  
A matin song of thanks and praise;  
Even the "chipmunk" tried to speak,  
And startled, gave a startling shriek:  
But noon's soft hour bids them rest,  
In silence by the heat oppressed;  
Save muffled sounds that fitful come,  
From where the partridge beats his drum,  
And through the arches far away  
The shrill clang of the noisy jay.

And when the quiet evening hour,  
Had closed the eyes of many a flower,  
The "whip-poor-will" with ceaseless cry,  
Sang to the moon his lullaby;  
While from the marshes damp and dim,  
The frogs sent up their evening hymn,  
And lonely owls like ghosts did stray,  
Pealing the mournful dirge of day.  
Yea—darkness and the drenching shower,  
To drown her voices hath no power:  
For then the "midnight warbler's" song,  
From bush to bush was borne along,  
As if it sang in cheerful strain,  
"Bright morning will return again!"

Such wert thou once—but such no more—  
Sweet lake is now thy winding shore:  
Man's wasting footstep hath been there,  
And marred thy beauties soft and fair,  
Invaded with fierce fire thy bowers  
And scorched and withered all thy flowers.  
A war exterminating waged,  
Against thy forests hoar and aged;  
His ruthless axe hath thinned their ranks,  
And now against their naked flanks,  
The hurricane, like charging foe,  
Comes crashing on and lays them low;  
The rotting trunks in heaps are piled,  
Where once the waving cedars smiled:  
And blackened stumps and girdled trees,  
Wave skeleton like in the breeze.

'Tis thy transition period,  
And even here may lead to good;  
Like revolutions though they tread  
At first through anarchy and dread.  
Already the once wooded plain,  
In autumn waves with golden grain—  
Only a scanty crop 'tis true;  
But let us hope—the soil is new,  
And for unnumbered years hath laid  
Unvisited by plough or spade.  
E'en now amidst the orchard green,

The stumps of ancient trees are seen,  
Which flourished ere the billows bore,  
Columbus to the unknown shore:  
And still the wolf with eye of fire  
Lingers unwilling to retire ;  
While in his fold the guarded sheep  
For safety and repose must sleep.  
And on the half reclaimed plain,  
The forest tree springs up again ;  
And wild shrubs mingle strange perfume,  
With the soft peach's roseate bloom.  
Times new and old seem yet to be  
Contending for the mastery.

Long centuries had rolled away,  
And this fair land unconquered lay ;  
Yielding precarious food at best,  
To those who wandered o'er her breast.  
Here nature in her might and pride,  
Man's all-subduing hand defied ;  
And now like rude, neglected child,  
Meets with stern teaching, harsh and wild,  
And struggles long ere she will yield,  
Her forest wealth to deck the field.

But man, her master, makes her feel  
In every limb the torturing steel ;  
Bending her stubborn nature still  
To his unconquerable will.  
The hardy pioneers explore,  
Where never white man stood before :  
Her stately woods before them bow,  
Her breast is ravished by the plough ;  
Her native beauties in their ire,  
Are scorched by desolating fire ;  
Her very streams no longer stray,  
In joyous freedom on their way :  
And now, alas, beneath our eyes,  
A torn disfigured wreck she lies ;  
Borne down by force against her will,  
Yet unsubdued, opposing still.  
Despairing of her freedom, she  
Reclines in sullen apathy.

Such art thou now—and such their fate—  
Whose forest home is desolate ;  
The warrior tribes who once did reign  
Sole monarchs of thy wide domain :  
Their glory gone—their country left—  
Few of the scattered race are left,  
In exile and despair to stray  
O'er rocky islands far away,  
Where Huron wild with sullen roar  
Chafes on the Manitoulin's shore !

For thee, fair land, prophetic eye  
May in the future dark descry

A calmer day, a brighter lot,  
Where such wild strife shall be forgot :  
When peaceful hamlets shall arise,  
And village spires salute the skies,  
And waving grain and fragrant hay  
The labouring rustic's toil repay.  
Then by thy vales and streamlets pure,  
The joyous lamb shall sport secure :  
And cheerful sounds the place supply  
Of the fierce wolf's discordant cry.

But thou, sad race, thy sun's decline,  
Tells of no future light divine.  
Like traveller whose voyage done—  
Like warrior whose meed is won.  
The end is near—one flickering ray  
Is all that yet may cheer thy way,  
And time alas shall not restore  
The star that sets to rise no more !

Oft as the husbandman, his toil  
Pursuing, furrows up the soil ;  
Some relics of the time gone by,  
Arrest awhile his wondering eye :  
The rude stone hatchet, carved with care,  
The flinty arrow-head are there,  
Often in such profusion found,  
As well to mark the battle ground,  
Where tribes, forgot in times unknown,  
Fought for the soil they called their own,  
And mingling with the war-whoop fell,  
Arose the warriors dying yell.

Poor wanderers, whom fire and sword  
And pestilence and faithless word,  
And treachery and trust betrayed,  
Have driven from their native glade,  
Or left beside the mournful wave,  
More enviable lot,—a grave.  
Oft as a child my bosom bled  
As thy dark history I read,  
Recounting all thy virtues o'er,  
But to admire thee more and more ;  
And long for inspiration high,  
To give thee immortality,  
But happier hand than mine must trace,  
The sorrows of thy banished race ;  
And wake for thee in future years,  
Too late regret and fruitless tears.

Oft as beneath the forests' shade,  
In childish listlessness I strayed ;  
Their silence o'er my mind would cast,  
Such sad reflections on the past.  
For the hoar patriarchs of the wood,  
Who side by side had firmly stood,  
For centuries, in phalanx strong,  
Frowned on me as I passed along.



Yet have I mourned, e'en as their child,  
 The ruin of their grandeur wild,  
 And inward tears of anguish shed,  
 When some old warrior bowed his head.  
 Have I not seen the forest land  
 In its primeval glory stand?  
 And heard the first tree crashing fall,  
 To tell the destiny of all?  
 Yea!—and upon earth's mossy breast  
 Where that old oak hath sunk to rest,  
 Have seen the stout and stalwart arm  
 The heart enduring, brave and warm,  
 His race cut short, his meed unwon,  
 Sink ere his work was well begun!  
 For the dark forests bowed in death,  
 Yield in their hate a baleful breath,  
 And as their wasting shadows go,  
 Look withering back upon the foe.

ERRO.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

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DEAR G—, You want to know all about my recent expedition, do you? and you say you long to go out with me to some of our rivers, and I am to tell you all about it!

On Friday last, then, I received from one of those electric eels, a telegraph boy, the following monitory shock, "I leave in to-nights boat, be ready to-morrow," signed John O—, an ally of mine, who was coming all the way from Boston to see what I could do for him by way of "camping out" and "trouting." Immediately on receipt of his message I sent for a calèche and started for Lorette, where after a good deal of palaver about distance, roads, sport, and things necessary and unnecessary, I engaged two Indians to be ready the following afternoon to accompany us as guides to the Rivière Ste. Anne, where we had decided upon going.

On my return to town, the evening was busily devoted to rods, reels, fly book, lines, and all the other numerous requisites for the fisherman's art. Everything was examined carefully and anxiously, lest at some moment of excitement when landing a three pounder, a false piece of gut, an unnoticed crack in the top joint, or a broken wheel in the reel, should send fish and patience to the bottom, both lost for ever! Now, before we start you will like to know what we took with us. First, then, in tackle, I had a good splice-rod, with two tops, landing net, fishing basket, fly book, with about three dozen good flies in it, and materials for more; six casting lines, with lots of spare gut, hooks, silk feathers, &c., a good jack knife, most indispensable of companions; a flask, holding half a bottle of "something," a cigar case with five and twenty "gifts" therein, besides odds and ends filling all my

pockets. My fishing basket held two reels, with spare lines, books, &c. I had also an extra pair of shoes, worsted socks, &c.

John O— arrived in the morning, and our arrangements being concluded, we started about 4, p.m., in a light waggon, placing Charlot on the front seat with his axe sticking out through his "*ceinture*" in the most blood-thirsty style, with his "*couvert*" at his feet we rattled along to Valcartier, where we intended to sleep the first night, Simon, our other Indian having agreed to walk next morning and meet us at Valcartier before we left.

Behold us! at length arrived at the last settlement—no more road—not even a track—and no Simon yet! Here was a "fix," all the prog—all our spare clothes, plaids, rods, baskets, kettles and pans to be packed and carried! However there was no use dallying—Simon *might* not come at all and we had better make a start, so we set to work and made up for ourselves, two very respectable packs, and I experimentally threw mine over my shoulder just to feel the weight,—I not only felt *that*, but I also felt morally convinced that I was in for a very sharp walk, particularly through bush. Whilst busy here at this work some one shouted "here's Simon!" and sure enough he was in sight, striding through the fields at a tremendous pace.

He had left Lorette before 4 o'clock, and when he reached Kerr's, found we were an hour in advance of him, so he had taken to running and had caught up to us after a burst of 18 miles with his pack on his back. We hailed his arrival, in time, as an omen of good luck, and the alacrity with which he instantly set to work and embodied all the paraphernalia into one huge bundle, gave us fresh courage, for that of course rose as our backs were lightened! All ready?—off—after a ten minutes' stop at Clarke's the last settler, to sharpen the axes.

The path through the bush strikes off immediately behind Clarke's house, so we very soon had a taste of what our day's walk was to be like. At first there was an indistinct idea of a track somewhere, lying about in patches here and there, and guiding us down the steep bank of the little Rivière-aux-Pins, but on the other side this soon disappeared and apparently all our Indian friends followed was the line of certain blazed trees, or here and there a broken branch; but now began (and until we again saw Clarke's for days afterwards it still increased,) our wonder and admiration at these Indians,—their sagacity in following the road was surprising, and the speed they kept up marvellous, considering they each carried a pack of 70 or 80 lbs. weight. I should tell you that the band or strap by which hung the back load crossed the top of the Indians' head! In walking the head is much lowered and pushed first, the

bundle following somehow and the legs underneath the bundle slipping along with a quiet and even celerity very surprising to watch and very difficult to keep up with. One hour and a half of this walking brought us to a halting place where there was a *cabane* and a spring of water, here we stopped for a chat and a rest, and first heard of Simon's walk, for he had hardly spoken before, and here discussed plans for the campaign, a biscuit, some brandy and water, and a cigar!

After half an hour's rest, on again through woods, so thick, so wild, the underbrush so luxuriant and so entangled that walking was reduced to a mere scramble, a sort of slippery fight forwards in which the hands were fully as busy as the feet; walking through the woods in this way, in what is called Indian file, the man immediately in front of you springs back every branch he touches across your cheek, or your eye, administering a rap as friendly as unsolicited. John O——, very early in the walk explained that a feeling had "come over him" of an intense desire to see the sky! or a clearing, to be able to see some distance a-head. This is a very curious feeling, almost amounting to longing; but the vast stillness of the woods has, I think, a greater effect on you; not a sound, where the slightest would be echoed far and wide, and this is altogether the most remarkable feature of the woods; they are not very beautiful; the trees are generally small in girth, though tall enough certainly, owing to their being so close together. There are very few flowers of any kind, here and there we saw some glorious ferns, huge umbrella-shaped fellows that I would have liked to carry off; some very beautiful mosses of pretty colors, and some most curious *fungi*, striped in concentric circles, the outer one being invariably of a brilliant white, several of these *fungi* projected from the trees a foot and a half at least. But see, Simon, who is leading, suddenly drops upon one knee, and has his nose close to the bit of earth on which his foot was to have gone. What now?—what does he see?—He gets slowly up, and shoving his chin out, grunts "*Original!*" A moose has recently passed by and left his mark in the mud. J. O——, too, sees one gliding through the trees, and the Indians with eyes starting, and in a state of great excitement, examine more closely and find that a maternal moose has passed the night close by, with her baby moose in charge. Soon after this bit of "life in the woods" we come to stopping place, No. 2, a green bank sloping down to a sluggish looking pool, but oh! such clear, cold water! Here we had another smoke and a chat,—rest and light a fire, which is always the first thing done, to keep off the flies with the smoke, "*boucané les mouches*," as the Indians call it; always sitting to leeward, also, so that the thick black smoke may get down your throat, and up your nose, and

into your ears, and surround you, in fact, so that the flies may prefer, which of course, you would too, fresh, bright clear air.

The walk nearly all day was much the same, one everlasting shoving aside of branches, stepping over roots, going round fallen trees and scrambling over mountain streams on prostrate pine trees. Try this amusement, by-the-bye, and when you can do it quickly you will be secure of an engagement with the first circus you meet, particularly if you grease your tree first of all with *green moss* and *rain*, and your boots with four hours walk over leaves and branches! The walk, too, was now up to the top of a mountain, and then down from it, so that it was delightfully varied by the dread of Simon and his pack just in front of you coming "back again," whilst going up, and crushing you to a pan-cake, or Charlot with his pack performing the same kindness from behind as you descend on the other side.

However, the fisherman's motto "pluck and perseverance" carried us on bravely, so that when Simon informed us that the river was "*pas loin*" (about three miles off) we felt much invigorated, and when after a further good walk, he stated that it was "*bien proche*" (about a mile further) we looked upon ourselves as perfect Barclays, (the pedestrian, not the brewer,) and when standing on the top of, perhaps, the highest mountain yet, he gravely announced "*on arrive*" we thought him certainly the best looking fellow we had seen for a long time, although his notions of distance were what might be called eccentric.

We did arrive, however, for at the foot of that last mountain ran the River, and the first glimpse we had of it amply repaid us for our weary tramp: the last half mile was done in sporting style and pace, and a very few minutes brought us to the *cabane*. Here we threw down our packs and rods, J. O—— and I ran off to the river to have a look;—certainly we were rewarded!—Just at the place where we stood, the stream made a sudden sweep with a beautiful little rapid to the right, and a nice gravelly beach left by the falling water; to the left was a deep, black-looking pool, which, by watching the bubbles we speedily saw, was the eddy from the stream. This was enough. The river made a sharp turn again to the right and went roaring off down another rapid, and the view downwards from this point was most beautiful. The banks rose high on each side into mountain tops; the one to the left took us an hour and a half to get up! clothed every foot of the way down, down into the very water, to the deep green, green foliage; far away down the river, an island, a point, a rock, and finally a sharp turn, varied the outline of the view and rendered that first look of my new acquaintance one to remember his features by for ever!

The silent lonely look of the river was very startling. There it ran, rolling its mighty



waters along in solitary grandeur, without a human eye, save our own, to gaze on and admire its wondrous beauty. As I watched its waves' unceasing flow, I thought—

"Adown the stream of life," how true!  
He spake, who, first, the contrast drew,  
Between the river as it runs,  
And the briefcourse of earth's weak sons.

But here the rapidly repeated strokes of Charlot's axe echoes through the woods, and we returned to the *cabane*, already with a feeling of satisfaction at having conquered the difficulty of getting here. It was then about four, P.M.: so feeling none the worse for the walk, and longing for the first cast into the bosom of the virgin stream, we got our rods in order, put on a few killing flies, and under Simon's guidance, scrambled down again to the water! There's no feeling in all sporting that comes up to that with which you cast your flies for the first time over a water which you know to be full of large trout! Discourse not to me of horses, guns, boats:—Fish!—try it: and if your soul be above that of a parish overseer,—if your blood have the true Waltonian tinge, thank "kind heaven" for a sensation such as you cannot count many of in your life!

O—— took the bank above me, just at the foot of the rapids. I plunged, slap-dash, into the pure element, and thus allowed the goddess of the stream to hold me in her lovely arms, whilst I—but stay—what *was* that? Certainly I saw a large swirl of water behind that tail-fly—is it possible? Could it be a fish? I threw again, far above the yet well-marked rings, and as my flies crossed the magic circle, I again saw the swirl which shews—bang!—a huge bold jump!—and safe I have him! whilst ringing in my ears is the proud exulting cry from O——, "a three pounder, old fellow, for me also!" Thus the sport began, and by steadily fishing forwards, at times nearly up to my waist in water, I managed to fill my basket with some beauties! O——, too, soon cried "enough!—we had better give up, as standing in the water after that long hot walk, is not likely to improve us!" So we fished out and joined our "natives" in making preparations for the night. A large fire, lots of dry logs in readiness, fresh fir branches piled in the *cabane* for our beds, and then a good supper; some trout cooked half alive, in all their speckled pride,—a smoke,—and turn in. We had been horribly bitten by the small black fly—O—— and Simon much worse than I was, for I smoked a good part of the time, besides which, they don't annoy me so much. The Indians advised us to rub ourselves well with grease in the morning, and so, instead of washing, we each seized a good piece of bacon-rind and rubbed the unctuous kalydor all over face and hands, behind ears, and into whiskers—these being the favourite haunts of the little blood-thirsty aborigines—some of them so small as

to be scarcely perceptible, yet leaving a streaming wound after them, and so horribly venomous are they, that their bites swell up two or three days after their attack.

We decided on Simon's advice to walk, in the morning, three miles further on up the River, fish there a day (where there was another *cabane*) whilst the Indians made rafts for us to come down on, fishing *en chemin faisant*! This, therefore, was the order of march, and so we started early enough next morning to reach the upper *cabane* by about 8 o'clock. Here we left the baggage, and then tramped on further to a famous rapid and eddy, where Simon assured us of big fellows! When we reached the spot, and were about to enter the water for the purpose of wading to a little island in the middle stream which commanded the rapid and eddy—we were startled by another grunt from the Indian and "*Un ours!*" where?—*Voilà!*—the mud had a huge fore-paw, as big as a soup-plate, imprinted on it, shewing that Ursa Major had been down for a drink but a very few minutes before us. Pleasant—very!

The practicable place to cross the river here appeared to be at the head of the rapid; so wading round to get a good offing and then embracing each other firmly round the shoulder, we entered the stream, here very rapid and very strong.—I could not but remember those glorious lines of Aytoun's in the *Island of the Scots*:—

"No stay—no pause. With one accord  
They grasped each other's hand,  
And plunged into the angry flood,  
That bold and dauntless band.  
High flew the spray above their heads,  
Yet onward still they bore."

It was a lovely morning, "*temps couvert*," as the Canadians say—cloudy—yet warm and with a gentle breeze—just all that was required to send the flies to any part of the pool. Shall I ever forget the first hour at that spot? Would you had been there! Whenever I threw in my flies, I rose a fish,—that sounds tame enough—yet sufficiently exciting to the Piscator,—but when I say, whenever I threw my flies, I rose a dozen fish, and those two, three and four pounders, and that we landed these glorious fellows two at a time, I may be pardoned for doubting if I shall ever forget it!

The first rush of these fish was something wonderful, our rods never ceased for an instant, and two or three hundred dozen seemed quite within possibility. However, they very soon got a little shy, missing so many companions and wondering at the emigration! so we left off for a while, retreating to a shady corner, and made a fire to keep off the black flies and mosquitoes. Here we made a huge cavern in the raised pie, and topping this off with some liquor, extended ourselves on the grass, and essayed, in emulation with the old log on our fire, to see which could make the most smoke!

I tried the stream at one or two other places,

but found the fish were smaller, and as the pool appeared inexhaustible, we stuck to it manfully—changing the set of flies towards evening so that the fish never discovered that we were the same fellows who had been there all day. About 7, p. m., we felt exhausted, if the river did not, so we were glad to see Simon's head peering through the bushes on the bank opposite,—we hailed him and he crossed the rapid to us—as delighted apparently with our success as we were, exclaiming every minute, “*Les grosses !*” “*Les belles !*” “*Belles pour boucanées !*” &c. We then marched off to the *cabane*—off with wet boots and socks and trousers. Dry dittos adopted—and then ! Such a supper of fried trout and bacon !—Such tea !—Such a smoke round the fire !—Such beds of fresh aromatic fir branches !—some last preparations, and then, such a sleep !—Such hungry, dirty, greasy, unshaven, fly-bitten, fellows next morning !

The early dawn saw us at work with Charlot busy in the woods behind us, chopping for a raft, and we caught some fine fish, not only in the same pool as yesterday, but up and down the stream. Simon started off early to the lower *cabane* with our dry traps, and when he returned about noon, we left off fishing, had a jolly good dinner and soon after two, embarked. This, to my mind, was the most enjoyable day we were out, and the most delightful fishing—we had two rafts, of five logs each, well-tied together, Simon was the *Palinurus* of my craft, and Charlot of O——'s. We stood up, in the colossus of Rhodes attitude, in front of the raft—on it being baskets and other *conveniences*—the Indian at the tail with a long pole, with which he steered or stopped the raft at pleasure :—in this way we descended this lovely river, shooting down several beautiful little rapids and curling round and round at the foot of each, picking up some choice fish in the pools. The river was rather low, so that danger was out of the question, but the pools and eddies were very dark and deep and took careful fishing, for you may be sure I did not feel as firm on my pins as if I had been on land, and it is no joke to play a good sized trout and basket him, whilst your footing is on so very unsteady and slippery a foundation as round, wet, floating logs !

We had several smart showers during this day, and I adopted the postillion dodge of taking off my coat when the rain began and putting it on when the rain was over. I consider this to be a sensible plan and quite equal to a *sitz* bath or a *douche*,—as the dry coat over the damp, made me feel warm as a toast.

O—— got ahead of me in going down the river, and I found him, when I caught up, planted under a shelving bank, where some glorious old trees overhang the water, throwing a deep black shade over the most enticing pool we had yet seen, here he caught some glorious fish, about two dozen, in less than an

hour, all good sized, sporting fish. I escaped from my raft here and waded across the stream, striking the head of a beautiful run between the shelving banks of stone and sand. The first cast across the foot repaid me, and in about a quarter of an hour I landed some of the best fish I had yet taken, one fellow giving me at least ten minutes play, taking three springs out of the water and feeling strong as a horse. The Indians could not understand the idea of playing a fish ; they generally fish with heavy coarse tackle, and one fly, which, by a curious motion of the wrist and elbow they keep in a most extraordinary state of gyration, like no fly ever was seen !

We arrived safely at the first *cabane* which looked like an old acquaintance, and fished till late in the evening, our last at the river, for the Indians had tempted us to try a lake, which they knew of, lying in our path home, at the very summit of a mountain, said to contain some huge fish ; so we considered it would be a good thing to do, and next morning early we bid good-bye to our lovely river, with many vows to visit it again, and with much gratitude towards it for its hospitable treatment of us. The Indians, I had almost forgotten to tell you, had, of course, “*boucanéd*” the trout we had reserved for home consumption ; they had split and cleaned them thoroughly, sprinkled a little salt over them, and then hung them to dry and smoke over the fire which is constantly kept up before the *cabanes*. I can give you no very accurate account of the number of trout we caught ; but four hungry men eat trout four times a day for three days, and we brought home a bark package of trout, about the size of a champagne basket.

Wednesday morning we started for the lake, and reached it about noon ; the walk we thought very little of in returning, though sufficiently laborious and fatiguing ; it was, however, more down-hill than in coming out, and that made it easier.

The lake was the most extraordinary hole-full of water I had ever seen ; appeared to be very deep, and as round as a ball, lying in a very cup, formed by three mountain tops.

As soon as we had reached this place, Simon started off to Clarke's, from which place we were only about two hours' walk, whilst Charlot set to work to make a raft ; O—— and I busying ourselves in getting wood, making a pot of tea, cutting branches for our bed, &c. Charlot very soon made us a good large raft and O—— and I went out to try the lake. We fished round it and round it, and across and back again, and never rose a fish or saw the sign of one ! So a couple of hours dispirited us very much, and made us dreadfully hungry ! We returned to the shore and found that Charlot had knocked up a splendid *cabane* filled with fresh branches, plaids



spread, fire roaring, and every thing betokening comfort! Simon had returned from the settlement with a tin can of milk, a fowl, some fresh butter, and some flour, and we had the best dinner yet! O—— went out again with Charlot after dinner to try the lake, but could not succeed in tempting a single fish out of the depths! This, after the river, was disgusting, so it did not require a wet, gloomy morning and heavy rains, to induce us to start for home. We left the lake about 8, A. M., and reached Clarke's about 10, wet about the legs and feet, but as strong and full of pluck as possible; here, finding that we could not get any cart or horse to carry us to Valcartier, we made ourselves up for a walk, finding the road a mere nothing after our tramp through the bush. The rain cleared off, leaving the air cool and fresh; so invigorated by a draught of milk, we struck out at a slashing pace for the settlements, coming into Valcartier and rousing up the Kerr's, as dirty a pair of hungry fishermen as those diggins ever had the honour of a visit from.

This ended the expedition, of course, for after this it was all easy sailing,—we were carried to Lorette in two farm-carts, and dined there, resting our bones till our faithful Jehu bowled up from town. We paid visits to the houses of our two Indians, and were introduced to their respective Squaws—and had half the population of the place following us about wherever we went.

Now, old fellow, here's a long yarn over,—if ever you could make up your mind to come so far to go through such hard hard-work, you will be amply repaid, I promise you,—and what though Mrs. Kerr did say I was “a perfect show!”—what though O—— could not see next morning,—what though my shins were barked, my hands burned and blistered, my face scratched, my nails split, my clothes torn, and my beauty spoilt—had I not enjoyed myself thoroughly? and will I not go again? aye, that I will, next year, if I live, and I hope you will come with me.—VALE.

## FOREST GLEANINGS.

### No. I.

“A few leaves gathered by the wayside.”

PARTIAL GLIMPSES AT THE COLONY, FROM “FOREST GLEANINGS,” BY THE AUTHOR OF THE BACKWOODS OF CANADA.

Where spades grow bright, and idle swords are dull,  
Where jails are empty, and where barns are full,  
Where church-yards are with frequent feet outworn,  
Law-court yards weedy, silent and forlorn;  
Where doctors foot it, and where farmers ride;  
Where age abounds, and youth is multiplied:  
Where these signs are, they clearly indicate  
A happy people, and well-governed state.

(From the Chinese.)

Most of the signs of national prosperity here enumerated, may be considered as applicable

to our colony. The spirit of industry and improvement is abroad, and the effects are visible on every side: it meets our observing eyes whithersoever we turn them. Walk through the length and breadth of the land, and comfort and prosperity is plainly to be read in the thriving, well-cultivated farms, the overflowing barns, the sunny pastures, or farm-yards, filled with an improved breed of cattle, horses, and sheep. Orchards bending under the weight of fruit, and gardens glowing with gay flowers, have superseded the unsightly waste ground that used to deform the Canadian emigrant's new settlement, with its rough rails and heaps of chips and bark, the leavings of the wood-pile and log-heap. The healthful spirit of industry and independence has done this, and, with God's blessing, has made the “desert to flourish as the rose.”

Let the discontented grumbler pause for an instant, and cast his eyes back to the colony, as it was thirty, nay twenty, years ago, and compare it with its present state of increased wealth and population. Let him look to the increase of the towns and villages,—of the state of their inhabitants. I need hardly point out the many ways in which this is visible—a glance around will be sufficient. Look at the roads—those great avenues of commerce—the bridges, navigable streams, and other means of transport; to the means of enjoying the public worship of our God—(though much is still wanting on this head, in the backwoods, but that, also, will follow,—the harvest truly is plenteous, but even yet the labourers are few,)—our schools. In short, our blessings have been multiplied beyond our most sanguine expectations, and shall we not be thankful to our rulers, and those who are placed in authority over us, and to Him who “openeth his hand and filleth all things living with plenteousness.”

The Irish emigrant can now listen to the reports of famine and misery endured by his unfortunate countrymen, while he looks round upon his own healthy, well-fed family, with a contented and thankful heart—assured that those dear ones are safe from such calamities. He sees his wife and his children clothed with fleeces of his flock, fed by the produce of his own fields, nourished by the milk of his own cattle, and enjoying luxuries of which he hardly knew the name in his days of poverty and dependence; and he feels an honest pride in the consciousness that the comforts which are now within his reach, were won by the toil of his good right hand, nerved by the joyful assurance of a plenteous reward.

The same Irish peasant who came to Canada, bowed down by care and misery, with pale, famine-pinched cheeks, and woe-worn, haggard brow, was among the first to contribute, with cheerful eye and open hand, to

the wants of his starving countrymen at home.

How many of those men who now frequent the churches and chapels, well clothed, and driving their own waggons and sleighs, have described themselves to me as possessing no more than the clothes that barely covered them, when first they set foot on this happy land: they were hungry, naked, and forlorn, —strangers and pilgrims, for whom no man cared: but what of that?—was not this their birthright—their inheritance? They had borne hunger and nakedness, sickness and despair, when they laboured without hope and without that great sustainer of the soul—self-respect. They now needed no selfish agitator—no cry of “repeal”—to tell them that they were men. They put their shoulders to the wheel, and, inspired by hope of future independence, they laboured on, and they were not forsaken by Him who pitieth the poor, and blesseth the hand of the diligent. Should we not be proud of such men, and rejoice in their prosperity, and of the land that has proved a cherishing mother to them? These are the bones and sinews of the land, and in future ages, their sons will be among the best and wealthiest of the possessors of the soil.

The more independent these men become in circumstances, the less offensive is the tone they assume towards those whom they were once taught to consider their superiors,—they know and feel their own weight and standing in the country,—they owe no man anything, and feel within themselves the poet's words—

“A man of independent mind  
Is chief of men for a' that.”

It is among the new-comers—the newly-emancipated from the thrall of poverty and dependence,—that the offensive and insolent tone of manners is the most commonly to be found; who, like freed colts, have not learned how to control their actions, but riot in their newly-acquired freedom. The change is too sudden: but I have generally perceived with these poor people, that if you do not attempt to run a tilt against their newly-conceived notions of equality, they soon drop them, and gradually subside into a more respectful style: like the hedge-hog, they present all their spines, by way of warning to the enemy, but if no attack be made, they walk quietly off.—Those that court the attack, should bear in mind the words of the worthy Antiquary:—

“Hector, man—fool—let alone the phoca!”

Those persons who live in the cities and towns, know little of the ways and means which bring wealth and independence to the humbler class of settlers,—they know almost as little of the domestic economy of the small farmers, as the inhabitants of Great Britain at large do of them.

They do not know how many irons a bush settler has in the fire,—how many resources

he has by which money can be, and is acquired, to assist him in paying for his lot of land, and maintaining his family. Half, nay till within the last few years, the greater part of the flannel and cloth that was worn in the country, was supplied by the looms of the settlers,—many of whose wives and daughters were well versed in its mysteries, and whose means of livelihood it had been, before they crossed the Atlantic.

Who supplies the vast stores of woollen and coarse cotton socks, that you see exposed for sale in the stores?—the hanks of white and coloured yarns,—the woollen mittens and gloves? The women who live in log houses and shanties.

Who makes the axe-handles, ox-bows, and ox-yokes? Who supplies the shingles, that roof our houses,—the oak and hemlock bark that is used by the tanner,—the poles that hoop the barrels,—the staves of which they are made,—the ashes that are consumed in the pot-ash works,—the maple sugar? In short, these, and a hundred other things, are the work of the backwoodsman and his family. So various are the modes that the settler adopts, by which to increase his ways and means, that it ceases to be a matter of surprise that he is soon enabled to set want and poverty at defiance.

And a portion of the hard-earned savings of a family is devoted towards the laudable purpose of paying the passage of relatives, whom they left behind them, in too hopeless a state of destitution to be able, unassisted, to follow them to their new country—the more blessed land of their adoption. But while we applaud the generous spirit that influences the settler, we may sometimes have reason to deplore the consequences. I have myself seen several notable instances in which the poor settlers have had cause to regret their disinterested kindness, having been reduced to absolute poverty by the unprincipled selfishness of their relatives,—arriving upon them like an army of locusts, and devouring their substance, without even rendering them the help that they could have done, in return, by assisting in the labours of the house or fields. Sometimes this conduct has been practiced by persons not destitute of the money necessary for settling themselves on land. An instance of this kind occurred some years ago, when we lived in the backwoods, which excited a general feeling of indignation in the neighbourhood, as it caused the entire ruin of an industrious settler's family.

It was a dark, blustering, rainy afternoon, in the beginning of October, that a party of ten emigrants, consisting of a man, his wife, and her brother, with seven children, boys and girls, of all ages and sizes, from sixteen downwards,—came to our log-house, and demanded, rather than besought, shelter for the night. The party was somewhat formidable in num-



ber, and might have enforced their request if we had attempted to deny it,—but so bad was the weather, and so late the hour, no other shelter but the dark woods being near, that we felt the emergency of the case, and made them welcome, without any remonstrance, to such hospitality as our means afforded. Blankets and buffalo-robos afforded a bed for the females and smaller children, before the kitchen fire, while the men and boys were offered a bed of good hay in the barn. These people were on their way to the shanty of the man's brother, but being unused to the bush roads, they had missed the blazed line that led to his clearing, and were only too well pleased to find rest and a roof to shelter them from the rain and wind and coming darkness of the night. I was somewhat amused by the extravagant notions, that the strangers entertained, on various subjects connected with their new mode of life and country of their adoption. As to the notion of any of the children hiring out, that appeared to excite the utmost indignation and astonishment. Their children did not come to Canada to work,—her dear lambs (as the mother called her great rough boys and girls,) had not come out to work like slaves,—they could but have done *that* in Ireland: but there they had no need for it, and kept servants to work for them. I wisely refrained from expressing my surprise, for I had become familiar with Irish pride during my six years residence in Canada.

“And, pray, Madam, be so good as to tell me what sort of work my boys would have to do, if they *did* hire out?”

I simply enumerated the usual employments of lads on a bush farm.

“Indeed, then, I am sure they will not like such a life as this,” she said, somewhat disdainfully. Pat and Martin, the elder boys, however, did not seem to look upon the hardships of the case quite in so dark a light as the mother, for, to prove their eagerness to rival our boy Job Singer, they caught up a couple of axes and marched gallantly out into the wood-yard, where they chopped away at a stick about the thickness of a man's arm, and soon brought it in, cut into lengths, triumphantly placing the result of their maiden efforts at chopping upon the fire, where they watched it with infinite pride, blazing away till it was consumed. Many a back-log did those brothers chop and roll in upon that hearth, in less than a year after this, their first night's work in the bush.

It was necessary, not only to warm, but to feed these people, and I told the woman to set her daughter to work to wash and prepare potatoes for their supper, as I well knew we had not a sufficiency of bread baked, to supply their wants without this needful auxiliary. At this, the woman looked much discomposed, and said, “though she was tired to death, she would do it herself,” casting, as she spoke a

reproachful glance at my servant girl, who was ironing clothes at the dresser, adding, that her “poor dear lamb had never been put to hard work like that, for when she was without a girl (servant) she did all these things herself,” she then got up and washed the potatoes, and hung on the large tripod herself, because she did not consider it was becoming in her lamb of a girl, a strong big-boned girl of sixteen, to be troubled with such matters, “Biddy has not come to *that yet*” she said, but Biddy did come to that, when the party reached the house, or rather shanty of their relations the next day, they found the man ill with lake fever, the woman and children weak from ague, and things in a very different state to the flourishing accounts that had been written home. Here, however, they remained, to the great disadvantage of the sick family, till they had fairly stripped them of all that they possessed, like the visitation of an army of locusts, they left nothing behind but ruin and desolation, and then, after enduring discomforts of every kind, they bought a farm, for they were by no means destitute of money, and settled down upon it; wisely sending out the elder boys, and the lamb of a girl, to service for the first year. This family are now enjoying every substantial comfort, but they caused the utter ruin of the brother and his family, who never recovered the state of destitution to which he had been reduced by this unlucky visitation.

Deeply interesting to me, are the struggles of the Canadian settler; how manly is the spirit that they exert in battling with the hardships that they have to encounter on their first settlement. How bravely do they bear up, with what a Spartan like spirit do they conceal their miseries from the world. I have listened to many a heart-stirring detail of these first hardships, told by some respectable, decently clad farmer, well to do in the world, till I have been moved almost to tears, and ended exulting that, these brave men met with the reward they so well had earned, yet these men were among those who had been cast off from their native land, homeless, heart-broken exiles, without an object, destitute of hope.

Ireland, of such spirit are thy sons, and yet these things are hidden from thy eyes, and thou knowest them not, when thou drivest them forth from thy unnatural bosom, to seek “the repose which at home they had sighed for in vain.”

#### IMPROMPTU,

ADDRESSED TO AN EDITOR WHO STATED THAT  
BOLONGA SAUSAGES WERE MADE OF THE FLESH  
OF ASSES.

Bolonga sausages are made, you say,  
From donkies' flesh; if so, alas!  
If you should ever to Bolonga stray,  
From thence, in sausage guise, you'll pass!

## THE OLD MAN'S MYSTERY.

A pot of mignonette, a box of convolvuli, and a clean white curtain, shaded, some little time back, a window in the upper part of a house in one of the crowded thoroughfares of Paris; a window which seemed the point of attraction for all the young men, students, shop-boys, and others, who occupied the garrets facing around. But, despite the probability that many of the members of the huge corporation known as Young France might have horticultural tastes, it is certainly not likely that, from six o'clock in the morning until seven, Germain, the grocer's boy, would stand with his head out of his own window, gazing at a pot of mignonette; or that Paul Raquet, the medical student, would smoke his pipe for hours, admiring, meanwhile, the variegated beauty of green, and blue, and white, around the window-frame; or that citizen Froimantel, a well-known devotee of barricades and *émeutes*, would thrust his head, ornamented with a red cap, a huge pair of moustaches, and a Barbes pipe, out of a skylight on a roof of a house, for the mere purpose of catching a distant glimpse of a floating white curtain. No! There must have been some other attraction. So said Madame Ragourdin, the *marchande des quatre saisons*, who occupied the next room, and who often caught sight of these three assiduous watchers. She was wont to declare that it was a pretty, rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed girl, with fair hair and smiling mouth, who every morning appeared in that window, neatly dressed, at the hour of six, and watered her mignonette, and hung out her bird, and then began to bustle about the room and prepare breakfast. About half-past seven, a second face appeared—that of an old man; and a prim old man he was, rather tall, very fallow, close-shaven, with a coat buttoned up to his chin, and a red riband in his button-hole; and this old man would kiss the young girl on both cheeks, and smile at her—rather sadly it is true, but with a smile betokening affection and gratitude. And then he would sit down to his breakfast for just twenty minutes, at the end of which time he would depart, after taking a stick from the corner of room.

At five or six o'clock in the evening—sometimes later—the old man would return, though at times he would stay until midnight, and not even return at all. Generally, however, he did come back to dinner, which his daughter Hélène would have always ready, whether he came or not. In the meantime, she would sew, or read, or play—ay, play, on an old piano that had seen better days, but which served the purpose of the young girl. Hélène and her bird, a linet, sang all day, making cheerful that old room, queerly adorned with odd-looking pictures on the walls about that dreadful manslayer, Bonaparte.

But Hélène Dupuis was a French girl, and she admired these pictures because of their subject, however inferior their workmanship, because her father had been a soldier of Napoleon. What he was now, she could not tell. She knew he was employed in some public office, but she could not exactly tell which; she believed minister of war's, because he often had missives from the war-of-

fice, and many soldiers would call upon him of a morning, sometimes. However this may be, she had every week regularly her fixed sum of money for the *ménage*, and every quarter a certain sum for clothes and any little luxuries she required, while he himself would at times bring her some articles of dress, and anything he thought would please her. He was a very kind father; every moment he could spare was given to her: of an evening he would have her read or play to him, or play a game of *piquet*, while he smoked his pipe—the old soldier's necessary luxury. But if she asked to go for a walk, he bade her go with Carlo, not with him. Carlo was a huge Newfoundland dog whom M. Dupuis had constituted the protector and guardian of his daughter, and who admirably served the purpose.

But M. Dupuis resolutely declined all walks, even on Sunday. He said that his duties gave him walking enough; that when not employed he must have rest; and Hélène, who was a dutiful child, went out alone.

And thus lived M. Dupuis and Hélène Dupuis for some time. They had been seventeen years in that department—ever since Madame Dupuis died suddenly. Hélène had been, until seventeen, at a good school; but at that age she had been withdrawn to attend to her father's household affairs, which Madame Ragourdin had before watched over. Wonderful to relate, there was no enmity between the old and young housekeeper, for the old one showed the young one all those things which were indispensable for her to learn, if she would be a good *ménagère*.

One day Hélène sat at her window. It was very early. Her father had just left her, and had given her his morning kiss as he went out, and she had taken up a skirt of a dress in which she expected to shine at a village *fête*, where, on the following Sunday, she was to go, under the double guardianship of Madame Ragourdin and Carlo.

Presently she raised her eyes and let them fall again, as she noticed some one gazing at her. It was a new admirer, and a very different one from any of the three who were so familiar to her. It was a young man in a clean white blouse, a spotless shirt, a black silk tie, and with a neat smoking-cap on his head. He was very handsome, with a black moustache, and speaking eyes, and looked like one of the superior class of workmen. Hélène kept her eyes fixed on her work for a moment, and then blushed up to her very ears. She knew the face. It was that of a young man whom she had several times seen at a respectful distance, follow her, as if he took interest in her, but who had never ventured to address her. How came he there? How had he happened to select that room, which had been but one day vacant? These were questions which made the young girl's heart beat; for, truth to say, having noticed the handsome workman several times, and his respectful assiduity near her, she had rather taken a liking to him.

She would have given the world to have raised her eyes to him again, just to see if he were really looking, but somehow or other she did not dare, until presently she heard voices, and then she cautiously peeped, and saw the handsome stranger in earnest conference with two other workmen,



and then he actually bowed slightly and closed the window.

He had bowed. Here for an inexperienced girl of nineteen, rather learned in novels,—and French novels in general are the worst food which literature affords,—was matter for thought and reflection. Of course he was in love with her. That was not an idea admitting of discussion; and she built up more castles in Spain—as the French call castles in the air—than ever had occurred to her imagination during the whole of her previous life.

That day little work was done, for Hélène was too much occupied in thinking, to work. But when her father came home, his dinner was ready, and she received him as usual. She thought he was graver than he was in the habit of being; but thinking it was her own change of ideas which suggested this, she made no remark. Dinner over, he told her he was going out, which was so common an occurrence as to excite no surprise in his daughter. But this evening she did not feel inclined, as usual, to amuse herself with her needle and her book, so she determined to ask in Madame Ragourdin, and as a preliminary, went out to fetch some roasted chestnuts, of which the antique *marchande des quatre saisons* was very fond. Carlo took the basket, and ran before, as usual, pretty sure of his errand, for he galloped to the very bottom of the stairs without stopping once on any one of the six landings which intervened between the story occupied by the Dupuis and the ground.

She bought her chestnuts, and followed Carlo up stairs, inviting Madame Ragourdin, through her door, as she passed, and then hurried in to place them on a plate beside a bottle of wine. As she poured out the quart of steaming-hot chestnuts, out fell from beneath a letter. To look at it, to read the address, to open it, were all three acts done in the time usually required for one. It was a respectful, but earnest declaration of love from her neighbour opposite, who signed himself Alphonse Pons, typographe. He demanded her permission to make himself known to her parents, if she had any, and declared his wish to become better acquainted.

"Well, *ma biche*," exclaimed the thick husky voice of Madame Ragourdin. "What *poulet* is that you are devouring so eagerly?"

"Oh, Madame Ragourdin, such an adventure. I have got a sweetheart; and such a sweetheart. The handsomest man I ever saw."

"Ta! ta! ta!" cried the fat old woman, sitting down in the old soldier's leathern arm-chair.—"Your chestnuts are *delicieux*; but sweethearts—here's a bad one—are not always the best friends. Let me see—a little drop of white wine, if you please—the letter. Read it to me, *ma biche*, you know my eyes are none of the best."

Hélène read the letter out, with some hesitation and many blushes, and then Madame Ragourdin shook her head, drank a glass of wine, ate a chestnut, and seemed to muse gravely. After some time she gave her opinion: the young man writes well and frankly, and he might mean very well; but she strongly advised Hélène not to take any notice of him, or to mention the subject to her father, until she—Madame Ragourdin, popularly mother Ragourdin—had inquired into

his character, sounded his intentions, and pronounced thereupon. Hélène gratefully promised her aged and experienced friend, quite unaware that in concealing from her father this letter she was acting somewhat undutifully and ungratefully. But young heads, influenced by love, are not the very wisest.

Next morning Hélène rose, looking not quite so blooming as usual. She had passed a sleepless night. Her father had returned at four o'clock in the morning, and she heard him go to bed,—quite an usual thing. She had been thinking of her new phase in life, and of her secret. This already weighed upon her. She felt inclined to rush into his arms, clasp him round the neck, and while kissing him to give him the letter, and say that she liked the look of the young man, and would not object to make his acquaintance. But she had been advised otherwise by Madame Ragourdin, and hence all the mischief that occurred. Secrecy of this kind seldom does much good.

Her father came down to breakfast late, and then he was very pale, as if from want of sleep. He scarcely spoke; and when his breakfast was over, took his stick and went out. He was very much occupied by some thoughts, and did not notice the extreme confusion of Hélène, who, though the window was always carefully closed at meal-times, had still, through a little opening in the blind, noticed the handsome workman smoking a pipe and looking anxiously across. Her father once gone, Hélène opened her window and occupied herself with clearing away the breakfast things. This task once over, she took up her sewing and sat down where she could see clearly without being seen. Scarcely had she done so when the young man, who had, on recognising her, bowed respectfully, turned round sharply, crying "come in," and as he did so, his door opened, and in walked *her father*!

The young man hastily closed his window, and Hélène, stunned, astounded, nearly fainting, sank back in her chair. Here was something truly mysterious. But no, it was not mysterious at all; it was quite natural. Her treacherous friend Madame Ragourdin had betrayed her to her father, and he was gone to call the young man to account. They were both fiery and excitable, she was sure, and who could tell what might happen. Poor Hélène, she was quite miserable, quite wretched, and she could not tell what to do, so she took Carlo and went out to perform her usual marketing.

The next day was the *fête*, and Madame Ragourdin was early with her, all dressed in her best, and away they started. They were going to Sceaux by the railway,—that singular railway, which is one of the curiosities of Paris,—and arrived at the station at five minutes to ten. Judge of the surprise of Hélène, when the first person she saw was Alphonse Pons.

"Oh, monsieur!" cried mother Ragourdin, as the young man came straight up to them, "this isn't fair. I did tell you we were going to Sceaux, but precisely to keep you away. I don't approve of this."

"My dear madam," said the young man, with extreme politeness, "you told me you were going to Sceaux with mademoiselle. You promised me that I should be introduced to her at some future

period. *Ma foi*, I thought, there is no time like the time present; and I risked all and came."

"It's of no use, I see," exclaimed Madame Ragourdin, good-naturedly; "young people will be young people; so, I suppose, I must put up with it."

So saying she formally introduced them; they took their tickets, and in two minutes more the young girl found herself seated next the young man in a railway carriage. How she passed that day, how they danced, and walked, and how they dined and danced again, and how all came home by the last train, and were safely deposited in the Rue de P—, and how Hélène thought it the brightest and happiest day of her life, are matters which the sensitive reader will easily understand without any longer details.

From that day the young people were declared lovers. They met and took walks in the day under the guardianship of Carlo, and in the evening under the ponderous auspices of Madame Ragourdin, who also surveyed the Sunday expeditions—all, however, without the knowledge of papa. Madame Ragourdin rigorously insisted on choosing her own time for bringing about an explanation. The young people were painfully hurt at this delay, but they determined to wait a little longer. They were a very well-assorted couple. Alphonse was a highly-educated young man—French printers are often remarkable men—of lofty thought and noble aspirations, with a touch, it is true, of the enthusiast, and very hot-headed—while Hélène was educated far above her station. Her father had paid for her education in a very superior school, the Government giving half on the strength of his being an old officer and a chevalier of the Legion of Honour, it was said.

It was in the month of January, 1848: France was beginning to seethe and boil. There were signs of revolution in the air for all who had acute perception, and any idea of politics. Men who so moved on among the people, and especially among the tradespeople, were aware that a change must take place—that it was inevitable, whether by violence or otherwise. Many of the vast secret societies were for immediate action, for a general rising, but no man knew when the signal was to be given.

One evening Hélène sat in her room alone. She was musing gravely. It was eleven o'clock, and her father had not come home. She was thinking seriously—after four months of secret courtship—of her lover, and of her having kept him from her father. She was angry with Madame Ragourdin, with herself, almost with Alphonse Pons, though, poor fellow, he had done all in his power to bring about an explanation. As she sat, a knock came to the door. Hélène started, and asked who it was.

"I—Alphonse," said the voice of her lover, in tremulous accents; "one word with you, Hélène, my beloved."

"But it is late, Alphonse, and I am alone," said Hélène, hesitating.

"Hélène, on your life, by your love, refuse me not five minutes! We may never meet again."

Alphonse entered. He was pale and grave. He advanced a few steps into the middle of the room.

"Pardon my intrusion, Hélène," he said, earnestly; "I have but five minutes to give you. You know that I am a republican. I look on Louis Philippe as the enemy of progress and humanity, I regard his fall as the signal for the universal triumph of liberty and fraternity in all the oppressed nations of Europe, and, therefore, as an active member of one of the secret societies, I obey with alacrity the signal given for action. At daybreak Paris will be in insurrection. I and four hundred companions will erect barricades in the Rue St. Denis."

"My God!" was all the girl could ejaculate.

"If I fail, I lose you, my love, my life! But my duty must be done."

"Alphonse, you must fail. There is no feeling deep-rooted enough to give success to a revolution. Alphonse, you are my future husband, my companion through life. I ask you not to desert your principles, but, believe me, this is madness. I have heard my father say, a hundred times, that for a revolution to succeed, there must be a general and sudden excitement."

"Hélène, this is weakness. I come to bid you adieu, not to reason. Adieu! If I escape I am ever yours; but now I must go."

"No, young man, you must not go," said a deep voice behind them, and turning round, they saw the father of Hélène.

"*Monsieur le Capitaine*!" cried the young printer.

"My father!" said Hélène.

"What means this?" asked the old man, who was deadly pale, and much agitated. "How long have you known each other?"

"*Monsieur le Capitaine*," said Alphonse, earnestly, "I have known your daughter four months. Listen to me, and I will explain our story."

The three sat down, all much agitated, but neither of the young people half so much as the father. Alphonse Pons, then, in a few words, told his story. The old man listened with such attention that he said nothing. He heard but the voice of the young man, and while he heard he thought.

"You intend, then, to marry my daughter!" said M. Dupuis, as the other finished.

"With your permission."

"I give it on condition you move not hence until morning," replied the old man.

"You know that to be impossible," said Alphonse, amazed.

"Hélène," exclaimed the old man, "go to your room one moment."

"But your daughter knows all."

"Does she?—young man, does she know that you are going to your death,—that the insurrection of to-morrow is got up by the police to prevent a general insurrection by-and-by,—that every preparation is made to crush the movement in its bud,—that as the republicans have been a hundred times before, they are again the victims of a *mouchard*, of an *agent procureur*."

"Merciful God!" cried Alphonse. "I cannot believe it. This is a feint to keep me away."

"No, young man, I am that agent,—I am that *mouchard*; sit still, and listen. I was, eighteen years ago, a non-commissioned officer in the army of Paris, decorated, enjoying the respect of my superiors. I was married, and had one



child. I was an earnest republican; and when one of the many movements of the hour took place, I joined the *émeute*. We were defeated. I was taken prisoner, and condemned to death. My wife implored my pardon on her knees, with my babe in her arms. They refused. Then they came to me and tempted me. They offered me a free pardon, a handsome salary, and education for my child, if I became—a police-agent. I was a coward, for I consented. From that hour my life has been a hell. My wife died of a broken heart. Having a respectable position, the name of an *ex-condamné*, of an officer, easily obtained the confidence of the republican party. Once entered on the path of crime, I did not stop. I betrayed the republicans. To be brief, I served the Government from 1831 until now, when the reform agitation excites alarm. The secret societies are very powerful, and the Government know it. To prevent the possibility of a real revolution, they require a sham *émeute*. I was ordered to press my republican friends on to fight. I did so. Now I denounce myself to their vengeance. You, M. Alphonse, are the future husband of my daughter; rather than send you to certain death, I betray both myself and my employers."

There was a dead silence as he ended. Hélène understood too well now the cause of his long caution, of his refusal to be seen about with her; while the workman knew not what to say, so astounded was he.

"*Monsieur le Capitaine*," he exclaimed at last, "I pity you; and for what you have suffered, and for what you have now done, I forgive you all. I fear, if you be discovered, my companions will not be so merciful. But will you quit this life; will you abandon this accursed existence?"

"Oh, Monsieur," said the old man, "what am I to do? If the Government know of my defection, they will expose me; they will leave me to starve. Seventeen years of misery and degradation have not hardened me; but I am in a vicious circle; I know not how to get out."

"Monsieur," replied the young man, gravely, "if I still, after what you have said, marry your daughter, I shall take care——"

"But, Monsieur," cried Hélène, "I can never marry you. Let me remain with my father; he needs consolation. But I cannot, I never will, marry any one after what I have heard."

"My child," said the old man, in an agonizing tone, "if you refuse this generous offer, you punish your father more than any human being could punish him."

"Hélène, your father has not acted either wisely or well; but that cannot change my opinion of you. But, adieu! I must go away now, and warn my companions. The insurrection shall not take place."

Thus was prevented the expected movement for the 23rd January, 1848, which would have prevented, had it taken place, the Revolution.

Hélène and the old man remained alone. For a moment he was silent; and then, at greater length, he told all his sufferings, all his concealments, all his agonies, and Hélène forgave him. Next day Paris was perfectly tranquil, and M. Dupuis confessed himself deceived, and was dismissed as too old for his place. A month later took place the revolution of February, which

should have ended that abominable and atrocious system of police, which is the disgrace of a great and civilized country. M. Dupuis lingered, but not long. The involuntary disgust of his child on that night shocked him much; and he had only time to see his daughter married ere he died,—not a solitary victim, but one of many. The French secret police can only be compared with the inquisition. In times of despotism the Government of France singularly resembles that of Venice, while it stands almost alone in its Machiavellian plan of getting up sham insurrections to prevent revolutions. The young couple are very happy—as far as people can be happy in France, who have always convictions and warm hearts. But though now in evil days, Monsieur and Madame Pons live in hope that there is a good time coming, for them and for all the world.—*Eliza Cook's Journal*.

THE RAINBOW.—The rainbow has from the earliest times been an object of interest with those who bestow attention on optical appearances, but it is much too complicated a phenomenon to be easily explained. In general, however, it was understood to arise from light reflected by the drops of rain falling from a cloud opposite the sun. The difficulty seems to be how to account for the colour, which is never produced in white light, such as that of the sun, by mere reflection. Maurolycus advanced a considerable step, when he supposed that the light enters the drop, and acquires colour by refraction; but in tracing the course of the ray he was quite bewildered. Others supposed the refraction and the colour to be the effect of one drop, and the refraction of another; so that two refractions and one reflection were employed, but in such a manner as to be still very remote from the truth. Antonio de Dominis, archbishop of Spalatro, had the good fortune to fall upon the true explanation. Having placed a bottle of water opposite to the sun, and a little above his eye, he saw a beam of light issue from the underside of the bottle, which acquired different colours, in the same order and with the same brilliancy as in the rainbow, when the bottle was a little raised or depressed. From comparing all these circumstances, he perceived that the rays had entered the bottle, and that, after two refractions from the convex part, and a reflection from the concave, they were returned to the eye tinged with different colours, according to the angle at which the ray had entered. The rays that gave the same colour made the same angle with the surface, and hence all the drops that gave the same colour must be arranged in a circle, the centre of which was the point in the cloud opposite the sun.—*Leslie*.

EQUALITY.—The different ranks and orders of mankind may be compared to so many streams and rivers of running water. All proceed from an original small and obscure; some spread wider, travel over more countries, and make more noise in their passage than others; but all tend alike to an ocean where distinction ceases, and where the largest and most celebrated rivers are equally lost and absorbed with the smallest and most unknown streams.—*Bishop Horne*.

## THE FALSE HAIR:

A TALE.

"PRAY remember, Monsieur Lagnier, that I wish particularly to go out this morning. It is now past one o'clock, and if you continue endeavouring to do what is quite impossible, my hair will never be dressed. You had much better plait it as usual."

Adelaide de Varenne pronounced these words in a tone of pettishness very unusual with her, as, giving vent to a long sigh of impatience and weariness, she glanced hastily at the mirror on her toilet-table, and saw there reflected the busy fingers of M. Lagnier, the hairdresser, deliberately unfastening her hair, and preparing once more to attempt the arrangement, which repeated failures had declared to be an impossibility. He looked up, however, as he did so, and seemed to read the expression of her features, for a comic mixture of astonishment and dismay immediately overspread his own.

"Fifteen years," he exclaimed, "I have had the honour of daily attending mademoiselle, and she never was angry with me before! What can I have done to offend her?"

"Oh, nothing very serious," replied the young girl, good-naturedly; "but really I wish you would not dally so long. It is of very little consequence, I think, how one's hair is worn."

"Why, certainly every style is equally becoming to mademoiselle," was the old man's polite reply. "Nevertheless, I had set my heart upon arranging it to-day according to the last fashion: it would suit mademoiselle *à ravir*." Adelaide laughed.

"But you see it is impossible," she said. "I have so very little hair; and I am sure it is not my fault—nor," she added archly, "the fault of all those infallible pomades and essences recommended to me by somebody I know." M. Lagnier looked embarrassed.

"Mademoiselle is so gay, she finds amusement in everything," he replied. "I cannot laugh upon so serious a subject." Adelaide laughed again more heartily than before, and M. Lagnier continued, indignantly: "Mademoiselle does not care for the loss of her beauty, then?"

"Oh, I did not know there was any question of that!" and the young girl suddenly resumed an expression of gravity, which completely imposed upon the simple old man.

"You see, mademoiselle," he continued earnestly, "I have been considering a long time what is best to be done. It is evident that my pomades, usually so successful have no effect upon *your* hair; owing, I suppose, to—to—I can't say exactly what it is owing to. It is very strange. I never knew them to fail before. Would mademoiselle object to wearing a slight addition of false hair?" he asked anxiously, after a moment's pause.

"Indeed, I should not like it," was the reply. "Besides, Monsieur Lagnier, you have often told me that, in all Paris, it was impossible to obtain any of the same shade as mine."

"Ah, but I have succeeded at last!" exclaimed he; and as he spoke, he drew triumphantly from his pocket a small packet, in which was carefully enveloped a long lock of soft golden hair.

"How beautiful!" Adelaide involuntarily ex-

claimed "Oh, Monsieur Lagnier, that is far finer and brighter than mine."

"The difference is very slight indeed; it would be imperceptible when both were braided together," returned the hairdresser. "Do, pray, allow me, mademoiselle, to shew you the effect;" and without waiting for a reply, he commenced the operation. In a few moments it was completed, and the old man's delight was extreme. "There!" he exclaimed in ecstasy, "I knew the style would suit you exactly. Oh, mademoiselle, pray allow it to remain so; I should be *au désespoir* were I obliged to unfasten it now."

Adelaide hesitated: it was, however, no conscientious scruple which occasioned her hesitation. She was a Frenchwoman, a beauty, and a little—a very little—of a coquette. To add to her attractions by the slight *supercheries* of the toilet was, she thought, a very venial sin; it was a thing which, in the society that surrounded her, was looked upon as necessary, and sometimes even considered as a virtue. She was a strange girl, a dreamer, an enthusiast, with a warm heart, and a lively, but perhaps too easily excited imagination. From her infancy, she had been accustomed to reflect, to question, and to reason; but left almost entirely to her own unguided judgment, the habit was not in every respect favourable to the formation of her character. It was, however, but little injured by it. She was one of those favoured beings whom no prosperity can spoil, no education entirely mislead, and whose very faults arise from the overflowings of a good and generous nature. The thought which agitated her now was one worthy of her gentle heart.

"Monsieur Lagnier," she said earnestly, "such beautiful hair could only have belonged to a young person. She must have been in great distress to part with it. Do you know her? Did she sell it to you? What is her name? I cannot bear to wear it: I shall be thinking of her continually."

"Ah, Mademoiselle Adelaide, that is so like you! Why, I have provided half the young ladies in Paris with false tresses, and not one has ever asked me the slightest question as to how or where they were obtained. Indeed, I should not often have been able to reply. In this case, however, it is different. I bought it myself, and consequently can give you a little information respecting it. Yesterday evening, I was standing at my door in the Rue St. Honoré, when a young girl, attracted no doubt by the general appearance of my window, stopped to admire the various articles exhibited there. She had a pretty face, but I scarcely looked at that; I only saw her hair, her beautiful, rich, golden hair. It was pushed carelessly behind her ears, and half concealed beneath a little white cap. 'Mademoiselle,' I said, accosting her—for I could not bear that she should pass the door—'is there anything that you would like to buy? a pair of combs, for instance. I have some very cheap; although,' I added, with a sigh, as she appeared about to move on, 'such lovely hair as yours requires no ornament.' At these words, she returned quickly, and looking into my face, exclaimed: 'Will you buy my hair, monsieur?' 'Willingly, my child,' I replied; and in another instant she was seated in my shop, and the bright scissors were gleaming above her head. Then my heart failed me, and I felt half



inclined to refuse the offer. 'Are you not sorry, child, to part with your hair?' I asked. 'No,' she answered, abruptly; and gathering it all together in her hand, she put it into mine. The temptation was too great; besides, I saw that she herself was unwilling that we should break the contract. Her countenance never changed once during the whole time, and when all was over, she stooped, and picking up a lock which had fallen upon the ground, asked in an unflinching voice: 'May I keep this monsieur?' I said yes, and paid her; and then she went away, smiling, and looking quite happy, poor little thing. After all, mademoiselle, what is the use of beauty to girls in her class of life? She is better without it."

"And her name—did you not ask her name?" inquired Adelaide, reproachfully.

"Why, yes, mademoiselle, I did. She told me that it was Lucille Delmont, and that she was by trade a *fleuriste*. It was all the information that she would give me."

"What could she have wanted with the money? Perhaps she was starving: there is so much misery in Paris!" continued Mademoiselle de Varenne, after a pause.

"She was very pale and thin," said the hairdresser; "but then so are the generality of our young citizens. Do not make yourself unhappy about it, mademoiselle; I shall see her again, probably, and shall endeavour to find out every circumstance respecting her." With these words, M. Lagnier respectfully took leave, having by one more expressive glance testified his delighted approval of the alteration which had taken place in the young lady's appearance.

Adelaide, having summoned her maid, continued her toilet in a listless and absent manner. Her thoughts were fixed upon the young girl whose beauty had been sacrificed for hers, and an unconquerable desire to learn her fate took possession of her mind. Her intended disposal of the morning seemed quite to be forgotten; and she was on the point of forming new plans, very different from the first, when the lady to whose care she had been confided during the absence of her father from town, entered the apartment, and aroused her from her reverie by exclaiming: "Ah, you naughty girl! I have been waiting for you this half hour. Was not the carriage ordered to take us to the Tuileries?"

"Yes, indeed, it was; but I hope you will excuse me: I had almost forgotten it." And Adelaide immediately related to her friend the circumstance which had occurred, and begged her aid in the discovery of Lucille. Madame d'Héranville laughed—reasoned, but in vain; and, finding Adelaide resolved, she at length consented to accompany her upon the search, expressing as she did so her entire conviction that it would prove useless and unsatisfactory.

The day was spent in visits to the principal *modistes* of Paris; but from none could any information be gained concerning the young flower-girl. None had ever even heard her name. Adelaide was returning home, disappointed, but not discouraged. Still resolved to continue her endeavours, she had just announced to Madame d'Héranville her intention of visiting upon the following day the shops of an inferior class, when the carriage was suddenly arrested in its course by

the crowd of vehicles which surrounded it, and they found themselves exactly before the door of a small warehouse of the description she alluded to. She was about to express a wish to enter, it being still early, when her attention was attracted by two persons who stood conversing near the door, and whose voices, slightly raised, were distinctly audible. They had excited the interest and curiosity of both Adelaide and her companion by the earnestness of their manner, and by the expression of sorrow depicted upon the countenance of the elder speaker, a young man of about twenty-five years of age, who, from his costume, as well as accent, appeared to be a stranger in Paris.

"I have promised—will you not trust me?" he said in a half-reproachful tone; and Adelaide bent eagerly forward to catch a glimpse of the young girl to whom these words were addressed; but her face was turned away, and the large hood of a woollen cloak was drawn over her head, almost completely concealing her features.

"I do trust you," she said in reply to the young man's words—"I do indeed. And now, good-by, dear André; we shall meet again soon—in our own beautiful Normandie." And she held out her hand, which he took and held for an instant without speaking.

"May I not conduct you home?" he asked at length.

"No, André; it is better that we should part here. We must not trust too much to our courage, it has failed us so often already." And as she spoke, she raised her head, and looked up tearfully at her companion, disclosing as she did so a face of striking beauty, although worn and pallid to a painful degree, and appearing even more so than it really was from the total absence of her hair. The tears sprang to Adelaide's eyes. In the care-worn countenance before her she read a bitter tale. Almost instinctively, she drew forth her purse, and leaning over the side of the carriage, called "Lucille! Lucille!" But the young girl did not hear her; she had already turned, and was hastening rapidly away, while André stood gazing after her, as if uncertain of the reality of what had just occurred. He was so deeply engrossed in his reflections, that he did not hear his name repeatedly pronounced by both Adelaide and her friend. The latter at length directed the servant to accost him, and the footman was alighting for that purpose, when two men turned quickly the corner of the street, and perceiving André, stopped suddenly, and one of them exclaimed: "Ah, good-evening, Bernard; you are just the very fellow we want;" and taking André by the arm, he drew him under the shade of a *porte cochère*, and continued, as he placed a morocco case in his hand: "Take care of this for me, André, till I return: I shall be at your lodgings in an hour. Giraud and I are going to the Cité, and as this pocket-book contains valuables, we are afraid of losing it. *Au revoir!*"

André made no reply. He placed the pocket-book carelessly in his bosom, and his two friends continued hastily their way. He was himself preparing to depart, when the footman touched him gently on the shoulder, and told him of Mademoiselle de Varenne's wish to speak to him. André approached the carriage, surprised and half

abashed at the unlooked-for honour; then taking off his cap, waited respectfully for one of the ladies to address him. At the same instant, a police-officer seized him roughly by the arm, and exclaimed: "Here is one of them! I saw them all three together not two hours ago!" And calling to a comrade who stood near, he was about to lead André away. At first, the young man made no resistance; but his face grew deadly pale, and his lip trembled violently.

"What do you want? What have I done?" he demanded at length, turning suddenly round to face his accuser; but the latter only replied by a laugh, and an assurance that he would know all about it presently. A slight struggle ensued, in the midst of which the pocket-book fell to the ground, and a considerable number of bank-notes bestrewed the pavement. At this sight, André seemed suddenly to understand the cause of his arrest; he stood for an instant gazing at the notes with a countenance of horror; then, with an almost gigantic effort, he broke from the grasp which held him, and darted away in the direction which had before been taken by the young girl. He was immediately followed by the police; but although Adelaide and her friend remained for some time watching eagerly the pursuit, they were unable to ascertain whether he had succeeded in effecting his escape.

"I am sure I hope so, poor fellow!" murmured Adelaide as they drove homewards—"for Lucille's sake, as well as for his."

"You have quite made up your mind, then, as to its being Lucille that we saw?" said Madame d'Héranville with a smile. "If it was," she added more gravely, "I think she can scarcely merit all the trouble you are giving yourself on her account. Her friendship for André does not speak much in her favour."

"Why, not? Surely you do not think *he* stole the pocket-book?" asked Adelaide, in undisguised dismay.

"Perhaps not; but his intimacy with those who did, leads one to suppose that he is not unaccustomed to such scenes. You remember the old proverb: 'Dis moi qui tu hantes, je te dirai qui tu es.'"

"Do you not think that we should give information respecting what we saw? He was certainly unconscious of its contents?" asked Adelaide again, after a short silence.

"He appeared so," returned Madame d'Héranville; "and I shall write to-morrow to the police-office. Perhaps our evidence may be useful to him."

"To-morrow!" thought Adelaide; but she did not speak her thoughts aloud. "And to-night he must endure all the agonies of suspense!" And then she looked earnestly at her companion's face, and wondered if, when hers, like it, was pale and faded, her heart should also be as cold. A strange, sad feeling crept over her, and she continued quite silent during the remainder of the drive. Her thoughts were still busy in the formation of another plan for the discovery of Lucille, when, upon her arrival at home, she was informed that M. Lagnier desired anxiously to see her, having something to communicate.

"Mademoiselle, I have not been idle," he exclaimed, immediately upon entering the apart-

ment. "Here is Lucille's address, and I have seen her mother. Poor thing!" he added, "they are indeed in want. Their room is on the sixth floor, and one miserable bed and a broken chair are all the furniture. For ornament, there was a rose-tree, in a flower-pot, upon the window seat: it was withered, like its young mistress!"

"They are not Parisians?" inquired Adelaide.

"No, no, mademoiselle. From what the mother said, I picked up quite a little romance concerning them. The husband died two years ago, leaving them a pretty farm, and a comfortable home in Normandie. Lucille was very beautiful. All the neighbours said so, and M<sup>me</sup>. Delmont was proud of her child. She could not bear her to become a peasant's wife, and brought her here, hoping that her beauty might secure to her a better fate. The young girl had learned a trade, and with the assistance of that, and the money they had obtained upon selling the farm, they contrived to manage very well during the first year. Lucille made no complaint, and her mother thought she was happy. A Parisian paid her attention, and asked her to become his wife. She refused; but as he appeared rich, the mother would not hear of declining the offer. She encouraged him to visit them as much as possible, and hoped at length to overcome Lucille's dislike to the marriage. One evening, however, as they were all seated together, a young man entered the room. He had been an old lover of Lucille's—a neighbour's son, and an early playmate. She sprang forward eagerly to meet him, and the rich pretender left the place in a fit of jealous anger, and they have not seen him since. Then troubles came, one following another, until at last they fell into the state of destitution in which I found them. André Bernard, who had quarrelled with his parents in order to follow them, could find no work, and every sou that Lucille gained was given to him, to save him, as she said from ruin or from sin. Last week she sold her hair, to enable him to return home. She had made him promise that he would do so, and to-night he is to leave Paris."

"It is he, then, whom we saw arrested!" exclaimed Adelaide; "and he will not be able to return home. Oh, let us go to Lucille at once! Do, pray, come with me, Madame d'Héranville!" and turning to her friend, she pleaded so earnestly, and the large tears stood so imploringly in her eyes, that it was impossible to resist. Madame d'Héranville refastened her cloak, and soon afterwards, with Adelaide and M. Lagnier, found herself ascending the steep and dilapidated staircase of the house inhabited by the Delmonts. Adelaide seated herself upon the highest step, to await the arrival of her friend, whose agility in mounting was not quite equal to her own. As she did so, a loud and angry voice was heard proceeding from the apartment to which the staircase led. It was followed by a sound as of a young girl weeping, and then a few low, half-broken sentences were uttered in a voice of heart-broken distress.

"Mother, dear mother!" were the words, "do not torture me. I am so ill—so wretched, I wish I were dead."

"Ill! wretched! ungrateful girl!" was the reply. "And whose fault is it that you are so? Not



mine! Blame yourself, if you will, and him, your darling André. What will he do now that you have no more to give? nothing even that you can sell, to supply him with the means of gratifying his extravagance. You will soon see how sincere he is in his affection, and how grateful he feels for all the sacrifices that you have made—sacrifices, Lucille, that you would not have made for me.”

“Mother,” murmured the poor girl in a tone of heart-broken reproach, “I have given my beauty for him; but I have given my life for you.” Adelaide listened no more. Shocked beyond measure at the misery expressed in the low, earnest voice of Lucille, she knocked at the door of the apartment, and scarcely waiting for permission, lifted the latch and entered hurriedly.

Lucille was seated at the window working, or seeming at least to do so; for her head was bent over a wreath of artificial flowers, through which her emaciated fingers passed with a quick convulsive motion. It needed not, however, a very nice observation to discover that the work progressed but slowly. The very anxiety with which she exerted herself, seemed to impede her movements, and the tears which fell from time to time upon the leaves obscured her sight, and often completely arrested her hand. She did not raise her head as Adelaide entered; too deeply engrossed in her own sadness, she had not heard the opening of the door, or her mother's exclamation of surprise, and Mademoiselle de Varenne was at her side before she was in the least conscious of her presence. Adelaide touched her gently on the arm.

“What is the matter, Lucille?” she asked. “Tell me: I will do all I can to help you.” At these words the mother interposed, and said softly: “I am sure, Madame, you are very kind to speak so to her. I am afraid you will find her an ungrateful girl; if you had heard her words to me just now—to me, her own mother!”

“I did hear them,” returned Adelaide. “She said she had given her life for you. What did she mean? What did you mean, Lucille?” she asked, gently addressing the young girl, whose face was buried in her hands.

“Forgive me, mother; I was wrong,” murmured Lucille; “but I scarcely know what I say sometimes. Mademoiselle,” she continued earnestly, “I am not ungrateful; but if you knew how all my heart was bound to home, and how miserable I am here, you would pity and forgive me, if I am often angry and impatient.”

“You were never miserable till he came,” retorted the mother; “and now that he is going, you will be so no more. It will be a happy day for both of us when he leaves Paris.” At this moment heavy steps were heard ascending the stairs; then voices raised as if in anger. Lucille started up; in an instant her pale cheek was suffused with the deepest crimson, her eye flashed, and her whole frame trembled violently. Her mother grasped her by the hand, but she freed herself with a sudden effort, and darting past Madame d'Héranville and the hairdresser, who had entered some time before, she ran out upon the landing. Adelaide followed, and at once perceived the cause of her emotion. André was rapidly ascending the stairs, his countenance pale, and his whole demeanour indicating the agitation of his feelings.

He was closely followed by the police-officer, whose voice, as he once more grasped his prisoner, appalled the terrified Lucille. “You have given us a sharp run,” he exclaimed, “and once I thought you had got off. You should not have left your hiding place till dark, young gentleman.” And, heedless of the frantic and agonized gestures of the unhappy youth, he drew him angrily away.

Lucille sprang forward, and taking André's hand in hers, she looked long and earnestly in his face. He read in her eyes the question she did not dare to ask, and replied, as a crimson blush mounted to his forehead: “I am accused of robbery, Lucille, and many circumstances are against me. I may perhaps be condemned. I came here to tell you of my innocence, and to return you this;” and he placed a gold piece in her hand. It was the money she had given him for his journey—the fruit of the last sacrifice she had made. She scarcely seemed to understand his words, and still looked up inquiringly. “Lucille,” he continued, “they are taking me to prison: I cannot go home as I promised; but you will not think me guilty. How could I do what I knew would break your heart?”

She smiled tenderly and trustfully upon him; then letting fall his hand, she pushed him gently away, and whispered: “Go with him, André. Justice will be done. I am no longer afraid.” Madame d'Héranville and Adelaide at this moment approached, and eagerly related what they had seen, both expressing their conviction of the young man's innocence.

“It is not to me you must speak, ladies,” returned the gendarme, wonderfully softened by their words. “If you will be so good as to give me your names, and come to-morrow to our office, I have no doubt that your evidence will greatly influence the magistrate in favour of the prisoner.” The ladies gave their names, and promised to attend the court the following morning; and shortly afterwards, they left the house, having by their kind promises reassured the weeping girl, and succeeded in softening her mother's anger towards her. The next day they proceeded early to the court. As Adelaide entered, she looked round for Lucille, and perceived her standing near the dock, her earnest eyes fixed upon the prisoner, and encouraging him from time to time with a look of recognition and a smile. But notwithstanding all her efforts, the smile was a sad one; for her heart was heavy, and the appearance of the magistrate was not calculated to strengthen her hope. André had declared his innocence—his complete ignorance of the contents of the pocket-book his friend had placed in his hand; but his very intimacy with such men operated strongly against him. Both Giraud and his companion were well known to the police as men of bad character, and very disreputable associates. The prisoner's declaration, therefore, had but little effect upon those to whom it was addressed; and the magistrate shook his head doubtfully as he listened. Madame d'Héranville and Adelaide then related what they had seen—describing the young man's listless look as he received the book, and endeavouring to prove that had André been aware of its contents, his companion need scarcely have made the excuse he did for leaving it with him. At this moment, a slight movement was

observed among the crowd, and two men were brought forward, and placed beside André. At their appearance, a scream escaped from Lucille; and, turning to her mother, she pointed them out, while the name of Jules Giraud burst from her lips. Hearing his own name, one of the men looked up, and glanced towards the spot where the young girl stood. His eyes met hers, and a flush overspread his face; then, after a momentary struggle, which depicted itself in the workings of his countenance, he exclaimed: "Let the boy go: we have injured him enough already. He is innocent."

"What do you mean?" inquired the magistrate; while a look of heartfelt gratitude from Lucille urged Giraud to proceed.

"André knows nothing of this robbery," he continued; "his sole connection with us arises from a promise we gave him, to find him employment in Paris; and all the money he received we took from him under the pretence of doing so. Yesterday morning, we met him for the purpose of again deceiving him, but failed. He had a louis-d'or; but it had been given him by his *fiancée*, that he might return home, and he was determined to fulfil his promise. I would have taken his last sou; for he"—and the destined *forçat* ground his teeth—"for he owed me a debt! However," he continued recklessly, "it is all over now. I am off for the galleys, that's clear enough; and before starting, I would do something for Lucille."

"How had the accused harmed you?" asked the magistrate.

Giraud hesitated; but Madame Delmont came forward, and exclaimed: "I will tell you, monsieur. He wished to marry my daughter himself; and I," she added, in a tone of deep self-reproach, "would almost have forced her to consent."

The same evening, Madame Delmont, André, and Lucille were seated together, conversing upon what had passed, and deliberating as to the best means of accomplishing an immediate return to Normandy, when a gentle tap was heard at the door, and the old hairdresser entered the room. He appeared embarrassed; but at length, with a great effort restraining his emotion, he placed a little packet in Lucille's hand, and exclaimed: "Here, child, I did not give you half enough for that beautiful hair of yours. Take this, and be sure that you say nothing about it to any one, especially to Mademoiselle Adelaide;" and without waiting for one word of thanks, he was about to hurry away, when he was stopped by Mademoiselle de Varenne in person.

"Ah, Monsieur Lagnier," she merrily exclaimed, "this is not fair. I hoped to have been the first; and yet I am glad that you forestalled me," she added, as she looked into the bright glistening eyes of the old hairdresser. "My father has just arrived in town, Lucille," she continued, after a short pause, "and he is interested in you all. He offers André the porter's lodge at the château, and I came here immediately to tell you the good news. It is not very far from your old home, and I am sure you will like it. Do not forget to take with you this poor rose-tree; it looks like you, quite pale for want of air. There! you must not thank me," she exclaimed, as Madame Delmont, André, and Lucille pressed eagerly forward to

express their gratitude: "It is I, rather, that should thank you. I never knew till now how very happy I might be."

And as Adelaide de Varenne pronounced these words, a bright smile passed across her face. The old hair-dresser gazed admiringly upon her, and doubted for a moment whether the extraordinary loveliness he saw owed any part of its charm to the lock of false hair.—*Chambers's Ed. Jour.*

## PRICE'S CANDLE-BOYS.

COMMERCIAL companies are not supposed to have either souls or consciences. As such, they are supposed to have no mercy upon anybody, and accordingly nobody has any mercy upon them. They are a kind of acephalous organism,—all body and no head;—and though they may each possess as many eyes as Argus, those eyes are all planted in the breeches pocket, and are supposed to discern nothing but "dividends," and "things pleasant." This is the popular notion of companies of all sorts—mere selfish aggregations of persons having a keen eye to the main chance.

We don't know that the opinion is a sound one. We rather think not. For it will be found that public companies of all sorts are much more amenable to public opinion than private potentates are; and if they do not so much active good as some wealthy private individuals may do, they at the same time perpetrate fewer cruelties, are less scurvy in their dealings, and less under the dominion of petty personal avarice. Take the great landlord companies of Ireland, for instance. Is it not a notorious fact that their estates are the best managed, and that the farmers and peasantry who live upon them are the best conditioned in that country? There is none of that cruel unroofing of huts and forcible dispossession of tenants, none of that warfare between the rich and the poor, observed upon their estates, such as pervades so many of the richest districts of Ireland. Or, take the most powerful companies of England and Scotland—the railway corporations. It is very well known that the workmen employed by them are the best paid and most orderly class of workmen in this country, and that the attention paid to those companies to the comfort, education, and general well-being of their employées puts to shame the great individual millionaires of the manufacturing districts. One has only to look into the establishments of the London and North-Western Railway, at Crewe and Wolverton, and the Great Western establishment at Swindon—at the churches and schools and mechanics' institutes, they have erected and maintain, at those places—to discern that even great companies can and do exercise a very wise and generous care for the well-being of the operatives employed by them.

But even smaller companies,—less powerful and much less widely known than those we have named,—have recently shown an equal regard for the higher culture of the individuals whom Providence has, as it were, committed to their charge; for companies of employers, like individual employers, have their duties to perform towards those who are dependent upon them—whose happiness and well-being are in their power; and the



mere fact of the employers being combined together in the form of a company, does not in any way absolve the former from the obligations under which they lie to the employed. The relation of masters and men still subsists between them; and as the latter are required and obliged to perform their duties, so are the former bound to fulfil their's too. Indeed, companies, from the great power which they possess of acting in a combined form, and on an extensive scale of operations, perhaps lie under a greater weight of obligation, on account of the larger consequences involved in the proper performance of their duties as employers of workmen.

Probably there are many of our readers who may not have heard of Price's Patent Candle Company. They possess extensive premises at Belmont, Vauxhall, where they give employment to upwards of 1,000 hands. Many of these are young persons,—chiefly boys. A few years back it was observed that some half-dozen of these used to hide themselves behind a bench, after they had done their day's work and had their tea, when they employed themselves in practising writing on scraps of paper, with worn-out pens begged from the counting-house. The foreman of the department,—who must have been a man of a kindly nature,—seeing that the boys were engaged in no mischief, but on the contrary, seemed desirous of improving themselves, encouraged them in their pastime. As they persevered, and other boys began to join them, the kind foreman begged of the head of the concern that some rough moveable desks might be made for the use of the boys. Fortunately the firm was managed by pattern masters—Mr. J. P. Wilson and his brother,—who were quick to discover and to foster the seeds of improvement in these young minds. The desks were furnished, and nothing gave the boys greater pleasure, after their day's work, than to clear away the candle-boxes, and set up the writing-desks for their evening tasks—delightful tasks to them, though performed amidst the odour of tallow, and the by no means luxurious appurtenances of a candle factory. Those boys who could not read took lessons in reading from those who could; and those who read ill, learned to read better. Others took lessons in simple arithmetic; and all aspired to write and in course of time learned to write. Thus did this simple but most valuable movement originate entirely among the boys themselves.

The managers seeing the good effects of this humble school, encouraged it by all the means in their power. They did not force it, but generously fed it. They gave prizes to the best and most improving scholars; furnished copy-books, spelling-books, and Testaments; heard the boys their spelling, and helped them at their lessons; and made a point of being present at the school-meetings, to give the encouragement and sanction which the presence of those in power never fails to furnish. The scholars gradually increased. There were now thirty boys assembled nightly. The labour of removing the candle-boxes to make room for the desks was now considerable; besides, there was the disadvantage of sitting in a place that was necessarily dirty, and exposed on all sides.

Could not a more convenient place be found

for the school meetings? This question the managers undertook to solve. There was an old, and rather tumble-down building, part of which was used as a store-room, but the upper rooms of which were comparatively unused. These rooms were approached by a heavy wooden staircase. Here, then, was the place for a schoolroom. The Messrs. Wilson, at their own expense, gutted the upper part of this building, threw two stories into one, and made a lofty schoolroom, approached by an iron staircase. The room was large enough for 100 boys; but only the thirty—still working entirely by themselves—commenced proceedings there at first, in the winter of 1848. But many other boys from the factory now began to join them; and the numbers increased to such an extent, that it was found difficult to preserve order and subordination. The mutual system of instruction, which had worked so well among the candle-boxes, began to show evidences of imperfection, now that the number had increased, and perhaps a ruder and less cultivated class of scholars joined them. The better scholars found that they had exhausted all the powers of self-instruction which they possessed, and they began to leave it, to look out for better evening schools out of the factory. The necessity for a change was felt; and in order to secure order in the school, the boys elected a committee of their number to govern. This expedient failed, and the usefulness of the school was seriously impeded. At length, the best of the elder boys earnestly requested that the principle of self-government, on which the school had been started, should be superseded; and then only it was that Mr. James Wilson took the management and the government of the school into his hands. Since then the school has been worked entirely by authority, though the exercise of that authority is guided by the boys themselves in a general vote.

The educational experiment, which commenced so humbly, and so spontaneously, has since been thoroughly developed under the admirable superintendence of the manager above named; and now we do not exaggerate when we say, that the educational establishment, in connection with Price's Candle Company, is not surpassed for efficiency by any in England. It possesses day-schools for those boys who are employed only casually in the busy seasons. When not required for work, the children are sent up to the schools, where they are well taught, and kept from evil, and are always ready again when wanted in the factory; whereas they would otherwise be liable to be idling about the streets, picking up bad habits, and perhaps might not be available when next wanted. Of course, they are not paid except when at work, and great is their eagerness to be drafted back from the school to the workshops.

The schools have acquired an excellent character in the neighbourhood, and parents are found anxious to have their children placed there, even before they are old enough to work, being drafted off from thence into the workrooms as vacancies occur; those being taken first who gain for themselves the best characters as scholars. The school is thus made a sort of nursery-ground for the factory, and the employers secure a comparatively high standard of character among the young people employed by them, which is of no less ad-

vantage to the company than it is to those young people themselves. Incurable characters are detected in the school before they are admitted to the works; and if found incurably careless, they are dismissed; for "one scabbed sheep mars a whole flock." And the scholars look upon their selection by the masters as fitted for work, as a prize for good conduct—to work for weekly wages being the height of their juvenile ambition.

What do you say to an excursion into the country for Price's Candle-boys? The country, with its woods, and green fields, and skies ringing with the song of birds,—the fresh, lovely, quiet, and peaceful country. Well; it was so. The factory school first made an excursion by railway-train to Guildford—a delightful excursion through a country which was always a favourite with "old Cobbett,"—a true lover of English scenery. The boys played a match at cricket, strolled about the green lanes, and in the afternoon begged from the clergyman of the little church on the top of one of the hills, the use of his church, into which they went, and chanted their hymns, the clergyman kindly consenting to read some parts of the service. A long, green, delightful day was thus spent; and the quiet and extreme beauty of the country sank into the minds of these city boys, wakened up a world of new ideas and feelings in them, and attended them back to the busy town and factories, to dwell in their memories for long years after. "From the way they looked at and spoke of the country to each other when there, I am sure," says Mr. Wison, "many of them, if they live till ninety, will remember that one day, and with a feeling more beneficial to their minds than any which months of ordinary schooling would be likely to produce."

There were other excursions. Next time, the candle-boys went sea-ward—to Herne Bay; not fewer than 250 boys went on this delightful voyage, and it was even fuller of novelty than the other. The smell of the salt water, the wide expanse, the forests of ships, the roll of the vessel, the thousand new sights, caused an infinity of delight ever afterwards to be remembered. This sea voyage was made in the summer of last year; and we hope the trip of the boys this summer will not prove less full of pleasure.

The schools in the meanwhile went on swimmingly. The one room became so crowded, that it was found necessary to build a new room over the old one, at a considerable expense. This became the more necessary in consequence of the large influx of children to the establishment, from the manufacture of Child's Night Lamps being now added to that of Price's Patent Candles. It was even found necessary to provide additional accommodation; and, fortunately, an arch of the South Western Railway (passing through Vauxhall) lay convenient at hand; so it was rented, made water-tight, and fitted up as an additional school.

We must not omit to notice, in passing, the girls' classes, and the agencies brought to bear on their improvement. This is a point of great importance; and one that has not been lost sight of in the course of Mr. Wilson's benevolent system of operations. First, great care was exercised in selecting girls of good character, before admitting

them to the companionship of the rest. Thus a good name was secured for the factory, and virtuous parents did not hesitate to send their girls to a place where they knew they would be taken proper care of, and preserved from vicious example as much as possible. The girls' school required, of course, to be placed under female management; and, fortunately, an intelligent and benevolent lady volunteered to take charge of the classes, and also offered to defray the expenses connected with them. The girls, besides being taught the ordinary branches of school instruction, were also taught sewing, knitting, mending, dressmaking, and the many little arts of making home comfortable,—thus qualifying them in after life to become useful women, good housewives, and intelligent mothers. On one occasion, a stranger—himself a manufacturer—on going over the candle factory, and noting the healthy and happy faces of these girls, their neat and tidy dress, and their modest and proper behaviour, could not help exclaiming—"Well! I never even imagined that factory labour could present a scene so cheerful and so pleasing!"

Industrial training has also recently been imparted to the young men:—for instance, in tailoring and shoemaking,—not with the idea of their ever practising these things as trades, but to enable them to mend, and perhaps make, their own clothes and shoes, and hereafter those of their families. Many working men do this, and find it a great saving. It also furnishes an occupation, which, while valuably employing a man's spare time, yet keeps him with his wife and family.

The last offshoot of this educational movement among the candle-boys, has been the establishment of a Mutual Improvement Society, consisting of the most advanced hands in the factory, which was inaugurated as recently as March last. Its meetings are held in the schoolroom under the railway arch; and never was railway arch put to a more admirable use. We hope we shall be able yet to relate something of the success which has attended this society.

After these things, who shall say that companies have not consciences; or that they have not the desire to ameliorate and elevate the moral condition of their work-people? Were more individual employers to exhibit an equal desire to benefit young persons in their employment that the proprietors of this public-spirited company have done, an entirely new face would soon be put upon the industrial society of England, and the happiness and well-being of all classes—employers and employed—would be alike promoted. —*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

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**BENEFIT OF MEDICINE.**—The late celebrated Dr. Gregory states, that nine-tenths of his own profession consists in guess-work; and the following anecdote seems confirmatory, at least, of the fact, that the benefit derived from medicine is often purely imaginary. A physician having prescribed for a countryman, gave him the paper on which he had written, and told him he "must be sure to take that"—meaning the portion which he had ordered. The countryman, misapprehending the doctor, wrapped up the paper like a bolus, swallowed it, and *was cured.*



## THE OLD HOUSEKEEPER'S TALE.

AFTER my good and excellent mistress, Mrs. Dacre, departed this life for a better, it seemed as if nothing ever prospered in the family, whom I had the honour of serving in the capacity of confidential housekeeper. Mr. Dacre became morose and careless of his affairs; his sons were a source of great misery to him, pursuing a course of reckless extravagance and heartless dissipation; while the five young ladies—the youngest of whom, however, had attained the age of twenty-four—cared for little else than dress, and visiting, and empty show. These five young ladies had not amiable dispositions or gentle manners; but they were first-rate horsewomen, laughed and talked very loud, and were pronounced fine dashing women. There was another member of the family, an orphan niece of my master's, who had greatly profited by my lamented lady's teaching and companionship. Miss Marion had devoted herself to the sick room with even more than a daughter's love; and for two years she had watched beside the patient sufferer, when her more volatile and thoughtless cousins refused to credit the approach of death. Miss Marion had just entered her twentieth year; life had not been all summer with her; for she remembered scenes of privation and distress, ere the decease of her parents left her, their only child, to the care of her affluent relatives. She was a serious and meek, but affectionate creature; of a most goodly countenance and graceful carriage; and I used sometimes to think that the Misses Dacre were jealous of the admiration she excited, and kept her in the background as much as possible. It was not difficult to do this, for Miss Marion sought and loved retirement. After Mrs. Dacre's decease, she had expressed an urgent desire to earn her bread by filling the situation of a governess. But the pride of the Dacres revolted at this; besides, Miss Marion was a comfort to her uncle, when his daughters were absent or occupied. So the dear young lady gave up her own wishes, and strove to do all she could for her generous benefactor, as she was wont to call my master.

Circumstances, which it were needless to detail, except to say that, although I had served *one* mistress satisfactorily, I found it impossible to serve *five*, determined me to resign the situation I had creditably filled for so many years. I deeply grieved to leave my beloved Miss Marion; and the, sweet humble soul, on her part, yearned towards me, and wept a farewell on my bosom. I betook myself, in the first instance, to my brother Thomas Wesley and his wife—a worthy couple without children, renting a small farm nearly a hundred miles off. A very pleasant, small farm it was, situated in a picturesque valley, through which tumbled and foamed a limpid hill-stream, washing the roots of fine old trees, and playing all sorts of antics. This valley was a resort of quiet anglers, and also of artists during the summer season; and Thomas and Martha Wesley often let a neat parlor and adjoining bedroom to such respectable, steady people as did not object to observe the primitive hours and customs enforced at Fair-down Farm. Here I enjoyed the privilege of writing to, and hearing from, my dear Miss Marion;

and though she never complained, or suffered a murmur to escape her, yet from the tenor of her letters I had great cause to fear things were all going very wrong at Mr. Dacre's, and that her own health, always delicate, was giving way beneath the pressure of anxiety and unkindness.

In less than six months after I had quitted the family, a climax, which I had long anticipated with dread, actually arrived. Mr. Dacre, suddenly called to his account, was found to have left his temporal affairs involved in inextricable and hopeless ruin; and amid the general crash and desolation, who was to shield or befriend the poor dependent, the orphan niece, Miss Marion? She was rudely cast adrift on the cold world; her proffered sympathy and services tauntingly rejected by those who had now a hard battle to fight on their own account. Broken down in health and spirits, the poor young lady flew to me, her humble, early friend, gratefully and eagerly availing herself of Thomas Wesley's cordial invitation, to make his house her home for the present.

My brother was a kind-hearted, just man; he had once been to see me when I lived at Mr. Dacre's; and that gentleman, in his palmy days, was truly hospitable and generous to all comers. Thomas never forgot his reception, and now he was a proud and happy man to be enabled thus to offer a "slight return" as he modestly said, to one of the family. With much concern we all viewed Miss Marion's wan and careworn looks, so touching in the young; "But her dim blue een will get bright again, and she'll fill out—never fear," said Martha Wesley to me, by way of comfort and encouragement, "now we've got her amongst *us*, poor dear. I doubt those proud Misses Dacre were not over-tender with such a one as sweet Miss Marion—"

"Dame, dame, don't let that tongue of thine wag so fast," interrupted Thomas, for he never liked to hear people ill spoken of behind their backs though he would speak out plainly enough to everybody's face.

A few days after Miss Marion's arrival at Fair-down (it was just at the hay-making season, and the earth was very beautiful—birds singing and flowers blooming—soft breezes blowing, and musical streamlets murmuring rejoicingly in the sunshine), a pedestrian was seen advancing leisurely up the valley, coming in a direction from the neighbouring town—a distance, however, of some miles, and the nearest point where the coach stopped. The stranger, aided in his walk by a stout stick, was a short, thickest, elderly man, clad in brown habiliments from head to foot: a brown, broad-brimmed beaver, an antiquated brown spencer (a brown wig must not be omitted), brown gaiters, and brown cloth boots, completed his attire. His linen was spotless and fine, his countenance rubicund and benevolent; and when he took off his green spectacles, a pair of the clearest and honestest brown eyes ever set in mortal's head looked you full in the face. He was a nice comfortable-looking old gentleman; and so Thomas and I thought at the same moment—for Martha was out of the way, and I showed the apartments for her; the stranger who gave his name as Mr. Budge, having been directed to our house by the people of the inn where the coach stopped, who

were kin to Martha, and well-disposed, obliging persons.

Mr. Budge said he wanted quietness for some weeks, and the recreation of fishing; he had come from the turmoil of the great city to relax and enjoy himself, and if Thomas Wesley would kindly consent to receive him as a lodger, he would feel very much obliged. Never did we listen to so pleasant and obliging a mode of speaking; and when Mr. Budge praised the apartments, and admired the country, the conquest of Thomas's heart was complete. "Besides," as Martha sagaciously remarked, "it was so much better to have a steady old gentleman like this for a lodger, when pretty Miss Marion honoured them as a guest." I thought so too; my dear young lady being so lone and unprotected by relatives, we all took double care of her.

So Mr. Budge engaged the rooms, and speedily arrived to take possession, bringing with him a spick-and-span new fishing-rod and basket. He did not know much about fishing, but he enjoyed himself just as thoroughly as if he did; and he laughed so good-humouredly at his own Cockney blunders, as he used to call them, that Thomas would have been quite angry had any one else presumed to indulge a smile at Mr. Budge's expense. A pattern lodger in all respects was Mr. Budge—deferential towards Martha and myself, and from the first moment he beheld Miss Marion, regarding her as a superior being, yet one to be loved by mortal for all that. Mr. Budge was not a particularly communicative individual himself, though we opined from various observations, that, although not rich, he was comfortably off; but somehow or other, without appearing in the least inquisitive, he managed to obtain the minutest information he required. In this way, he learned all the particulars respecting Miss Marion; and gathered also from me, my own desire of obtaining a situation, such as I had held at Mr. Dacre's, but in a small and well-regulated household. As to Miss Marion, the kind old gentleman could never show kindness enough to her; and he watched the returning roses on her fair cheeks with a solicitude scarcely exceeded by mine. I never wondered at anybody admiring the sweet, patient girl; but Mr. Budge's admiration and apparent affection so far exceeded the bounds of mere conventional kindness in a stranger, that sometimes I even smilingly conjectured he had the idea of asking her to become Mrs. Budge, for he was a widower as he told us, and childless.

Such an idea, however, had never entered Miss Marion's innocent heart; and she always so grateful for any little attention, was not likely to receive with coldness those so cordially lavished on her by her new friend, whom she valued as a truly good man, and not for a polished exterior, in which Mr. Budge was deficient. Nay, so cordial was their intimacy, and so much had Miss Marion regained health and cheerfulness, that with unwonted sportiveness, on more than one occasion she actually hid the ponderous brown snuff-box usually reposing in Mr. Budge's capacious pocket, and only produced it when his distress became real; whereupon he chuckled and laughed as if she had performed a mighty clever feat, indulging at the same time, however, in a double pinch.

Some pleasant weeks to us all had thus glided away, and Miss Marion was earnestly consulting me about her project of governing, her health being now so restored; and I, for my part, wanted to execute my plans for obtaining a decent livelihood, as I could not think of burdening Thomas and Martha any longer, loath as they were for me to leave them. Some pleasant weeks, I say, had thus glided away, when Mr. Budge, with much ceremony and circumlocution, as if he had deeply pondered the matter, and considered it very weighty and important, made a communication which materially changed and brightened my prospects. It was to the effect, that an intimate friend of his, whom he had known he said, all his life, required the immediate services of a trustworthy housekeeper, to take the entire responsible charge of his house. "My friend," continued Mr. Budge, tapping his snuff-box complacently, his brown eyes twinkling with the pleasure of doing a kind act, for his green specs were in their well-worn case at his elbow—"My friend is about my age—a sober chap, you see, Mrs. Deborah;" here a chuckle—"and he has no wife and no child to take care of him"—here a slight sigh: "he has lately bought a beautiful estate, called Sorel Park, and it is there you will live, with nobody to interfere with you, as the lady-relative who will reside with my friend is a most amiable and admirable young lady; and I am sure, Mrs. Deborah, you will become much attached to her. By the by, Mrs. Deborah," he continued, after pondering for a moment, "will you do me a favour to use your influence to prevent Miss Marion from accepting any appointment for the present, as after you are established at Sorel Park, I think I know of a home that may suit her?"

I do not know which I felt most grateful or delighted for—my own prospects, or my dear Miss Marion's; though certainly hers were more vague and undefined than mine, for the remuneration offered for my services was far beyond my expectation, and from Mr. Budge's description of Sorel Park, it seemed to be altogether a place beyond my most sanguine hopes. I said something about Miss Marion, and my hope that she might be as fortunate as myself; and Mr. Budge, I was happy to see, was quite fervent in his response. "My friend," said he, at the close of the interview, "will not arrive to take possession of Sorel Park until you, Mrs. Deborah, have got all things in order; and as I know that he is anxious for the time to arrive, the sooner you can set out on your journey thither the better. I must also depart shortly, but I hope to return hither again." Important business required Mr. Budge's personal attention, and with hurried adieu to us all, he departed from Fairdown; and in compliance with his request, I set off for Sorel Park, leaving my beloved Miss Marion to the care of Thomas and Martha for the present.

The owner of this fine place was not as yet known there; for Mr. Budge, being a managing man, had taken everything upon himself, and issued orders with as lordly an air as if there was nobody in the kingdom above the little brown man. The head-gardener, and some of the other domestics, informed me they had been engaged by Mr. Budge himself, who, I apprehended, made very free and busy with the concerns of his friend. Sorel



Park was a princely domain, and there was an air of substantial comfort about the dwelling and its appointments, which spoke volumes of promise as to domestic arrangements in general. I soon found time to write a description of the place to Miss Marion, for I knew how interested she was in all that concerned her faithful Deborah; and I anxiously awaited the tidings she had promised to convey—of Mr. Budge having provided as comfortably for her as he had for me. I at length received formal notification of the day and hour the owner of Sorel Park expected to arrive, accompanied by his female relative. This was rather earlier than I had been led to expect; but all things being in order for their reception, I felt glad at their near approach, for I was strangely troubled and nervous to get this introduction over. I was very anxious too, about my dear Miss Marion; for I knew that some weighty reason alone prevented her from answering my letter, though what that reason could be, it was impossible for me to conjecture.

The momentous day dawned; the hours glided on; and the twilight deepened. The superior servants and myself stood ready to receive the travellers, listening to every sound; and startled, nevertheless, when the rapid approach of carriage-wheels betokened their close proximity. With something very like disappointment, for which I accused myself of ingratitude, I beheld Mr. Budge, browner than ever, alight from the chariot, carefully assisting a lady, who seemed in delicate health, as she was muffled up like a mummy. Mr. Budge returned my respectful salutation most cordially, and said with a smile, as he bustled forwards to the saloon, where a cheerful fire blazed brightly on the hearth—for it was a chill evening: "I've brought your new mistress home, you see, M. Deborah; but you want to know where your new master is—eh? Well, come along, and this young lady will tell you all about the old fellow."

I followed them into the apartment; Mr. Budge shut the door; the lady flung aside her veil, and my own dear, sweet Miss Marion clasped me round the neck, and sobbed hysterically in my arms.

"Tell her my darling," said Mr. Budge, himself quite husky, and turning away to wipe off a tear from his ruddy cheek—"tell her my darling, you're the *mistress* of Sorel Park; and when you've made the good soul understand *that*, tell her we'd like a cup of tea before we talk about the *master*."

"O my dear Miss Marion!" was all I could utter; "what does this mean? Am I in a dream?" But it was not a happy dream; for when I had a moment to reflect, my very soul was troubled as I thought of the sacrifice of all her youthful aspirations, made by that poor gentle creature, for the sake of a secure and comfortable home in this stormy world. I could not reconcile myself to the idea of Mr. Budge and Marion as man and wife; and as I learned, ere we retired to rest that night, I had no occasion to do so. Mr. Budge was Miss Marion's paternal uncle, her mother, Miss Dacre, having married his elder brother. These brothers were of respectable birth, but inferior to the Dacres; and while the elder never prospered in any undertaking, and finally died of a broken heart, the younger, toiling in foreign climes, gradually amassed a competency. On returning to his native

land, he found his brother no more, and the orphan girl he had left behind placed with her mother's relatives.

Mr. Budge had a great dread of appearing before these proud patrician people, who had always openly scorned his deceased brother; and once accidentally encountering them at a public *fête*, the contumelious bearing of the young ladies towards the little brown gentleman deterred him from any a nearer approach. No doubt, he argued, his brother's daughter was deeply imbued with similar principles, and would blush to own a "Mr. Budge" for her uncle! This name he had adopted as the condition of inheriting a noble fortune unexpectedly bequeathed by a plebeian, but worthy and industrious relative, only a few years previous to the period when Providence guided his footsteps to Fairdown Farm and Miss Marion.

The moderate competency Mr. Budge had hitherto enjoyed, and which he had toiled hard for, now augmented to ten times the amount, sorely perplexed and troubled him; and after purchasing Sorel Park, he had flown from the turmoil of affluence, to seek peace and obscurity for awhile, under pretext of pursuing the philosophical recreation of angling. How unlike the Misses Dacre was the fair and gracious creature he encountered at Fairdown! And not a little the dear old gentleman prided himself on his talents for what he called diplomacy—arranging his plans, he said, "just like a book-romance." After my departure, he returned to Fairdown, and confided the wonderful tidings to Thomas and Martha Wesley, more cautiously imparting them to Miss Marion, whose gentle spirits were more easily fluttered by sudden surprise.

For several years Mr. Budge paid an annual visit to Fairdown, when the trout-fishing season commenced; and many useful and valuable gifts found their way into Thomas's comfortable homestead, presented by dear Miss Marion. In the course of time, she became the wife of one worthy of her in every respect—their lovely children often sportively carrying off the ponderous box of brown rappee, and yet Uncle Budge never frowning.

These darlings cluster round my knees, and one, more demure than the rest, thoughtfully asks: "Why is Uncle Budge's hair not snowy white, like yours, dear Deb? For Uncle Budge says he is *very* old, and that God will soon call him away from us."—*Chambers's Ed. Jour.*

PRICE OF BOOKS.—Stow, in his "Survey of London," mentions that in 1433 £66 13s. 4d. was paid for transcribing a copy of the works of Nicholas de Lyra, in two volumes, to be claimed in the library of the Grey Friars. At this time the usual price of wheat was 5s. 4d. per quarter; the wages of a ploughman 1d.; and of a sawyer 4d. per diem. In a blank page of "Comestor's Scholastic History," deposited in the British Museum, it is stated that this MS. was taken from the King of France, at the battle of Poitiers; it was afterwards purchased by the Earl of Salisbury for £66 13s. 4d. (100 marks), and directed by the last will of his Countess to be sold for 40 livres. At this time the pay of the King's Surgeon was £5 13s. 4d. per annum, and a shilling a day besides.—*Spence.*

TALES OF THE SLAVE SQUADRON.

THE REVENGE.

LIEUTENANT ARMSTRONG was commander (acting) of the *Curlew*, for some months after the occurrence of the incidents related in a former paper; and a more zealous or successful officer has never, in my belief, illustrated the reputation of the British navy, for efficiency and daring, in the hazardous and difficult service on the slave coast. In four months we had made three captures—irrespective of the *Fair Rosamond*,—the name of one of which, *El Reyna*, a clipper-brig that had long eluded the vigilance and outstripped the speed of our cruisers, as well as the ingenious mode by which she was finally made prize of, must have attracted the notice of many newspaper-readers of those days. But although a first-rate seaman, and dashing commander, there was a defect—perhaps I should say an exaggeration of character—in Lieutenant Armstrong, which, in a considerable degree, marred his high qualities, and gave a tone of harshness to his demeanour, under certain circumstances, quite foreign, I am sure, to his real disposition. He was, in a word,—as I believe I have previously hinted,—an iron disciplinarian, and this entirely from a conviction that only by the stern, relentless application of the maritime code of punishment, could the supremacy of the British navy be permanently maintained. Peremptory, irresponsible power, such as then existed in the service, is pretty sure, at one time or other, to lead an officer who indulges in it, to the commission of serious wrong and injustice. This, at all events, was once the case, during his professional life, with Lieutenant Armstrong, and the consequences of that grave error were, by a remarkable fatality, visited upon him and others, at a time and in a manner equally unexpected and terrible. This omitted, but instructive passage in our naval history, I am now about to place before the reader.

We took *El Reyna* into *Sierra Leone*, and whilst there, news was brought that *Le Requin* (*The Shark*), a fitly-named, notorious and successful slaver, was on the coast. This vessel, the property of a French Brazilian Creole, was commanded by a skilful and active desperado of the English name of Harrison, and once a petty officer of the royal navy. His assumed designation, however, was borrowed from the fine craft he commanded,—Captain *Le Requin*,—and he was reported to have under his orders a motley crew of some of the most reckless ruffians that could be picked out of the refuse of half a dozen civilized nations. It was, moreover, well known that *Le Requin*, when the “Black” market was slack, overstocked, or more than usually hazardous, did a little in the way of ordinary, *admitted* piracy; and stringent orders had consequently been issued to the officers of the squadron to use their utmost efforts to sink or capture so daring and unscrupulous a rover.

It was manifest that Lieutenant Armstrong listened to the many rumours afloat relative to the probable whereabouts of *Le Requin*, with a far deeper than merely professional interest. His inquiries as to the appearance of the vessel, and the haunts she chiefly frequented, were earnest

and incessant; and it was whispered amongst us that Harrison had served in the same ship with the commander of the *Curlew*, and that circumstances of an unusual character had occurred in connection with them both. However this might be, there was evidently some strong private motive at the bottom of the lieutenant's desperate anxiety to get away in search of the piratical slaver, and so quickly did he dispatch his official business relative to the *Curlew*'s last important capture, that we were at sea again in less than half the time we had reckoned upon remaining at *Sierra Leone*. Our course was to the south and east, and as the winds proved favourable, the *Curlew* rapidly swept the African sea-board from *Sierra Leone* to the Bight of *Biafra*, looking as we passed into every inlet that might afford shelter or concealment to the object of our search. A sharp, wearying look-out was at length rewarded by a passing gleam of success. We were within about thirty leagues of *Cape Lopez*, which bore about S.S.W., and we were steering, close-hauled upon the larboard tack, as nearly as possible S.W. in order to give the Cape as wide a berth as might be in passing, when the look-out at the mast-head announced first one, and then two sail on the weather-bow. They rose quickly out of the water, and no wonder, for they had half a gale of wind on the quarter, and it was not long before we could guess pretty accurately at the character of both. The headmost was a square-rigged ship, of about four hundred tons burthen, pursued by an armed schooner of half that tonnage, coming up with her hand over hand. Commander Armstrong immediately pronounced the schooner to be *Le Requin*, an opinion confirmed by several old salts who had obtained a passing glimpse of the celebrated craft upon one or two occasions. As the *Curlew*, in anticipation of a dirty night, had been made very snug, and did not show much top-hammer, it was hoped she might not be seen till *Le Requin* was within reach of her guns. For upwards of an hour this appeared likely enough; but at last the anxious men, whose eyes swept the horizon in all directions, from the merchantman's deck, caught sight of us, and unable to restrain their exultation at the glad vision of a British man-of-war creeping up to the rescue, instantly let off a piece of pop-gun artillery, ran up the union-jack, and set up a tiny shout in derision of the pursuer, which the direction of the wind just enabled us to hear and echo, with sundry very hearty maledictions of their stupid throats. *Le Requin* quickly hauled her wind, and at once recognizing the character of her new customer, got with all possible speed upon the same tack as ourselves, and being a remarkably fine weatherly vessel, went off full half a point closer to the wind than the *Curlew*, thus showing from the first moment the well-nigh hopeless aspect of the chase. Night fell—black as the inside of a tar-barrel—with a gale of wind that by midnight had increased to a tempest accompanied by flashes of lightning and peals of thunder which those acquainted only with the electrical phenomena of temperate regions, can form but a faint conception of. Frequently, during the night, a more than usually brilliant coruscation showed us *Le Requin*, upon the white crest of a huge wave, far away to windward; but when the cold grey morning dawned, the schooner had



utterly disappeared, leaving us miserably cold, wet, disappointed, and savage. One thing, at all events, our night's chase had taught us,—that the Curlew was no match for Le Requin in point of speed, and that if we ever should succeed in putting salt upon his tail, it must be by some cleverer expedient than that of running after him at the rate of five feet to his six. Captain Armstrong looked considerably bluer than the bluest of us, and did not reappear on deck till five or six hours after the ascertained disappearance of the schooner. He then ordered the Curlew's course to be changed to the north-west till further orders. Those further orders were not issued till about noon on the morrow, when the sloop's head was pointed nearly due south; and whilst cracking on under a stiff breeze in that direction, the commander's new "dodge" for entrapping the coveted prey developed itself. The broad white ribbon along the gun line, was painted black; our No. 1 wan-of-war canvas was exchanged for some worn, and here and there patched, merchant-sails, fished up from the hold; the shiny brass fittings of the deck, and the glittering figure-head, were smudged brown; the brass swivel-gun amidships was unshipped and sent below; the carpenter and his crew manufactured a lot of wooden gun-muzzles (Quakers), and these, when painted, were protruded from the port-holes, in place of the real barkers, which were carefully concealed beneath tarpaulin, sails, hencoops, gratings, and other lumber, and so ostentatiously warlike were the "Quakers" fashioned, that their harmless character could be detected by half an eye, at half a league's distance. Many other minor changes and disguises were effected, and the Curlew's transfiguration was complete. We now gradually edged away to the eastward, and as soon as we reached about nine degrees south latitude, and five degrees east longitude, the Curlew's bows once more pointed northward, and we crept slowly enough along in the day, whilst during the night we generally lay to, in order not to get along too rapidly. By the commander's orders, all the officers,—himself included,—replaced their epaulettes and laced uniforms and cocked hats, by round jackets and hats, and not more than twenty men were allowed to be on deck during day-light. All these twigs being carefully lined, we made way at an average rate of not more than three or four knots an hour, and in as lubberly a fashion—considering the but recent practice of the crew in that line—as could be expected. Time crept on as lazily as we did, and doubts whether our captain's clever contrivance would not end in smoke, were beginning to be entertained, when we spoke a brig bound for the Cape, a little north of the equator, which gave us the pleasant information that a large barque she had fallen in with, laden with ivory, palm-oil, and gold-dust, had been plundered the previous evening by a piratical schooner supposed to be Le Requin. The crew, it was further stated, had not been personally maltreated, and the barque had proceeded on her course. This was great news, and so well did it sharpen the optics of many of us, that an almost simultaneous hail from half-a-dozen voices, at daybreak the next morning, announced a strange sail, hull-down, astern, and steering westward. Every glass in the sloop was quickly directed towards

the stranger, whose white sails—unmistakeably those of a schooner—glanced brilliantly in the newly-risen unclouded sun. Everybody felt or affected to be sure it was Le Requin; and when the schooner—which did not for some time appear to see us—turned her bowsprit towards the Curlew, and crowded sail (the wind was southerly—right aft), evidently in pursuit, the last lingering doubt vanished. And we, of course, zealously busied ourselves with ostentatious efforts to effect our escape from the suspicious-looking craft. But spite of all we could do, so miserably was our ship handled and steered,—terror-stricken men do nothing well,—that we could hardly get five knots out of her; and the ferocious schooner would, it was quite certain, be up with us in less than no time. The commander's face was deathly pale from over-excitement, I supposed; and as for the crew, they were in an ecstasy of uncontrollable mirth. The notion of a British sloop-of-war running away from, and being chased by a slaver or pirate, was a joke so exquisite as to defy all ordinary modes of expression; and the astounding capers the men cut—the grimly comical squints and winks, and quiet grins (silence being strictly enforced) they exchanged with each other and the advancing schooner, were irresistibly droll. Once it was feared that a misgiving as to whom it was he was so eagerly pursuing had seized our friend, for when not more than half a league astern, he suddenly luffed, and stood across our wake, apparently in keen scrutinizing observation. His hesitation was but momentary,—the fierce aspect of the "Quakers," I think, re-assured him,—and the chase was resumed. In about half an hour he ranged fiercely up on our weather-beam, and as the red flash and white smoke which heralded a shot across the Curlew's bows, broke out of the schooner's side, a hoarse, powerful voice roared through a trumpet from the after-part of the deck, "Heave too, or I'll sink you."

The commander of the Curlew leaped upon a gun-carriage, lifted his round glazed hat, and rejoined in as loud and fierce, but mocking tone, "That will we, Captain Le Requin, and in a hurry, too." At the same instant the seamen concealed about the deck sprang to their feet, the rest of the crew tumbled, with loud shouts, up the hatchways, the "Quakers" were shoved overboard, and before the astounded *captors* well comprehended what had happened, they were confronted by the frowning, double-shotted battery of the Curlew, and flight or resistance was out of the question. As soon, however, as the wild, confused yell of rage and terror which arose from the motley crew that crowded to the slave-pirate's deck had sufficiently subsided to permit of her captain's voice being heard, a desperate but of course futile effort to escape was made. We were in no trim or humour for another chase, and at a wave from Captain Armstrong's hand, gun after gun belched forth its iron shower upon the ill-starred schooner, and with such a terrible havoc to her spars and rigging, that in a few minutes she was a helpless log upon the water. The pirate carried no colours, but in this strait some of the crew ran up a Brazilian flag, and instantly hauled it down again in token of surrender. The firing at once ceased, and the schooner was hailed to send her captain on board the Curlew immediately. In a minute

or so it was replied that the captain had been carried below, mortally wounded, was rapidly bleeding to death, and could not therefore be removed. I was standing close by Commander Armstrong at the moment, and noticed that a hot, swarthy flush passed over his pale, excited features. After a moment's thought he said, hastily "Sutcliffe, have a boat alongside, manned and armed, as quickly as you can; I must see this fellow myself, and without delay, it seems." So saying, he left the desk. By the time the boat was ready, he reappeared in full uniform, and was swiftly rowed on board the prize.

After briefly directing the men to disarm and secure the crew, he hurried below, motioning as he did so, that I should accompany him. The captain of *Le Requin*—a tall, gaunt, but not, I should think, originally ill-looking man—was unquestionably dying. His right leg had been carried away above the knee by a round shot, and although a rude tourniquet had been applied, the loss of blood had previously been so great that life, as we entered, fluttered but feebly in his veins, and there was scant breath left, it struck me, in the mutilated, panting frame, to answer much questioning, if that were, as I supposed, Lieutenant Armstrong's purpose there. This was my first impression; but the ferociously triumphant scowl that broke from his darkening eyes, at the sound of his visitor's voice (he had not seemed to recognize him by sight), testified to the still untamed energy of *will*, which could thus force back retreating life to the citadel it had all but finally abandoned. He partially raised himself, and glared at the lieutenant, as if in fearful doubt that his failing eye-sight and hearing had deceived him. "You here—Lieutenant Armstrong *here*," he hoarsely gasped as he fell back,—then is death welcome as a bride!"

"I am sorry to see you thus, Harrison," said the lieutenant, in a compassionate tone. "I would much rather have met you alive and well."

"You could never have *captured* me alive," retorted Harrison. "That I am always provided against. And sorry, are you?" he went on relapsing into feebleness. "The time is past when that might have availed. You have been my rock ahead through life—always. El Reyna and her dusky cargo were partly mine,—and now *Le Requin's* gone. Yes,—ever, my triumphant foe,—oppressor! But," he added, again with kindling ferocity, "the *last* stake is the crowning one, and that, *that*—Lieutenant Armstrong—I win."

"I once did you grievous wrong, Harrison," replied the lieutenant, heedless of this idle menace,—unintentionally so. It was a mistake,—a blunder, which I regret,—although—"

"It was a murder!" screamed the dying seaman,— "murder of soul and body. For another's fault—not mine—you lacerated my flesh and bruised my spirit. I was a lost man from that hour! I, gently-born, to be—but no matter. Well, I ran,—was caught,—again flayed by your order,—yet I escaped at last, and now—now!"

The savagely-exultant tone of these words not only startled me, but also for a moment the steel-nerved commander of the *Cerulew*. It seemed a vain alarm. There was no other person in the cabin save a coloured lad about nine years of age. Harrison himself was lying helplessly upon a

looker in front of his open sleeping-berth, in which hung a short bell-pull, the tassel of which his right-hand fingers clutched convulsively;—but what help could he summon? The crew, we knew from the quiet overhead, had been secured. He was, no doubt, I concluded, partially delirious, and fancied himself still in command of *Le Requin*. The lad, whose bright glistening eyes had been intently fixed upon us, (he was Harrison's son) handed his father a cordial of some sort. It greatly revived him, and the expiring lamp of life played up with momentary brightness in the socket.

"You well know, Harrison," urged the commander of the *Cerulew*, "what I wish to be informed—assured of."

"Ay, to be sure I do. Did the beautiful Bermudian Creole live, die, or marry? To be sure. Ay, and I will tell you," added Harrison, quickly, as if suddenly warned that but a few moments more remained to him. "You *alone*; in no one else's hearing. Johnny," he went on rapidly, addressing his son, "I dropped a pocket-book near the fore hatch-way—the *fore* hatchway, mind,—fetch it me at once. And you, sir?" He looked at me. Lieutenant Armstrong nodded affirmatively, and I followed the lad up the companion-stairs. The boy went forward, but I, prompted by curiosity, remained about mid-ships, where, unobserved myself, I could discern through the long open skylight, what was going on at the further end of the cabin, and pretty well hear what passed. I missed some words, either of anger or remonstrance, they seemed, and then Lieutenant Armstrong exclaimed, passionately,

"Will you answer me, or not? say yes or no!"

"Yes—yes," shouted Harrison, fiercely grasping what I had taken for a bell-rope. "This—this, atrocious tyrant,—this is my answer!"

A terrible volume of bright flame, accompanied by the roar of a thousand thunders, instantly burst forth. I felt caught and whirled into the air by a fiery whirlwind, and I remember nothing more till many days afterwards, when I awoke to returning consciousness in an hospital at Cape Coast Castle. I had been frightfully bruised and burnt, and fever had supervened, but the loss of two left-hand fingers was the only permanent injury I sustained. The lad, Johnny, had also been picked up, scarcely hurt; and from him and others of *Le Requin's* crew, the mode by which the explosion, which blew the after-part of the schooner into fragments, had been effected, was pretty accurately ascertained. It was Harrison's fixed resolve,—especially after he had added piracy to his less hazardous trade of man-stealing,—never to be taken alive. With this view, a barrel of gunpowder was placed beneath his cabin-floor, into which, when about to engage in any perilous enterprise, a flint gun-lock was inserted, the trigger of which was attached to the bell-rope hanging in his sleeping-berth. Both himself and Lieutenant Armstrong must have been blown to atoms—a sad fate to befall so zealous and promising an officer, more especially just as the well-earned honours and rewards of his profession were within his reach, and time had begun to sensibly mellow and soften an unfortunate rigidity of temperament, to which, as we have seen, the sudden and melancholy catastrophe was mainly owing.—*Eliza Cook's Journal*.



## DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

The melancholy days are come,  
 The saddest of the year,  
 Of wailing winds and naked woods,  
 And meadows brown and sear;  
 Heap'd in the hollows of the grove,  
 The wither'd leaves lie dead;  
 They rustle to the eddying gust  
 And to the rabbit's tread;  
 The robin and the wren are flown,  
 And from the shrub the jay,  
 And from the wood-top caws the crow,  
 Through all the gloomy day.

And now when comes the calm mild day,  
 As still such days will come,  
 To call the squirrel and the bee  
 From out their winter home;  
 When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,  
 Though all the trees are still,  
 And twinkling in the smoky light  
 The waters of the rill,  
 The south wind searches for the flowers  
 Whose fragrance late he bore,  
 And sighs to find them in the wind  
 And by the streams no more.

And then I think of one who in  
 Her youthful beauty died,  
 The fair, meek blossom that grew up,  
 And faded by my side;  
 In the cold moist earth we laid her,  
 Where the forest casts her leaf,  
 And we wept that one so lovely  
 Should lead a life so brief;  
 Yet not unmeet it was that one,  
 Like that young friend of ours,  
 So gentle and so beautiful,  
 Should perish with the flowers.

## DINING WITH THE MILLION.

THE French journals, debarred from the discussion of prohibited politics, have been lately discovering several heroes in humble life. Modest merit is very apt thus to turn up in the newspapers at dead seasons, like the Shower of Frogs, and Tremendous Turnips, which, in England, are among the most important results of the close of the parliamentary session. It happens occasionally that we read in the obituary of some very distinguished person, an honour to his country; whose like, the journalist inform us, we ne'er shall look upon again, and whose name we thus hear mentioned for the first time. We have never suspected the great man's existence until he has ceased to exist. We have never known of the honour we enjoyed until we have ceased to enjoy it.

Thus it is that a large portion of the Parisian public were perhaps utterly unable to do honour to the Père Nicolet, until they were all of a sudden deprived of him. Death, however, unlocks the biographical treasures of the French Journals,

and they have celebrated the memory of Père Nicolet with that nicely-modulated mournfulness, that neatly-balanced regret, that well-punctuated pity, and that enlarged sympathy which a *feuilletonist* (who is paid by the line) can never coldly repress.

"Who is, or rather, who was Père Nicolet?" may especially be asked in our own country, where ignorance—so that it be the result of choice—is so distinguished and respectable.

Few can answer the question better than I can. The Père Nicolet! how well I remember that great and magnificent man. The remembrance carries me back (with a swiftness comparable to nothing but Prince Hussein's carpet, or an Excursion at two and two-pence,) to old familiar Paris—to

"Other lips and other hearts,"

not to mention "other cookery and other *cartes*"—Paris with its narrow Seine, that divides, but does not separate its shores; its terraces, fountains, and statues; its sauntering and sun; its immaculate toilettes, and morals (occasionally) to correspond; its balls where people actually dance, and its *conversations* where talking is not unknown—Paris, where people go to the opera merely because they like music, and yawn not, though a play be in nine acts; where gloves are carried to perfection; where it is not customary to consider any man a snob or a swindler until you have been introduced to him; where nobody is so ill-bred as to blush, although many, perhaps, have reason to do so; where everybody is a great deal more polite to everybody else than anybody deserves; where all the children are men, and all the men are children, and where all the ladies are more important than the two put together; for the politest nation in Europe fully recognises the Rights of Woman to govern—and to work.

The Père Nicolet! The mention of his name recalls an eventful evening. Everybody who has been accustomed to sun himself occasionally in Paris has experienced the difficulty of dining. Not difficulty in a vulgar sense. That may be experienced elsewhere, even in our own happy land, where great men have been reduced to feed their horses upon cheese-cakes. I allude to the more painful embarrassment of prandial riches. In England, according to Ude, a man is troubled in the choice of a religious sect, because there are fifty of them; but he has no hesitation as to his fish sauce, because there is, or was, but one. In France the case is reversed. The example of the English philosopher, Hobson—proverbial for the ready adaptation of his inclination to his alternativeless condition—is readily followed in matters of faith; it is in feeding (can alliteration excuse a course expression?) that the Frenchman finds himself at fault. Thus it is that in Paris, I have found what I may call a *carte-load* of five hundred dishes an insuperable difficulty in the way of a dinner, compared to which the English embarrassment between a steak and a chop, or a chop and a steak, is felicity itself. What monotony in variety it is to go the round of the *restaurants*! How soon the gilding is taken off the Maison Dorée; how quickly the Café de Paris ceases to be distinguished from any other café—de Paris, or elsewhere; what a disagreeable

family the Trois Frères speedily become. Then Vachette, Véry, and Vefour—Vefour, Véry, and Vachette!—are ringing the changes in vain. The dinner which was probably prepared for the Sleeping Beauty previously to her siesta, and kept waiting a hundred years, may have been found somewhat behind the age when it came to be eaten; but it could not have been more changeless and unchangeable than those great conservative *cuisines*.

Be it observed, however, that I am not assuming to myself any particular claims to epicurean honours. I am not going to set up an ideal on so very material a subject, to talk about the spiritual and divine side of gastronomy; to fall into affected raptures at the traditions of Vatel or the treatise of Savarin; to talk of the rare repasts I used *not* to revel in before the old Rocher was ruined, and the wonderful old vintages which I must confess had *not* then come under my notice. Nobody raves in this manner but antiquated dogs, who have not only had their day, but who have been making a night of it ever since—except, perhaps the comic *bon vivant* of some Irish magazine, who has probably drawn his inspiration from a *restaurant* in the Palais Royal, at two francs, *prix fixe*. Perhaps there is no subject upon which more nonsense has been written (inclusive of the lucubrations of the comic Irishman) on both sides of the question than upon French cookery. For my part, I am perfectly aware that the best dinners in the world are to be had in Paris, if you go to the right places. But the vaunted variety is all nonsense as far as the accidental dinner is concerned. Deduct from the ten thousand *plats*, or whatever number the *carte* may profess to contain, the dishes that do not happen to be in season (always a large proportion); those that never are, and never will be in season (a still larger number); those of which, at whatever time you dine, the last *plat* has just been served (an equally large number); those which requires to be specially ordered in the morning (not a few); and you will find that as to selection the remainder is not very bewildering—especially when it is remembered that two different names very often refer to one dish or to two, with a difference so slight as to be scarcely distinguishable.

Having thus, I hope, justified myself for finding promiscuous dining in Paris, monotonous after a few months of it, I need not farther explain how I came to test the resources of the Barriers in this respect, and how, in the course of not finding what I was looking for, I met with the Père Nicolet.

The Barriers, I may premise, are a grand resort, not only of dancers (to whom I have already alluded in this journal) but of diners and drinkers of all descriptions and degrees. It is owing to their happy attraction that so few drunken persons are seen about the streets of the city; and not, as has been sagaciously inferred, because drunken persons are by any means rare phenomena among a Parisian population. The *octroi* duty upon viands and wine entering Paris, was diminished a few months ago by a popular act of the President, but not sufficiently so to injure the interests of the *restaurants* outside. It is when the neighbourhood around becomes so

thickly populated that the Government find it desirable to extend the boundary and bring it within the jurisdiction of the city authorities—which has happened now and then—that these establishments suffer. Placed under the ban of the *octroi*, their wines and viands are no longer cheaper than in the heart of the city; and their customers forsake them for the new establishments set up on the outside of the new Barriers—destined perhaps some day to be themselves subjected to a similar proceeding.

Meantime, on every day of the year—but on Sundays more especially—thousands upon thousands, attracted perhaps as much by the excursion as by other considerations, flock to these *restaurants* to transact the mighty affair of dinner. Let us plant ourselves—that is to say, myself and two or three congenial associates, at one of the largest and most respectable. The place is the Barrière Clichy, and the time, Sunday, at six o'clock. The principal dining-room, on the first floor, is spacious and lofty, with all the windows open to the air. Nearly all the long narrow tables—which look very white and well appointed—are occupied by satisfied or expectant guests. Yonder is a respectable shop-keeper at the head of his very respectable family. See with what well-bred politeness he places chairs for his wife and the elder girls; who hang up their bonnets, and adjust their already nicely adjusted hair in the mirror with perfect composure—not at all embarrassed by the presence of a couple of hundred persons whom they have never seen before. At the next table is a grisette dining with a young gentlemen of rustic appearance, with red ears, who does not seem quite at his ease. Never mind, she does, that's very plain. They are waiting to order their dinner. The young lady stamps impatiently with her little foot upon the floor, and strikes a glass with a fork to attract the attention of a waiter—a practice that is considered underbred by fastidious persons; and which, to be sure, one does not observe at the Trois Frères. The *garçon* at length arrives, and the young lady pours into his ear a voluble order;—a flood of *Jullienne* soup and a bottle of anything but *ordinaire* wine, corking it down with a long array of solid matters to correspond. The young gentleman with the red ears, meantime, grins nervously; and indeed does little else during a very long dinner, making up, however, for the subordinate part he has hitherto played, by paying the bill. Round the room are scattered similar parties, arranged variously. Now a lady and gentlemen—then a gentlemen alone—then a lady alone (who partakes of everything with great gravity and decorum); then two ladies together, who exchange confidences with mysterious gestures, show one another little letters, and are a little lavish in the article of curaçoa; then two gentlemen together, who are talking about the two ladies, exchange a glance with one of them, and depart.

Such is a specimen of the society usually to be met with at a dinner outside the Barriers. If you wish to exchange a little for the worse, you will not find the process very difficult. In the *restaurants* of a lower class, there is a greater preponderance of cold veal and fried potatoes among the viands, and of blouses among the



guests. The wine, too, is rougher, and what Englishmen call fruity. You will be amused, too, during dinner, by musical performers (who walk in promiscuously from the street,) conjurors, and other ingenious persons—some of whom whistle duets with imaginary birds, which they are supposed to carry in their pockets, and imitate the noises of various animals with a fidelity which I have seldom known equalled.

The sun is setting as I stroll forth with my friends along the exterior Boulevards, rather dull, as becomes inhabitants of our beloved island, and anxious for "something to turn up" to amuse us. One proposes a visit to a suburban ball; another, an irruption into a select wedding party, which is making a great noise in a large house adjacent, where dancing may be seen through the open windows. The last proposition is negatived on the ground that we are not friends of the family, and might possibly be ejected with ignominy. I had myself, by the way, assisted at one of these entertainments a few days previously. It had been given by my laundress, on the occasion of the marriage of one of her "young ladies" with a youth belonging to my hotel. On that occasion I had been bored, I must say; and, moreover, had found myself compelled to contribute, in the style of a *milord*, towards setting up the young pair in life—for which purpose a soup-plate was sent round among the guests. It was next proposed to inspect the manners of the lower orders. With great pleasure;—but how, and where? Somebody had heard of a great establishment, which could not be far off, where "the million" were in the habit of congregating to an unlimited extent—on Sundays especially. We would stop the first intelligent plebeian we came across, and inquire for such a place. Here is a man in a blouse, with a pipe in his mouth; a circle is formed round him, and six questions are addressed to him at once. He is a plebeian, but not intelligent—so we let him pass. The next is our man; he looks contemptuously at us for our ignorance, and directs us to the *Barrière de Rochechouart—le Petit Ramponneau*, kept by the *Père Nicolet*, whom everybody (sarcastic emphasis on everybody) knows.

The *Barrière de Rochechouart* is not far off; and the *Barrier* once gained, the *Petit Ramponneau* is not difficult to find. A long passage, bordered by trees, leads into a spacious court-yard, bounded by gardens. Round the court-yard, taking the air pleasantly, hang the carcasses of sheep and oxen in great—in astonishing—in overwhelming numbers. Not a pleasant spectacle, truly, to a person of taste; but, viewed with an utilitarian eye, magnificent indeed. Mr. Pelham would find it simply disgusting; Mr. McCulloch would probably describe it as a grand and gratifying sight. Making our way across the court-yard, rather inclined to agree with Mr. Pelham, we pass through the most conspicuous door fronting us, and find ourselves at once in the kitchen—an immense hall, crowded with company, well lighted up, and redolent of

—"the steam  
Of thirty thousand dinners."

On the right hand, on entering, there is a bar—a pewter counter crowded with wooden wine measures—in the regular public-house style; but with

something more of adornment in the way of flowers and mirrors. On the left, the actual *batterie de cuisine* is raised off, like the sacred portion of a banking-house. On the sacred side of the railing the prominent object is a copper of portentous dimensions;—seething and hissing and sending forth a fragrant steam, which, night and day, I believe, is never known to stop. Cooks, light and active, white-capped and jacketed, are flirting about, and receiving directions from the proprietor—the great and solemn Nicolet himself. To say that the *Père* was stout, would be, simply, to convey the idea of a man who has more than the ordinary amount of flesh upon his bones. To say that he was solemn and grand, would not be distinguishing him from the general notion of solemnity and grandeur, as associated with any heavy and stupid persons. Let it be understood then that he united all these qualities in their very best sense, and had, besides, a *bonhonnie* and good-humour that is not always found reconciled with them. As he stood there distributing his orders, and himself assisting continually in their execution, he looked like a monarch; and, probably, felt himself to be every inch a king.

Meantime, a crowd through which we had elbowed our way, are choking up the space between the counter and the sacred railing, all intent upon winning their way to a little aperture, through which dishes of smoking and savoury ragout, or whatever the compound may be called, are being distributed to each comer in succession, as he thrusts in his arm. This great object gained, he passes on and finds a table where it pleases him. This, it should be observed, is no difficult matter. In this principal room itself long tables and benches are arranged on all sides; in the garden, in every direction, similar accommodation; up stairs, in several large rooms, extensive preparations are spread. Everywhere—up stairs, down stairs, throughout the garden—groups are engaged in the one great occupation. Conversation,—here in whispers, there buzzing; now boisterous, anon, roaring and unrestrained—on every side. Heartiness and hilarity predominant, and everybody at his ease. As we stroll through the place, our foreign—and, shall I add, distinguished—appearance, so unusual at the *Petit Ramponneau*, attracts attention. I hear somebody stigmatize us as spies, but somebody else re-assures the suspecter by a description a little nearer the mark—that we are only English—a little eccentric. It should not be forgotten by philosophic persons who like to intrude into strange scenes, that a good-humoured word to the roughest and most quarrelsome-looking fellow has always a good effect; and that nothing stops the democratic mouth so effectually as wine.

Having "inspected," as the newspapers call it, the resources of the place, we planted ourselves down stairs to see what it could afford us by way of refreshment. Here the proprietor himself was at hand, all bows and blandishments and expressions of "distinguished consideration," and, through him, we duly made the acquaintance of some of the other people of the house, who were taking their own dinner—or supper, now that the labours of the day were at an end. One of these—a lively, bright-eyed young lady, who went about like a benevolent countess, a youthful Lady

Bountiful, great in ministering charities—I understood to be the daughter of the proprietor. We had succeeded in accomplishing a very satisfactory fraternisation in that quarter by the time our wine arrived. The wine, I may observe, was some of the best Burgundy—at the price—I ever drank, and we gave it due honour accordingly, to the delight of the Père, who prided himself especially upon his cellar. We invited him to partake, and he immediately sat down and grew communicative. The conversation turned naturally upon himself; then upon his house. He had commenced on his present system, he told us, a poor man, without a penny to bless himself with. By the exercise of industry and economy, which—I have since learned—approached to something like heroism, he became what I saw him. As I saw him, he was simply a cook in a white cap and apron. But he was, in reality, something very different. His wealth, I have since learned, was immense—indeed, he had the reputation of being a millionaire. Yet, with all his prosperity, he never changed his old habits, nor made the slightest attempt to set himself up higher in the social scale, which men of a tenth part of his means are accomplishing successfully every day. He might have married his daughters to bankers even; but he gave them to men of his own rank, and was satisfied so that they were happy. As for the business, it had increased by degrees to its present extent; and even now it augmented day by day. Nor did he gain his wealth by any undue contribution upon the poor; on the contrary, the *Petit Ramponneau* was the greatest blessing that they could enjoy. A dinner there, he assured me to my surprise, cost the visitor but five *sous*, exclusive of wine, which, however, could be enjoyed at a proportionately economical rate. If any testimonial was wanting to the excellence of the system, it could be found in the number of persons who availed themselves of it—sometimes from three to four and five thousand in the course of the day. Of these, the majority were of the very poorest class, as I could see for myself; but among them were many of an apparent respectability that made their presence there a matter of surprise. The number of persons of the better classes who were reduced by “circumstances” to dine there, was by no means inconsiderable. He himself, the Père, had often recognised faces that had been familiar to him in far different scenes. And he was convinced that the establishment which, by good management, was so large a source of profit to himself, was an inestimable benefit to the poorer classes of Paris.

I thought of the many thousands in London who starve more expensively than they could dine at the *Petit Ramponneau*, and entirely agreed with the worthy Père.

While we were talking, the guests had been gradually moving off; plates and dishes were being carried away in huge piles; the tables and benches were being cleared and re-arranged; the copper had ceased to hiss, and the furnace to roar. Everything denoted preparations for closing.

Presently half-a-dozen men began to roll some huge tubs—nearly as high as themselves—into the court-yard. I asked the meaning of this

arrangement. “They are the wine-barrels that have supplied the consumption of to-day,” was the reply.

I was fairly astonished, and by a matter of the merest detail. It gave me the best idea I could have formed of the large number of the frequenters of the *Petit Ramponneau*. But so it always is. Statistics tell us very astonishing things in calculations and total results; but they suggest nothing definite to ordinary minds; but the sight of these huge empty wine-barrels gave me a more distinct idea of the enormous consumption of wine in one day, than the most skilful grouping or tabulating of figures could possibly have done.

Here we took our leave of our new acquaintances, and made the best of our way into Paris. As for the *Petit Ramponneau*, it flourishes still, I believe; but I regret to learn that the worthy proprietor is among the things that were. Poor fellow! he died, I am told, true to the last to his simple unostentatious system; in his white cap and apron by the side of the great copper and the roaring furnace.—*Household Words*.

#### ZULMIERA, THE HALF-CARIB GIRL.\*

FOR some moments after the departure of the young cavalier, Zulmiera remained standing in the same posture; and then, suddenly rousing herself, she gazed once more earnestly around, and finding all still, stepped without the bounds of the shrubbery, and retracing her steps, once more gained the border of the copse. She was about to make use of an arranged signal, when a dark figure came bounding over a natural mound, formed by wild plants and brushwood, and in another instant stood before her.

Near seven feet in height, and of corresponding breadth of shoulder, the stranger looked able to compete with a dozen men of ordinary growth, while his whole appearance was such as to strike terror into the heart of the beholder. Attired in a garment of dark red cloth, which only covered his person from his waist to his knees, the remainder of his body was painted in a most hideous manner. A black leathern belt, passing over his brawny shoulders, supported a huge naked broadsword, doubtless obtained in some predatory exploit, whose edge was blunted and hacked by many a rough encounter, dangled by his side, or struck harmlessly against his naked legs. His face, the features of which were naturally good, was disfigured by grotesque colourings, and horrible scars; while his long black hair, to which was fastened small pieces of copper brass buttons, and tufts of parrot feathers, floated behind him in matted locks, and gave him the appearance of a wandering gnome. An old regimental coat, from which part of the lace had been cut, and which was another of his war spoils, was tied around his



neck by the two sleeves, serving the purpose of a cloak; and upon his breast reposed—a silent but melancholy memento of his habits—a string of human teeth, their dead white contrasting vividly with his dark skin. This stranger was Cuanaboa, the dreaded Carib chief.

Rendering to Zulmiera his simple obeisance, he commenced the conversation by remarking in a barbarous kind of dialect, “the Boyez\* gave the time to meet when the big star,” pointing to the moon, “rose above the hill, and the lady promised to obey; but now it’s shining o’er our heads, and the charm may be broken—the bow may indeed be bent, and the arrow speed on its way, and yet fall to the ground wide of the mark. We meet to-night, ’tis true; but the time the Boyez appointed is long past, and now perhaps our purpose may fail and our enemies escape.”

“Oh, no! Cuanaboa, believe not so,” replied Zulmiera; “listen not to the wild words of the Boyez; thinkest thou *I* care for what he saith?” “Ay, lady, but thou art fallen from the faith of thy fathers—thou hast lived too long with the Christians; but it matters not now, let us talk of our plans. Myself and comrades have agreed to lead the attack upon yonder house about this time to-morrow night, and we look to you to draw from their weapons those little round stones which kill so many of us, we know not how. Guacanagari has joined me with twice so many men, (holding up his hand, and spreading out his fingers,) and as fine a canoe as ever was paddled along these seas. He landed with his party just as the sun touched the waters; an hour badly chosen by him, for too many eyes are then abroad. I hope, though, none saw them but their red brothers, for they skulked along by the thickest part of the woods; and now their canoe lies high and dry, beneath the shelter of yon high banks, while they repose in safety in the cave,† attended by old Quiba. Now, lady, as, when the white men are subdued, and, falling beneath our clubs, or transfixed by our arrows, serve us as sacrifices to Mayboya,‡ we are to look upon you as our Queen——”

“And Raphe as your *king*,” interrupted Zulmiera, in hurried accents. “You promised that, or I would never have agreed to what I have; and had I known Cuanaboa as much as I do to-night, even that scheme of grandeur would not have tempted me to turn traitor, to promise, as I have, to open the doors, where I have lived so long, to give entrance to the enemy, and to kill

their fears, while the worse than blood-hounds were upon their steps. Oh, Cuanaboa! I might have been so very happy, had I only waited in patience for a little time—happier as plain Mrs. de Merefield, than I shall be, perhaps, as queen of the Caribbees; but it is no use repining now; I have given my word, and, right or wrong, Zulmiera will stand by it.”

The long eyelashes fell over her burning eyes, and the beating of her heart sounded audibly, and shook her very frame; and recovering herself, she continued—“There is another subject to be discussed, Cuanaboa; the daughter of the governor is my dearest friend, and therefore she must be preserved unharmed throughout the fray, guarded with the most scrupulous care, and I look to you to place her in safety. Dost thou comprehend what I say?”

“Yes, lady; and I was going to remark, when you interrupted me, that as you wish certain of the enemy saved alive, particularly the fair youth you mentioned just now, it would be well for you to give your orders to Guacanagari; and for that purpose I would advise you to visit the cave to-morrow evening, when we intend holding a serious assembly and dance, previous to commencing the attack. Guacanagari will be rejoiced to meet you, and he will be as fond of the maiden and the youth as I am;” and a very sinister expression, but unobserved by Zulmiera, passed over the face of the Carib chief. Besides, lady, it is but right that Guacanagari should know his queen—never Carib had one before.”

“I will attend,” replied Zulmiera. “And now, as it is past midnight, ’tis time we parted;” so saying, she bowed to the Carib, and drawing her mantle around her, walked away with all the dignity of a sovereign.

Keeping his dark eye fixed upon her as long as she continued in sight, no sooner had the intervening shrubs screened her from his view, than, throwing himself upon the ground, the Carib broke into a shrill laugh. “And so the haughty beauty thinks that a people who have scarcely known control, will bend their shoulders to the dominion of a girl and a white-faced boy! —ha! ha! If the wild kites chose a king, would it be a colibri?\* No! Should the Caribs follow the custom of the strangers who have come among us, and torn away our most fruitful countries, and own a king, who should it be but Cuanaboa? for who has slain so many enemies and drunk their blood as I have? or who can shew a longer string of teeth than I have here?” and he played with

\*A priest, or magician, among the Caribs.

†Now called Bat’s Cave.

‡Supreme deity among the Caribs.

\*The Indian name for the humming bird.

the one which ornamented his neck. "If Zulmiera will be queen, it must be as my wife; and truly she would serve to swell a richer triumph than I even expect to have. But as for the youth, his race is almost run; before this time to-morrow, I think he will give me but little further trouble. 'Tis well I came so soon to-night, and thus was witness of the meeting. I wish I could have understood what he said; but these pale-faced people speak so vilely, that it is hard to know what they mean. However it matters not, I saw enough; and as I intend Zulmiera to be my prize, I will very shortly get rid of the youngster; he'll make a capital sacrifice to Old Mayboya. White men eat better than red people, it can't be denied;" and as he finished his soliloquy, he arose from the ground, and springing over the brushwood was lost to sight in the impending copse.

#### CONCLUSION OF THE LEGEND.

THE morning after this eventful meeting rose fair and bright. Bridget and Zulmiera, seated at an open window, inhaled the sweet breeze, while they bent over their embroidery frames; and the fair Englishwoman was giving a description of her own far-off land, when, gazing in the direction of the before-named copse, Zulmiera espied a white feather glancing for a moment above the tops of the trees, a well-known signal indicating the presence of Raphe de Merefield.

Framing an excuse, she shortly left the apartment; and taking a circuitous route to escape observation, in a few moments gained the old tree, where, as expected, she found her lover.

"Zulmiera," said the young man, after the first greetings were passed, "I have suffered deeply in mind since we parted, on account of the strange words you let fall last evening; and I now seek your presence to demand, as your affianced husband, their signification. Tell me, Zulmiera, thine whole heart, or as Willy Shakspeare saith—

—If thou dost love me,  
Shew me thy thought?"

Accosted in this sudden manner, and surprised by his serious demeanour, Zulmiera's caution forsook her, and bursting into tears, confessed to her lover, as best she could, the following facts. Having been treated with great scorn and harshness by the governor, and looking upon herself as the descendant of a line of chieftains, and consequently entitled to respect, a deep and irresistible feeling of revenge sprang up in her breast, and absorbed her every thought. Roaming, as she had ever been wont, amid the romantic dells and leafy labyrinths of her native islands, she came one evening upon a curious cavern; her

love of novelty led her to inspect it, but in the act of doing so, she was driven back in alarm by the sight of a flashing pair of eyes.

Unable to suppress her fears, yet too much overcome by the encounter to fly, she leant against the rocky opening of the cave; when, rushing from his concealment, a powerful man, whom she immediately recognised as a Carib, darted upon her, and placing his hand upon her mouth to prevent her screams from being heard, was about to bear her away as his captive.

Terrified as she was, she still had the presence of mind to declare her origin, and claim his forbearance, on the score of their allied blood. To such a plea, a Carib's heart is never deaf; the grasp upon the shoulder was relaxed; the armed warrior stood quietly by her side; and a conversation in the Carib tongue (which Zulmiera had acquired from her mother) was carried on between them.

The stranger declared himself to be a Carib chief, named Cuanaboa, and with the openness for which that people were noted among their friends, acquainted Zulmiera with the cause of his appearance in that lone cave. Following the example of his fathers, Cuanaboa said he had resolved to make an attack upon Antigua, accompanied by a neighbouring chief and their several tribes; but in a war-council held by them, it had been arranged for him to pay a secret visit to the island, in order to inspect it, and endeavour to find out its weakest parts. Accordingly leaving his mountain home in Dominica, he had paddled himself over in a slight canoe, and easily discovering the cave, which had been well-known to the tribe in their former predatory visits, he took up his abode there.

Zulmiera listened eagerly to this communication; and excited as she was, thought it a good opportunity for effectually procuring her revenge. After arranging for the safety of Raphe de Merefield, to whom she had been long engaged, she finally promised, that upon an appointed night, she would open the doors of government house, and admit the band of Caribs. Ignorant of the real force of Antigua, and led away by her own turbulent and romantic passions, the Indian girl wrongly supposed a few half-armed Caribs would be able to strike terror into the breasts and compete with the well-arranged ranks of the English. In consequence of this wild fancy, Zulmiera further proposed, as her reward, that when the battle was gained, and the English defeated, she should be immediately elected queen, and Raphe king of the Caribbees. Many other meetings had taken place between herself and the



Carib chief; and she concluded her relation, by informing Raphe of the arrival of the whole band of Caribs, and that the hour of midnight was the time proposed for the intended assault upon government house.

The surprise, the consternation of the young man, as she unfolded this tale to him, was overpowering, and for some moments he remained as if rooted to the ground. At length, striking his hand upon his forehead, he exclaimed, in a tone of extreme bitterness—"Oh! Zulmiera—Zulmiera! what hast thou done! Surely it is some horrible dream; and yet it is too true; thou couldst not have distressed me so, an' it not been. To-night, sayest thou? Unhappy girl, thou hast indeed dashed the cup of happiness from thy lips! Now I understand thy visible emotion—thy half-smothered expressions! But I must away—the lives of hundreds, perhaps, hang upon my steps;" and darting from her, he left her to the deepest feelings of despair.

Leaning against the tree for the support her own limbs denied her, the unfortunate Zulmiera remained with her face buried in her hands, until aroused by the sound of foot-steps. Hastily looking up, Raphe again stood before her. "Dearest Zulmiera," said the pitying young man—"rouse thyself; I cannot leave thee thus; all may yet be well. I will immediately to the governor, and without implicating you as my author, inform him of the impending attack. Much as I dislike the man, it is my proper plan—so now dry your eyes," for the warm tears were again gushing down the cheeks of the repentant girl; "return to the house, keep yourself quiet, and trust the matter to me." So saying, he imprinted a fond kiss upon her brow, and turning away, hastened with a quick step in the opposite direction.

Mastering her emotions, Zulmiera returned to her home, deterred, when the evening fell, to seek the cave, and if possible, persuade Cuanaboa of the impracticability of his schemes, and by that means, prevent the effusion of blood, which a meeting of the Caribs and English was sure to produce.

In the meantime, Raphe sought the presence of the governor, and without bringing forward Zulmiera's name, contrived to give him the necessary information, and then departed, taking upon himself the office of scout. Preparations were immediately made for the intended attack—ambuscades arranged, and fire-arms cleaned; and with anxiety the party awaited the rising of the moon.

As the day grew to a close, Zulmiera became more and more restless, until at length, unable to

bear the conflict of her feelings, she left the house, and, unperceived by the family, sought the promised meeting in the cave. The sun had sunk behind the waves, and the stars began to peep forth, as the half-Carib gained the entrance of the wood. Carefully threading her way through its tangled bushes, and avoiding as she went the numerous impediments, she gradually progressed deeper and deeper in its thickening gloom. The air was calm, and nothing disturbed the almost pristine stillness but the whisperings of the soft breeze, or the shrill cry of some of the aquatic fowls who made that lonely grove their home. In some parts the foliage was less thick, and the beams of the now rising moon forced their way through and sported upon the ground, forming many a fantastic shadow. Uprooted and sapless trees lay in various directions, around which parasites wound in luxuriant beauty, and hid the whitened wood in wreaths of green. In other parts, the larger trees and shrubs made way for dense thickets of thorny underwood, over which the active girl was obliged to leap.

Onward she sped, stopping only now and then to recover her breath, and then darting forward at increased speed, until, gaining a little knoll, where pointed crystals strewed the ground, and the manchineel showered its poisonous apples, beautiful and treacherous as "Dead Sea fruits," a mark in one of the trees told her she was near the place of her destination; and winding round another thicket, Zulmiera stood before the mouth of the cave.

The interior was lighted by a few torches of some resinous wood, stuck in the fissures of the rock; and their flickering light shone upon the dark countenances and wild costume of the inmates. Branches of trees roughly plaited together were placed partly before the opening, and served to screen the light of the torches from the view of any wandering stranger; while the ground before the entrance to the cave had been cleared away, forming a kind of rustic amphitheatre.

As soon as the maiden was perceived, Cuanaboa came forward, and introduced her to Guacanagari, and a few of their principal followers, who only appeared to be waiting for her presence, to commence their solemn dance, as was ever the custom of the Caribs, before undertaking any warfare.

Darting from the cavern, about twenty of these wild warriors arranged themselves in a circle around an old woman, known among them by the name of Quiba, who, squatting upon the ground, chanting, in a monotonous voice, the burden of a war-song: the men moving slowly, and joining in

the chorus—"Avenge the bones of your fathers, which lie whitening upon the plain!" Continuing this revolving motion for some time, but gradually increasing in celerity, they at length appeared as if worked up to the highest pitch of their passions; and releasing each other's hands, and twirling round and round with the greatest rapidity, tearing their hair, and gnashing their teeth, at length threw themselves upon the ground, foaming with rage.

Zulmiera, terrified at their frantic movements and horrid contortions, tremblingly leant against the trunk of a tree, until, aroused by an exclamation from the old woman, she perceived another party of savages, apparently of meaner grade, bringing in large calabashes and baskets, huge pieces of baked meats, and bowls of some kind of liquids. Placing them upon the ground, they retreated; and old Quiba, quitting her recumbent posture, seized upon one of the pieces of meat, and throwing it among the prostrate warriors, exclaimed, in a cracked voice—"Eat of the flesh of your enemies, and avenge your fathers' bones."

As she uttered these words, the men sprang from the ground, and rushing upon the viands, devoured them with savage greediness; while Cuanaboa, lifting up one of the smaller pieces of meat, approached Zulmiera, and, with harshness, requested her to eat it. Alarmed at his ferocious manner, but not daring to shew it, the trembling girl essayed to obey; and putting a portion of it into her mouth, by a strong effort swallowed it. No sooner was this effected, than, breaking into a horrid laugh, and with his eyes gleaming like the hyæna's, Cuanaboa shouted to the old woman, who had just before entered the cave—"Bring forth our present for our queen; surely, she deserves it, now she is one of us!"

Startled by this evident irony, Zulmiera turned round, at the moment that Quiba emerged from a natural passage in the interior of the cave, bearing in her hand a small bundle, which, with a sardonic grin, she laid at the feet of the observant girl. "There, lady; that is our first present," croaked forth the old hag. "Ay, lift it up, and search it well; Mayboya will stand your friend, and send you many more, I hope." So saying, she hobbled up to one of the torches, and taking it from its resting-place, held it before the face of Zulmiera.

Impelled by an irresistible desire to know the worst, Zulmiera stooped and undid the folds of red cloth wound around their proffered gift. After untwining it for some time, the wrapping felt damp to the touch; and dreading she knew not

what, she loosed the last fold, and a human head rolled upon the ground.

Uttering a cry of horror, but forced on by her unconquerable emotions, she turned the gory object round; and as the torches flashed with further glare, her eye fell upon the pallid features. The blue eye, glassed by the hand of death, and over which the starting eyelids refused to droop—the parted lips, parted with the last throes of agony, and shewing the pearly teeth—the finely-moulded cheeks, but disfigured by a deep gash—and the long auburn hair, dabbled with the blood that still oozed from the severed veins, bespoke it Raphe de Merefield's! Her own blood congealed around her heart like ice—her pulse quivered and stopped—and with one unearthly, prolonged shriek, the unfortunate Zulmiera sank senseless upon the ground.

Recovered by the means of some pungent herb applied to her nostrils, by the hands of Quiba, she awoke to all her misery. Her eyes fell again upon the mutilated head of her lover; while the demoniac voice of Cuanaboa whispered in her ear—"The food you partook of just now was part of the body of your minion! I met him wandering in the copse a time ago; and I thought he would make a fine sacrifice to Mayboya." This last horrible information completely altered her nature, and changed the fond loving girl to the disposition of a fiend. Lifting up the head, and imprinting upon the blood-stained lips one long fervent kiss, she enveloped it again in the wrappings of red cloth, and carefully binding it around her waist, was in the act of quitting the cave, when arrested by the powerful grasp of Cuanaboa.

"Not so fast, lady" exclaimed the Carib chief; "remember your oath to Mayboya! We still stand in need of your assistance to guide us to the house of yon white chief. Remember that was part of your bargain: let us in; and when we have vanquished the enemy, we shall still be willing to receive you as our queen; that is, if you will agree to take me for your king instead of the pale-faced boy, whose body has served to regale us and our people." With eyes that flashed fire, Zulmiera was about to reply, when suddenly constraining herself, she simply muttered—"My oath to Mayboya!—follow me, then!" and with determined purpose, left the cavern.

The whole party of Caribs, consisting of about eighty, were by this time gathered around the spot, armed with bows and arrows, clubs, darts, spears, and all other rude implements of warfare. As the two chiefs made their appearance, they pointed to the moon—then rapidly ascending the heavens—and uttering a suppressed war-whoop,



they commenced their march in the direction of government house, preceded by the half-Carib.

Unconscious of pain, Zulmiera darted through the thorniest thickets, turned not aside for any impediment; but borne up by the hopes of revenge, she outstripped the most active of the party. Knowing, as she did, that the inmates of government house were prepared for the attack, she felt assured that few, if any, of the Caribs would escape; but completely altered in disposition, from the effects of the horrible scenes she had gone through, she experienced no compunctious feelings for the event. Her only wish, her fixed purpose, was to possess herself of a dagger—stab Cuanaboa to the heart—*drink his warm blood as it gushed forth*—and after bathing the head of her lover with it, kill herself upon the spot. To deceive Cuanaboa, she pretended that her fear of Mayboya led her to conduct the party, an assurance which his own blind zeal for that dreaded deity caused him to believe.

In furtherance of her dreadful scheme, she carefully avoided those spots where she supposed an ambuscade of English might be stationed; fearing lest some other hand should take the life of the chief. In this manner she was gradually progressing towards the house, thinking it more probable a weapon could be there procured, when in passing a clump of trees, one of the governor's scouts, who was stationed behind it, and who was unable to bear the sight of the Carib chief so near him without endeavouring to take his life, sprang from his concealment, and rushing upon Cuanaboa, was in the act of stabbing him with a dirk, when, with a cry of some infuriated wild animal robbed of its prey, Zulmiera was upon him. Wrestling the weapon from the astonished Englishman, the maddened girl fled after the Caribs, who, abashed by this encounter, and the sudden appearance of a troop of soldiers, were flying in the greatest confusion, and at their utmost speed, in direction of the before-named creek, where they had left their canoes.

Many of the Caribs fell wounded by the way, from the fire of their pursuers' muskets; but Cuanaboa, closely attended by Zulmiera, still kept on, until after passing over the same undulating ground, forcing their way through thickets, leaping over natural barriers, and creeping through leafy arcades, they gained upon the creek. But woe to the Caribs! a party of English, in hot pursuit, were, in fact, driving them into a trap, at the point of their weapons. Throughout this irregular and hurried retreat, Zulmiera had never dropped her dirk, or her gory burden; neither had she lost sight of Cuanaboa; while the chief,

seeing her dash the weapon from his uncovered breast, when one stroke of the Englishman's hand would have caused his death, thought she had forgiven his horrid barbarity, and was well pleased to see her nigh him.

As they emerged from the deeper glades of the wood, a volume of smoke rose above the trees; and upon gaining the open ground, the whole extent of their danger was revealed to the Caribs. There lay their canoes, a burning mass; while the foreground was occupied by another band of Englishmen, ready prepared for battle. Hemmed in on all sides, the Caribs fought with the fury of uncaged beasts, and sold their lives dearly. Many of the English were stretched upon the ground, a flattened mass, from the blows of their heavy clubs; while others, wounded by their poisoned arrows, only lived to endure further torments. Still Cuanaboa remained unhurt; and standing upon a gentle knoll, brandished his club, and dealt destruction upon the foremost of his enemies. His friends were rapidly falling around him; and as he turned to seek for refuge, Zulmiera approached him unperceived, and with one blow, drove the dirk into his very heart.

Without a groan, the Carib chief sank dead upon the earth; and Zulmiera, kneeling by him, plucked the weapon from the wound, and applying her lips, *drank the warm blood as it gurgled forth!* Unbinding the head of the unfortunate Raphe de Merefield from her waist, where she had carried it throughout the fray, she gazed ardently at it; tenderly parted the still bright hair, imprinted a last kiss upon the cold lips, and then taking up in her hand some of the vital stream, which was still flowing from the wound of Cuanaboa, and forming a pool around him, she bathed the head with it, exclaiming as she did so, "Raphe, thou art avenged! thine enemy lies dead before thee, slain by my hand; and thy bride, faithful in life and death, comes to share thy gory bed."

These actions completed, she looked up. The dying and the dead lay stretched around her,—the conquering English were looking to their captives,—the last gleam of the fire was shooting upwards to the sky,—the moon had gained her zenith,—while, as if in contrast to that bloody field, the waters of the creek rolled on like molten silver, beneath her lovely beams. For one moment the wild but beautiful girl gazed upon the scene; old remembrances sprang up in her mind, and brought the tear into her eye. But dashing them away, she regained her former implacable mood; and as a party of the governor's servants came forward to arrest her, placing one hand upon her lover's head, she raised with the

other the dirk—its bright steel glittered for a moment in the moonbeam—in the next it was ensheathed in her heart; and she fell a corpse upon that dire chief, to whom she owed all her misery.

The scene of this Antiguan tragedy may still be viewed; the creek bears the name of "Indian Creek," while the cavern in which they held their barbaric meeting is called "Bat's Cave." The governor retained his office until 1660, when Charles II. was restored to the vacant crown; but refusing to acknowledge his sovereign, he was superseded, and the vacant post was filled by Major-General Poyntz, a royalist, who continued to act as governor until 1663, when Lord Francis Willoughby obtained a grant of the island.

The name of Raphe de Merefield (the uncle of the young cavalier) appears with that of Sir Thomas Warner in the original grant signed by Charles I. It is still to be seen at "Stoney Hill,"—an estate belonging to the late Samuel Warner, president of Antigua, and a descendent of the old family. This property was willed by him to his god-son, S. W. Shand, Esq., of the house of Messrs. Shand, Liverpool.

## LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A LAW-CLERK.

### A DARK CHAPTER.

A SMALL pamphlet was printed at Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, in 1808, which purports to be "A Full and Complete Summary of the Extraordinary Matters brought to light concerning the Bridgman Family and Richard Green, of Lavenham, with many interesting particulars never before published." By this slight *brochure*—which appears to have had a local circulation only, and that a very confined one—I have corrected and enlarged my own version of the following dark page in the domestic annals of this country.

One Ephraim Bridgman, who died in 1783, had for many years farmed a large quantity of land in the neighbourhood of Lavenham, or Lanham (the name is spelt both ways), a small market town about twelve miles south of Bury St. Edmunds. He was also land agent as well as tenant to a nobleman possessing much property thereabout, and appears to have been a very fast man for those times, as, although he kept up appearances to the last, his only child and heir, Mark Bridgman, found, on looking closely into his deceased father's affairs, that were everybody paid, he himself would be left little better than a pauper. Still, if the noble landlord could be induced to give a *very* long day for the heavy balance due to him,—not only for arrears of rent, but moneys received on his lordship's account,—Mark, who was a prudent, energetic young man, nothing doubted of pulling through without much difficulty,—the farm being low-rented, and the agency lucrative. This desirable object, however, proved

exceedingly difficult of attainment, and after a protracted and fruitless negotiation by letter, with Messrs. Winstanley, of Lincoln-Inn Fields, London, his Lordship's solicitors, the young farmer determined, as a last resource, on a journey to town, in the vague hope that on a personal interview he should find those gentlemen not quite such square, hard, rigid, persons as their written communications indicated them to be. Delusive hope! They were precisely as stiff, formal, accurate, and unvarying as their letters. "The exact balance due to his lordship," said Winstanley, senior, "is as previously stated, £2,103 14s. 6d., which sum, secured by warrant of attorney, *must* be paid as follows: one half in eight, and the remaining moiety in sixteen months from the present time." Mark Bridgman was in despair: taking into account other liabilities that would be falling due, compliance with such terms was, he felt, merely deferring the evil day, and he was silently and moodily revolving in his mind whether it might not be better to give up the game at once, rather than engage in a prolonged, and almost inevitably disastrous struggle, when another person entered the office, and entered into conversation with the solicitor. At first the young man did not appear to heed,—perhaps did not hear what was said,—but after a while one of the clerks noticed that his attention was suddenly and keenly aroused, and that he eagerly devoured every word that passed between the new comer and Mr. Winstanley. At length the lawyer, as if to terminate the interview, said, as he replaced a newspaper—*The Public Advertiser*—an underlined notice in which had formed the subject of his colloquy with the stranger, upon a side-table, by which sat Mark Bridgman. "You desire us, then, Mr. Evans, to continue this advertisement for some time longer?" Mr. Evans replied, "Certainly, six months longer, if necessary." He then bade the lawyers "good day," and left the office.

"Well, what do you say, Mr. Bridgman?" asked Mr. Winstanley, as soon as the door had closed. "Are you ready to accept his lordship's very lenient proposal!"

"Yes," was the quick reply. "Let the document be prepared at once, and I will execute it before I leave." This was done, and Mark Bridgman hurried off, evidently, it was afterwards remembered, in a high state of flurry and excitement. He had also, they found, taken the newspaper with him,—by inadvertence the solicitor supposed, of course.

Within a week of this time, the good folk of Lavenham,—especially its womankind,—were thrown into a ferment of wonder, indignation, and bewilderment! Rachel Merton, the orphan dressmaking girl, who had been engaged to, and about to marry Richard Green, the farrier and blacksmith,—and that a match far beyond what she had any right to expect, for all her pretty face and pert airs, was positively being courted by Bridgman, young, handsome, rich, Mark Bridgman of Red Lodge (the embarrassed state of the gentleman-farmer's affairs was entirely unsuspected in Lavenham); ay, and by way of marriage, too,—openly,—respectfully,—deferentially,—as if *he*, not Rachel Merton, were the favoured and honoured party! What on earth, everybody



asked, was the world coming to?—a question most difficult of solution; but all doubt with respect to the *bonâ fide* nature of Mark Bridgman's intentions towards the fortunate dressmaker was soon at an end; he and Rachel being duly pronounced man and wife at the parish church within little more than a fortnight of the commencement of his strange and hasty wooing! All Lavenham agreed that Rachel Merton had shamefully jilted poor Green, and yet it may be doubted if there were many of them that, similarly tempted, would not have done the same. A pretty orphan girl, hitherto barely earning a subsistence by her needle, and about to throw herself away upon a coarse, repulsive person, but one degree higher than herself in the social scale,—entreated by the handsomest young man about Lavenham to be his wife, and the mistress of Red Lodge, with nobody knows how many servants, dependents, labourers!—the offer was irresistible! It was also quite natural that the jilted blacksmith should fiercely resent—as he did—his sweetheart's faithless conduct; and the assault which his angry excitement induced him to commit upon his successful rival, a few days previous to the wedding, was far too severely punished, everybody admitted, by the chastisement inflicted by Mark Bridgman upon his comparatively weak and powerless assailant.

The morning after the return of the newly-married couple to Red Lodge, from a brief wedding trip, a newspaper which the bridegroom had recently ordered to be regularly supplied, was placed upon the table. He himself was busy with breakfast, and his wife, after a while, opened it, and ran her eye carelessly over its columns. Suddenly an exclamation of extreme surprise escaped her, followed by—"Goodness gracious, my dear Mark, do look here!" Mark did look, and read an advertisement aloud, to the effect, that "If Rachel Edwards, formerly of Bath, who, in 1762, married John Merton, bandmaster of the 29th Regiment of Infantry, and afterwards kept a school in Manchester, or any lineal descendant of hers, would apply to Messrs. Winstanley, solicitors, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, they would hear of something greatly to their advantage." "Why, dear Mark," said the pretty bride, as her husband ceased reading, "my mother's maiden name was Rachel Edwards, and I am as you know, her only surviving child!" "God bless me, to be sure! I remember now hearing your father speak of it. What can this great advantage be, I wonder? I tell you what we'll do, love," the husband added, "you would like to see London, I know. We'll start by coach to-night, and I'll call upon these lawyers, and find out what it all means." This proposition was, of course, gladly acceded to. They were gone about a fortnight, and on their return it became known that Mark Bridgman had come into possession of £12,000 in right of his wife, who was entitled to that sum by the will of her mother's maiden sister, Mary Edwards, of Bath. The bride appears not to have had the slightest suspicion that her husband had been influenced by any other motive than her personal charms in marrying her—a pleasant illusion which, to do him justice, his unvarying tenderness towards her through life, confirmed and strengthened; but others, unblinded by vanity, naturally surmised

the truth, Richard Green, especially, as fully believed that he had been deliberately, and with *malice prepense*, tricked out of £12,000, as of the girl herself; and this conviction, there can be no doubt, greatly increased and inflamed his rage against Mark Bridgman,—so much so that it became at last the sole thought and purpose of his life, as to how he might safely and effectually avenge himself of the man who was flaunting it so bravely in the world, whilst he—poor duped and despised castaway—was falling lower and lower in the world every day he lived. This was the natural consequence of his increasing dissolute and idle habits. It was not long before an execution for rent swept away his scanty stock in trade, and he thenceforth became a ragged vagabond hanger-on about the place,—seldom at work, and as often as possible drunk; during which fits of intemperance his constant theme was the bitter hatred he nourished towards Bridgman, and his determination, even if he swung for it, of being one day signally avenged. Mark Bridgman was often warned to be on his guard against the venomous malignity of Green; but this counsel he seems to have spurned or treated with contempt.

Whilst the vengeful blacksmith was thus falling into utter vagabondism, all was sunshine at Red Lodge. Mark Bridgman really loved his pretty and gentle, if vain-minded wife,—a love deepened by gratitude, that through her means he had been saved from insolvency and ruin; and barely a twelvemonth of wedded life had passed, when the birth of a son completed their happiness. This child (for nearly three years it did not appear likely there would be any other) soon came to be the idol of its parents,—of its father, the pamphlet before me states, even more than of its mother. It was very singularly marked, with two strawberries, exceedingly distinct, on its left arm, and one, less vivid, on its right. There are two fairs held annually at Lavenham, and one of these—when little Mark was between three and four years old—Mr. Bridgman came in from Red Lodge to attend, accompanied by his wife, son, and a woman-servant of the name of Sarah Hollins. Towards evening, Mrs. Bridgman went out shopping, escorted by her husband, leave having been previously given Hollins to take the child through the pleasure—that is the booth and show part of the fair,—but with strict orders not to be absent more than an hour from the inn where her master and mistress were putting up. In little more than the specified time the woman returned, but without the child; she had suddenly missed him, about half an hour before, whilst looking on at some street-tumbling, and had vainly sought him through the town since. The woman's tidings excited great alarm; Mr. Bridgman instantly hurried off, and hired messengers were, one after another, dispatched by the mother in quest of the missing child. As hour after hour flew by without result, extravagant rewards, which set hundreds of persons in motion, were offered by the distracted parents; but all to no purpose. Day dawned, and as yet not a gleam of intelligence had been obtained of the lost one. At length some one suggested that inquiry should be made after Richard Green. This was promptly carried into effect, and it was ascertained that he had not been home during the night. Further investiga-

tion left no room for doubt that he had suddenly quitted Lavenham, and thus a new and fearful light was thrown upon the boy's disappearance. It was conjectured that the blacksmith must have gone to London; and Mr. Bridgman immediately set off thither, and placed himself in communication with the authorities of Bow Street. Every possible exertion was used during several weeks to discover the child, or Green, without success, and the bereaved father returned to his home a harassed, spirit-broken man. During his absence his wife had been prematurely confined of another son, and this new gift of God seemed, after a while, to partially fill the aching void in the mother's heart; but the sadness and gloom which had settled upon the mind of her husband was not perceptibly lightened thereby. "If I knew that Mark was dead," he once remarked to the rector of Lavenham, by whom he was often visited, "I should resign myself to his loss, and soon shake off this heavy grief. But that, my dear sir, which weighs me down—is in fact slowly but surely killing me—is a terrible conviction and presentiment that Green, in order fully to work out his devilish vengeance, will studiously pervert the nature of the child—lead him into evil, abandoned courses—and that I shall one day see him—but I will not tell you my dreams," he added, after stopping abruptly, and painfully shuddering, as if some frightful spectre passed before his eyes. "They are, I trust, mere fancies; and yet—but let us change the subject."

This morbidly-dejected state of mind was aggravated by the morose, grasping disposition—so entirely different from what Mr. Bridgman had fondly prophesied of Mark manifested in greater strength with every succeeding year by his son Andrew,—a strangely unlovable and gloomy-tempered boy, as if the anxiety and trouble of the time during which he had been hurried into the world had been impressed upon his temperament and character. It may be, too, that he felt irritated at, and jealous of, his father's ceaseless repinings for the loss of his eldest son, who, if recovered, would certainly monopolize the lion's share of the now large family property,—but not one whit *too* large in his—Andrew Bridgman's—opinion for himself alone.

The young man had not very long to wait for it. He had just passed his twentieth year when his father died at the early age of forty-seven. The last wandering thoughts of the dying parent reverted to the lost child. "Hither, Mark," he faintly murmured, as the hushed mourners watched round his bed with mute awe the last flutterings of departing life; "hither: hold me tightly by the hand, or you may lose yourself in this dark, dark wood." These were his last words. On the will being opened, it was found that the whole of his estate, real and personal, had been bequeathed to his son Andrew, charged only with an annuity of £500 to his mother, during life. But, should Mark be found, the property was to be *his*, similarly charged with respect to Mrs. Bridgman, and £100 yearly to his brother Andrew, also for life, in addition.

On the evening of the tenth day after his father's funeral, young Mr. Bridgman sat up till a late hour examining various papers and accounts connected with his inheritance, and after retiring to bed, the exciting nature of his recent occupation

hindered him from sleeping. Whilst thus lying awake, his quick ear caught a sound as of some one breaking into the house, through one of the lower casements. He rose cautiously, went out on the landing, and soon satisfied himself that his suspicion was a correct one. The object of the burglars was, he surmised, the plate in the house, of which there was an unusually large quantity, both his father and grandfather having expended much money in that article of luxury. Andrew Bridgman was anything but a timid person,—indeed, considering that six men altogether slept in the house, there was but little cause for fear,—and he softly returned to his bedroom, unlocked a mahogany case, took out, loaded and primed, two pistols, and next roused the gardener and groom, whom he bade noiselessly follow him. The burglars—three in number, as it proved—had already reached and opened the plate closet. One of them was standing within it, and the others just without. "Hallo, rascals," shouted Andrew Bridgman, from the top of a flight of stairs, "what are you doing there?"

The startled and terrified thieves glanced hurriedly round, and the two outermost fled instantly along the passage, pursued by the two servants, one of whom had armed himself with a sharp-pointed kitchen knife. The other was not so fortunate. He had not regained the threshold of the closet when Andrew Bridgman fired. The bullet crashed through the wretched man's brain, and he fell forward, stone-dead upon his face. The two others escaped—one of them after a severe struggle with the knife-armed groom.

It was sometime before the uproar in the now thoroughly alarmed household had subsided; but at length the screaming females were pacified, and those who had got up, persuaded to go to bed again. The corpse of the slain burglar was removed to an out-house, and Andrew Bridgman returned to his bed-room. Presently there was a tap at the door. It was Sarah Hollins. "I am come to tell you something," said the now aged woman, with a significant look. "The person you have shot is the Richard Green you have so often heard of."

The young man, Hollins afterwards said, seemed much startled by this news, and his countenance flushed and paled in quick succession. "Are you quite sure this is true?" he at last said. "Quite; though he's so altered that, except Missus, I don't know anybody else in the house that is likely to recognise him. Shall I tell her?"

"No, no, not on any account. It would only recall unpleasant events, and that quite uselessly. Be sure not to mention your suspicion,—your belief, to a soul."

"Suspicion! belief!" echoed the woman. "It is a certainty. But, of course, as you wish it, I shall hold my tongue."

So audacious an attempt created a considerable stir in the locality, and four days after its occurrence a message was sent to Red Lodge from Bury St. Edmunds, that two men, supposed to be the escaped burglars, were there in custody, and requesting Mr. Bridgman's and the servants' attendance on the morrow, with a view to their identification. Andrew Bridgman, the gardener, and groom, of course, obeyed the summons, and the prisoners were brought into the justice-room



before them. One was a fellow of about forty, a brutal-visaged, low-browed, sinister-looking rascal, with the additional ornament of a but partially-closed hare-lip. He was unhesitatingly sworn to by both men. The other, upon whom, from the instant he entered, Andrew Bridgman had gazed with eager, almost, it seemed, trembling curiosity, was a well-grown young man of it might be, three or four and twenty, with a quick, mild, almost timid, unquiet, troubled look, and features originally comely and pleasing, there could be no doubt, but now smirched and blotted into ill favour by excess, and other evil habits. He gave the name of "Robert Williams."

Andrew Bridgman, recalled to himself by the magistrate's voice, hastily said "that he did not recognise this prisoner as one of the burglars. Indeed," he added, with a swift but meaning look at the two servants, "I am pretty sure he was not one of them." The groom and gardener, influenced no doubt by their master's manner, also appeared doubtful as to whether Robert Williams was one of the housebreakers. "But if he be," hesitated the groom, hardly knowing whether he did right or wrong, "there must be some smartish wounds on his arms, for I hit him there sharply, with the knife several times."

The downcast head of the youthful burglar was suddenly raised at these words, and he said, quickly, whilst a red flush passed over his pallid features, "Not me, not me,—look, my arm—sleeves have no holes—no——"

"You may have obtained another jacket," interrupted the magistrate. "We must see your arms."

An expression of hopeless despair settled upon the prisoner's face; he again hung down his head in shame, and allowed the constables to quietly strip off his jacket. Andrew Bridgman, who had gone to some distance, returned whilst this was going on, and watched for what might next disclose itself with tenfold curiosity and eagerness. "There are stabs enough here, sure enough," exclaimed a constable, as he turned up the shirt-sleeve on the prisoner's left arm. There were, indeed; and in addition to them, *natural marks of two strawberries* were distinctly visible. The countenance of Andrew Bridgman grew ashy pale, as his straining eyes glared upon the prisoner's naked arm. The next moment he wrenched himself away as with an effort, from the sight, and staggered to an open window,—sick, dizzy, fainting, it was at the time believed, from the closeness of the atmosphere, in the crowded room. Was it not rather that he had recognised his long-lost brother,—*the true heir to the bulk of his deceased father's wealth*, against whom, he might have thought, an indictment would scarcely lie for feloniously entering his own house! He said nothing, however, and the two prisoners were fully committed for trial.

Mr. Prince went down "special" to Bury, at the next assize, to defend a gentleman accused of a grave offence, but the grand jury having ignored the bill, he would probably have returned at once, had not an attorney brought him a brief, very heavily marked, in defence of "Robert Williams." "Strangely enough, too," remarked the attorney, as he was about to go away, "the funds for the defence have been supplied by Mr. Andrew

Bridgman, whose house the prisoner is accused of having burglariously entered. But this is confidential, as he is very solicitous that his oddly-generous action should not be known." There was, however, no valid defence. The ill-favoured accomplice, why, I know not, had been admitted king's evidence by the counsel for the crown, and there was no resisting the accumulated evidence. The prisoner was found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged, "I never intended," he said, after the verdict was returned; and there was a tone of dejected patience in his voice that effected one strangely, "I never intended to commit violence against any one in the house, and but that my uncle—he that was shot—said repeatedly that he knew a secret concerning Mr. Bridgman (he didn't know, I am sure, that he was dead) which would prevent us from being prosecuted if we were caught, I should not have been persuaded to go with him. It was my first offence—in housebreaking, I mean."

I had, and indeed have, some relatives in Mildenhall, in the same county, whom, at the termination of the Bury assize, I got leave to visit for a few days. Whilst there, it came to my knowledge that Mr. Andrew Bridgman, whom I had seen in court, was moving heaven and earth to procure a commutation of the convict's sentence to transportation for life. His zealous efforts were unsuccessful; and the Saturday County Journal announced that Robert Williams, the burglar, would suffer, with four others, on the following Tuesday morning. I reached Bury on the Monday evening, with the intention of proceeding by the London night coach, but there was no place vacant. The next morning I could only have ridden outside, and as, besides being intensely cold, it was snowing furiously, I determined on postponing my departure till the evening, and secured an inside place for that purpose. I greatly abhor spectacles of the kind, and yet, from mere idleness and curiosity, I suffered myself to be drawn into the human stream flowing towards "Hang Fair," and once jammed in with the crowd in front of the place of execution, egress was, I found, impossible. After waiting a considerable time, the death-bell suddenly tolled, and the terrible procession appeared,—five human beings about to be suffocated by human hands, for offences against property!—the dreadful and deliberate sacrifice preluded and accompanied by sonorous sentences from the Gospel of mercy and compassion! Hardly daring to look up, I saw little of what passed on the scaffold, yet one furtive, quickly-withdrawn glance, showed me the sufferer in whom I took most interest. He was white as if already confined, and the unquiet glare of his eyes was, I noticed, terribly anxious! I did not again look up—I could not; and the surging murmur of the crowd, as it swayed to and fro, the near whisperings of ribald tongues, and the measured, mocking tones of the minister, promising eternal life through the mercy of the most high God, to wretches whom the *justice* of man denied a few more days or years of mortal existence—were becoming momentarily more and more oppressive, when a dull, heavy sound boomed through the air; the crowd swayed violently from side to side, and the simultaneous expiration of many pent-up breaths testified that all was over,







SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.—See page 351.

and to the relief experienced by the coarsest natures at the consummation of a deed too frightful for humanity to contemplate. It was some time before the mass of spectators began to thoroughly separate, and they were still standing in large clusters, spite of the bitter, falling weather, when a carriage, furiously driven, with the body of a female, who was screaming vehemently and waving a white handkerchief, projected half out of one of the windows, was seen approaching by the London Road. The thought appeared to strike every one that a respite or reprieve had come for one or more of the prisoners, and hundreds of eyes were instantly turned towards the scaffold, only to see that if so it had arrived too late. The carriage stopped at the gate of the building. A lady, dressed in deep mourning, was hastily assisted out by a young man with her, similarly attired, and they both disappeared within the jail. After some parleying, I ascertained that I had sufficient influence to obtain admission, and a few moments afterwards I found myself in the press-room. The young man—Mr. Andrew Bridgman,—was there, and the lady, who had fallen fainting upon one of the benches, was his mother. The attendants were administering restoratives to her, without effect, till an inner door opened, and the under-sheriff, by whom she was personally known, entered; when she started up and interrogated, with the mute agony of her wet, yet gleaming eyes, the dismayed and distressed official. "Let me entreat you, my dear madam," he faltered, "to retire. This is a most painful—fright—"

"No—no, the truth!—the truth!" shrieked the unfortunate lady, wildly clasping her hands, "I shall bear that best!"

"Then I grieve to say," replied the under-sheriff, "that the marks you describe—two on the left, and one on the right arm, are distinctly visible."

A piercing scream, broken by the words, "My son!—oh God!—my son!" burst from the wretched mother's lips, and she fell heavily, and without sense or motion, upon the stone floor. Whilst the under-sheriff and others raised and ministered to her, I glanced at Mr. Andrew Bridgman. He was as white as the lime-washed wall against which he stood, and the fire that burned in his dark eyes was kindled—it was plain to me—by remorse and horror, not by grief alone.

The cause of the sudden appearance of the mother and son at the closing scene of this sad drama was afterwards thus explained:—Andrew Bridgman, from the moment that all hope of procuring a commutation of the sentence on the so-called Robert Williams had ceased, became exceedingly nervous and agitated, and his discomposure seemed to but augment as the time yet to elapse before the execution of the sentence passed away. At length, unable longer to endure the goadings of a tortured conscience, he suddenly burst into the room where his mother sat at breakfast, on the very morning his brother was to die, with an open letter in his hand, by which he pretended to have just heard that Robert Williams was the long-lost Mark Bridgman! The sequel has been already told.

The conviction rapidly spread that Andrew Bridgman had been from the first aware that the

youngful burglar was his own brother; and he found it necessary to leave the country. He turned his inheritance into money, and embarked for Charleston, America, in the barque *Cleopatra*, from Liverpool. When off the Scilly Islands, the *Cleopatra* was chased by a French privateer. She escaped; but one of the few shots fired at her from the privateer was fatal to the life of Andrew Bridgman. He was almost literally cut in two, and expired instantaneously. Some friends to whom I have related this story deem his death an accident; others, a judgment: I incline, I must confess, to the last opinion. The wealth with which he embarked was restored to Mrs. Bridgman, who soon afterwards removed to London, where she lived many years,—sad ones, no doubt, but mitigated and rendered endurable by the soothing balm of a clear conscience. At her decease, not very many years ago, the whole of her property was found to be bequeathed to various charitable institutions of the metropolis. —*Eliza Cook's Journal*.

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### SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

BORN A.D. 1545.—DIED A.D. 1596.

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FRANCIS DRAKE, one of the most brilliant names in the naval history of England, was born of obscure parentage, at Tavistock, in Devonshire, in 1545. He was the eldest of twelve sons, all of whom, with few exceptions, went to sea. Francis was early apprenticed to the master of a small vessel that traded to France and the Low Countries, who, dying unmarried, left him his ship in reward of his faithful services. At this time the West Indies had not been long discovered, and little was talked of amongst merchant-seamen but the riches of this new country and the wealth to be got by trading with it. Drake, too, was dazzled by the prospect of an adventure to the West Indies, and having sold the vessel of which he had so lately become possessed, embarked the proceeds in what was then called the Guinea-trade, and sailed from England in the squadron of Captain John Hawkins. The regular course of this trade was to repair first to the Guinea coast, and, by force, fraud, and other means, procure a cargo of slaves, and then to proceed to the Spanish islands and colonies, where the Africans were exchanged for such commodities as were most marketable at home. Hawkins's squadron having completed their cargo of slaves sailed for Spanish America, and entered the port of St. Juan de Ulloa, in the gulf of Mexico, where they were treacherously attacked by the Spanish fleet, and four of their vessels destroyed. The *Minion*, with Hawkins himself on board, and the *Judith*, commanded by Drake, were the only English ships that escaped on this occasion.

Drake lost his whole property in this unfortunate adventure, but, though oppressed and impoverished, he retained at least his courage and his industry; and, with that ardent spirit which prompted him to, and bore him through, so many adventures, he instantly projected and executed a new voyage to America, with the view of gaining accurate intelligence of the state of the Spanish settlements in that quarter, preparatory to a



grand expedition against them. This first experimental voyage took place in 1570; but Drake's first attempt at reprisal upon a large scale was made in 1572. On the 24th of May, that year, he sailed from Plymouth in the *Pasha*, of 70 tons, accompanied by the *Swan*, of 25 tons; the latter vessel being placed under the command of his brother John. The whole force with which Drake set out on this occasion, to make reprisals upon the most powerful nation in the world, consisted of these two light vessels, slightly armed, and supplied with a year's provisions, and 73 men and boys. He, probably, however, increased his force during the cruise, and we know that he was joined before his attack on *Nombre de Dios*, by one Captain Rause, whose ship was manned by about 50 men. His attack on *Nombre de Dios* failed, but, shortly after, he had the good fortune to capture a string of treasure-mules, on the route from Panama to that port. It was during the hurried march which he made across the isthmus, with the view of effecting this capture, that Drake caught his first sight of the Pacific, from "a goodly and great high tree,"—a sight which, to use the words of Camden, "left him no rest in his own mind till he had accomplished his purpose of sailing an English ship in those seas."

After his return to England from this successful expedition, we find Drake acting as a volunteer with three stout frigates, under Essex, in subduing the Irish rebellion. His services on this occasion enabled Sir Christopher Hatton to present him with many recommendations to Queen Elizabeth, who, pleased with the young mariner's appearance and account of himself, promised him her patronage and assistance for the future. Drake now announced his scheme of a voyage into the south seas, through the Straits of Magellan, and Elizabeth secretly encouraged his design. It was of importance to conceal the matter from the Spaniards. The squadron, therefore, which Drake collected for his new expedition was ostensibly fitted out for a trading voyage to Alexandria. It consisted of five small vessels, the largest, called the *Pelican*, being only 500 tons, and the aggregate crew only 164 men. A violent gale forced them back, soon after quitting port, and did considerable damage to the little squadron; but, on the 13th of December, 1577, they again put to sea, and, on the 20th of May, 1578, the squadron anchored in the Port St. Julian of Magellan, in 40° 30' south latitude. "Here," says one relation, "we found the gibbet still standing on the main where Magellan did execute justice upon some of his rebellious and discontented company." Whether Drake took the hint thus suggested from his predecessor or not, he embraced the opportunity afforded him during the stay of the fleet at this place to bring one of the partners of his expedition to trial on a charge of conspiracy and mutiny. The accounts which we possess of this transaction are by no means clear or corroborating. We know, in fact, little more of it than Cliffe has expressed in one brief sentence, "Mr. Thomas Doughty was brought to his answer,—accused, convicted, and beheaded." Mr. Francis Fletcher, the chaplain of the fleet, states that Drake took the sacrament with Doughty after his condemnation, and that they then dined together "at the same table, as cheer-

fully in sobriety as ever in their lives they had done; and, taking their leaves, by drinking to each other, as if some short journey only had been in hand." Early in September, the squadron emerged from the western end of the straits—having spent about fifteen days in their navigation, and, on the 6th of the same month, Drake enjoyed the long prayed for felicity of sailing an English ship on the South sea. On clearing the straits, the fleet held a north-west course, but was immediately driven by a violent gale into 57 south latitude, soon after which the *Marigold* parted company, and was never heard of more. To complete their disasters, the *Golden Hind*, in which Drake himself now sailed, while anchored in a bay near the entrance of the straits, broke her cable and drove to sea. The Elizabeth, her companion, commanded by Captain Winter, immediately returned through the straits, and reached England in June, 1578. But the *Hind*, being beaten round without the strait, touched at Cape Horn, from which place Drake sailed along the coast to Valparaiso, nigh to which latter place he had the good fortune to fall in with and capture a valuable Spanish ship, in which were found 60,000 pesos of gold, and 1770 jars of Chili wine. A richer prize soon after fell into his hands: this was the *Cacafuego* having on board 26 tons of silver, 13 chests of plate, and 80 lbs. of gold. Drake now began to think of returning home, but, as the attempt to re-pass the straits would have exposed him to the certainty of capture by the despoiled Spaniards, he resolved on seeking a north-west passage homewards, and, with this resolution, steered for Nicaragua. In this attempt, he reached the 48th northern parallel on the western coast of America, but, despairing of success, and the season being now far advanced, he steered westward from this point for the cape of Good Hope, and, on the 16th of October, made the Philippines. After narrowly escaping shipwreck on the coast of Celebes, in 1° 56' south latitude, they made sail for Java, which they reached on the 12th of March, and, on the 16th of June, they reached the cape of Good Hope, which, to their great surprise, they doubled with comparative ease and safety,—a circumstance from which they concluded "the report of the Portugals most false," which had represented the doubling of the cape as a thing of exceeding danger and difficulty. On the 25th of September, 1580, Captain Drake came to anchor in the harbour of Plymouth, having completed the circumnavigation of the globe in two years and ten months. The fame of his exploit, and of the immense booty which he had captured, soon rang throughout all England, and, on the 4th of April, 1581, Queen Elizabeth rewarded the intrepid navigator by dining in state on board the *Hind*, and conferring upon its commander the honour of knighthood. The Spanish court was loud in its complaints against Drake, and solemnly protested against the right of the English to navigate the South sea; but Elizabeth treated its remonstrances with scorn, and a war betwixt the two nations ensued forthwith.

In 1585, Sir Francis sailed, with an armament of twenty-five sail, to the West Indies, and captured the cities of St. Jago, St. Domingo, and Carthagena. His vice-admiral in this expedition

was the celebrated Martin Frobisher. His next exploit was an attack upon the shipping of Cadiz, which was to have made part of the armada. In this service he was completely successful, having burnt upwards of 10,000 tons of shipping in that harbour. A more lucrative, if less splendid, achievement, was the capture of the *St. Phillip*, a Portuguese carrack from the West Indies, with an immense treasure on board. In the following year, he was appointed vice-admiral under Howard, high-admiral of England, and acquitted himself most nobly and successfully in the ever-memorable fight with the armada. In 1595, Sir Francis was, for a short time, associated with Sir John Hawkins, in an expedition against the West Indies. The expedition proved fatal to both its commanders. Within little more than two months after the death of Sir John Hawkins, Admiral Drake expired on board his own ship, off Porto Bello, on the 28th of January, 1596.

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## FOREST GLEANINGS.

### NO. II.

—  
 "A few leaves gathered by the wayside."  
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#### THE RICE LAKE PLAINS.

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TWENTY years ago, I passed over the Rice Lake Plains, by the rich but uncertain light of an August twilight. We had just emerged from the long, dark forest of pines through which in those by gone days the rough, hilly, and deeply channelled road lay, forming the only line of direct communication between Cobourg and Sully and thence to the town of Peterboro', at that date containing about 300 inhabitants. It was the second day after my arrival from Montreal, and a thousand vivid recollections of the country of my birth—my own beloved and beautiful England, were freshly painted as it were upon my heart. Nevertheless I was charmed with the beauties that even a partial glance of the fair lake and her islands revealed to my admiring eyes. Weary and worn as I was with recent illness. (I had gone through the ordeal of the cholera at Montreal, and was still weak from the effects of that direful disease) I wandered out into the moonlight, and climbing the rough snake fence that encircled the orchard ground, I stood on the steep hill above the old log tavern, and gazed abroad with delight upon the scene before me. There lay the lake, a sheet of moon-lit crystal reflecting in her quiet depths the wood-crowned islands; while beyond stretched the dark mysterious forest, unbroken, save by the Indian village, and Captain Anderson's clearing, which looked like a little oasis in the wilderness, that girded it in on three sides. I thought of my own future home, and said to myself "will it be like this?" How busy was fancy—how cheering was hope that night. Beneath me lay the rude tavern, and its still ruder offices; and the

foreground of the picture was filled up with a group of poor Irish immigrants—picturesque even in their dirt and wretchedness, which happily the distance concealed from my eyes. Their blazing log fires, around which they reposed or moved, gave broad light and shadow to the scene, and would have rejoiced the heart of a painter. Our little steamer (she was thought a wonderful affair in those days) lying at the rude wharf, ready to receive her motley cargo of live and dead stock, by early morning's light, completed the picture.

At the period of which I write, there were not more than five or six settlers on the Rice Lake plains. Few emigrants of the better class had been found with taste enough to appreciate the beauties of the scenery, and judgment sufficient to form a correct estimate of the capabilities of the soil. By most people it was regarded as utterly unfitted for cultivation. The light loam that forms the upper stratum which on first turning the soil, is of a yellow color, but which darkens by exposure to the air, was at first sight declared to be sand, and not worth the labour of clearing. Land on the plains was a drug in the land market, and so continued till within the last six years, and the few who in defiance of public prejudice, bought, builded, and cultivated farms on the plains, were regarded as visionaries, who were amusing themselves with hopes that would empty their pockets, but, not fill their barns. Among the very few who chose to think for himself on this matter, was that highly respectable, and intelligent gentleman, William Falkner, for many years a District Judge in this portion of the colony, who may with justice be termed the "Patriarch of the Plains," after many, many years of solitude, he has lived to see his hopes realized, and his judgment confirmed. The plains are now settled in every direction, the despised, sandy desert, has become a fruitful garden, "the land is at rest and breaks forth into singing." It is now found to be highly productive for every sort of grain and green crop, and for gardens it is unequalled.

For years that lovely lake haunted my memory, and I longed to return again to it; and fondly cherished the hope, that one day I might find a home among its hills and vales. The day dream has been realized; and from the "Oaklands," I now look towards the distant bay beyond the hills where I spent my first night on the Rice Lake Plains, and can say, as I then said "truly it is a fair and lovely spot."

I know of no place more suitable for the residence of an English gentleman's family. There is hardly a lot of land that might not be converted into a park. The noble oaks and majestic pines, (not here as in the forest, subject to certain destruction and overthrow) form an enduring ornament, to be cut down or left to grace the clearings, at the taste of



the owner, an advantage which is not to be looked for in the woods, or on old long cleared lands, where few have been planted, and none left. Here, too, the diversity of hill and valley, wood and water, afford such delightful building sites, that you can hardly choose amiss. The excellence of the roads, and facility of water transport, are great advantages, and, what many persons will regard as a still greater inducement is the society, which is principally English and Scotch, with a few Irish settlers of the higher class. Mills are in operation on the lake shore; a village in progress, with stores and taverns, steamers plying upon the lake, and a railroad is being surveyed which is to cross the lake, and form a rapid communication between Cobourg and the far back country. Such are the changes that a few brief years have effected on these despised Rice Lake Plains.

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### HURRAH FOR THE FOREST.

#### A SONG FOR THE WOOD.

Hurrah for the forest, the old pinewood forest,  
The sleighbells are jingling with musical chime,  
The still woods are ringing,  
As gaily we're singing,  
O merry it is in the cold winter time.

Hurrah for the forest, the dark pinewood forest,  
With the moon stealing down on the cold frozen  
snow,  
When with hearts beating lightly,  
And eyes beaming brightly,  
Through the wild forest by moonlight we go.

Hurrah for the forest, the dark waving forest,  
Where silence and stillness for ages have been  
We'll rouse the grim bear  
And the wolf from his lair  
And the deer shall start up from his dark leafy  
screen.

O wail for the forest, the proud stately forest,  
No more its dark depths shall the hunter explore,  
For the bright golden main  
Shall wave free o'er the plain,  
O wail for the forest, its glories are o'er.

C. P. T.

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ANECDOTE OF THE AUTHORESS OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.—When A. S. was a child of three or four years old, Peter Simons, the careful old Scotch gardener, found her seated among the boughs of one of the old apple trees in the garden and on his bidding her come down, she at first

refused, and when he remonstrated at the naughtiness of her conduct, she replied. "How can I help it, if climbing was born in me, then don't you know that I *must* climb," and the ambitious child became an aspiring woman. She is now at the top of the tree!

A Professor of phrenology once lectured on a cast of her head, it had been sent to him, anonymously, he knew not even whether it was that of a male or female; after having remarked on the extraordinary power and talent developed in the intellectual organ, he spoke of the moral organs, and, pointing to the cast, said, so finely developed is the region of conscientiousness, that I should say of the original, "that person would not condescend to tell an untruth under any temptation." He was right, as a child she never told a lie to save herself from the severest punishment.

BY ONE WHO KNEW HER WELL.

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DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.—A FAIR RETORT.—An elderly lady who prided herself on her bluntness in plain parlance her rude speeches, greeted her niece (a very handsome girl) whom she had not seen since she was a babe, with the pleasing remark.

"Well, Jane, can that be you? why my dear you were the prettiest baby I ever saw in my life—but they say that the prettiest children grow up the ugliest men and women."

The offended beauty slightly elevated her eyebrows, and replied with great coolness.

"So I have heard aunt, what a remarkably pretty baby you must have been!"

The aunt had not a word to say in reply, it struck home.

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THE FIRST "TARIFF MEN."—Nor is the true derivation of "tariff" unworthy to be traced. We all know what it means, namely, a fixed scale of duties levied upon imports. If you turn to a map of Spain, you will take note at its southern point, and, running out into the Straits of Gibraltar, of a promontory, which from its position is admirably adapted for commanding the entrance of the Mediterranean Sea, and watching the exit and entrance of all ships. A fortress stands upon this promontory, called now, as it was also called in the times of the Moorish domination in Spain, "Tarifa;" the name is indeed of Moorish origin. It was the custom of the Moors to watch from this point all merchant-ships going into, or coming out of, the Midland Sea; and, issuing from this stronghold, to levy duties according to fixed scale on all merchandise passing in and out of the straits, and this was called, from the place where it was levied, "tarifa," or "tariff;" and in this way we have acquired the word.—*R. C. Trench.*



## THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

### SEDERUNT IV.

[*The Doctor and Major are discovered with books, manuscripts, &c., before them.*]

THE MAJOR *loquitur*.—I have been much interested with a communication received this morning on the subject of the "Law of Copyright as applied to Canada" but have been so interrupted that I have not had time to finish it; suppose, Doctor, as we have a moment's breathing time you read it to me.

THE DOCTOR with pleasure, reads:—

#### THE LAW OF COPYRIGHT IN CANADA.

"It may be right, on Free Trade principles, to allow foreigners the privileges of British subjects; it must be wrong to allow foreigners a privilege denied to British subjects. Foreigners bring here their re-prints of British copyrights subject to 12½ per cent. duty. British subjects here cannot re-print them at all.

MAJOR.—Ah! there is one of the many disadvantages under which we labour, as, while we admit, *free of duty*, books from all countries, except a FEW American reprints of British copyrights IN THE CUSTOM HOUSE LIST, we cannot send any work to the Mother Country, except under a duty that virtually amounts to a prohibition; and even our reciprocity-loving neighbours on the other side of the lakes charge us a minimum duty of 10 per cent.,—the maximum duty in many instances amounting to 20 per cent.,—while we admit their works, as I before said, with some few exceptions, free. However, I am interrupting. Pray go on.

DOCTOR continues:

"Money and labour are thus driven from us to enrich rivals who levy heavy duties on

our produce and on British manufactures; thus literary enterprise, the life of a people, is discouraged, and our reading mostly limited to original American works, Canadian re-prints of them, or mutilated American re-prints of British works, as the works themselves are too expensive. I say 'mutilated re-prints' for the spirit of improvement (?) is so rife among American publishers, that, like the English sexton who white-washed the old statues in the parish church to make them look decent,' they can leave nothing alone. To save space, to conciliate American prejudices, and perhaps to make the work tell against Canada, the introductory and explanatory chapter, with some loyal stanzas, are omitted, in the American reprint of Mrs. Moodie's 'Roughing it in the Bush.' Shakespeare is not delicate enough for their mock modesty; so 'Family Shakespeares' are manufactured; other classic English writers are admitted to a similar process, while the most obscene books are freely circulated. Such sentences in Alison's History of Europe as "conflict with American ideas of liberty (?) and equality" must be omitted. Macaulay does not know how to spell; therefore a leading publishing house generously pays a person to give him lessons in Webster's Dictionary. Their own great Washington is not safe; the greater Professor Sparks undertakes to give him lessons in grammar; in several cases his meaning and phraseology have been altered to suit the professor's pigmy proprieties. Speaking of Putnam in one of his letters, Washington called him 'old Put.' Jared thinks this undignified, and alters it to 'General Putnam,' so in numerous other instances, according to a writer in the 'Literary World,' yet



Sparks life of Washington is republished in France and considered a standard work. We may expect an 'expurgated' Bible some day, though the word of God has hitherto escaped from the atrocious Vandals."

THE MAJOR.—Hold there! Even this last enormity has been perpetrated, and the good souls who have been hitherto doing what they considered their duty, viz. "to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the perfect truths of the most perfect of works, find to their consternation that they stand convicted, according to miserable Yankee Publishers, of having been all their lives studying an improper book.

THE DOCTOR.—Nay! you are rather hard—

THE MAJOR interrupts.—Not a whit! I use the word "improper" advisedly, why alter the language of the Bible, if the truths, revealed in it, are clothed in proper and fitting terms. Out! I say on such infidel conventionalities, such blasphemy I should say, in a country where, as English capitalists can testify, Bonds still remain unliquidated. However go on:—

THE DOCTOR reads:—

"In short, American reprints are not reliable, if sentiments contained in the original works militate against American taste or feelings; yet British Americans must put up with such garbled and mutilated editions, read American works or remain in ignorance on literary matters, thus their unity and British spirit are weakened. Such is the disease; now for the remedy; one which will be beneficial to all parties concerned except the American publisher."

"British authors should be protected. Colonial publishers should have the same privileges as American publishers;—cheap and accurate reprints of British works should be procurable in the colonies, these three objects can be secured by one regulation. It would be useless to leave it to private arrangements with British publishers in each case, as before such could be effected a United States reprint would be in almost every bookstore in Canada; a law should be passed that any inhabitant of the colonies reprinting a British copyright work should pay a certain rate for every sheet contained in the work, security to be given for the payment of the proceeds to the collector of customs for transmission to the copyright holder within six months from time of reprint. A tax of \$10 per 16 pages 8vo. would about equal 12½ per cent.; or the tax might be laid at so much per 100,000 ems. \$5 per 16 pages 8vo. with the duty on United States reprints as at present would yield a much larger revenue than that now derived from the latter source."

"We have every facility but this for publishing books in Canada; with increased and increasing rapidly and cheapness of communication between the colonies we

have room to sell them. The rush to Australia;—the great and steady increase of population and intelligence throughout British North America—all tend to enlarge the field; with an inter-colonial free trade in books great facilities would exist for disseminating useful literature; this would bind them to each other and to Great Britain with a power which nothing could sever.

"Said a statesman of the last century, 'Let me make the songs of a nation, I care not who makes its laws.' Substitute 'literature' for songs and there is truth in the sentence, on which those who desire the integrity of the British Empire should ponder. Those who, by preserving the unity of the empire would uphold the liberty of the world and maintain a bulwark both against the slavery of the United States and the despotism of Russia should see that facilities exist for supplying the British with a literature free as the winds and the waves;—untainted by the breath of slave-hunters—unpolluted by the despotism of princes, popes, presidents or populace."

THE MAJOR.—There is one fact that must not be lost sight of however. The English themselves did this ruthless attack on literature; and the Family Shakspeare was the work not of an American, but of a citizen of the country which gave birth to the immortal Bard of Avon.

THE DOCTOR.—By the way, Crabtree, I expect a friend in the course of the evening, a young Southern gentleman, who has been tempted by our Agricultural Fair to visit Toronto.

THE MAJOR.—His name?

THE DOCTOR.—Orlando Plees. He hails from Virginia, and is a very agreeable, well informed person, I can assure you.

THE MAJOR.—Welcome shall Orlando be for your sake, as flowers in May.

THE DOCTOR.—I am sure you will cotton to him. He is no common place man, I can assure you! By the way what became of you this blessed afternoon? To quote the old song, I have been searching for you, for hours

"Up stairs,  
Down stairs,  
In my lady's chamber!"

THE MAJOR.—From the bank overhanging the Shanty, where I lay supine under a branching oak, did I hear you shouting, oh son of Galen!

THE DOCTOR.—And why in the name of civility, did you not return my hail, most recreant of Majors?

THE MAJOR.—To speak truth and shame—no matter who—I was kept prisoner by a most enticing little red coated gent of a book, the latest recruit to *Appleton's Popular Library*.

THE DOCTOR.—This, I presume, is the delinquent; "*Summer Time in the Country*. By the Rev. R. A. Willmott."

THE MAJOR.—Even so. After dinner I

sauntered up the *brae* with the volume in my hand, purposing to remain *sub Jove* no longer than the discussion of a cigar. So seductive, however, were the lucubrations of the parson, that I read page after page, and ignited weed after weed, till I had finished the *toma*, and swept my case clean as the shell of an expropriated oyster!

THE DOCTOR.—If the author at all has furnished a realization of his title, I marvel not at the hold which the work had upon you. "*Summer Time in the Country!*" there is a *lust in rust* twang in the very sound!

THE MAJOR.—You have, at hap-hazard, given a very fair idea of the production. It is emphatically, a *bon camarado*, for the midsummer's day dreamer. Mr. Willmott, who is not unknown in the republic of letters, is at once a poet, a scholar, and a critic, and as he leads you through green lanes, and to the brink of mountain tarns, gossipeth pleasantly and erratically of the pen, the pencil, and the lyre.

THE DOCTOR.—Is his style simple?

THE MAJOR.—Chastely so, as you may judge from the following passage:—

"Can this be the nightingale which I heard singing on the same hawthorn in last May and June? He left us in August, and has been absent between eight and nine months. What he must have seen and heard in his long vacation! While the snow froze on my window, and his neighbour the robin sat piping on that sparkling bough, where was he? Probably enjoying a run among the Greek Isles. I have read of a naturalist who understood the bird-language. Why did he not give lessons? I should like to ask this nightingale a few questions about his travels; such as—whether he compared the dark sea, streaked by deepest purple, with our lake? marble pillars of ruined temples on green hill-sides, with gables and porches of old Berkshire farms? or dim islands—Cos and Ithaca—glimmering through a cloud-curtain of silver, with our country towns, just visible in the early dawn? Perhaps he preferred a tour in Egypt, long a favourite winter-home of his kindred. What for food those "bright, bright eyes," in the land of sphinxes and mummies! What a stare at the Pyramids, and longings, lingering look at Rosetta! Our Loddon—the tranquil and clear-flowing—is a pretty river; but think of the Nile, sprinkled with spreading sails, and bordered by gardens. Pleasant falls the shade from vast boughs of sycamore and fig-trees! I can see him plunging into the twilight groves of date, citron, lime, and banana, and covering himself over in gloom and fragrance. There, truly, he might sit "darkling." What bowers of roses! But no—our wood challenges the world for roses; and here Hafiz might have contented his own Bulbul.

Surely, that "bright, bright eye" drank in with wonder the living figures of the landscape—and, strangest of them all, the Arab in his long blue dress at the door of the Mosque of Abumandur. How different from our parish-clerk shutting the church windows in the evening! One is curious to know what a nightingale, on his first tour, would think of his own feathered brethren

and the quadrupedal race:—Of that rare fellow the pelican, with his men-power appetite—and the buffalo, his black nose snorting the Nile into foam, as he crosses from side to side.

But the sweet musician who sits on his branch rejoicing, quite heedless of me or my speculations, may have taken a different road. If he visited the Archipelago and Egypt in former years, did he turn his wing to Syria? Again I sigh for the bird-language. Touching stories that tongue might tell of the field which the Lord hath blessed with the dew of heaven, the fatness of the earth, and plenty of corn and wine; of the woody tops of Carmel; the sunny vineyard and grassy upland; the damask rose; the stately palm of the Jordan; the silver sands of Gennesaret; and the sweet flowers—

That o'er her western slope breathe airs of balm;

the hum of bees in clefts of the rocks; the solemn olive-garden; the lonely wayside! For think of the reach of that large dark eye! A French naturalist has calculated the sight of birds to be nine times more powerful than that of man. Belzoni himself would have been nearly blind by the side of this little brown explorer.

But, oh! unmindful nightingale! a broader, brighter eye was bent over thee—the eye that never slumbers nor sleeps—as thou screenedst thyself in the orange branches. If even young ravens that call on Our Father are fed from His hands, and the sparrow, sitting alone on the housetop, does not fall to the ground unobserved or uncared for; surely thou art ever seen and watched—in the rose-gardens of the East, and the green coppices of English woods—dear pilgrim of music and beauty. I think thou art God's missionary, publishing abroad His wonders and love among the trees—most eloquent when the world is stillest. Time and Sin have not touched thee or thy melody. Where thou art, Paradise grows up before the eye of faith, as when the burnished boughs flung long shadows over Eve, dreaming by moonlight within

—a circling row

Of goodliest trees, laden with fairest fruit.—

Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue."

THE DOCTOR.—Beautiful exceedingly! Graceful union of taste and Christianity!

THE MAJOR.—Here is another extract abounding with suggestive matter:—

"We are not only pleased, but turned by a feather. The history of a man is a calendar of straws. If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter, said Pascal in his brilliant way, Antony might have kept the world. The Mohammedans have a tradition, that when their Prophet concealed himself in Mount Shur, his pursuers were baffled by a spider's web over the mouth of the cave.

The shadows of leaves in water, then, are to me so many lessons of life. I call to mind Demosthenes, rushing from the Athenian assembly, burning with shame, and in the moment of degradation encountered by Satyrus. It was the apparition of his good spirit, and changed his fortune. The hisses of his countrymen melted into distance. He learns the art of Elocution; and, when he next ascended the *bema*, his lip was roughened by no grit of the pebble. Again: Socrates, meeting Xenophon in a narrow gateway, stopped him, by



extending his stick across the path, and inquiring, "How a man might attain to virtue and honour?" Xenophon could not answer; and the philosopher, bidding him follow, became thenceforward his master in Ethics. These incidents were shadows of leaves on the stream; but they conducted Demosthenes into the temple of eloquence, and placed Xenophon by the side of Livy.

We have pleasing examples nearer home. Evelyn, sauntering along a meadow near Says Court, loitered to look in at the window of a lonely thatched house, where a young man was carving a cartoon of Tintoret. He requested permission to enter, and soon recommended the artist to Charles II. From that day, the name of Gibbins belonged to his country. Gibbon among the ruins of Roman grandeur, conceives his prose epic; Thorwaldsen sees a boy sitting on the steps of a house, and goes home to model Mercury. Opie bends over the shoulder of a companion drawing a butterfly, and rises up a painter; Giotto sketches a sheep on a stone, which attracts the notice of Cimabue, passing by that way; and the rude shepherd-boy is immortalized by Dante. Milton retires to Chalfont; and that refuge from the plague, gives to us *Paradise Regained*. Lady Austin points to a Sofa; and Cowper creates the Task. A dispute about a music-desk awakens the humour of the *Lutrin*; and an apothecary's quarrel produces the *Dispensary*. The accidental playing of a Welsh harper at Cambridge, inspired Gray with the conclusion of "*The Bard*," which had been lying—a noble fragment—for a long time in his desk.

Slight circumstances are the tectics of science. Pascal heard a common dinner-plate ring, and wrote a tract upon sound. While Galileo studied medicine in the University of Pisa, the regular oscillation of a lamp suspended from the roof of the cathedral attracted his observation, and led him to consider the vibrations of pendulums. Kepler determined to fill his cellars from the Austrian vineyards; but, disputing the accuracy of settler's measurement, he worked out one of the "earliest specimens of what is now called the modern analysis." Cuvier dissects a cuttle fish; and the mystery of the whole animal kingdom unfolds itself before him. A sheet of paper sent from the press, with the letters accidentally raised, suggests the embossed alphabet for the blind; and a physician, lying awake and listening to the beating of his heart, contributes the most learned book upon the diseases of that organ.

Thus, in life and science, the strange intricacies and unions of things small and splendid are clearly discerned. Causes and effects wind into each other. "By this most astonishing connexion—these reciprocal correspondences and mutual relations—everything which we see in the course of nature is actually brought about; and things, seemingly the most insignificant imaginable, are perpetually observed to be necessary conditions to other things of the greatest importance." History is a commentary on the wisdom of Butler. A proclamation furls the sails of a ship; and Cromwell, instead of plying his axe in a forest-clearing of America, blasphemes God, and beholds his sovereign at home. Bruce raised his eyes to the ceiling, where a spider was struggling to fix a line for his web; and instead of a crusader, we have the hero of Bannockburn."

THE DOCTOR.—Here is another very sociable little volume from the press of Harper and Brothers. It is entitled "*Lotus-Eating. A Summer Book*."

THE MAJOR.—Who is the author?

THE DOCTOR.—He answers to the name of G. W. Curtis, and has already earned some repute by two clever works, "*Nile Notes of a Howadji*," and "*The Howadji in Syria*."

THE MAJOR.—I read both of these productions without yawning, which for me, is no small commendation. Let me have a mouthful of *Lotus* by way of sample!

THE DOCTOR.—Here are Mr. Curtis's experiences of Niagara.

Disappointment in Niagara seems to be affected, or childish. Your fancies may be very different, but the regal reality sweeps them away like weeds and dreams. You may have nourished some impossible idea of one ocean pouring itself over a precipice into another. But it was a wild whim of inexperience, and is in a moment forgotten. If, standing upon the bridge as you cross to Goat Island, you can watch the wild sweep and swirl of the waters around the wooded point above, dashing, swelling and raging, but awful from the inevitable and resistless rush, and not feel that your fancy of a sea is paled by the chaos of wild water that tumbled towards you, then you are a child, and the forms of your thought are not precise enough for the profoundest satisfaction in great natural spectacles.

Over that bridge how slowly you will walk, and how silently, gazing in awe at the tempestuous sweep of the rapids, and glancing with wonder at the faint cloud of spray over the American Fall. As the sense of grandeur and beauty subdues your mind, you will still move quietly onward, pausing a moment, leaning a moment on the railing, closing your eyes to hear only Niagara, and ever, as a child says its prayers in a time of danger, slowly, and with strange slowness, repeating to yourself, "Niagara! Niagara!"

For although you have not yet seen the Cataract, you feel that nothing else can be the crisis of this excitement. Were you suddenly placed blindfolded where you stand, and your eyes were unbandaged, and you were asked, "What shall be the result of all this?" the answer would accompany the question, "Niagara!"

Yet marvellous calmness still waits upon intense feeling. "It was odd," wrote Sterling to a friend, "to be curiously studying the figures on the do-waistcoat, while my life, as I thought, was bleeding from my lips." We must still sport with our emotions. Some philosopher will die, his last breath sparkling from his lips a pun. Some fair fated Lady Jane Grey will span her slight neck with her delicate fingers, and smile to the headsmen that his task is easy. And we, with kindred feeling, turn aside into the shop of Indian curiosities and play with Niagara, treating it as a jester, as a Bayadère, to await our pleasure.

Then, through the woods on Goat Island—solemn and stately woods—how slowly you will walk, again, and how silently! Ten years ago, your friend carved his name upon some tree there, and Niagara must now wait until he finds it, swollen

and shapeless with time. You saunter on. Is it not a sunny day. -It is cloudy, but the light is moist and rich, and when you emerge upon the quiet green path that skirts the English Rapids, the sense of life and human passion—fills your mind. Certainly no other water in the world is watched with such anxiety, with such sympathy. The helplessness of its frenzied sweep saddens your heart. It is dark, fateful, foreboding. At times, as if a wild despair had seized it and rent it, it seethes, and struggles, and dashes foam-like into the air. Not with kindness do you regard it, but sadly, with folded hands of resignation, as you watch the death struggles of a hero. It sweeps away as you look, dark, and cold, and curling, and the seething you saw, before your thought is shaped, is an eddy of foam in the Niagara River below.

As yet you have not seen the Fall. You are coming with its waters, and are at its level. But groups of persons, sitting upon yonder point, which we see through the trees, are looking at the Cataract. We do not pause for them; we run now, down the path, along the bridges, into the Tower, and lean far over where the spray cools our faces. The living water of the rapids moves to its fall, as if torpid with terror; and the river that we saw, in one vast volume now pours over the parapet, and makes Niagara. It is not all stricken into foam as it falls, but the densest mass is smooth, and almost of livid green.

Yet, even as it plunges, see how curls of spray exude from the very substance of the mass, airy, sparkling and wreathing into mist—emblems of the water's resurrection into summer clouds. Looking over into the abyss, we behold nothing below, we hear only a slow, constant thunder, and, bewildered in the mist, dream that the Cataract has cloven the earth to its centre, and that, pouring its waters into the fervent inner heat, they hiss into spray, and overhang the fated Fall, the sweat of its agony.

THE MAJOR.—That metal rings true. Pray leave me the book, and in return accept "*Reports on the Sea and River fisheries of New Brunswick, by H. M. Perley, Esq.*" The brochure is well deserving of a nook in your statistical library, as it is replete with curious facts, and well digested details. To the statesman and the naturalist, Mr. Perley's work equally commends itself.

THE DOCTOR.—In looking over Goethe, the other day, I felt a little rusty, so forthwith recommended my German studies, and in my inquisition after something, in the shape of either dictionary or grammar, to lighten my labours, I stumbled on Klauer's German Tables. Have you seen them?

THE MAJOR.—Yes, and a very good aid to the acquisition of the German language they are—the tables are concise and the directions for pronunciation are clear: it is altogether a very useful work that will enable any one, with common application, to acquire a fair knowledge of German, even without a master.

THE DOCTOR.—Simplicity is in my opinion the principal requisite in an elementary work,

right-well do I remember the difficulties with which the students had formerly to contend in acquiring a new language in the complicated grammars put into his hand.

THE MAJOR.—I think in the present instance you will, after looking into Klauer's table, admit that is it as concise, yet clear, a help to German as you will meet with.

THE DOCTOR.—I beg your pardon Cullpepper, but I hear Nell uplifting her voice, she heralds, I presume, the advent of Orlando!

THE MAJOR.—As you love me, breathe not again the name of Nelly within these timber walls. We live in an extra refined age and clime, and Judge Snob hath ruled that it is *rustic* to allude to the barking of a hound!

THE DOCTOR.—I take!—See the door opens! —[Enter Orlando Plees.]—Welcome to the Shanty, Mr. Plees! Permit me to make you acquainted with the Satrap thereof, Cullpepper Crabtree of that ilk!

THE MAJOR.—I trust, sir, that you will consider yourself at home. "Rude is our forest bower," as the poet hath it, but such as it is, it is very much at your devotion.

PLEES.—You are exceedingly kind! What a beautiful locality this is?

THE MAJOR.—Fresh charms do your commendations add to the landscape, as they say in Shiraz! [Aside] I say Doctor, smuggle *Uncle Tom's Cabin* off the table, like a good fellow!

ORLANDO [smiling].—Make no stranger of me, I beseech you, as far as *Uncle Tom* is concerned. Like the skinned eels I am now pretty well used to the infliction! Not a day has elapsed of the last three weeks, in which I have not stumbled upon the *Cabin*! From New York to Toronto there has been a perpetual sounding of *Tom Tom's* in my ears!

THE MAJOR.—Now that you have broken the subject, might I make bold to inquire how this redoubtable volume is regarded in *Old Virginia*?

ORLANDO.—Its ability is generally admitted, but exceptions strong, and in my opinion, most religious are taken to the fairness of the authoress. Mrs. H. Stowe singles out with malignant assiduity, a few black, scabbled sheep, and exhibits them as average samples of the flock at large. Slavery as it is, is a widely different affair from the mythical creation (I can use no gentler term) of this *fair* but biased special pleader!

THE DOCTOR.—I am half inclined to agree with you! But why not fight the enemy with her own weapons? Why not get up a *per contra* romance?

ORLANDO.—The thing has been done and well done too. Perhaps Major Crabtree, you will honour me by accepting a copy of the work to which I refer. It is entitled "*Aunt Phillis's Cabin; or Southern Life as it is.*"

THE MAJOR.—I heartily thank you for your gift, I had already heard of the book, but



hitherto have been unsuccessful in procuring a copy. Our Canadian bibliopoles are emancipationists to a man; at least I conclude they are from the assiduity with which they always "remember to forget" to obtain for me the volume which I now hold in my hand.

ORLANDO.—May I be permitted the liberty of reading to you a single scene from *Aunt Phillis*?

THE MAJOR.—You will greatly oblige me by so doing.

ORLANDO.—I may premise that Mr. Weston is a planter. Bacchus and Peggy are two of his slaves, the former being considerably the worse of liquor. Mr. Weston has just entered his kitchen, unobserved by Peggy, who is engaged in lecturing the aforesaid Bacchus:

"It's no use, Mister Bacchus," said she, addressing the old man, who looked rather the worse for wear, "it's no use to be flinging yer impudence in my face. I'se worked my time; I'se cooked many a grand dinner, and eat 'em too. You'se a lazy wagabond yerself."

"Peggy," interposed Mr. Weston.

"A good-for-nothing, lazy wagabond yourself," continued Peggy, not noticing Mr. Weston, "you'se not worth de hommony you cats."

"Does you hear that, master?" said Bacchus, appealing to Mr. Weston; "she's such an old fool."

"Hold your tongue, sir," said Mr. Weston; while Mark, ready to strangle his fellow-servant for his impertinence, was endeavoring to drag him out of the room.

"Ha, ha," said Peggy, "so much for Mr. Bacchus going to barbecues. A nice waiter he makes."

"Do you not see me before you, Peggy?" said Mr. Weston, "and do you continue this disputing in my presence? If you were not so old, and had not been so faithful for many years, I would not excuse such conduct. You are very ungrateful, when you are so well cared for; and from this time forward, if you cannot be quiet and set a good example, in the kitchen do not come into it."

"Don't be afeard, master, I can stay in my own cabin. If I has been well treated, it's no more den I deserves. I'se done nuff for you and yours, in my day; slaved myself for you and your father before you. De Lord above knows I don't want ter stay whar dat old drunken nigger is, no how. Hand me my cane, dar, Nancy, I ain't gwine to 'trude my 'siety on nobody." And Peggy hobbled off, not without a contemptuous look at Bacchus, who was making unsuccessful efforts to rise in compliment to his master.

"As for you, Bacchus," said Mr. Weston, "never let this happen again. I will not allow you to wait at barbecues, in future."

"Don't say so, master, if you please; dat ox, if you could a smelled him roastin, and de whiskey-punch" and Bacchus snapped his finger, as the only way of concluding the sentence to his own satisfaction.

"Take him off, Mark," said Mr. Weston, "the drunken old rascal."

"Master," said Bacchus, pushing Mark off "I don't like de way you speak to me; t'aint 'spectful."

"Carry him off," said Mr. Weston, again.

"John, help Mark."

"Be off wid yourselves, both of ye," said Bacchus; "if ye don't, I'll give you de devil, afore I quits."

"I'll shut up your mouth for you," said Mark, "talking so before master; knock him over, John, and push him out."

Bacchus was not so easily overcome. The god whose namesake he was, stood by him for some time. Suddenly the old fellow's mood changed; with a patronizing smile he turned to Mr. Weston, and said, "Master, you must 'scuse me: I not well dis evening. I has the dyspepsy; my suggestion aint as good as common. I think dat ox was done to much."

Mr. Weston could not restrain a smile at his grotesque appearance, and ridiculous language. Mark and John took advantage of the melting mood which had come over him, and led him off without difficulty. On leaving the kitchen, he went into a pious fit, and sung out

"When I can read my title clar."

Mr. Weston heard him say, "Don't, Mark; don't squeeze an ole nigger so; do you 'spose you'll ever get to Heaven, if you got no more feelins than that?"

"I hope," said Mr. Weston, addressing the other servants, "that you will all take warning by this scene. An honest respectable servant like Bacchus, to degrade himself in this way—it gives me great pain to see it. William," said he, addressing a son of Bacchus, who stood by the window, "did you deliver my note to Mr. Walter?"

"Yes, sir; he says he'll come to dinner; I was on my way to tell you, but they was making such a fuss here."

"Very well," said Mr. Weston. "The rest of you go to bed, quietly; I am sure there will be no more disturbance to night."

But what will the Abolitionist say to this scene? Where were the whip and the cord, and other instruments of torture? Such consideration, he contends, was never shown in a southern country. With Martin Tupper, I say,

"Hear reason, oh! brother;

Hear reason and right."

It has been, that master and slave were friends; and if this cannot continue, at whose door will the sin lie?

THE DOCTOR.—Is not such a scene somewhat uncommon in the Southern States? If Mrs. Stowe culls out her black sheep, does not Mrs. Eastman (the authoress of *Aunt Phillis*) devote her attention with equal exclusiveness to the whiter quadrupeds?

ORLANDO.—I can only speak from my own experience. Honestly do I assure you, that pictures similar to the above are familiar to me as "household words."

THE MAJOR.—That I am frankly willing to admit. Permit me, however, to ask you a question or two. *May* not the worst scenes delineated by Mrs. Stowe, occur in the South? *May* not a happy community, such as I concede Mr. Weston's establishment to be, be broken up by death or bankruptcy, and the members thereof scattered east, west, north,

and south? *May* not the husband be torn from the wife, the child from the mother, the brother from the sister?

ORLANDO.—There is no well constituted slave owner, who will not feel pained, as I now feel pain, at being constrained to return an affirmative answer to these interrogatories.

THE MAJOR.—Then, my dear sir, I am bound to say, that I consider the authoress of "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*," fully justified in every sentence and line that she has written! If only one such case of outrage occurred in the course of a year, that case would furnish ample warrant for the sternest and most uncompromising denunciation of the system that permitted it!

ORLANDO.—I wish, from the bottom of my soul, Major, that you could behold the happiness of the slaves on my uncle Bovell's plantation. Why, I have witnessed no corresponding light-heartedness and joviality amongst the free labourers of the Northern States or British North America.

THE MAJOR.—And do you not perceive, Mr. Plees, that this very occasional joviality is one of the strongest proofs of the crushing degradation which slavery brings upon what old Fuller quaintly terms "God's image, cut in ebony?"

ORLANDO.—It may be owing to my obtusity, but I confess my inability to trace the legitimacy of your deduction.

THE MAJOR.—Do you think that we could be sitting here, enjoying ourselves "fancy free," if there was a *possibility* that ere many months or weeks had elapsed, we could be driven like hogs to the St. Lawrence Market, and knocked down at so much per head to any brute or bumpkin, who could produce the requisite amount of mammon? Would not that hideous *possibility* dim our eyes and cloud our brows, and constrain us to live in constant heaviness of heart and bitterness of spirit? No, Mr. Plees, the *mirth* of the animated, soul-endued chattle, is the strongest, and most infernal evidence of the debasing tendency of enforced servitude. In proportion as the slave's laugh is loud, does he resemble the horse or the mule, whose highest enjoyment is exemption from the lash, and whose *To Kalon* is a mess of oats, and appetite to masticate the same!

THE DOCTOR.—I am sorry to break in upon this discussion, but I have an engagement this evening, and before I go I must deliver a brace of messages, one from the Laird and the other from the Squireen.

THE MAJOR.—By the way, what has come over our messmates? I was wondering why they did not show face.

THE DOCTOR.—The Laird is one of the Committee of Management for the Agricultural Festival, and cannot find time even to eat, much less to visit the Shanty. As for

the Squireen he has found it *expedient* to take a run across the lake.

THE MAJOR.—Why, what has come over poor Paddy?

THE DOCTOR.—Two brothers, named *John Doe* and *Richard Roe*, met him yesterday in King Street, and somewhat importunately invited him to accompany them to the jail, to arrange what poor Theodore Hook used to call—

"An I. O. U.,  
Somewhat past due!"

The Milesian blood of the Squireen got up to fever heat. He *floored* the *gemini*, and so he is now at Rochester?

THE MAJOR.—You spoke of some messages, I think?

THE DOCTOR.—Yes. The Laird wishes you to read "*The Paris Sketch-Book*," by Thackeray, which has just appeared in Appleton's series. He says it abounds, even to overflowing, with wit, humour, and graphic delineations of character. Though written many years ago, (the Laird adds,) it prophetically indicates the course which Louis Napoleon has recently followed, and altogether is a *rara avis* of books.

THE MAJOR.—And the Squireen?

THE DOCTOR.—Oh, he merely wishes you to remit him £20, if perfectly convenient.

THE MAJOR [*starting up*].—Mr. Plees, I hear the supper-bell!—*Alons!*

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## COLONIAL CHIT-CHAT.

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### PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.

No measure of any importance has been passed since our last. The debate on the Address from the Throne, occupied several days, when an answer, in echo thereof, was carried.

Mr. Hincks has brought forward a series of Resolutions on the Clergy Reserves, urging upon the Crown the expediency of permitting the Provincial Legislature to deal with the question, as they may think proper.

Mr. W. H. Boulton has given notice of a counter series of Resolutions, to the effect that the settlement of the Reserves by the Imperial Parliament of 1840, may be rendered final.

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### THE ASSESSMENT LAW.

A meeting of merchants and traders was recently held in the City Hall, Toronto, at which a petition to Parliament, of which the following is the prayer, was unanimously adopted:—

"That your Honourable House will so amend the Assessment Act of 1850, and the Assessment Law Amending Act of 1851, that, in so far as they relate to the cities, towns, and incorporated villages, the annual produce of skill or labour, or of some or all of them combined—that is to say income, by whatever name called, or from whatever



source derived, shall be taken as the basis of taxation on personal property, and that any person assessed on any income derived from any office, or from trade, calling or professions, shall be assessed in the Municipality in which such office is held, or such trade, calling or profession exercised, and that such further measures may be adopted as shall to your Honourable House appear best fitted to ensure the equitable operation of the Assessment Law so amended."

WE invite our readers attention to Mr. Baines' Circular, and shall return to the subject in our next issue, space forbids, in the present number, our affording such proofs as we could wish, of this gentleman's usefulness and business habits :—

"CROWN LAND AGENCY,  
"Toronto, 4th August, 1852.

"The Hon. The Commissioner of Crown Lands, having approved of my acting as an Agent for the disposal of Canadian Farms, Wild Lands, and for other matters interesting to actual or intending settlers, it is my intention to transmit monthly to my Agent at Liverpool, a return of Farms and Lands, &c., left with me for sale.

"I shall also have, at my Office, a Monthly sale by Auction, of Farms, Lands, &c.

"A Registry of Lands, &c., left for private sale, will be kept.

"THOMAS BAINES."

#### TORONTO.

The following sketch of Toronto as it is, is given by a recent correspondent of the *Montreal Herald* :—

"It is about twelve months since the writer was in that city, and in that short time, the beauty of the principal streets has been very greatly increased. St. James's Church had been completed, and added to it, some pretty school buildings and other dependencies. This church, built of white brick, for which Toronto is famous, in the restored style of church architecture, is decidedly the most beautiful and appropriate religious structure to be seen in Canada. In the order of Civil Architecture, the new Court House deserves notice. It promises to be as fine a structure, in its own kind, as the Church. But public buildings may sometimes proceed rapidly, while general distress prevents improvement in Domestic Architecture. This is not the case in Toronto. Upon King Street, we noticed the builders at work in some five or six places, besides observing several new and handsome brick houses, where a year ago wooden ones stood. Our readers, who are acquainted with Toronto, will remember the corner of Bay and King Streets, which used to be disfigured by some wooden shanties of two stories. These have been completely swept away, to make room for elegant brick houses. While the retailers have thus been improving their places of business, the wholesale warehouses have also continued to augment in number and beauty. Yonge Street, from the wharf to King Street, is now completed nearly throughout, with dry goods and

other warehouses, such as would do credit for their substantial roomy designs to St. Paul's Churchyard or Cheapside; and we noticed similar improvements on Wellington Street. However, but a short time was given for these investigations,—what is here mentioned, is the result only of a cursory glance through the city."

#### THE PARK.

We have already in our Magazine advocated the establishment of Public Parks in the rising cities and towns of our young country. It is with pleasure we notice that the inhabitants of Toronto are alive to the importance of the subject, as will be seen by the following extract from the *News of the Week* :—

"At a public meeting held in the City Hall, on the 2nd ult., to consider the best mode of securing a portion of the Garrison Common, as a public Park for the use of our citizens, the following Resolutions were proposed and adopted :—

"*Resolved*,—That it is most desirable that the portion of the Garrison Common leased to the Corporation, should be appropriated for a Public Park for the citizens, secured to the city in such way as will justify the necessary improvements.

"*Resolved*,—That in the opinion of this meeting, to carry out the proposed plan of settling old pensioners upon the lands within the limits of the city, as this meeting understands the intention of the Imperial Government to be, is highly objectionable, and will prove injurious to the interests of this city, inasmuch as such a settlement must necessarily be composed of such a class of dwellings as would not be creditable to the city, and will form a small and insignificant village within the limits of the city, at a point where the contemplated Park is proposed to be situated, and where our principal western railroads must necessarily pass; and would, in the opinion of this meeting, be a violation of the compact entered into between the Corporation and the Ordnance Department in reference to the said land.

"*Resolved*,—That this meeting fully approves of the course taken by His Worship the Mayor and the City Corporation, to defend the rights of the city property in question, and respectfully requests they will continue their exertions to secure the same."

#### THE CENSUS RETURNS

For Canada East and West, have all been received at the Government offices, with the exception of the returns for Bonaventure, in Lower Canada. They form an immense mass and it is said that considerable difficulty is experienced in making them properly. Quite a number of clerks are employed in putting them into a tangible shape. Many of the returns are said to be incomplete, and in a great number the totals are not given, which causes a good deal of additional labour to the clerks. The population of Canada East is estimated at 904,000; Canada West, 852,005; total,

1,856,005. The following table may prove interesting :—

## CENSUS OF CANADA WEST, BY CREEDS.

Church of England.....	323,928
“ of Scotland.....	57,713
“ of Rome.....	167,930
Free Presbyterian.....	64,930
Other Presbyterians.....	81,979
Wesleyan Methodists.....	96,769
Episcopal “.....	44,022
New Connexion “.....	7,726
Other “.....	60,186
Baptists.....	45,475
Independents or Congregationalists.....	7,931
Quakers or Friends.....	7,497
Universalists.....	2,688
Unitarians.....	833
Lutherans.....	12,085
Not known.....	2,836
No Creed given.....	36,801
All other Creeds not classed.....	31,545

952,005

## CENSUS OF CANADA WEST, BY RACES.

English.....	82,482
Irish.....	177,955
Scotch.....	75,700
French Canadian.....	26,500
Other Canadian.....	523,327
Germany.....	9,721
American.....	43,460
All others.....	23,760

952,005

## SILVER IN CANADA.

Mr. Orvis Ball, of Hatley, C.E., has recently discovered, near the railway, north of Sherbrooke, a rich and extensive vein of silver ore. From a specimen, weighing one pound, he obtained pure silver of the value of a quarter of a dollar.

## COMMERCIAL POLICY OF CANADA.

A meeting of the different Boards of Trade throughout the Province, was held at Quebec last month. Resolutions were adopted by the synod, recommending the re-imposition of differential duties in favour of all imports by the way of the St. Lawrence. This policy is viewed favorably by Government.

## CANADA GRAND TRUNK TELEGRAPH LINE.

This line is progressing with its branches, in several sections of the Provinces, and the poles are about being delivered from Toronto to Buffalo. They are set from this city to Kingston. This line, with the side lines leading to it, will amount to some 1600 miles, taking in all the principal business towns and villages of Canada. We have no doubt our business men will eagerly respond to the call for stock, so far as Toronto is concerned.

Some 250 miles of the line will be in operation by the middle of next month. The advantages of the two lines can hardly be appreciated,—they will serve as a check one on the other, for extortionate prices and energy in serving the public, in forwarding early intelligence; and in case one line “is down,” the other will be ready for business.

## INDIAN REMAINS.

It seems that the cuttings for the Great Western Railroad have been the means of bringing to light many curious relics of antiquity. The Windsor *Oak*, of a late date, says :—“In excavating the bank above here, for the Great Western Railroad, the men under the charge of Curtiss and Churchill, two of the overseers, found a large number of Indian ornaments, consisting of silver pins, brooches, bracelets, amber bead necklaces, &c., also red stone pipes, copper camp-kettles, and a variety of articles usually buried with an Indian. The place where these things were found was an Indian burying-ground. A great many skulls, bones, and skeletons have been found; doubtless these ornaments were buried centuries ago, with the lords of the soil.”

## PAUPER EMIGRATION.

We have seldom met with a more reprehensible case of heartlessness, on the part of parochial authorities in the Mother Country, than the following one detailed by the *Quebec Chronicle* :—

“The Jane Black, Captain Gorman, from Limerick, arrived in this port on the 26th ult, with 312 passengers, 233 of whom were sent out by the guardians of the Rathkeale Union, and were informed that they would receive on landing here the sum of one pound sterling each adult, which money it was stated had been sent to the Emigration Department here. On enquiry, we learn that no money, nor any advice or instructions whatever has been received by that department. The great majority, who are single females, and widows with one or two children, were perfectly destitute, one girl was deaf and dumb, and another (her sister) partly out of her mind, and few of them had even a change of clothing. Some 15 or 20 obtained situations in this city, and the remainder were forwarded up the country, and we hope the government will oblige the guardians of the Rathkeale Union to pay any expense the country may be put to on their account.”

## NOVA SCOTIA.

The Government of Nova Scotia has resolved to build a main trunk line of railway, with branches, 300 miles east, commencing from Halifax; and constructing 30 miles each year—thus occupying ten years; the works to be carried out by opening a savings' bank, is-



suings Province paper, redeemable at the treasury in gold and silver, and by opening cash accounts with banks at home or abroad, on Provincial credit and Provincial bonds.

#### THE FISHERY QUESTION.

According to the most recent intelligence from Great Britain, the difficulties connected with the Fishery question were in a fair train of adjustment. Considerable excitement still prevailed, however, in the Lower Provinces on the subject. A large meeting recently assembled at Halifax, and passed very strong resolutions, praying the Queen to suspend all negotiations on the question.

#### THE CURRENCY.

A Bill passed by the Legislative Assembly of Nova Scotia at its last session, has received the sanction of the Crown, and it now goes into effect. It establishes the value of the American eagle, coined under the present law of the United States, at £2 10s. currency; of the British sovereign, at 24s. 6d. currency; of the crown, at 6s. 2d.; and other coins in proportion.

#### NEW BRUNSWICK.

We copy the following account of the state of affairs in the Province of New Brunswick, from the Fredericton *Head Quarters*, of a late date:—

"The present year seems likely to be one of mark in the annals of this city and Province. Most of the many of our people who engaged in

the lumber trade last winter, have realized a handsome remuneration from their labour. Sufficient quantities have been got to market to supply the current demand, and enough remains over in available streams to meet the requirements of the fall trade, which is likely to be active and remunerative. The agricultural interests of the country have not been neglected, and the accounts from all the districts about us are favourable. Hay, which it was feared at one time would be short, will be very nearly an average crop. Grains are on all hands promising an abundant harvest, and so far the reports from the potatoes are more satisfactory than might have been expected. Our gardens and orchards are yielding generous supplies of vegetables and fruits. Everything about us is indicative of plenty, and full of incentive to gratitude and hope. In our city the merchants and labourers are all employed steadily and profitably. Fredericton is rising renewed from the effects of the fire, and even now presents an appearance of beauty and substantiality which would make us very loth to say (if we could) "as you were," to November, 1850. If the Fathers of the last generation could walk up Queen Street as it is, they would be sorely puzzled to believe themselves in Fredericton. Some of the old familiar places have been wonderfully "purified by fire," and the handsome ranges of lofty and elegant buildings which Messrs. Barker, Doherty, and McTavish, and Hatheway & Small have had the taste and spirit to erect, afford evidence of large advance upon Fredericton architecture of the last age. Above and below, and behind these handsome structures, others of less pretensions, yet of very considerable value and beauty abound in great number, and in every progress, attesting the courage and the independence of our people, and proving that, as a community, we are making a profit of a loss.



RARELY have we turned over a budget of European newspapers so barren of interesting topics, as those brought by the *Europa*, the mail steamer of the 28th ult.—There is not any topic afloat, on which public attention seems to be concentrated. Nay, it would almost seem that the public, having made up its mind that the season is, and must be dull, declines any approach to excitement.

The Queen has gone to her seat at Balmoral, Scotland.

Trade in Manchester steady, with a fair business in goods and yarns.

The progress of the Cholera on the continent of Europe is of more moment just now than the movements of ambulatory sovereigns, or the spectacles set before the eyes of a debased and down-trodden populace. The fêtes of Paris, uncalled for and partially unsuccessful—the fêtes of Vienna, got up for the purpose of welcoming the young Emperor on his safe return from a journey through a disaffected province—these have had their day, and are forgotten, even with the last flicker of the myriads of illuminated lamps. Not so with the fearful and mysterious disease that is again in possession of Central Europe, and

appears to be again advancing in a westwardly direction. Accounts from Warsaw of the 18th ult., state that in one day four hundred persons had been attacked in that city, one half of whom had died. This ratio of mortality is unusually large.

The government of Louis Napoleon, having availed itself of its unrivalled organization, for the purpose of forming councils ready to be the faithful echo of its own views, is busily engaged in obtaining the *spontaneous* prayers of these very respectable expositors of the public will, to the effect that his high-mightiness the President would be graciously pleased to make his power permanent. The declaration of the Empire, then, is set before the French and the European public as the one great question on which the prosperity of France depends, just as if the world's welfare were merged, in the cut and colour of liveries!—The power that drew forth a larger number of votes in favour of Louis Napoleon than there were adult males in France capable of voting, will have no difficulty in pronouncing the *unanimous* verdict of the country in favour of a new Emperor. The date is uncertain; but we look for a false halo, a sham excitement, and a pretended renewal of Imperial splendour.—After that who knows what may happen? A political deluge in France, after the assassination or expulsion of her Emperor, might be more safely prophesied than in England, after the downfall of the Earl of Derby.

The French minister of Commerce informs Havre merchants that government will not protect them in the right of taking guano at Lobos.

**CRYSTAL PALACE IN FRANCE.**—The French Government is at present getting drawn up the draft of a decree relative to the construction of a crystal palace in the large square of the Champs Elysées. The building in question is to be conceded to MM. Ardoin and Co., for 35 years, the state guaranteeing a minimum interest of 4 per cent. on a capital which is not to exceed 13,000,000*fr.* Before any sum is set aside for interest, the amount required for the sinking fund is to be deducted. A sum of 50,000*fr.* is to be deposited in guarantee of the good execution of the works, which are to be commenced within two months after the date of the concession, and terminated in two years. The national exhibition of the fine arts and that of the manufactures are to be held in the edifice at the periods fixed by the Government. At all other times the State reserves to itself, for military and other *fêtes*, the free use of building any two days in the week which it may select. Should the Government not require the building on the two days of the week, the company may profit by it, on asking leave of the Minister of the Interior. During the other five days of the week the company having the building may employ it for private *fêtes* or exhibitions. During the national exhibitions the company may demand, on the days fixed by the Government, an entrance fee, which is not to exceed 3*fr.*, one day in the week being fixed at 50*fr.* The Government may at any period after the first ten years take possession of the building on condition of paying as an

indemnity to the company, the average of the last five years' receipts, multiplied by the number of years remaining to run to the end of the concession. As the ground belongs to the city of Paris, the company is to pay to it an annual rent of 1200*fr.* The city of Paris is to be entitled, with the authorisation of the Minister of the Interior, to the use of the building gratuitously for its *fêtes* and ceremonies.

**BELGIUM AND FRANCE.**—The *Moniteur* announces that the Minister of Foreign Affairs, signed two treaties, on Sunday last, with the Plenipotentiaries of the Belgian Government, the first reciprocally guaranteeing all property in literary works of art; the second making certain modifications in the customs tariff.—*London News*, August 28.

#### SCRAPS FROM INDIA.

THE Bengal *Hurkaru* informs us that, according to the custom of Indian warfare, the landing of ladies of any class whatever at Rangoon has been most strictly prohibited. Any vessel having ladies on board will be detained, or ordered to return to some port less exposed to the dangers of war. Rangoon is, we imagine, very nearly as safe as Calcutta, but the experience of our north-west campaigns has at length taught our rulers how fearfully the presence of ladies hampers the movements of an army. There are few officers in the army, we presume, who will not be rejoiced that their wives are compelled to remain at a distance from the dangers and distractions of a Burmese campaign.

The Calcutta *Englishman* reports that two Frenchmen, one of them a cavalry officer, formerly in the Spanish service, left Calcutta by the Emperor for Rangoon, with the intention of taking service with the Burmese. They are in the disguise of Spanish Jews, and our contemporary advises that an order should at once be forwarded to Rangoon directing the commodore to return them to Calcutta. As the name of one of the officers is given, we presume the account is authentic.

The Calcutta *Morning Chronicle* says, that the relief this year will be very extensive, nearly all the Punjab regiments moving into the provinces, and being replaced by the regiments at Dinapore and Benares. The 11th, 42nd, and 74th at Barrackpore, will be succeeded by the 2nd Grenadiers, 25th and 68th regiments, N. I. If this statement be correct, circumstances have probably rendered it necessary to disregard Sir C. Napier's promise to move the regiments as little as possible for three or four years.

The Calcutta *Englishman* mentions, that the 10th Irregular Cavalry, now stationed at Segowlee, have been selected for service in Burmah, and will be ordered down to Calcutta. We suppose it is not intended to march them 500 miles across Bengal in the rainy season, more especially as they must be intended to join a force which will invade Burmah across the Aeng Pass. It is not likely that an attempt will be made to transport cavalry from Rangoon to Prome in river



steamers, and at Rangoon itself they would be of little use.

"Never," says the *Agra Messenger*, "was the Indian army so full of martial ardour as at the present moment. While one portion is engaged in Burmah, another in the mountains of the north-west, and a third volunteering to go anywhere, and farther still, the remainder amuse themselves by mock combats to enliven the dullness of their respective stations. Thus, at Agra, the 6th and 24th entered the lists of bruise-bestowing Mars; at Nusserabad, Horse and Foot mingled in dusty strife; and more recently, at Cawnpore, Her Majesty's 70th and the Honourable Company's 68th have been testing the weight of each other's arms and the solidity of each other's heads. A court of inquiry, we understand, was immediately formed of the commanding officers of the different regiments at the latter station, and equal justice will no doubt be meted to all."

The *Calcutta Englishman* states, that the reinforcements to the army at Rangoon, and its reconstruction as the Army of Burmah has already been decided upon. Two Sikh corps will, it is said, be among the forces, and we are heartily glad to hear that this resolution has been adopted, and that the fresh enthusiasm of these troops will be taken advantage of. The Burmese, it is said, dread the Sikhs even more than the British, and the knowledge that the former are on their way will have no small effect upon the future fortunes of the war. The 1st Bengal Fusiliers will also, it is said, be employed.

THE EARTHQUAKE.—Havana, Aug. 31.—The city of Santiago de Cuba was visited on the 20th by a terrific earthquake, unequalled for its disastrous ravages in the recollection of the oldest inhabitants. Families took refuge in the neighboring plantations, haciendas, ships, public squares, fields and streets, struggling to escape from impending ruin—buildings falling around them in all directions. The entire city exhibits a most heart rending picture. In every street were seen crumbling walls, cornices of buildings and tumbling structures. Every house, to a greater or less degree, felt its influence; many were left in a dilapidated condition; numerous others totally uninhabitable. The shipping anchored in the harbor are yet occupied by families who took shelter in them. All vessels, both Spanish and foreign, vied with each other in this work of humanity. Prisoners of distinction were conducted with others to H. M. steamer *Blasco De Garay*, which vessel, as well as the *Charuka*, the only two steamers in port, were occupied in like manner with the merchantmen.

The loss is estimated at from \$1,000,000 to \$1,500,000, exclusive of minor damages sustained by plantations and villages, concerning which all accounts as yet are vague and confused.

Letters received from Saltadero, state that the shock was severely felt there. The most violent shocks were felt at 3 p.m., thirty minutes after 5 p.m., 9 p.m., 1 a.m., and another violent shock at 3½ a.m., another at 4 a.m., when the atmosphere became very dark, contributing very much to increase the alarm.

THE AMERICA AND THE ARROW.—The *Arrow* yacht, which achieved so signal a victory at Ryde last week, was lengthened and remodelled entirely under the superintendence of her spirited owner, Thomas Chamberlayne, Esq., of Cranbury Park, Hampshire. When it was known that the *Arrow* was about to be altered, many plans were suggested and models sent for the consideration of her owner; but he had determined that the plan should be his own, and that by the success or failure of that plan would he stand or fall. Having, therefore, engaged some ship carpenters only, he set to work, and the result has been that the *Arrow* has been enabled (although near double the tonnage) to beat the famous schooner *America*, till now the acknowledged fastest sailer in the world. The great beauty of the *Arrow* is, that she has all the accommodation that a gentleman's yacht should have, and that none of it has to be disturbed to increase her sailing capabilities—so much so, that Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlayne, with several members of their family, besides friends, had been constantly living on board up to the morning of the race; and even during the race luncheon was put on table at the usual hour, as if the vessel had been at anchor; and, as somebody remarked, even the newspaper had not been removed after breakfast. This is as it should be, and Mr. Chamberlayne deserves the thanks of the whole nautical world for his ability and enterprize. A few days before her defeat, Lord de Blaquiere, the owner of the *America*, published a statement of the sailing qualities of his yacht. It appears to sail 7,978 miles she took seventy-two days two hours, being a little better than at the average rate of 110 miles in twenty-four hours; but on one occasion she ran from Malte to Zante, a distance of 387 miles, in one day fifteen hours, or at the rate of 240 miles in twenty-four hours, which is remarkably good work and equal to that of an Atlantic steamer.

THE LATE SINGULAR INSULT OFFERED TO THE FRENCH NATION.—With the progress of science appears to increase the political insanity of the nation. Nevertheless, we read of the act of Admiral Dundas saluting the birth-day of Napoleon with the guns of our English fleet, with the unpleasant impression that it must be a hoax or an act of utter imbecility, calling for strong measures. The man who would do that to the memory of the uncle, would capitulate to the nephew and receive the cross of the "Legion of Honour." But it must be a mistake! The English were scaling their guns on that day, and a false report has gone abroad.

THACKERAY AND THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY.—We understand that the Mercantile Library Association have completed an arrangement with Mr. Thackeray, the celebrated English novelist, to deliver his course of lectures on the writers of the age of Queen Anne, before that institution the coming winter. Mr. Thackeray is expected to arrive in this country in the same vessel with the late American Minister at London, Hon. Abbot Lawrence, and his lectures will commence early in December. The wide fame which at-

tended the delivery of this course in London, as well as the general popularity of Thackeray with Americans, as a masterly delineator of character, will cause no small sensation on his arrival among us. His lectures will attract whatever is intelligent and appreciative in this City, and we doubt not he will be received with the hospitable courtesy that is due to an eminent writer in our mother tongue—with civility, and without servility.  
—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Miss F. Bremer, speaking of English authors, says:—"No country in the world can at this time exhibit such an affluence of good authors as England, and their affluence is founded upon the great principles of humanity which they serve not merely by the power of genius, but of practical reason. Authors of the most varied political and religious opinions are united in this—the advocacy of some human right; some human advantage, the crown of which is in heaven, while its root is on earth—or they are rejected by the public mind; everything must become subservient to the supreme claims of humanity. The genius of England distinguishes itself from that of France, not so much by its genius, but by its sound reason. The dissimilar fate of England and France at this time may be estimated by the dissimilarity in the works of their romantic writers. The romance of a people and of their authors have more in common than people believe."

A striking and most useful feature of the Victoria-street Hospice is the accomodation for training young women into a knowledge of the matters necessary to make good domestic servants. At present it is unfortunately the case that many respectable and well-disposed young women in London would like nothing so well as to enter the service of a respectable family, but who are utterly unfitted for such a purpose. They can scarcely clean a knife or a spoon, much less

attend to the little niceties which are required by those in the condition to need a reputable servant. At this new institution an attempt is to be made to remove this evil. Lamps of different construction are brought together, their principles and method of trimming explained, and the young girls afforded an opportunity of practicing until they become perfect in the management of each. They are in like manner to be instructed in cleaning silver plate, knives, glass, and crockery ware: they will also be instructed to arrange the breakfast, dinner table, &c., in a proper manner—to wash and iron the finer descriptions of linen, and to become proficient in various other useful matters. From this industrial school we look for great results, and it will be the means of placing many a young person in a condition of comfort and usefulness, who might otherwise have been lost to her family and society. The ceremony of opening the new hospice was appropriately commenced by a suitable prayer; after which the Lord Mayor, in a most feeling address, advocated and expressed his interest in the society, on the broad principle of Christian charity, which made it the bounden duty of those who were blessed with this world's wealth to dispose of a share of it in a manner which would be most likely to conduce to the improvement of the poor. His Lordship observed that the poor would not cease from the land; and that while he regretted the promiscuous manner of alms-giving so much practised in the streets, still he was not the person to say that such alms should be withheld, but was of opinion that places like the present would be a great means of preventing a practice which had become a great abuse. The Lord Mayor spoke warmly in praise of the school for servants, and commented on the mutual dependence between the employer and employed. After several other observations, which were much cheered, his Lordship carefully inspected the various parts of the building, with which he and the numerous visitors expressed great satisfaction.



### FACTS FOR THE FARMER.

#### THE PRESENT POSITION OF THE FARMER.

As time rolls onward, there are periods in the social, as well as the political world, which are marked by more than ordinary interest. Such a period is now before us in the agricultural world. There never was a time when agriculture, as an occupation, was so well thought of and so favourably looked upon, as at this moment. The tide against which we have so long struggled, seems

really about to turn, and many, who formerly thought that the farmer's life was one of unceasing toil, and that the farmer himself had no need of much more intelligence than the animal who aided him in his labor, really begin to think that it is possible for him to become a rational, thinking man, and through the aid of his intelligence to benefit his condition. True—there has been much eulogy pronounced upon the life of the farmer by some individuals in other occupations; for exam-



ple, the politician, anxious to secure his election, has complimented the agriculturist to the fullest extent. He has called him the sinew of the country—the bone and muscle of the state, the *sine qua non* of society—while at the same time he has used him as a tool, wherewith he has worked himself into office, but he has taken good care, after once installed, to do nothing whatever for the benefit of agriculture. The merchant compliments agriculture, and talks of the beauties and charms of a country life—he sighs for the time when he can retire from the cares of business, and settle himself upon a farm. So, too, the lawyer, the doctor—each in turn, long for the hour when they may lead a *farmer's life*. Indeed, farming seems to these men a kind of Eldorado, a perfect elysium, a resting place from all their labors. But this idea of farming is very different from the life that the practical agriculturist is leading. Few of the classes spoken of would like to become *working farmers*, or be dependent upon their farms for a support. All they mean is simply, that having accumulated money in other occupations, they are willing to spend a portion of it in rural pleasures.

What then is it, about what is called *practical* agriculture, that ceases to attract men to it, and even drives them from its ranks? But one answer to this question meets us on every side—its hard labor and small profit! And looking about through many sections of the country, seeing how many farmers live, (or rather exist,) one might almost be inclined to submit fully to the answer, and join in the general saying, that farming is truly all work and no profit, or very little at least. Look at that man, says one; he has toiled, toiled, toiled, through long days and weary years, and what has he made—something to be sure—but what he has got has been gained more by *saving* than *making*. He has denied himself the fruit of his own labor. He has stinted himself and his family, and scarce allowed them the common necessities of life, and for what? Why to get a few paltry dollars together, that had he been engaged in any other business, he might have obtained with half the toil. Thus says the opposer of agriculture as an occupation, and he backs his assertion not by one case alone, but by scores.

Now, for my own part, I have ever considered agriculture as the most useful and honorable of all occupations, and as such, I am willing to stand by it through good and through evil report. I love its toils, for they are at least honest toils. I love its labors, for they are Heaven ordained. Nor do I believe a righteous Providence ever meant that an occupation, which is universally acknowledged, by great minds, at least, to be at the fountain head of all social prosperity, should be one so wanting in attraction, and in the proper reward due to labor, as to drive from its ranks all men of refinement and intelligence. Without wishing then, at present, to deny the objections so often urged against agriculture as an occupation, let us rather admit the facts of the case, and try to find out whether the occupation, or the men pursuing it, are in fault, and then seek for the remedy.

Now, if it could be proved, that no man had ever gained a competency for his labor, through agriculture as an occupation, and that all men

following it had been always obliged to restrict themselves to the greatest economy, in order to gain a livelihood—that it had never, in any instance, paid a fair profit on the capital invested—then, indeed, we might be somewhat disheartened, and might consider our case rather a hopeless one. But I think a very different state of things can be proved.

But again, in almost every country where agricultural societies exist, men are found in the ranks of practical agriculture, contending for the premiums offered for crops of various kinds, and as the societies all demand affidavits from the several parties concerned, such as the surveyor who surveys the ground, the party who raises the crop, and the person or persons who assist in gathering and harvesting the crops, there is little room for deception. The nett profit on these crops, after deducting all expenses, interest of land, &c., &c., varies from \$30 to 100 per acre, according to circumstances—the average may be considered \$50 per acre. I presume no one will deny that this is a large profit on the capital invested.

But, says one, still doubtful that anything can be made by farming, remember this is but *one acre*; it is not to be expected that a man can have his whole farm in such order. Here then, is just the very point that I would urge upon the attention of the farmers in our section of country at least. It is a system of *thorough culture*, combined with proper calculation—from these alone, are we to look for large profits. Land half worked can never more than half pay. *Thorough culture* is the only true system for any farmer, whether he cultivates 10 acres or 100. The more I have thought of this, scanned it from every side, and turned it over and over in my mind, and the more I have read about it, the more have I been satisfied that it is in the difference been imperfect and thorough culture, that lies all the mystery why some farmers make so little, and some so much. And now, in the next place, (for I must run over the subject rapidly, as in the space allotted for an article like this, we cannot be expected to cover the whole ground,) how are we to go to work, to introduce this system of thorough culture and calculation to the farming community generally.

There are two ways in which this can be done, and they are both somewhat connected, namely: By practicing it ourselves, thereby showing its utility, and by inducing farmers to think upon the subjects connected with their occupation. The first of these things is comparatively easy, but some difficulty attends the second. To overcome prejudices—to break down old systems of farming suited to by-gone days—to induce men to read and reflect about what they have always supposed needed no thought or reflection—all these and many other things are hard to contend with. But let us not despair—the object to be accomplished is a great one, and patience and perseverance will do much.

First, then, I say, let us conduct our own farming operations in a proper manner, with due regard to the fact that we wish to reap the reward of our labor and to receive the largest amount of profit upon our capital invested. Let us keep regular accounts with the several departments of our farms—the stock, crops, &c. &c.—let us calculate the cost of raising every article produced

upon the farm, whether live stock, grain, or ought else—let us mark well what pays a profit and what does not. There is nothing, perhaps, in which farmers, as a class, are more negligent than in this one point, of keeping accounts. Few, so called, *practical farmers* have any idea of what number of pounds of hay a yoke of oxen will consume during the foddering season; so too of cows, horses, sheep, &c. &c.; everything is fed by guess work, and in consequence much farm produce is sold by guess work too. Merchants keep accounts, without them their business would certainly prove a failure; go to a merchant to buy goods, who has just received a supply from some city or distant country, who has not yet seen his bills or made up the amount of cost, and what will he tell you? "I do not know, sir, what to ask for those goods. I have not yet calculated their cost." But alas! what do too many farmers do? They calculate the cost of nothing. We raised this grain, say they, and we can afford to feed it out, it cost us nothing. Ah, my friend, is the expenditure of bone and muscle which that bushel of corn or potatoes cost thee, nothing? Were the drops from thy sweaty brow, with which thou watered many a hill through the long summer day, worth nothing! Other men in other occupations, live by their labor, whether of the body or the mind. Calculate then, friend, and know what thy labor is worth to thee.

I well know that circumstances alter cases, and that different systems of agriculture are suited to different sections; but I do say, without fear of contradiction, that in many sections the system generally pursued, is such an one, that without the most rigid economy, amounting even to parsimony, farmers could not live by their labor; and I attribute the fault, not to our noble calling, but to the negligence and want of calculation of those concerned in it. I have no theory to support, no selfish ends to serve; I only wish to awaken thought upon these subjects among farmers; and especially among the farmers of this section of our country. If I am wrong in my views, no man will be happier to be set right.

In regard to the question, how shall we induce farmers to think upon the subjects connected with their occupation, let me propose the following plan. I do not know of its ever having been tried, or how it will succeed generally, but perhaps some few districts at least may be benefitted by it.

Let notices be given out that monthly meetings in every school district will be called, beginning in October and ending in March; this would give six meetings during the winter. Let the district school-house be the place of meeting. At these meetings let such articles be read from the Transactions of the Society, and from agricultural papers, as may be deemed interesting and beneficial to those present.

Some men will get together and listen to a little reading, whereas if they remained at home they would not touch a book during a winter evening, but doze in the chimney corner, or around the stove, or be at work at some manual labor, thinking they could not spare time to read a book.

Let such questions as the following be presented for their consideration: The cost of rearing stock, from the time of birth till three years old; the

number of pounds of hay a yoke of oxen will consume during the foddering season; the cost of wintering, (not half starving,) a cow, a horse, a sheep, &c., &c., during the whole foddering season; the number of quarts of milk given by a good cow during the year; the number of quarts given by the same during the first week after the calf has been taken away, or four weeks after calving—this to be done by actual measurement in a quart measure, not by milking in a pail *supposed* to hold a certain number of quarts; the number of bushels of corn usually raised on an acre in the neighbourhood; same of oats, of rye, buckwheat, &c., &c., actual measurement to be taken, instead of *cart loads*; the usual value of cows in the fall; the usual value of same animals in the spring; what a farmer gets therefore, for wintering said animals; the value of each farmer's hay, stalks, grain, &c., in the fall; the value of stock in the fall; the value of his stock in the spring, after consuming his hay, grain, &c., &c.; what his cows realized for him in the shape of milk and butter, during the season; how much nett profit they make him after deducting all expenses; the number of pounds that a bushel of corn weighs each year; same of wheat, rye, oats, buckwheat, &c., &c. These, and a hundred other questions of practical value, might be proposed at the various meetings. Let a number of farmers present take three or four of these questions at each meeting, and answer them as far as practicable, at the next meeting. Some of them would require a season to test them in—they can be given out and reported upon at the next winter meetings. These meetings will act as aids to the county agricultural societies, and through their means many men may be induced to join those valuable institutions, who would otherwise give themselves no trouble about them. The various questions may one and all of them have been tested by many intelligent and reading farmers, but I am pretty certain few (so called) *practical* farmers, have ever taken the pains to try any of them. Let such plain questions be once fairly put to trial, and I think the result would be a mass of facts that could not fail of being greatly beneficial to the interests of the farmers in their respective neighborhoods. We would then know better than most men, how to *shape our course*. By this means, a change in the mode of farming in some districts, might be brought about, and a more profitable course than the one pursued, might be adopted. What was proved to be unprofitable in one part of our country, would be left to be pursued in another, where it could be done with more advantage.

Many other things suggest themselves, but we will leave them to the reflecting minds of those noble spirits, a few of whom may be found in almost every neighborhood, who are wrapped up in the great cause of agriculture, and whose hearts are beating with high hopes and aspirations to elevate that noble, but hitherto down-trodden calling.

#### AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.

WHAT CAN BE DONE WITH PRESENT MEANS.—While much has been said, both wisely and un-



wisely, concerning the establishment of great Agricultural Schools; and while all attempts towards their endowment by state funds, have signally failed—is it not well to consider what can be accomplished with existing means? The establishment of Agricultural Colleges, is certainly, on all accounts, desirable; and it is to be hoped that the friends of agriculture will call upon the legislatures, in full force, and carry their measures as far as may be prudent, at least. But we have already the means with which to work a vast change, and one scarcely less great, than any contemplated institution could perform.

OUR COMMON SCHOOLS are the starting point. Here let the efforts of the friends of rational husbandry commence. Are there not enough readers in one-half the school districts of this country to discuss the subject of agricultural education, in the school meetings? Let care be taken that trustees and superintendents of the common schools, be instructed to secure and encourage teachers who will instruct in scientific agriculture.

Let our County Agricultural Societies secure the services of some competent person to attend teacher's institutes, and communicate instructions and enthusiasm to teachers, so as to fit them more perfectly to teach farmer's sons.

Let them also offer premiums to teachers, and classes, who shall teach and learn the most, and the best of this subject.

I cannot forbear here remarking, that the substitution of useful books, or farm and horticultural implements, for money premiums, would accomplish vast good in raising the tone of agricultural practice. There is no reason why farmers should not have money from other sources, and every reason why they should have good books, from such a source, embodying the experience of many, with reference to their pursuits, and which, instead of being merged into the general currency, shall always be before a man as an evidence and remembrancer of merit.

What county society will first pronounce these suggestions good, and act upon them?

TEACHERS who love your profession, and have zeal to honor it,—a word to you.

In "the rural districts" nine-tenths of the children you instruct are farmer's sons and daughters, full of robust health, blessing you with the beaming of bright eyes, and the joyous music of happy voices. Do you desire that they,—full of innocence and strength,—should grow up to the noble inheritance of "a sound mind in a sound body;" that they should honor the art that is the earliest and best? Be not content to let them pass into life—either the life of the farmer, or that of a profession—without knowing the beautiful truths, which the farmer ought to know, because he is a farmer; and which the young man aspiring to a profession ought to know, that he may intelligently settle upon his course of life.

Two years ago, excuse might be urged that we had no suitable text book. But now there are admirable works on Scientific Agriculture, which leave no place for that objection. These books have met with higher praise than I can bestow

upon them, but I can say that such are their admirable simplicity of style, and so logical are their arrangement, that in the course of some considerable experience—I have never met with more satisfactory text books on any subject.

CROSKILL'S PATENT CLOD CRUSHER ROLLER.—This is, beyond question, the most efficient implement which modern mechanical skill has furnished the farmer for reducing to a fine condition, the driest and most stubborn soils.

It consists of a series of cast metallic rings, or roller parts, placed upon a round axle, and acting independently of each other, thereby producing a separate action in turning round upon the headlands, without moving up the soil, and effecting a self-cleaning movement. The ordinary size of the roller is six feet and a half in width, with single shafts, and weighs about 27 cwt. The roller parts are 2 feet 6 inches in diameter, with indented or serrated surfaces, having a series of inner teeth at right angles to the centre of the axle, and pointing directly perpendicularly into the clods, more effectually pulverising the roughest land into a fine and even surface mould.

This implement has been aptly termed "a roller and harrow combined." It has been used with much advantage on young wheat in the spring, when the soil requires consolidation, and it is said to prevent the ravages of the wire-worm in many situations. Its high price, (varying, according to size, from £15 to £25 sterling) will form the principal hindrance to its adoption in Canada. We have seen an imported one on the farm of Messrs. Taylors, Paper Manufacturers, near Toronto.

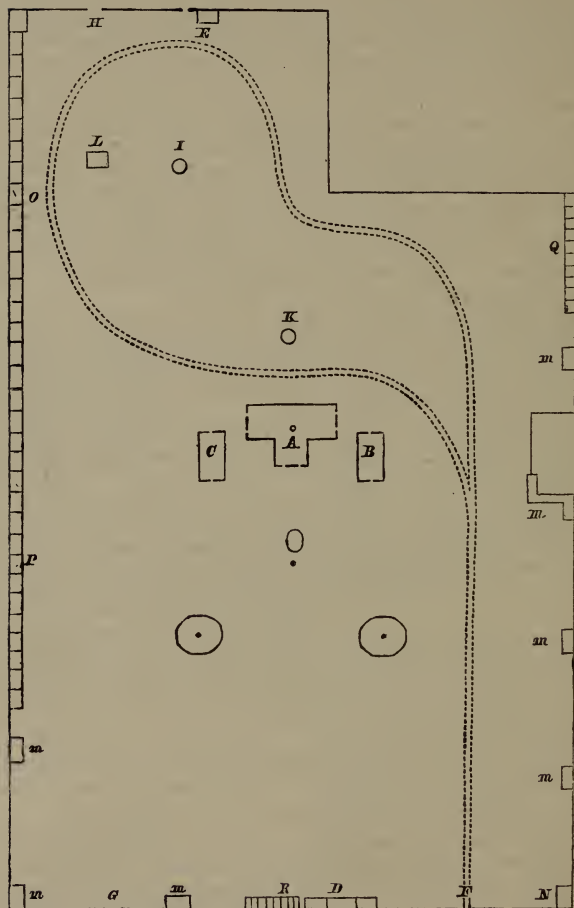
PRUNING IN AUTUMN.—The late S. W. Cole, who strongly recommended autumnal pruning for fruit trees, says, "Thirty-two years ago, in September, we cut a very large branch from an apple tree on account of an injury by a gale. The tree was old, and it has never healed over, but it is now sound, and almost as hard as horn, and the tree perfectly hard around it. A few years before and after, large limbs were cut from the same tree in spring; and where they were cut off the tree has rotted, so that a quart measure may be put in the cavity."—*Albany Cultivator*.

DWARF APPLES.—The *Genesee Farmer* states, that a dwarf apple tree, seven years planted and ten years old, the tree not over three feet high, growing on the grounds of Aaron Erickson of Rochester, produced a Fall Pippin sixteen inches in circumference and weighing twenty-six ounces. Two or three others were nearly as large. Apples grow rather larger on dwarfs than on standards. There is one interesting question in connexion with this subject, that we would like to have answered, viz: At what price could such apples, thus grown on dwarfs be afforded per bushel, as a general average for seasons and cultivation and the cost of a crop per acre,—and the comparative value with other apples in market.—*Id*.





# Sketch of Exhibition Ground.



- |   |                           |
|---|---------------------------|
| A Floral Hall and Fine Arts Department. | K Musicians' Stand.       |
| B Mechanics' Hall.                      | L Speakers' do.           |
| C Agricultural do.                      | m m m Refreshment Booths. |
| D Offices.                              | N Stable.                 |
| E North Ticket Office.                  | O Cattle Stalls.          |
| F South Entrance.                       | P Sheep do.               |
| G Exit.                                 | Q Pig do.                 |
| H North Entrance.                       | R Poultry do.             |
| I Judges' Stand.                        | . . . . Road.             |
|   | S S Tents for Roots, &c.  |

The total enclosure about 16 or 17 acres.

Dimensions Floral Hall.....	50 x 32
Do. Fine Arts do.....	100 x 40
B and C.....	65 x 40

See page 371.

## SCIENCE AND ART.

### THE PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.

THE exceedingly unpropitious weather on Monday and the early part of Tuesday, had a very injurious effect in retarding to a considerable degree, the preparations for the Provincial Fair, to complete which, there would have been barely time, had the day been perfectly favourable. As it is, some difficulty will be experienced in having all the arrangements complete by the time appointed. The public, however, may rest satisfied, that no exertion has been spared by those gentlemen who have undertaken this arduous task, to complete their work to the satisfaction of all concerned. By Tuesday morning, but very few articles had arrived. They continued, however, to pour in during that day and the next, and no doubt by this time, most of the things expected are on the ground.

We can assure all our readers that the articles exhibited are of a very superior class; and we trust that when the happy recipients of prizes are made known, a goodly proportion of them will be found to be residents of our good city, and of the adjoining country, in the prosperity of which she is more immediately interested.

The main approach to the Exhibition ground presented a very lively and animated aspect. One of the most curious looking affairs in the collection was a large glass case containing a quantity of wigs, perukes, &c., of all shades and shapes, which wagged about with the motion of the cart, in the most ridiculous manner conceivable. Busy artizans, full of importance at the interest their handiwork was to create in the minds of admiring beholders; jolly old farmers, with their badges most ungracefully tied in the button-holes of their garments of good home-spun, and their sons sporting theirs upon apparel of questionable manufacture and worse cut, completed the picture.

The grounds are of considerable extent, occupying the whole space known as the Caër Howell Grounds, extending from the top of William Street to the road leading to the cricket-ground. This space is enclosed with

a high fence, and contains about sixteen acres. On entering the ground from William Street, the ticket-office, the entry office, and the committee rooms, are found on the left hand. Next to them is the space allotted for poultry, of which more anon, on the other side of which is the gate by which visitors are to leave the show-ground. A large open space extends across the front part of the enclosure, occupied with various agricultural implements and mechanical contrivances, such as threshing machines, ploughs, waggons, &c. &c.; at the east side of this space are the refreshment booths, and in the rear are the Mechanics' Hall, the Floral Hall, and the Agricultural Hall. The principal of these is the Floral Hall, 50 feet by 32, to the rear of which is attached a large building running east and west, 100 feet long and 50 feet in width, devoted to specimens of the Fine Arts and Ladies' Work.

The Floral Hall is handsomely decorated with evergreens and berries, to represent an ornamented arbour. The other buildings are more or less ornamented with evergreens.

The Agricultural Hall stands on the left of the Floral Hall. It is 60 feet by 40, and in it are placed all articles of Agricultural produce. The Mechanics' Hall, of the same size, stands on the right of the Floral Hall. As its name indicates, it is the receptacle for specimens of Mechanical production.

Pens for sheep and cattle have been erected along the fence on the west side, through the entire length of the enclosure, and in the rear of the buildings just described are the spaces allotted to horses and cattle. Immediately behind the principal building is the President's stand, from which the address will be delivered. In the centre of the northern part of the ground, a little to the rear of the President's stand, is a small open space, entirely surrounded by trees: the horses are exhibited in this space,—the groves on either side being set apart for horned cattle. This is a very convenient arrangement, as by it, shelter is afforded to the cattle from the heat of the sun and the annoyance of flies during their continuance on the ground. At the north side is another entrance and ticket-office, by which egress and ingress will be permitted from the College Avenue and the Cricket Ground.

On your entrance at the east end of the Fine Arts' department, St. George's banner very appropriately first strikes the eye, with a fine specimen of wood-carving, directly on the right: the subject, a Knight, with sword half-drawn—the attitude of this figure is good. A little farther on floats a Temperance Banner, splendidly worked and beautifully finished.



We pass on to the consideration of the pictures exhibited by Mr. Paul Kane : these are eight in number, and are illustrative of Indian Scenery, character, and customs. Mr. Kane has been nearly eight years in making sketches for the collection of which these paintings form a part. The entire collection consists of nearly one hundred pieces, and it is evident to the most careless observer, that nothing short of the most intimate acquaintance with each subject, could have produced the accuracy of detail with such striking effect of light and shade. We will now give a short description of each picture.

No. 1.—(*Class Historical*).—THE MEDICINE PIPE-STEM DANCE.—The scene is on the plains, near the Rocky Mountains, among the Black-Foot Indians. This is a ceremonial to which great importance is attached : the objects of it are various, but the extracts, which we subjoin from Mr. Kane's journal, will fully explain the picture and superstitions attached to the ceremonial :—

"A Blackfoot Pipe-Stem Carrier is a dignitary elected every four years, and not allowed to retain the distinction beyond that period. The office is a very expensive one,—the Pipe-Stem itself and its accompaniments, which constitute the emblems of his office, costing generally from 15 to 20 horses,—these the *carrier elect* has to pay to his predecessor. Should he not possess sufficient means, his friends usually make up the deficiency—so that the office would, in many cases, be declined, were it not compulsory to serve. The official accompaniments of the Pipe-Stem are numerous, consisting of a highly ornamented Tent, which he is always expected to reside in,—a Bear's skin, upon which the Pipe-Stem is to be exposed to view, when any circumstance requires it to be taken from its envelope, such as a council of war, or a *Medicine Pipe-Stem Dance*, or on a quarrel taking place in the tribe, to settle which the *Medicine-Man* opens it for the adverse parties to smoke out of, their superstition leading them to fear a refusal of the reconciling ceremony, lest some calamity should be inflicted on them by the Great Spirit for their presumption,—a *Medicine Rattle* is also among the accompaniments, which is employed in their *Medicine Dances*,—also, a *Wooden Bowl*, from which the dignitary always takes his food; this he always carries about his person, sometimes on his head, sometimes in his hand,—as well as numerous other articles. It requires two horses to carry them when on the move. The *Pipe-Stem* itself is usually carried by the favourite wife of the official; and should it, under any circumstances, happen to fall to the ground, it is regarded as a bad omen, and many ceremonies must be gone through to reinstate it. A young man, a half-breed, assured me, that he had once a *Pipe-Stem* committed to his charge, by an official who had gone out on a hunting excursion, and that being well aware of the sanctity attributed to it by the Blackfeet, he was determined himself to try the effect of throwing it down and kicking it about,—that shortly after this act of desecration, as it would be considered,

the *Pipe-Stem Carrier*, who had consigned it to his care, was killed by the Crees,—so that he had become a firm believer in its sanctity. A *Pipe-Stem Carrier* always sits on the right side of his lodge, as you enter; and it is considered a great mark of disrespect to him if you pass between him and the fire, which always occupies the centre of the Lodge. He must not stoop to cut his own meat, but it is always cut for him by one of his wives, (of whom he usually has five or six,) and placed in his *Medicine Bowl*, which, as before said, is his constant companion. One of the greatest inconveniences, particularly to an Indian, who has always innumerable parasitical insects infesting his person, is, that the *Pipe-Stem Carrier* dares not, without compromising his dignity, scratch his own head, without the intervention of a stick, which he always carries for the purpose. The *Pipe-Stem* always hangs in its long bag, made, when they can procure it, of parti-coloured woollen cloth, on the outside of the lodge, and is never taken inside, either by night or day. It is never allowed to be uncovered when any woman is present."

The two figures in the centre of the group, are the principal actors in the scene. The absorbed countenances of the musicians are worthy of remark, as is also the accuracy of detail in the costumes, and the finish of the stem, which is highly ornamented with feathers of various colours. On either side appear conical lodges of dressed buffalo hides: the uniformity of colour is broken by the trees which fringe the stream of water.

We think the most striking features in this picture are its harmony, and the care with which the fore-ground has been worked in. The grouping is good and the attitudes natural.

No. 2.—*Also an Historical piece*.—A HORSE-RACE AMONG A TRIBE CALLED THE BLOOD INDIANS, (who are allies of the Black Feet,) on the east side of the Rocky Mountains.

This picture, from the attention bestowed on the delineation of costume, must be valuable hereafter, as time is rapidly removing those distinctive characteristics which are so skillfully and truthfully represented in it. There is not a fold of the robe, or plait of the dress, which has not been sketched from nature.

We would invite particular attention in studying this picture, to the group on the right, which forms, in fact, a picture of itself, and is remarkable for composition, colour, and drawing. The attitude and fixed attention of the figure on the extreme right is good, and over the whole is thrown that extraordinary atmospheric effect produced by Indian Summer; and we would remark that this is an effect observable in many of Mr. Kane's pictures. The foreground is represented as carpeted with the prairie rose, a pretty wild flower, not very common, we believe, elsewhere. A spirit of gambling is very ripe amongst the Indians, and everything in the world, even their lives, are often staked on the issue of a race. It is

remarkable, however, that quarrels arising from losses, are of rare occurrence.

No. 3.—*Landscape*.—CAMP OF INDIANS ON LAKE HURON.—The most striking feature in this picture is the Canadian character of the scenery. The foreshortening of the canoes is very good, as is also the manner in which the dark clouds on the right bring out the lodges, and the fine effect produced, something similar to the light cast on the near approach of a thunder-storm.

The lodges are made of bark, which is to the North American Indian what the cocoa-nut tree is to the native of the Pacific Islands: almost every article they require, except clothing, is produced from birch-bark, and the skill with which it is divided into layers, is very extraordinary.

A trait of Indian manners is here to be noted. The woman is pounding corn in a primitive kind of mortar (a hollowed log of wood), while the man lays supine in front of her. This is characteristic of the Indian, who does nothing but hunt, leaving to the women labour of every other description.

No. 4.—WHITE MUD PORTAGE, ON THE RIVER WINNEPEG—THE SOTO INDIANS.—The clump of trees in the centre of the middle ground, is very striking and very beautiful, and any one accustomed to American scenery will see, at a glance, that this is an autumnal sketch—the different hues show this at once; and we have no doubt that to an English eye, it may appear unnatural, but to persons accustomed to the gorgeous brilliancy of an American wood in autumn, the truthfulness of the colouring will be very apparent, as will also the distant wall of wood, which is very correctly painted. This picture is a very fine one: the sky and clouds,—the rapids are all good, and the colouring altogether is very correct and chaste.

No. 5.—*Animals*.—BUFFALO-FIGHT.—The composition of this picture is a little similar to some of Poussins, viz., there is a grandeur in it, scarcely to be expected from its simplicity of design. Great pains has evidently been taken in the painting of it, and great care bestowed in developing the limbs and muscular powers of the combatants, and, very wisely, the other portions of the picture are brought in more as accessories. The pond, with flags and tufts of prairie grass have had great attention bestowed on their finish; the principal effect, however, is the rock immediately behind the animals, which masses together what would be otherwise unconnected features, and imparts a very picturesque effect to the whole.

No. 6.—*Animals*.—CREE INDIANS DRIVING BUFFALOS INTO A POUND.—This picture shows the sort of locality which must be selected for this object, and judging from the picture, it appears to be essential that wood should be

at hand. This may be considered the most thorough prairie scene in the collection, and is valuable for another reason, viz., the difficulty of finding subjects that admit the being treated as the one under consideration. A remarkable feature in Rembrandt's paintings is, that masses are brought in direct opposition to some very brilliant light; and such is the case with this picture, where the darkest part of the middle distance is placed against the lightest part of the sky. The pound is worthy of notice, from its being so perfectly natural that the spectator feels it almost as if it were in his power to walk in to survey the preparation for the reception of the expected visitors.

The Medicine Man may be distinguished on the tree to the right, chaunting an invocation for the success of the undertaking; while a large flock of crows, an invariable attendant on a buffalo-hunt, hovers over the scene, waiting apparently for their share of the promised slaughter.

The mode of capture may be thus described: When the scouts have discovered the herd, the first object is to start them; this is easily effected by raising a little smoke to windward of the drove, and as soon as the scent is carried on the wind towards them, the estampede commences. The object is to head them in the direction of the pound: this is done by runners who gradually edge the buffalos in a straight line with the entrance of the enclosure; stumps, called dead men, (as is seen in the painting,) are placed at regular distances, diverging from the entrance for nearly a mile, with scouts placed here and there, for the purpose of shouting and terrifying still more the affrighted animals, as they rush headlong on. The whole drove is thus urged onwards until they are fairly in the enclosure, when the entrance is secured, and the herd finally dispatched with spears and arrows.

Very little of the flesh is consumed as food. The Indian, always improvident, thinks not of providing for the wants of the morrow, but cutting off what will serve for present purposes, he trusts to chance for a future supply.

No. 7.—*Portrait*.—A SQUAW—NOW-A-K-JE-GOO-QUAI—which being interpreted, meaneth "The Mid-day Woman," a daughter of the Qjibbeway tribe, near Lake St. Clair. The artist had some difficulty in persuading this girl to sit for her portrait, from a superstitious feeling prevalent amongst the natives, that in the transfer of the likeness to the canvas, some portion of their identity is removed, and that ever after the painter exercises some mysterious power on the fate of the person whose portrait he has drawn.

The robe, which is of dressed deer-skin, is remarkably well painted, and the countenance of the girl is very effective. There is a rich tone of colouring in this portrait, which could scarcely be found in that of a white woman; and there is a very remarkable brilliancy and



transparency in the back-ground. It is evident that if the school-master has not been abroad, that a trader has, as the strings of beads are not of native production.

No. 8.—*Portrait*.—SKETCH OF A CHINOOK.—Process of flattening the head of an infant:—

"Immediately after the birth the infant is laid in an oblong wooden trough, by way of cradle, with moss under the head; the end on which the head reposes is raised higher than the rest; a padding is then placed on the infant's forehead with a piece of cedar-bark over it; it is pressed down by cords, which pass through holes on each side of the trough. As the tightening of the padding and pressure of the head is gradual, the process is said not to be attended with much pain. The appearance of the infant, however, while under it, is shocking: its little black eyes seem ready to start from their sockets; the mouth exhibits all the appearance of internal convulsion; and it clearly appears that the face is undergoing a process of unnatural configuration. About a year's pressure is sufficient to produce the desired effect; the head is ever after completely flattened; and as slaves are always left to nature, this deformity is consequently a mark of free birth."—*Oregon Territory, by the Rev. C. G. Nicolay.*

Whatever the process of which Mr. Nicolay speaks may be, whether of unnatural configuration or not, it is certain that it is one which does not give pain, as the papoose remains perfectly quiet while under, what appears to be, a soothing operation, and only cries on being taken out of the frame. In this we have a landscape back-ground, a tree, and rock, and have thus afforded us an opportunity of admiring another of Mr. Kane's styles of colouring. This picture is valuable, not only from its merits as a painting, but as a trait of Indian customs.

We have been tempted to dwell on Mr. Kane's pictures as, irrespective of their great merit, we consider his collection to be an object of attraction, more purely American than almost any other in the Fine Arts' Department. His pictures are in fact American, leaves from an American plant.

At the west entrance, and nearly opposite the pictures just spoken of, are several of Mr. Armstrong's contributions, amongst which we would call attention to a very well executed pheasant. "A wreck," is also very well painted, and the "Undine," a small pleasure boat belonging to Mr. J. Arnold, is very correctly drawn, there is another picture of the same boat, by the same Artist, in coloured crayons, also very well done. A water piece, taken, we think at sunrise, is well painted, the colouring soft, and the aerial perspective in good keeping, the colouring is perhaps rather dark to be in nature. It is, however, a very

fine piece: we did not learn the artist's name. Mr. W. Hind has an oil painting "Reading the News," which is full of promise, the figures in the foreground are spirited and correctly drawn. There is one other picture to which we must direct attention, we do not know the title, but the figures appear to be beggars; it is very finely painted, the large figure particularly, both as to face and drapery. There are several other good portraits which we do not notice, as we have been informed that they are not intended for competition, not having been painted in this country. There are also several very fine specimens of painted glass, of penmanship, of well executed daguerreotypes and pencil drawings.

Various objects of *Vertu* here meet the eye on every side, with some fine cases of stuffed birds on the right. A little farther on, nearly in the centre, is a grand piano, by Thomas, in a black walnut frame, a handsome instrument—directly in the centre, in front of the fountain, is a four octave Organ, by Townshend, of Hamilton. Still proceeding westward, we find on the right, a very handsome silver spade and vases, used at the turning the first sod of the Northern Railroad. Some luxurious easy chairs succeed—perfect "sleepy hollows," and a very beautifully inlaid centre table of Canadian wood. This is a very handsome article of furniture, and we regret that we are unable to furnish the name of the maker. Cabinets, screens and a variety of other ornamental furniture, form the chief attraction at this point; and in the west corner is a most useful piece of furniture—a shower and hot bath, a commode and an easy chair are all offered, in one piece, by Piper and Brothers, 56, Yonge Street.

Here are also some very good specimens of book binding, and some very finely engraved maps, *fac-similes* of those in Smith's Canada, are presented to notice. In a room, which has been projected and put up since our diagram was drawn, to the west are architectural designs, we noticed amongst them St. Michael's Cathedral and Brock's Monument. Retracing our steps eastward, we find a good display offered by Messrs. Marks and Messrs. Rogers. The former shows a very beautiful wolf-skin robe. Messrs. Rogers amongst a variety of well made articles, some fine gloves and pretty caps. Next

to Rogers's display are some coats that promise protection from any intensity of cold.

Shawls of pretty patterns come next—good warm and useful articles, and then some such blankets, so soft and yet with such body (we do not know the precise term to use) such promise of comfort and warmth—such absence of a hard unyielding substance, crushing the exhausted body down into the hollows of the bed and murdering sleep.

Quilts, counterpanes, rolls of flannel, models of ships, brigs, &c. are seen on either side until the fountain is again reached. Next to this *jet d'eau*, which is very tastefully decorated with rock work, is a fine collection of Indian articles, contributed we believe, by Okah Tubee, which seems as if intended to illustrate Mr. Kane's Pipe-Stem Dance, as we have here the eating bowl, the pipe and stem, the executioner's club, the caps for reception and fatigue, the mocassins and spoon, with deer's foot, all are here, beautifully ornamented, and very like what may be seen in the picture.

We turn to the right and proceed down Floral Hall with abundance of the most beautiful fruit on either side, but we will pass the fruit hastily by, as the mere recollection of it produces a disagreeable sensation about the fauces, such as, when a school-boy, we experienced on feasting our eyes with a goodly array of pastry; suffice it to say that it was good to look at, and we confidently pronounce the taste equal to the promise. Justice, however, imperatively demands the admission, that nothing present could compete with the show of fruit and flowers by Messrs. Ryan & Co. of Rochester. Their show of dahlias was superb, at least eighty different sorts were displayed, and the exhibitor assured us that they had over one hundred and fifty different kinds. We saw nothing else in the way of plants worthy of notice, except a very tolerable striped aloe, and an Adam's needle.

We pass out of Floral Hall, and find ourselves in the midst of a perfect paradise of Wax Flowers and Fancy Work, very artistically executed, and recalling to memory the beautiful feather-flowers manufactured by the Nuns at Madeira.

This is the closing scene in the Fine Arts and Work department, and we must hasten to ruder scenes and materials.

At the entrance of Mechanics' Hall is a very

complete hot-air apparatus by Tiffany; and directly behind it is what, to our inexperienced eye, seems the most complete and compact stove possible—"The Kitchen Queen,"—J. K. Griffin, Burford, C.W., patentee. In this Hall are stoves of every shape and variety and heating apparatus for every imaginable purpose. Here are also very fine rolls of leather for binding or boots, and some very creditable specimens of pottery. Shoe-pegs in thousands, or rather in myriads, and fancy-coloured soaps enough to purify the city; saleratus, cordage; iron fire-proof doors, by Becket, and by Messrs. Vale; with a fine show of axes, also by Vale; cross-cutting saws and reaping machines; handsomely finished agricultural implements, lightning-rods, pumps, of every size and shape; weighing-machines, &c. All are here of the best description.

Messrs. Downes, of Seneca Falls, N. Y., show a powerful double-action force pump, and a portable engine that will be valuable to nursery gardeners.

Passing from Mechanics' to Agricultural Hall, by the north of Floral Hall, are carriages and buggies, of every sort; children's carriages, farm and other waggons, light and heavy, plain and gaudily painted. To this department, however, we shall, as well as to those of Stock and Farm Implements, and Perry's fire-engine, return in our next No., as it is impossible, in this short sketch, to notice half the valuable things submitted for inspection.

We must, however, mention that the show of horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs, is considered to be one of extraordinary merit, and exhibits the most praiseworthy and energetic measures in the improvement of breeds.

In Agricultural Hall we find extraordinary potatoes, gigantic squashes, and brobdignagian beets, delicate butter, and such appetizing cheese, that we could have seen with pleasure the sacks of flour converted instantaneously into French rolls. A monster cheese, of over 700 lbs. from the Brock district, made by Hiram Ranney, fairly distanced all competitors. The show of grain was very fine, and some of the oats, in particular, deserve to be mentioned.

In the tent, immediately in front of Agricultural Hall, are displayed every kind of vegetable, from the pumpkin of two hundred weight down to the most delicate vegetable



marrow. A very pretty trophy of flowers is also here.

In the tent in front of Mechanics' Hall, is a very handsome carpet from Hamilton, and a fine display of harness, &c.

*En passant* we would remark that there is a very beautiful carpet exhibited at the Bazaar, in the Parliament buildings, which would, we think, excel its Hamilton competitor in elegance and work. The centre squares, sixty-three in number, are bunches of flowers, ground with white, orange and black—while the border squares, twenty-eight in number, have, gracefully interwoven the rose, shamrock and thistle. Each square measures two feet, and the carpet is a most elegant one. We have not space in this number to discuss this Bazaar, but shall return to it in our next.

Time forbids our paying more than a very brief visit to the poultry department, although we would fain linger over the feathered prodigies exhibited. Master Charles Seymour Horne, of our city, exhibits some rare specimens of Dorkings, Shanghae, black Spanish and Poland fowls, weighing from 9lbs. to 9lbs. 9oz. each. Daniel Lewis, of York, is famous for evermore for his geese; and Col. Allen's white turkeys, and A. Goodenough's Cochinchina fowls, are all admirable, and beyond praise. Why, we would ask, are such fowls confined to a few individuals? A large fowl does not consume more than a small one, and is twice as profitable. Farmer's wives of Canada, see that at the next Exhibition you also have something to boast of.

We now wish to bring to our readers notice the establishment opened a few days ago, in Leslie's building, 29, King Street East, by Mr. A. M. Della Torre, where may be seen many an elegant article of *vertu* and *art*, the existence of which, we suppose, are as yet unknown to most of the *connoisseurs* of our good city; but we have had the good fortune to look over this very beautiful collection, and we were particularly struck with the taste and elegance of the *ensemble*. The bronze groups, *sevrès*, porcelains, *carcel* lamps, the splendid brass stand telescopes, and a lively polka, mazarin or valse, &c., from the large organ, would alone amply repay the trouble of an inspection. We are decidedly of opinion that such an importation is creditable to Toronto, and will be the means of improving the degenerate taste for common and comparatively worthless ornaments; and we must hope that Mr. Della Torre will not be the

loser by his very expensive and hazardous enterprise.

#### IMPROVEMENTS IN OCEAN STEAMERS.

THE great steamer *Orinoco*, now lying in the Southampton Docks, is about to have her masts and topworks reduced. The original masts and riggings of the *La Plata* were lessened by several tons weight before she started on her voyage. The *Magdalena* is to have her paddle-wheels lightened. Each of the paddle-wheels of the *Orinoco*, *Parána*, and *Magdalena*, weighs nearly eighty tons. It has been deemed advisable to reduce the weight, as it is found detrimental to speed. The paddle-wheels of the *La Plata* are not above half the weight of the others; she is the only one that has not got feathering floats—the weight of the iron-work necessary for them counterbalances their advantages. The *Parána* and *Orinoco* have made the passage between St. Thomas and Southampton in fourteen days; the *Magdalena* has taken sixteen days. The *Magdalena* is, however, as fast, if not faster, than the others, if she could carry coals sufficient. She was placed on full speed but one day during her recent homeward voyage, and yet she had but just coals sufficient to bring her to Southampton. There is no doubt that by lightening the topworks and paddle-wheels of these steamers, and enabling them to carry more coals, that their speed will be considerably increased. It is very evident, however, that we have almost arrived at the maximum both as to speed and size of ocean steamers for longer voyages than 3,000 miles at a stretch, unless fuel less bulky than coal can be found or manufactured. True the *Himlaya* and *Atrato* are building, which are vastly superior in size to the gigantic *Orinoco*; and the stupendous Indian steamers about to be built by the Eastern Steam Navigation Company will be of greater magnitude still. It remains to be proved, however, whether ships of such enormous magnitude can be completely under the control of one man. Even in the monster West India steamers all communications made from the commander to the engine department is done by a system of bell-ringing. As to *viva voce* commands from the paddle-box to the fiery regions beneath, they are impossible. By what pneumatic contrivances can the captain of a ship 400 feet long communicate orders to men at the bowsprit and stern, amidst the howling of a storm? Even with the present West India steamers the labour of commanding one of them is terrific. It is seriously contemplated to have two captains to one of the enormous steamers now building, so that a commander may be always on duty. The cost of the great and important experiments now making by the West India, Oriental, and Eastern Steam Navigation Companies to build ships of stupendous magnitude that can perform long ocean voyages at a high speed, will cost considerably above a million of money. Should these experiments succeed, and the great difficulties of traversing great ocean stages like those between England and Chagres, Panama and Tahiti, and Tahiti and Sydney, be overcome, the voyage between this country and Australia may be performed in little more than a month.





Paris Fashions for October.



## MRS. GRUNDY'S GATHERINGS.

### MRS. GRUNDY'S CHIT-CHAT.

OUR FASHIONS.—Certain parties have fallen into the habit, lately, of contemptuously alluding to what they call "milliner's magazines," that is magazines with fashion plates. The sapient fault seekers in question, we have no doubt, are either crusty old bachelors, or conceited young fools. If they knew half so much as they pretend to do, they would know that every "woman who is a woman," as Lamb says, desires to render her personal appearance engaging; and that, if she has not this instinct, she invariably degenerates into a sloven. Fashion plates are to the sex, therefore, what guide-posts are to a traveller; they teach ladies how to dress gracefully, and in unison with the customs of the day. The prettiest woman alive would look hideous if attired in the costume of the fourteenth century, simply because people are no longer accustomed to the horned caps and other attire of that day. A lady, dressed even as ladies dressed twenty years ago, would seem absurd, and for a similar reason. Every woman "follows the fashions," as a necessity of her sex. They may not dress, in the new style, the first year it comes out, but they do eventually. How much more sensible to adopt it at once! The new dress, or dresses of each season might just as well be made in that year's fashion, as in that of the preceding one.

A favorite argument of these addle-headed critics is, that fashion cramps the waist and injures the health. If they knew more about the subject, they would know that this is precisely what *fashion does not do*, and that those ladies, who persist in lacing to death, do not know what the true fashions are. Nobody ever reads in this Magazine, a word in favor of tight-lacing; but everybody who takes the "Anglo" has read many an article on the proprieties of dress. Ladies who wish to dress sensibly as well as elegantly will take a periodical that gives the fashions: ladies who wish to look like scare-crows will undertake to dress without such a guide, and will of course lace tightly and commit all other kinds of exploded absurdities.

We shall continue to give fashion plates, though they are the costliest embellishments that are got up. For instance, the expense of our fashions, this month, is as great as the printing of thirty-two-extra pages would have been. Some of our contemporaries have, instead of fashion plates, substituted heavy reading matter, and that not original, but selected. We could print as cheaply, if we adopted the same plan; but we prefer to give the ladies, what we are sure they prefer, a lively Magazine, with a good fashion plate, and as much original matter as can be afforded.

GENERAL REMARKS.—There is but little change in the style of making dresses, except that round waists are gaining ground. Round waists must not be confounded with short waists: for the former, the dress-maker ought, on the contrary, to en-

deavour to make the sides as long as possible, and merely suppress the point in front. Flounces are still very much worn, and have but little fullness;—the general rule is, that where the skirt has five breadths, six are allowed for the flounces. Three and five are the usual number of flounces on a dress, though some go as far as ten or even more. There are but very few figures tall or slender enough to look well with these last number.

VELVET RIBBON will be very much used in trimming the skirts of dresses. It is put on in three or five rows around the skirt, then a space, and the trimming repeated thus several times.

CASHMEREES are generally very gay, the colors being bright and varried, and the patterns large. Some even have designs of houses, bridges, pagodas, &c., on them. One pattern, called "*The Creation*," had nearly every flower that was ever known upon it. These are fantastic, rather than beautiful.

An elegant article for Walking Dresses is the Chambrade. The material is plain, and woven in dress patterns, with satin stripes around the skirt. It is too heavy for a house dress, being of worsted and thicker than a merino, and has a corded back, something like a poplin. The dark blue, maroon, and green ones are particularly rich.

Another handsome material, and not so heavy, is composed of worsted and silk, and is of a zig-zag pattern of white over colored grounds, such as brown, dove, &c. The patterns of brown have rich satin stripes in brown around the skirt, in bunches, that is in rows of five, three, &c., decreasing in number and width as they rise toward the waist. The dove colored ones have stripes of Mazarine blue in the same style.

Some of the newest dresses of Cashmere have flounces with palm-leaf borders in elegant cashmere designs, like the shawls. On a cashmere having a ground of brown, dark green, tan or straw color, these palm-leaves in varied colors are exceedingly effective. Chequered or plaided borders are also very fashionable for the flounces of cashmere dresses. The cross stripes forming the chequers are large and woven in satin. The cashmere flounced in this style have frequently a ground of stone color, or some neutral tint, covered with running flower patterns, or with fanciful Chinese designs in lilac.

The silk manufacturers have recently introduced a novelty which imparts to a silk dress all that variety of hue which was formerly confined to fancy materials. This novelty consists in flounces, with borderings in various patterns and colors. Some of the new taffety dresses, having flounces in this style, are remarkably elegant, and showy in effect. Several of these dresses are intended for evening costume. They are of white taffety, with five flounces, slightly undulated and edged with a satin stripe, lilac, blue or green, according to the hue predominating in the wreath of flowers which surmounts the stripe. The same style of flounces is adapted to dresses of pink, sea green, or azure blue silk.

There is no decided change yet in Mantaletts.



It is also too early for the winter style of Bonnets. Many are, however, taking off the light vapory trimming of the spring and summer from their straws, and replacing it by the rich, heavy ribbons. The simpler straws are generally trimmed with a *fanchon* or very wide ribbon passing over the top, where it is spread at its whole width, and gathered in at the ears, passing under the cape, and tied in a large bow under the chin. Another mode consists in two ribbons, the one crossing the brim, not straight, but brought forward in a point nearly to the edge, where it is held by a loop of straw; the other further back, but taking the same form.

A word to our readers on gloves. These are one of those details of the toilet which confer a stamp of distinction on female dress. A lady should be both well gloved and well shod. The fit of gloves is a point of the greatest importance; if too loose they make the hands look large, if too small they are liable to tear. Great care should, therefore, be observed in selecting them. Their color should be in perfect harmony with the dress with which they are worn, light with a dress of printed muslin or of silk of light hue, and dark with a dark colored dress. Any broad contrast between the color of the gloves and of the dress is objectionable. Harmony, even the most simple points, is the test of good taste. With a robe of the simplest and plainest material, with neat shoes, well fitting, unsoiled gloves, and a becoming bonnet, a lady will look well dressed, and will even have an air of elegance not to be acquired by the most costly toilet without a due attention to the accessories referred to.

THE CHAUSURE is also becoming quite an important part of dress. No lady can be elegantly dressed who has not on a neatly fitting shoe, or nice stocking. Stockings of thread or very fine cotton clocked with embroidery, and slippers ornamented with bows made of ribbon and narrow black lace, are worn in the morning—whilst the finest silk thread or silk stockings with black satin slippers are used in evening wear. A new style of boot is worn in Paris of bronze leather, and of a soft, light color; the boots have usually low heels, and are fastened with enamel buttons of the same color as the material of the boot.

THE NEW HEAD DRESSES are made to pass over the front of the head, about half way between the crown and forehead. They are composed of velvet, plaided ribbon, &c. A very beautiful one is a bandeau of straw and black velvet, plaited together, made to pass across the head, just above the forehead, and after being turned around the torsade at the back of the head, finishes with two flowing ends of velvet.

#### DESCRIPTION OF PLATE.

CHILD'S COSTUME.—Embroidered muslin frock, with two flounces, the worked petticoat appearing below it: coloured embroideries are now much admired for children. The body is plain, and is trimmed with work *en stomacher*; broad pink sash, tied in front, the ends finished by a broad fringe.

PROMENADE COSTUME.—Dress of blue *moire antique*; the skirt long and full, is trimmed up the centre of the front breadth by six rows of narrow velvet. *Watteau* body, and rather short

pagoda sleeves, with deep *engageantes* of lace. Sutherland *par-dessus* of white muslin, lined with pink silk; the body opens in front nearly to the waist; the skirt has two openings at each side; the *par-dessus* is trimmed entirely round with two rows of white silk fringe. The sleeves are large; they are of the pagoda form, and are open about half way to the elbow; they are trimmed to correspond. Bonnet of white lace, the form round and open; it has a full light feather drooping at the left side; the interior is ornamented with pink flowers.

#### THE WORK TABLE.

##### CROCHET.—SOFA PILLOW.

*Materials.*—4 shades of green, 4 ditto of amber, 4 ditto of violet, and 4 of scarlet single Berlin wool, 3 skeins of white wool, and 3 skeins of gold colour floss silk. Penelope crochet, No. 3. 4 tassels and a shaded cord, to correspond with the wools, will also be required.

With the darkest violet make a chain five-eighths in length, and work two rows with each shade to the lightest, working only on one side, detaching the thread at the end of each row. Work one row with the brightest scarlet, one row with white, two rows with the lightest green, one row with floss silk, one row with green, after which work the pattern as follows with shades of green and amber:—

1st row.—(Lightest shade of green and darkest shade of amber,) 8 green a, 4 amber, 10 green, repeat from a.

2nd row.—6 green, 2 amber, 4 green, 2 amber, repeat.

3rd row.—1 amber a, 4 green, 1 amber, 8 green, 1 amber, repeat.

4th row.—(Second shade of green and second shade of amber,) 1 amber a, 3 green, 1 amber, 8 green, 1 amber, repeat.

5th row.—1 amber, 2 green, 2 amber, 2 green, repeat.

6th row.—1 amber, 1 green, 2 amber, 6 green, 1 amber, 3 green, repeat.

7th row.—(Third shade of green and of amber,) 1 green, 3 amber, 5 green, 1 amber, 3 green, 1 amber, repeat.

8th row.—1 green a, 2 amber, 6 green, 4 amber, 2 green, repeat from a.

9th row.—3 amber, 11 green, repeat.

10th row.—(Lightest green amid scarlet and silk,) 2 scarlet, 4 green, 1 silk, 1 green, 1 silk, 5 green, repeat.

11th row.—2 scarlet a, 3 green, 2 silk, 1 green, 2 silk, 3 green, 3 scarlet, repeat from a.

12th row.—2 scarlet a, 5 green, 1 silk, 1 green, 3 scarlet, repeat from a.

13th row.—2 scarlet a, 3 green, 2 silk, 1 green, 2 silk, 3 green, 3 scarlet, repeat from a.

14th row.—1 scarlet, 5 green, 1 silk, 1 green, 1 silk, 4 green, 2 scarlet, repeat from a.

15th row.—(Lightest amber and darkest green,) 1 amber a, 11 green, 3 amber, repeat from a.

16th row.—1 amber a, 1 green, 4 amber, 6 green, 3 amber, repeat from a.

17th row.—1 green, 1 amber, 3 green, 1 amber, 5 green, 3 amber, repeat.

18th row.—1 amber, 3 green, 1 amber, 6 green, 2 amber, 1 green, repeat.

19th row.—(Next shades of green and amber,) 1 amber, 9 green, 2 amber, 2 green, repeat.

20th row.—1 amber, 8 green, 2 amber, 3 green, repeat.

21st row.—1 amber, 8 green, 1 amber, 4 green, repeat.

22nd row.—(Next shades of green and amber,) 1 green a, 2 amber, 4 green, 2 amber, 6 green, repeat from a.

23rd row.—3 green a, 4 amber, 10 green, repeat from a.

24th row.—All green.

25th row.—All silk.

26th and 27th rows.—Lightest green.

28th row.—White.

29th row.—Scarlet.

One stripe of the pattern is now completed. Now work a shaded stripe of scarlet to correspond with the stripe of violet shades, then repeat the pattern stripe, after which work a stripe with shades of violet, third stripe of the pattern, then again a stripe with shades of scarlet.

In working with two or more shades it is necessary to change the wool when half the previous stitch is marked, otherwise the work will have an uneven appearance.

THE MISTRESS.—Far the greater proportion of households, throughout our whole country, are managed without the aid of many servants, by the females of each family. The maxim, "If you would be well served, you must serve yourself," has considerable truth in it; at least those families who serve themselves, escape many vexations of spirit, because, if the work be not very well done, when we do it with our own hands, we are more apt to be satisfied. There are some sorts of domestic work, that of dairy work is one, which no hired servant would be competent to discharge. This must be done by a wife or daughter, who feels a deep personal interest in the prosperity of her husband or father. Many of our farmers' wives are among the best housekeepers in the land, possessing that good sense, vigor of mind, native delicacy of taste or tact, and firm conscientiousness which gift the character with power to attempt everything that duty demands. These are the "noble matronage" which our country should honour. It is the sons of such mothers who have ever stood foremost to defend or serve their country—

"With word, or pen, or pointed steel."

One of the greatest defects in the present system of female education, is the almost total neglect of showing the young lady how to apply her learning so as to improve her domestic economy. It is true that necessity generally teaches, or rather obliges her to learn this science after she is married; but it would have saved her from many anxious hours, and tears, and troubles, if she had learned how to make bread and coffee, and cook a dinner before she left her father's house; and it would have been better still, if she had been instructed at school to regard this knowledge as an indispensable accomplishment in the education of a young lady.

I was once told by a lady, that, when she was married, she scarcely knew how a single dish should be prepared. The first day of her house-

keeping, the cook came for orders—"What she would have for dinner?"

The lady told her, among other items, that she would have an apple pudding.

"How shall I make it?" was the question which the lady was unable to answer—she knew no more how to make a pudding than to square the circle. She evaded the question as well as she could, by telling the girl to make it in the usual way. But the circumstance was a powerful lesson on the inconveniences of ignorance to the housekeeper. The lady possessed good sense, and was a woman of right principles. She felt it was her duty to know how to order her servant—that wealth did not free her from responsibility in her family. She set herself diligently to the study of cookery; and, by consulting friends, watching the operations of her servants, and doing many things herself, she has become a most excellent housekeeper.

For the young bride, who is entirely ignorant of her household duties, this is an encouraging example; let her follow it, if she would be happy and respected at home. But it would be better to begin her lessons a little earlier; it is not every woman who has sufficient strength of mind to pursue such a rigid course of self-education. And no lady can be comfortable, unless she possess a knowledge of household work; if she need not perform it herself, she must be able to teach her servant, otherwise she will always have *bad servants*.

I am aware that it is the fashion with many ladies to disparage Irish domestics, call them stupid, ignorant, impudent, ungrateful, the plagues of housekeeping. That they are ignorant, is true enough; and it does require skill, patience, and judgment, to teach a raw Irish girl how to perform the work in a gentleman's family; but they are neither stupid nor ungrateful, and if they are taught in the right manner, they prove very capable, and are most faithful and affectionate domestics.

A friend of mine, who is just what a woman ought to be, capable of directing—even *doing*, if necessary—in the kitchen as well as shining in the drawing-room, hired one of these poor Irish girls, new from the land of the Shamrock, who only understood the way of doing work in a hovel, yet, like all her class, she said, "Sure couldn't she do anything the lady wanted?" The lady, however, did not trust the girl to make any experiments, but went to the kitchen with her, and taught her, or rather did the work herself, and allowed the servant to look on and learn by example, which for such is more effectual than lectures. When the dinner was nearly ready, the lady retired to dress, telling Julia to watch the roast, and she would return soon, and show her how to prepare it for the table. We may imagine with what utter bewilderment the poor girl had been overwhelmed during this, her first lesson in civilized life. The names of the articles of furniture in the kitchen, as well as their uses, were entirely unknown to her; and she had seen so many new things done, which she was expected to remember, that it must have made her heart-sick to reflect how much she had to learn. But there was one thing she thought she understood—which was to cook potatoes. These were done,



and she would show the lady she knew how to prepare them for the table.

When the lady returned, she found the girl seated on the floor, the potatoes in her lap, while she, with a very satisfied look, was peeling them with her fingers!

Are there not ladies who would have exclaimed—"Oh, the stupid, ignorant, dirty creature! She cannot be taught to do my work. I must send her away!" And away she would have been sent, irritated if not discouraged, perhaps without knowing a place where to lay down her head in this strange country.

My friend did not act in this manner—she expressed no surprise at the attitude of the girl, only quietly said—"That is not the best way to peel your potatoes, Julia—just lay them on this plate, and I will show you how I like to have them done."

That Irish girl remained a servant in the same family for five years, proved herself not only capable of learning to work, but willing and most devoted to the service of her mistress, whom she regarded with a reverence little short of what a Catholic feels for a patron saint.\* And thus, if with patience and kindness these poor Irish girls are treated and taught, may good and faithful servants be obtained.

But unless ladies know how the work should be done, and are willing to teach their domestics, they should not employ the Irish when they first arrive.

Those who do employ and carefully instruct this class of persons, perform a most benevolent act to the usually destitute exiles, and also a good service to the community, by rendering those who would, if ignorant, become a burden and a nuisance, useful and respectable members of society.

To educate a good domestic is one of the surest proofs that a lady is a good housekeeper.

**TO PURIFY WATER.**—A large spoonful of powdered alum stirred into a hogshead of impure water will, after the lapse of a few hours, precipitate the impurities, and give it nearly the freshness and clearness of spring water. A pailful may be purified with a tea-spoonful of alum.

Water-casks should be well charred before they are filled, as the charcoal thus produced on the inside of the cask keeps the water sweet. When water, by any accident, becomes impure and offensive, it may be rendered sweet by putting a little fresh charcoal in powder into the vessel, or by filtering the water through fresh-burnt and coarsely powdered charcoal.

**FLANNELS.**—Should be washed in clean hot suds in which a little bluing has been mingled; do not rinse them. Woolens of all kinds should be washed in hot suds.

**MILDEW STAINS.**—Are very difficult to remove from linen. The most effectual way is to rub soap on the spots, then chalk, and bleach the garment in the hot sun.

\* Julia only left her mistress to be married; she is now the good wife of a respectable mechanic.

**INK AND IRON MOULD.**—May be taken out by wetting the spots in milk, then covering them with common salt. It should be done before the garments have been washed. Another way to take out ink is to dip it into melted tallow. For fine, delicate articles, this is the best way.

**TO WASH CARPETS.**—Shake and beat it well; lay it upon the floor, and tack it firmly; then with a clean flannel wash it over with 1 quart of bullock's gall, mixed with 3 quarts of soft cold water, and rub it off with a clean flannel or house-cloth. Any particular dirty spot should be rubbed with pure gall.

Crusts and pieces of bread should be kept in an earthen pot or pan, closely covered, in a dry cool place.

Keep fresh lard and suet in tin vessels.

Keep salt pork fat in glazed earthen ware.

Keep yeast in wood or earthenware.

Keep preserves and jellies in glass, china, or stone ware.

Keep salt in a dry place.

Keep meal in a cool, dry place.

Keep ice in the cellar, or refrigerator, wrapped in flannel.

Keep vinegar in wood or glass.

Housekeepers in the country must be careful that their meats are well salted, and kept under brine.

Sugar is an admirable ingredient in curing meat, butter, and fish.

Saltpetre dries up meat—it is best to use it sparingly.

#### TABLE OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES,

By which persons not having scales and weights at hand may readily measure the articles wanted to form any receipt, without the trouble of weighing. Allowance to be made for extraordinary dryness or moisture of the article weighed or measured.

##### WEIGHT AND MEASURE.

Wheat flour . . . . .	1 pound is . . . . .	1 quart.
Indian meal, 1 pound, 2 ounces, is . . . . .	1 quart.	
Butter, when soft . . . . .	1 pound is . . . . .	1 quart.
Loaf sugar, broken . . . . .	1 pound is . . . . .	1 quart.
White do. pow'd . . . . .	1 pd. 1 ounce, is . . . . .	1 quart.
Best brown sugar . . . . .	1 lb. 2 ounces, is . . . . .	1 quart.
Eggs . . . . .	10 eggs are . . . . .	1 pound.
Flour . . . . .	8 quarts are . . . . .	1 peck.
Flour . . . . .	4 pecks are . . . . .	1 bushel.

##### LIQUIDS.

Sixteen large table-spoonfuls are . . . . .	$\frac{1}{2}$ pint.
Eight large table-spoonfuls are . . . . .	1 gill.
Four large table-spoonfuls are . . . . .	$\frac{1}{2}$ gill.
Two gills are . . . . .	$\frac{1}{2}$ pint.
Two pints are . . . . .	1 quart.
Four quarts are . . . . .	1 gallon.
A common-sized tumbler holds . . . . .	$\frac{1}{2}$ pint.
A common-sized wine-glass . . . . .	$\frac{1}{4}$ gill.
Twenty-five drops are equal to 1 teaspoonful.	



## A BLOW FOR LOUIS NAPOLEON.

On the day of the Paris fêtes, it was found impossible to light many of the Napoleonic devices which were intended to have illuminated the French capital. The Prince President must have been greatly amazed at the failure of his devices; and it must be admitted that, on the day in question, there was certainly something in the wind.

## WALKING THE PLANK.

Napoleon the Great called the throne "a plank covered with velvet." Napoleon the Little is at present busy "walking this plank," and though he has kept himself up hitherto with wonderful good luck, still it would be too much for any one to say whether he will be able to maintain his equilibrium with the same steadiness until he gains his end. And when he does, who can tell whether, at that very point, he may not suddenly fall over and disappear in the "sea of difficulties" that for some time, has been raging underneath him. Far happier to be Prince Albert, and "walk the slopes" every morning!

## "NO ONE KNOWS WHEN HE'S WELL OFF."

So says the popular saying; and it applies particularly to a Government steamer, for that is no sooner "off," than it is obliged to come back again for repairs; and it comes back so often, that not a soul on board can tell "when he's well off."

## KENSINGTON GARDENS—A POSER FOR PAPA.

"La! Pa, dear!—What is the meaning of 'Koelruteria Paniculata'; and why should such a little tree have such a very long name?"

## THE DISPUTE WITH BRITAIN.

(From the *New York Patriot*.)

"Our readers require, and indeed know well, that they may expect from us the very best and most copious details concerning the dispute with Britain. Yes!

"That this matter with regard to the fisheries may be amicably settled, is our dearest wish—but the overwhelming audacity of the British officials will probably lead to awful consequences. A bloody war may ensue!

"Webster and the British representative dined together, and played blind-man's-buff yesterday. Yet, after all, where are the thirty-two's that the War Department promised? Why has not the brig Loafer yet emerged from the Shooterback?

"Peace is the dearest desire of our hearts, but the audacious British, infamous in oppression, march on us. The Volunteers are forming on the common, near our office. Jonathan loves his brother Bull, but if Bull will be grasped with a bloody hand, and squashed, his blood be on his own head.

"Amity we cry! And where are the fire-ships that Blinker invented, under the command of Captain Mogg?

"&c. &c. &c."

STOP HIM!—A Scotch gentleman puts the postage stamps wrong way up on his letters, and calls it, with a tender feeling,—Turning a penny!

## OF-FISH-AL INTELLIGENCE.

Take our word for it, there will be no fighting between America and England. We have seen a letter from the President to Mr. Thomas Baring, that breathes nothing but Port and Sherry. It is an invitation to dinner, and is couched in the following terms:—"Come and discuss this matter pleasantly. There will only be a quiet little bit of fish, and a small bone to pick afterwards."

THE INFLUENCE OF DINNERS.—"There is no dispute in this world so large that it cannot be covered with a Table-Cloth!"—A *diplomatist of the Old Rocher-de-Canscale School*.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S CAMPAIGNS.—As yet they only consist of two—two grand mock battles. The first was fought last year at the Trocadero, and the second only took place the other day on the Seine. THE NEPHEW OF HIS UNCLE can now boast of his two victories: one on land and the other on water. He has thus surpassed his great relative; for it is well known that the Emperor never was triumphant on the latter!

FIRE! FIRE!—THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON'S fireworks were *feux de joie*, in commemoration of some great victory. LOUIS NAPOLEON's are *feux d'artifice* in connection with some mock battle.



## A FOREST HOME.

## A Ballad.

THE POETRY FROM "FRAZER'S MAGAZINE:" THE MUSIC COMPOSED AND INSCRIBED TO DR. MUTCH, FERGUS,

BY

J. P. CLARKE, MUS. BAC.

IN MODERATE TIME.

Voice.

*Sym.*

*mf*

*P. Forte.*

They

call our dwell - ling lonely, but they err; We have companions in the ve-ry winds That

wake the oak's rich murmur's, and that stir A quiet and solemn feel-ing in our minds.

Sweet i mag - es of beau - ty, day by day, And sounds of wild - est

nat - ural mu - sic mould Our in - most thoughts to peace, and steal a - way All

fan - cies that might make the heart grow cold!

The glory the autumnal sunset brings,  
 The shadows of the changeful clouds that sweep  
 Above the trees, as o'er the lyre's sweet strings  
 Runneth a master hand, arousing deep  
 Undream'd of harmony; the varied woods  
 That like a wreath of triumph crown yon hill;  
 All these have power to cheer our sadder moods  
 And make our hours of joy more joyful still.

There are shy deer that glide across our sight,  
 Or pause with lifted neck and glowing eye;  
 There are wild owls, that oftentimes at night,  
 From tree to tree give out their cheerful cry,  
 Yea, many a happy creature round us dwells,  
 And we have caught an echo in their bliss,  
 And learned to love their haunts, their woods,  
 their dells,  
 And e'en a home they deem so lone as this:

At eventide when'er the driving rain  
 Hides from our view the fair autumnal scene,  
 Rushing like white robed ghosts in rapid train  
 Then turn we from what *is*, to what *has been*,  
 Some gorgeous history of olden time  
 Unfolds its pageant to our gladden'd sight,  
 Or poets lay, with sweet returning chime  
 Fills the hushed soul with beauty and delight.

And still as time glides on, we ever feel  
 'Twas wisely done to make our dwelling here  
 And take to heart such joys as cannot steal,  
 Like shadows, but will grow from year to year  
 And far more beautiful, doth nature seem  
 To them who daily meet her face to face,  
 And learn from her the bliss, that like a dream  
 Robes common things with beauty and with  
 grace.





It is no less extraordinary, than true, that, at a time when the attractions of the Exhibition are expected to draw a greater concourse of persons than the Queen City of the West has ever before assembled, at one time, within her limits, there should be no musical treat prepared for the visitors. We really think it a sort of retributive justice, for when the Toronto people have talent within their reach they do not know how to appreciate it. Witness Paul Julien, and Mrs. Bostwick.

The Infant Drummer is exhibiting, in conjunction with the Panorama of the World's Fair, at the Lyceum; and Payne's Grand Exhibition of the Oxyhydrogen Mammoth Microscope, with dissolving Views, Chromatropes, &c. will be at the Royal Exchange Hall, during the week.

We have already expressed our opinion with respect to the merits of the Panorama, which has only to be seen to be appreciated, and we have also recommended every one, who is able, to visit it, not once, but as often as circumstances admit, as each visit will give increased satisfaction.

Of the Infant Drummer, we would observe, that it is impossible, without hearing him, to form a just estimate of his powers.

His execution is really marvellous, and when we add, that he is an admirable timeist, we think there remains very little more to be expected. His is no clap-trap exhibition, the child is better worth both hearing and seeing than most things that have yet appeared in the city.

The next open night of the Vocal Music Society will take place on the 29th inst., in the large hall of the St. Lawrence Buildings, and we can safely promise, on that occasion, a rich treat to Musical Amateurs. We regret that previous arrangements prevented this meeting taking place during the exhibition week.

#### MADAME ALBONI.

The warmest well-wishers of this distinguished lady could not have desired a higher success than was that of her third grand concert, at Metropolitan Hall, on Tuesday evening last. The house was filled, and the audience was as appreciative and as much delighted as any that we have ever seen assembled in that gay and handsome concert room.

The Signorina appeared to be in excellent health and spirits, and afforded therefore an opportunity of fully enjoying the perfections of her style and execution, and the marvellous qualities of her voice. Of the latter it were in vain to attempt description; its individual charm and character are such, that commonly understood and ordinary epithets would be merely wasted in the endeavour. But added to every attribute of excellence we would say that a most delicious and heart-inspiring freshness is an element which predominates more in the voice of Signorina Alboni than in that of any other singer we have heard. It is not, however, this quality alone which lends such peculiar charm to her singing; there is in it something so natural, she seems so perfectly at home in all her performances, and her obvious trust and faith in her own inspiration and in the intrinsic beauty of what she undertakes to impart to her audience are so sincere, that an atmosphere of perfect repose is created by her, both delightful in itself, and delightfully contrasting with the high finish and wonder of her execution. Now this, to us, seems one of the very highest attainments possible for a singer; for although we cannot refuse sympathy to the evidences of lofty aspiration and of striving after high distinction, we feel more happy and grateful when the art by which we are enchained is thus concealed. Those therefore who desire to gratify the natural and universal love of the marvellous, in the study of a musical star of the first magnitude, and to enjoy at the same time in the fullest sense *ars sine arte*, should go and hear this accomplished woman.

Madame Alboni's first triumph was the *Cavatina*, "*Una voce poco fa*." She retired, perfectly laden with bouquets, after the encore, and a beautiful wreath was sent to her by the hands of a little boy from one of the audience on the right.

"*Ah, non credea mirarti*," from "*Sonnambula*," was, we think, Alboni's greatest achievement of the evening. The sweet plaintive strain at the commencement, set off the voice to admiration, and her *crescendo* with the concluding shake in more joyous key brought down such a storm of applause, and such an impetuous encore as we have seldom witnessed.

The *Rondo Finale*, "*Non pia mesta*," is one of the brightest gems in Madame Alboni's casket; and though the audience had been already called upon for so many proofs of approbation, it was warmly applauded and encored.

Sontag (the Countess Rossi) arrived by the *Arctic* on Sunday evening. Last night she was to be serenaded at the Union Place Hotel. We do not see her first appearance yet announced.

THE

# ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

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## THE RECENT EXHIBITION, AND TRUE RIVALRY WITH THE UNITED STATES.

A DESCRIPTION of the Plate (TORONTO) has been so recently given, that it is unnecessary again to return to the subject, and we embrace the opportunity afforded us of making a few brief reflections on the legitimate spirit of emulation which is being developed between Canada and the United States, and between both these countries and their common parent—Great Britain.

We hail most cordially this spirit of amicable competition, and, even at the risk of being in some things surpassed by our busy and indefatigable brethren on the other side of the water, we would foster such a competition by all the means in our power. Its existence, we conceive, is the best guarantee we can have against the outbreak of those wrathful passions which wrong-headed people, or those who are incendiaries by profession, in both countries, are too ready to inflame. Exhibitions in our cities, such as we had the other day, if not so exciting, stand at least a good deal higher in the scale of humanity and common sense, than the flaming cities, the desolated hearths, and the naval battles of the campaign of 1813 in Canada, "glorious as it was, on the whole, both to the arms of Britain and to the inhabitants of her noble American Colonies."

The desire to press upon, and if possible

outstrip, the British Isles and their Colonies in the race of discovery, invention, and improvement, is, at this moment, and has been for years, the ruling passion with the inhabitants of the United States. It is their grand topic of conversation, and the main object, it would seem, of their national existence.

The emigrant to the United States, hundreds of miles from the coast of America, not only in the stately vessels which he meets, bearing the flag of that Republic, but in the very pilot-boat which is sent out to conduct him to port, sees the characteristic determination of the people with whom he is about to mingle, to beat England if they can.

It was the last day but one of the month of ———, in the year ———, when, on our return from a refreshing visit to the dear shores of Old England in one of the admirable New York packet-ships, we found ourselves about two hundred miles from the Jersey coast. The weather was magnificent—one of those unrivalled autumnal days which are felt to be very beautiful, even by persons who have been pampered all their lives long with their loveliness. To us, who retained at the time a lively remembrance of recent sufferings in the way of semi-suffocation, from the dubious atmosphere of London, such a day brought with it rich enjoyment. The indescribable adulteration of a certain amount of pure air, with smoke and gas forming the medium of respiration, which it is the peculiar privilege of



the "great London nation" to inhale, is no criterion, of course, of the air and sky of the rest of England; but still in point of climate, it is a matter long since decided that, notwithstanding even the objectionable heat of our summers, there is no part of the British Isles but must yield the palm both to Canada and the States. We were very strongly persuaded of this at the time to which we allude. The sun was shining in a cloudless sky; the bright green waves were sparkling in the rays, and dancing about right merrily before a fresh northerly breeze, which brought the glow of health even to the faded cheek of the only invalid amongst the three hundred passengers on board. All eyes were fixed intently on the rapid approach of a tiny sail on the horizon,—the welcome pilot-boat, so anxiously longed for as the pleasant harbinger of land. Her mission was soon accomplished (for the little sea-bird, though our ship was a good sailer, could have darted round and round her with ease, in a few minutes), and the pilot deposited on our deck. We had then time to examine at our leisure the swift and graceful little craft which he had left, and the first glance sufficed to enforce our tacit assent to the complacent observation of a gratified American at our side,—“They have no boats like that in the English Channel. She is not inferior to some gentlemen’s yachts I have seen in England.” The remark, if not expressed with the very best possible grace and taste, was at all events just; and, after all, the wound it inflicted on our national vanity, caused but a transient smart. “Why”—we agreed with ourselves—“should we feel annoyed at this, or any other effort of the ardent and praiseworthy competition kept up in the United States with Great Britain. The rivalry will be reciprocated, and will lead to perfection in the arts in both countries, whilst we have good hopes that it will confirm indissolubly those ties of a common origin and interest which now exists between them, and would make war, on either side, at once an immense sacrifice of commercial wealth and an unnatural feeding on one’s own flesh. What is there in this to mortify, or to have any other effect than that of spurring on our countrymen. We are able to maintain vigorously the competition, and we have a fair prospect, quite enough to keep us in good heart, of ob-

taining the superiority in the end, if only a determination not to be beaten accompany our equal intelligence and at least, equal resources. Their ships, it is true, at the present moment, those admirable clipper-ships which have all but attained the certain speed of steam,—are frequently preferred—as we have heard—by British merchants in the China trade, their wonderful sailing properties having now become proverbial. But what of this? fast vessels of the clipper build have left our dockyards in Scotland,\* and faster still, if need be, can be dispatched, to match if not outstrip such vessels as you will see New York and other principal seaports of the States send forth, with the aspiring, but considering their extraordinary fleetness, not extravagant appellations of “Flying Cloud,” “Water-witch,” “Sovereign of the Seas,” &c., &c. The child, after all,—though it is true she has the advantage of the experience of both countries—has no more than the parent’s spirit, the genuine Anglo-Saxon spirit, to which Providence seems to have awarded the destiny of reaching the loftiest heights of human achievements, and in all that is noble, useful and good, taking the lead of the world.”

At our late Provincial Exhibition, competitors from the United States carried off a very fair proportion of prizes. We hope they were as well satisfied with their reception, success, and the appearance of our thriving city, as we were to see them thronging our streets, surveying our public buildings, and observing, evidently with earnest interest, the products of the Province displayed in the Exhibition. At the renowned Hyde Park Exhibition (to ascend immensely from small to great,) they made, it is well known, a show far from choice or creditable, not in consequence of inadequate means,—that seems incredible,—but owing to indifferent taste and bad management. We wish them better success next year at their intended “World’s Fair,” on their own soil. They will not reach the magnificence of the London Crystal Palace,—on that prediction we might safely stake our reputation,—and when they come to experience the difficulty of rivalling England’s celebrated achievement, they will be the more ready, we hope, to appreciate the resources, the perseverance, and the honour-

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\* Aberdeen.

able ambition of the powerful nation with which (though "*unfortunately*" a Monarchy) the vast and novel scheme originated, and by which it was carried out on a scale so truly colossal.

There are other triumphs besides this, and of more serious consequence, which we shall not be jealous to see the United States strenuously contest, but which Great Britain (aided by her Colonies) need not lose, if animated by her usual spirit and guided in the councils of her government, by something better than a Quixotic blindness to her own weal.

And the result of this emulation, we have not a doubt, will shew to the world at large that the Angle-Saxon Monarchy has lost none of its ancient vigour and enthusiasm, and is well able to keep pace with the young and active Anglo-Saxon Republic,—the burly offspring which has sprung from its nervous loins.

The inhabitants of the United States may well be proud of their extraordinary energy, venturous enterprise, marvellous progress, and brilliant prosperity; yet (let us be permitted to add) there is no question that their exorbitant national pride does frequently carry them too far, and that they think and speak as though they were the only energetic, enterprising, growing, and prosperous people on the face of the earth. This is absurd, and what is worse, it is offensive. Republicans, we know, have always been intensely conceited; but, then, with the Republicans of ancient times, who saw no better specimens of Monarchy than the vicious and decrepit autocracies of the East, there was something to excuse their inordinate notions of self-importance. They might have treated Monarchy with more respect had they seen what citizens of the United States see, and what, with all their self-admiration, they are in no small degree edified by seeing,—a Monarchy embracing under its liberal and popular sway, the largest empire of the globe; teeming with life and energy, knowledge and skill; sustaining cities, vast and opulent, enriched beyond conception by a commerce, in its extent and appearance immeasurably surpassing anything else of the kind that the world has ever seen, and adorned with the choicest works of art; an Empire, occupied at once, in its numerous colonies, with clearing away the forest;

and, at home, exhibiting, in its luxuriant pastures and yellow corn-fields, that garden-like agriculture, which, we verily believe, has been to most of the many Americans who have visited England, the object of unqualified admiration. All this we claim as the fruits of native energy and free institutions, and stronger evidence than this of the excellence of political institutions, we may fearlessly challenge our brethren in the United States to produce. We are sorry, then, to hear any of them speak,—as we have heard too many of them speak, in highly inflated language,—of what, as a nation, they are and expect to be, as though they possessed a monopoly of all that is good and great. We are sorry, we say, that it should be, as indisputably it is, a too common failing with them to talk in this vapouring strain; for it both stands in the way of their correcting their obvious faults, and, whilst it must obstruct and obscure the high career which is open before them, can only contribute to increase the prejudices of those of our fellow-subjects, particularly in the British Isles, who are content to form their judgment of the United States, with little philosophy or fairness, from what they see on the mere surface, of the manners of the people.

The sentiment which we should like to see diffused far and wide through the United States, is that which we saw well-expressed, many years ago, in the columns of the *New York Commercial Advertiser*,—we forget the precise words, but in substance it was this:—"We honour John Bull for his many honourable qualities; and, most of all, do we honour him, because he is the parent of so sturdy an offspring as Brother Jonathan."

The diffusion of such a feeling—frank, manly, true-hearted, with no silly braggadocio about it,—will be a satisfactory pledge of good-will and peace. That feeling, we trust, is gaining ground every day. It makes itself apparent in the rapidity with which we are convinced, the spirit of friendly rivalry is supplanting the gross and cruel appetite for war. In the remark made by Mr. Alison, in connexion with the Treaty of Ghent we go not with the usually far-seeing historian, but with his transatlantic commentators:—"Little doubt remains that, out of this premature and incomplete pacification, the germs of a future and calamitous war between the two countries will



spring." "As to the imperfections of the treaty the historian's statement will pass without dispute; but every pacific year that closes not merely without collision, but with a growing mutual good-feeling, is shaking, we hope, the historian's own expressed conviction—if it be not already abandoned as a conclusion founded on a darker state of things—that war, at no distant period, is inevitable."

As a colony of Great Britain—not a golden one like Australia; but, as we conceive, with an enviable destiny before us,—we assert our right to share in the honours of our motherland; and participating likewise in her spirit, we fear not—if we have only fair play—to measure our strength, in our degree, with the United States. We possess a fertile soil, superior in some respects to that of our neighbours. Divine Providence smiles upon us likewise from a propitious heaven; our southern border is bounded, and our internal navigation rendered unparalleled by a chain of lakes, rivers, and spacious canals; all that our cities need to accelerate their growth is a freer influx of British gold. We have railways in progress, not to be compared perhaps with the iron network which covers the United States; but even their railways, or something like them we might have had years ago had British capitalists condescended to cheer us with a moderate proportion of the capital which they have invested in the United States. With that flourishing republic, in more than one branch of industry, productiveness and invention, we can contend for the palm: very possibly we shall be beaten. Be it so! successful or unsuccessful, the friendly contest will do us good.

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## THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.

### No. V.

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#### THE QUAKER'S WARD.

It is out of my power to fix precisely the epoch when Malachi Sampson, the Quaker,—or "Friend," as he denominated himself,—first pitched his tent within the boundaries of the Royal Burgh of Dreedpaily. If, however, I were upon the rack, and constrained by the importunity of cord and pulley to give a guess, I should say that it was somewhere about the year '96 or '98. Be that as it may, the fact

is undoubted, that the aforesaid Malachi did, for a lengthened span, sojourn in our famous town; and, making due allowance for his heretical crotchets, (which would have gained him a stake and tar-barrel in the orthodox days of yore,) he was by no manner of means the omega of his fellow lieges.

It was a saying of my honest grandmother, that the two greatest rarities to be met with upon earth (a peace-making lawyer always excepted) were a Queen Anne sixpence and a poverty-stricken Quaker,—and truly the hindmost of these propositions suffered no refutation, so far as Master Sampson was concerned.

To calling, he was what might be termed a general huxter, his stock in trade consisting of everything you could think of, from a paper of pins up to a family Bible or cuckoo clock. I have heard a tradition, that in the recesses of his mercantile ark, you could even forgather with cradles and coffins,—the first and last milestones on the highway of life, as Dr. Scougal used jocularly to remark. In one word, the Quaker's huxtery was a perfect bewilderment for variety, and as the owner had a virtual monopoly, in at least a hundred different articles, it was small marvel that ere long his money-bags began to assume a dropsical appearance.

One of the things which to a certain extent tended to increase the custom of Malachi, was the universal curiosity which he was wont to excite amongst the country-folks of the surrounding districts. Such another prodigy as a Quaker, was not to be met with in the whole county, so that he became one of the lions, as it were, of Dreedpaily; and was visited as such by strangers, equally with the martyr's tomb and the black-hole!

On the annual fair-day, in particular, he was universally besieged by droves of lads and lasses, who would have opined that they had seen nothing, if they had missed the long Quaker! Of course, they could not with decency go into his shop without making a purchase; and many a maiden has bought what she had no human occasion for, just to get a *thee* or a *thou* from "the man with the muckle hat," by which *alias* our friend was better known than his legitimate designation.

In person, Malachi was a portly, gaucy figure, measuring six feet, odds, in height,

and of a rotundity little short of his sugar hogsheads. His nose was as long as that of a snipe, and as red as a boiled partan, while his mouth was screwed down at the corners as if his last meal had been verdigris without sugar. Touching his legs, they were of the dimensions of cart trams, and his feet looked, for all the world, like a pair of curling-stones. Indeed, their breadth was so extraordinary that he once tramped Miss Bridget Nettles' pet lap-dog into all the flatness of mortality, without his having been aware of the canicide. Dearly, however, did he pay for the delict! Miss Bridget, who had observed the catastrophe from her garret-window, emptied the porridge-pot upon him in the sublimity of her ire, which, besides scalding off his bristly whiskers, ruined for ever a bran new coat and hat, which he had only worn for two days!

And the matter did not rest here. The spinster raised an action of damages against him for the loss of her four-footed domestic, and he, in self-defence, was obligated to bring a counter-claim for the outrage perpetrated upon his person and habiliments. The processes were conjoined, as the lawyers term it, and the last intelligence I had of the matter was, that it was before the House of Peers, on an appeal about some reference to the Quaker's oath, which he resisted on the score of conscience. How the affair will end, heaven only knows, but, in the meantime, it is bringing in a munificent grist to the greedy mill of the law, as both parties are well able to pay the piper, and neither of them inclined to cry,—“hold—enough!”

Malachi, with such a burly corporation, had a voice more suggestive of a puling child than a grown-up man; so much so, indeed, that strangers were wont to start back in amazement when first he broke speech in their presence. As the minister once eruditely remarked, his tone was like what you would conceive to issue from an evil spirit which had been cast out of the body of a dwarf into that of a giant, and had not got accustomed to its new tabernacle. Or, to borrow the observation of Haveril Will, the town fool, it was for all the world like a swallow chirping out of Mons Meg, the gigantic cannon in Edinburgh Castle.

There is an old saying that every man has his hobby; but the Quaker had always a score

of them, at least, in the stable of his brain. He was perpetually hunting after some novelty or another, and, in fact, could not walk the length of a street without seeing something to alter or amend.

For a long time, his pet scheme was to supply the town with water, which he proposed to bring in by pipes from the top of the Neilston Hills. More than six months did he spend running about from house to house with Davie Dridles, the bowly beadle, whom he had pressed into the service, to try and enlist subscribers for the project. Davie was to get a commission on the money collected, but poor fellow, he would have been much more profitably employed in breaking stones. Plenty, it is true, put down their names just to get rid of the importunity, but when called upon for the first payment at the end of the half year, sorrow a one responded to the demand, save and except our old acquaintance, Lady Sourocks, whose well had gone dry in the preceding drouth. The upshot was, that the water ended, like the rival element, in smoke, and the luckless beadle, after wearing out three pairs of shoes in his bootless peregrinations, pocketed one shilling and three farthings as his share of the spoil.

The next employment of Malachi was to bore for coal in the neighbourhood of the parochial kirk. This *playock* served him for the larger balance of a twelvemonth, but had like to have cost him dear in the end. In the course of his delving and digging, he partially undermined the session house; and as at this time the “Friends of the People” and “Rights of Man” folk were playing their pliskies, word was sent to Edinburgh that Sampson had a design against the Kirk. The consequence was that a messenger-at-arms, accompanied with a troop of dragoons, paid a visit to our burgh, one fine afternoon, and having apprehended the person of the traitor, carried him off in great state, to answer for his misdeeds; his conveyance being a return hearse, which was pressed into the royal service by his captors.

What was done by the Lord Advocate, before whom Malachi was brought, I cannot precisely explain, but the issue was that the Quaker being bound over to keep the peace was dismissed after an incarceration of nine months, and I have been told that the House



of Commons in London passed a vote of thanks to the authorities of Dleepdaily, for the loyal zeal they had shewn in the business.

The story currently ran that Miss Nettles was at the bottom of the whole affair, as besides her feud with Malachi, she was always keen for Kirk and State. There is even a tradition that so certain was she of the guilt of the accused that she had hired a window overlooking the place of execution at Libberton's Wynd, to witness the strangulation of the offender, in due course of law. Be that as it may she was in a sad state of consternation and wrath when her Mordecai escaped the gallows—and for years after she continued to exclaim that there was neither law or gospel in the land when unbaptized traitors, with hats like puddock-stools, were permitted to walk the streets with impunity. So sore was her panic, that she employed Deacon Anvil the smith to fortify her windows with iron stanchions, and it was reported that she had always two loaded guns at her bed-head—more by token she discharged one of the deadly weapons at the head of old William Hilliard, the weaver, as he came “first footing” to her on a New-years-day morning, by which his “het pint” and salver of currant bun were smashed to atoms.

“Bray a fool in a mortar,” as the Doctor used to observe “and he will be a fool still.” The huxter took no warning from this perilous adventure, but prosecuted as greedily as ever, his restless and scheming plans. Like a tod's whelp he grew always the longer the worse, and never was easy except when he had his finger in some pie or another.

It was, so far as I can remember, about two years after the Kirk plot, that Malachi received an addition to his household in the person of his niece, the only child and heiress of a rich member of the Society of Friends at Bristol, who, it was rumoured by the charitable had feathered his nest in the slave line.

Bathsheba Buddicombe, for so was the damsel named, created as great a stir in our gossiping community as if she had been Diana of Ephesus or the Queen of Sheba. For this there were many reasons. She was the first Quakeress who had ever visited these parts, and was moreover a perfect conceit for beauty. Rather below the ordinary dimensions of womankind, she had all the grace and lightness of a fairy. Black as two ripe sloes were

her eyes, and whiter than bleached pearls her glorious teeth. Miss Nancy Tucker, the mantua-maker, observed to me in strict confidence, that so far as person went, the Quaker's niece was the living model (moral she called it) of one of the ladies in the “Magazine of Fashion.” This, permit me to observe, was no ordinary compliment, as Miss Nancy used to consider the aforesaid magazine as the very pink and perfection of books, the Bible and Religious Courtship, always excepted. For my own part I never could look upon Bathsheba without calling to mind some verses by old Ben Johnson, which were such favorites with Mr. Paumy, that seldom did I trim his beard or poll his hair without his repeating the same over to me. By this means I came to get them off by heart, and as I said before, Bathsheba always brought them to my remembrance. They ran as follows:

“Do but look on her eyes, they do light  
All that love's world compriseth!  
Do but look on her hair, it is bright  
As love's star when it riseth!  
Do but mark, her forehead's smoother  
Than words that soothe her!  
And from her arched brows such a grace  
Sheds itself through the face,  
As alone there triumphs to the life  
All the gain, all the good, of the elements' strife!

“Have you seen but a bright lily grow  
Before rude hands have touched it?  
Have you marked but the fall of the snow  
Before the soil hath smirched it?  
Ha! you felt the wool of the beaver,  
Or swan's down ever?  
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the briar?  
Or the ham in the fire?  
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?  
O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!”

But the attractions of Bathsheba Buddicombe were by no means confined to her externalities. Her temper was as placid and calm as the mill-dam in the breathless hush of a midsummer's noon. Though, moreover, she had, to a certain extent, the demure per-junctness of her methodical tribe, there was a laughing gladness in her bonny een, like a gleam of sunshine on a clump of yew trees!

In addition to all this, Bathsheba had the recommendation of possessing a goodly “tocher,” the common rumour being that it would take at least four portly figures to designate the sum total of her means and estate.

As a natural consequence of such multifarious virtues and qualifications, the maiden speedily became an object of no small attraction, both to the lads and lasses of Dleepdaily. The latter exerted all their logic to demonstrate that the new comer was as ungainly as sin,

whilst the former put every available iron in the fire to secure an interest in her good graces. Small concern did these antagonistic demonstrations cause to the fair daughter of Penn. She seemed to care as little for her flatterers as her detractors, turning a deaf ear alike to the cushat coo of love, and the corbie craik of envy and detraction. The Dominic used often to speak about a marble dame, with whom a crazy Greek, called *Pig-tail*, or some such heathenish name, became so deeply enamoured, that he never could rest, day nor night, complaining of her hardness of heart and lip. Now, it often struck me that the young Quakeress bore some resemblance to poor *Pigtail's* flame, both in respect of beauty and obduracy. Hundreds were sighing after her from cock-crow to sun-set, but she regarded their sighs no more than the breeze which rustled the nettles in the Kirk Yard! But her day was coming, as we shall see in the course of this veritable and uncommon history!

Bathsheba was an orphan, which, doubtless, was the reason of her coming to sojourn in our northern corner of the universe; and it was not long before the many-tongued goddess of gossip had spread the tidings that Malachi Sampson had been appointed her curator and guardian, with full powers as to her up-bringing and settlement in life. So unlimited was his authority, that in old Buddicombe's last will and testament, there was a clause to the effect that if the maiden married without the consent of uncle Malachi, solemnly expressed before witnesses, the bulk of her fortune was to go to the endowment of Bedlams and hospitals, and such like havens for the shattered wrecks of mortality.

It is hardly necessary for me to say that the knowledge of this fact increased the importance of the huxter to an extraordinary degree, and many who before turned up their noses at him, as if he had been a badger or a brock, now touched their head gear when he chanced to come in their way. Even the minister, honest man, who chanced to be a widower on the look out for a helpmate, and who had held Sampson in especial disfavour in consequence of his unflinching enmity to the tithe—even the minister I say, sometimes condescended to draw up his mare at the huxter's, and enquire sympathetically after his good friend's corns,

tooth-ache, or sore throat! These passages made Dr. Scougall, who loved a dry joke, let fall the observation, that with all our boasted Christianity the combined worship of Plutus and Venus was as briskly carried on in our burgh, as ever it had been in the eternal seven-hilled city!

I must now change the thread of my discourse, and proceed to detail matters widely different from the sighs of love-lorn Jockies, the obduracy of heart-whole Jennies—and the cautious self-importance of age invested with the turnkey-ship over youth and wealth.

Sometime after the advent of the heiress, Dleepdaily was visited by the preacher of as strange and outré a doctrine as ever was brewed in the barmy brain of man. He called himself a Phrenologist (though I think phrenzyologist would have been the more appropriate word) and pretended that all systems of philosophy were worthless as a pinch of scentless snuff, except the one to which he acted as apostle and howdie.

I cannot attempt to give anything like a correct inkling of the new-fangled creed thus added to the denominations of our burgh. This much, however, I gathered touching the same, that every man carried his character on the outside of his head, even as the sign of a house of call denoteth the viands and liquids which may be procured within. If you had a lump on the side of the sconce, you were a murderer—or at least should be—which is much the same thing. If your skull rose up like a sugar-loaf, the makings of a devoted saint and martyr were thrown away when you were not born in the days of persecution. And if you were specially broad at the cuff of the neck it was a sure and pregnant token that like the patriarchs of old, your offspring would be numerous as a Highland clan!

The lecturer (or professor as he called himself, though I never could espiscate to what college he belonged) being well recommended to the authorities, easily procured the use of the Town Hall, where he commenced to preach three nights a week, each of his hearers paying him the covenanted stipend of half-a-crown, and ere long he created a sensation little if anything inferior to that engendered by the meal mob, or the sorceries of that thrice infamous son of Belial, *Nongtongpan*. Every body ran to fill the buckets of their curiosity,



at the well of the new broached doctrine, and nothing was heard of but phrenzyology either at kirk or market. The minister was detected by the gleg een of the ruling elder, taking an episodical squint, in the middle of his discourse, at the scalp of the precenter, which was most enticingly bald as a clean peeled turnip. On the other hand the man of music instead of attending to the words of wisdom which gushed out from above him, criticised the craniums of the paupers who sat on stools beneath his desk. Out of doors matters were no better. Goodwives when they went to buy a leg of mutton for the nourishment of their households, scanned the head of the flesh merchant, for the mark of honesty, instead of watching the beam of his scales;—and in the *gloamin* you might detect scores of lads in the Lover's Loan, fingering and pouter at the top-knots of their flames instead of imprinting kisses on their lips, after the ancient orthodox fashion.

To speak the plain and honest truth, there was hardly one of our lieges who was not, more or less, led away by the prevailing epidemic—with the exception of the dominie. Mr. Paumy set his face like a flint against the "deleterious delusion," as he emphatically called it, and never could be brought to think upon the affair with common patience. He used to lecture his hearers by the hour, especially when the ale was good, upon the fundamental and positive errors of the system—declaring with an exclamation, which bore an unwholesome resemblance to an oath, that when he wanted to see what was in a disciple's crown, the best way was just to crack it at once.

Not a whit was the "professor" discomposed by the dominie's clamorous scepticism. In the first place he blunted its sting by recapitulating how every new science had provoked the vituperation of prejudice, at its pristine promulgation—and secondly, by drawing a most deplorable picture of Mr. Paumy's knowledge box, he demonstrated that if the birch-wielder had become a convert to the doctrine, it would have been a strong argument against its truth! The dominie, he asserted, was born to be an opponent of every theory in the shape of novel developement in ethics, a dictum to the truth of which Mr. Paumy set his seal by promptly knocking down the enunciator thereof!

From what has been said of the antecedents of Malachi Sampson, my readers will not be surprised to learn that he was amongst the first and foremost of those who cut their cloth after the new-fangled pattern. Ever on the eager look-out for novelty, he jumped, like a cock at a groset, at the vagary, and ere long was over head and ears in the mysteries of the craft. Being an active creature he did not content himself with mere theory, but took to practising the cantrips of the sect. He

never was easy except he was *manipulating* (as he expressed it), and ere long his huxtery was more like a plasterer's workshop than an emporium for the vending of brown soap, green tea, and such like excisable luxuries. From morning to night he never ceased taking casts, as he termed it, of his neighbours heads, till he made himself an intolerable social nuisance. Such a man furnished a specimen of this faculty, and such an other of that, and surely they could not refuse to benefit a noble and infant science, by permitting their developments to be seen!

So ardent was Malachi in his new vocation, that he even went so far as to call upon his ancient antagonist, Miss Nettles, affirming that she presented a notable illustration of what he called *combativeness*! I trow, however, that he would have evinced much more prudence had he allowed that fly to stick to the wall, as the excellent Bailie Nicol Jarvie would say. The only response he got from the indignant and pugnacious spinster was in the shape of a royal salute from the dish-clout she carried in her fair hand, which well-nigh robbed him of his solitary eye, the small-pox having at an early epoch made a prey of its brother.

The Quaker was far too great an enthusiast to be daunted by this rebuff. On leaving the domicile of the belligerent virgin, he fell in with old McPimple, the convivial Laird of Drouthy Knowes, whose thirst was as deep as his purse was shallow. Malachi, who knew the weak side of the bucolic toper, prevailed upon him, by the bribe of a pint of brandy, to permit his face and cranium to be covered, inch deep, with cement. The luckless Laird, however, had like to have paid dearly for his potation. Sampson, when he had nearly finished the operation, was summoned into the front shop by a troublesome customer, and detained there so long that when he returned to his subject, the poor agriculturist was lying kicking on the floor, in the last agonies of suffocation. The plaster had become hard as stone during the operator's absence, and no hole had been left through which the victim could breathe. An additional libation restored the Laird to self-possession; but he protested that not for all the brandy in Christendom would he again permit his physiognomy to be rough-cast, like the gable of a change-house!

Gentle reader, has it even been your chance to witness a cook engaged in the double task of simultaneously attending to the sirloin which revolved before the fire, and watching the broiling of a chop upon the gridiron? No respite hath the anxious and excited Girzy in her culinary toils! Hardly hath she basted the roast, and stimulated the activity of the lagging spit, than presto! the crackling of the chop admonisheth her that it will speedily be

reduced to a smoking cinder if not promptly turned upon its Saint Lawrence couch!

Now if you have beheld such a spectacle you can sympathize with your humble servant in the difficulties which environ his occupation as a chronicler. Perpetually hath he to be hopping from one twig of the tree of his narration to another. Never can he travel for five minutes upon one given track, but must continually be shifting the scene, at the capricious requirements of the events which he has undertaken to record.

In obedience to the above stern law of my destiny, I leave Malachi Sampson in the prosecution of his scientific researches, and return to his gentle and winning niece. Since we last saw the maiden a great event hath diversified the story of her life.

Bathsheba Buddicombe was spared to be an illustration of the proverb, that the pitcher goes often to the well, but comes home broken at last. To drop parables and proverbs, after having long turned a deaf ear to that importunate urchin Cupid, she was at length compelled to make her curtsy to him, and to own, with many a sigh, that a plain cap and a sober-hued gown are as much exposed to his artillery as a robe of velvet and a coronal of fancy flowers. In plain English, Bathsheba was in love, though as it often happens in similar cases, she had plumped in, over head and ears, ere she was aware of the pit the treacherous urchin had dug for her.

If my fair readers have the slightest curiosity to learn who it was that captivated the fresh young heart of the Quaker's ward, and what was the issue of the adventure, they shall be fully indoctrinated in the ensuing chapter.

We have been asked sundry times since the publication of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, whether the whites have not been painted too black, while the blacks have been all arrayed in robes of purest white, and whether the picture was not an exaggeration of slavery as it existed, at least in the British Colonies. On this subject we would remark, that although, as a class, West India proprietors were generally humane, and not unlike an amalgamation of St. Clare and Shelby; yet, unhappily, there were found too many Simon Legrees, whose revolting cruelties excited as much indignation and astonishment, in England, for some years previous to the Emancipation Act, as Mrs. Stowe's work is now doing all over the world. With respect to the character of George being over-drawn, we would farther remark that the higher class of coloured persons in the West India Islands are men, who, if not educated in England, have received the best instruction the West Indies could afford, aided by their own strenuous endeavours for information. Hospitable in the highest degree, with a hand ever open to grasp, in friendship,

that of the strangers whom fate or the winds may lead to their beautiful islands; living in an easy elegance of style—the possessors of warm and generous thoughts—the doers of high and noble actions—patriots in the full sense of the term, their services ever at the command of their country; of agreeable conversation and polished manners; these are the characteristics of many coloured gentlemen. Their wives and daughters are, in several instances, as unexceptionable as themselves, and perform their social duties in the same pleasing manner. We add one or two anecdotes of negro character:—

#### SKETCHES OF NEGRO CHARACTER.

A short time ago, I was speaking to an old woman whom I knew when she was a slave upon M'Kinnon's estate, Antigua; and among other questions, I asked her, "Juncho," (her name,) "are you happier now than when you was a slave—are you better off now than you were then? or would you be satisfied to return to slavery, and become once more the property of your old master?" "Now," returned the poor old creature, "me no going to tell 'tory, me 'peak the truth; me no better off now den me war den, nor no so well self; for den me hab house and garden, an me could raise 'tock, (meaning poultry, &c.) an plant yam, an pittates, (potatoes,) an green, an ebery ting else; and now me free, me hab nothing." "And where is your house now?" I asked, to hear what she would say. "Why, wen August com, massa call me, and he say, Me no want you to lib here no more; and you no good to work, you must go, me want your house to gib to one oder somebody dats 'trong; no ole like you; and you garden me want. So you know, den, me forced to go; so me come to town wid me daughter, and me lib wid her, for me can do but lilly work now." "Then you would rather be a slave again?" "Oh, no, nebbber, me no want to be slabe gen, me sure. God made me free—God put it in buckra heart to set me free, an me bless God for it; me no want to be slabe gen." "But I understood you, that you were better off in the time of slavery—that you had many comforts then that you cannot obtain now, and yet you tell me you do not want to be a slave again—tell me the reason." "Well, it berry true, me better off den, dan me am now, for since me free, me no get much; sometimes me no eat bread all day, for me daughter hab so many pic'nees (children) she no able to gib me much; but den me know me free; me know God gib me free, and slabery is one bad something sometimes."

An instance, which illustrates the doctrine that negroes *do feel affection towards each other*, is related by one who used to frequent the slave markets. One day, going his rounds,



he saw two fine intelligent-looking youths, with their arms clasped tightly round each other, and being pleased with their appearance, he went up, and asked the price of the elder of the two. After some talk, the bargain was completed, and the negro became the property of his new master.

While this business was going on between the buyer and seller, the youths looked on with the deepest feeling of attention depicted upon their sable faces. When the younger perceived that his companion was about to be led away from him, he clung to him with almost supernatural strength. Suddenly he released his hold, sprang up, for he had thrown himself down upon his knees, commenced jumping with all his might, dancing, and putting himself into a thousand different attitudes, to show his strength and the pliancy of his limbs, in hopes the purchaser would take him also. All, however, was of no avail, and his sorrowing friend in affliction was about to be led away; when the poor fellow, as if to try the last resort, flew up to the gentleman, threw his arms around him, and with the most expressive looks of agony, seemed to beseech his pity. Nature has not made every one insensible to the voice of woe; he saw and felt for the boy's grief, and he lightened the bands of slavery by buying them both.

Another anecdote is related by a resident of Nevis, who had occasion to purchase some slaves, and accordingly, upon the arrival of a Guinea ship with a cargo of negroes, he went to inspect them. As they appeared strong and active, Mr. — made a bargain for a certain number. After the lapse of some months, finding that he wanted an increase of hands to carry on the work of the estate, and another cargo having arrived, he visited the capital, and purchased a further supply of negroes, which were also conducted to his plantation. Upon their arrival, the former lot came forward to welcome the new comers; and amongst the number a young negress, who, when she had looked upon a female of about the same age as herself, suddenly started, her lips quivered with emotion, her eyes glistened, and then, as if fully assured, she started forward, and threw her arms around the neck of the girl who had attracted her attention, and who had been similarly affected, and burst into a flood of tears. Tenderly and fervently did these children of nature embrace each other, long did their mutual tears flow, until, when they had partly regained their composure, their master asked if they had known each other in Africa. In a voice of joy which vibrated upon every heart, the one who had first arrived, and who had acquired a little English, replied—"Oh, massa, she me own dear sissy!"

Friendship includes many : love is for one.

## OCCASIONAL SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF THE BLINKS.

### CHAPTER II.

Nightly the moon with pale increase,  
Her milder beauties to effice,  
Shone forth a brighter ray :  
When to the full she'd decked her face,  
And still unequalled her in grace,  
She pined with grief away.

*From the Persian.*

It is a bright, clear, cloudless evening. The moon is rising slowly from the bosom of Lake Ontario, shedding a soft, mellow light upon its placid waters, and casting its mild beams beneath the verandah of Elm Cottage, the residence of Blinks. The moon, rolling her round face up the eastern sky, is taking, as it were, an oblique squint along the earth, and looking at present into all those queer, out-of-the-way places, which, as she rises higher in the heavens, will shortly be out of her sight.

There is an old log-barn, resting its four corners upon blocks of wood, and now fast falling to decay, at a short distance from the cottage, upon a slight elevation; and it is but a few minutes since old Blinks, who is sitting half-dozing in a comfortable after-dinner state of drowsiness, in his arm-chair upon the verandah, distinctly saw this same moon looking at him very quietly underneath that old barn. He had hardly become aware of the fact, however, before it hid its face behind the sill, and every now and then when he closed his eyes, it would take a peep at him between the old logs, and again hide itself whenever he fixed his eyes for a few moments upon it. There was not a crevice nor cranny about that old building through which the moon did not peep, at intervals, during the next five minutes; and once as it rose, it lifted its full round face into view, above the topmost log, and gazed steadily for a few seconds towards the place where old Blinks was sitting drowsily watching its movements,—he fancied it wore a melancholy expression, and was going to examine it more closely, but just then it dived beneath the drooping branches of an old elm which overhung the ruin, and though it continued to peep and glimmer occasionally, through slight openings in the foliage, for some time, throwing the body of the tree into dark shadow the while, as if to conceal its motions. It was not for upwards of a quarter of an hour, by which time old Blinks' eyes had quite closed, that it ventured broadly into view again, and cast a long lingering look beneath that verandah.

We do not for a moment dispute that old Blinks, as he thus sat enjoying himself in his arm-chair, was a goodly sight to look upon. A perfectly happy and contented man, under any circumstances, sleeping or waking, is a sight not seen so often as one might suppose. And I have no doubt but that the moon, as she rose that night, had looked upon much

that had not pleased her half so well : but on this occasion, at least, the vanity of old Blinks had led him into error. The moon was not looking at him in particular on the occasion in question,—there was another object upon that verandah far better worth regarding, in the light of whose presence old Blinks, with all his good qualities, retired into the deepest shade.

This was a slight, almost delicate girl of some fifteen summers, whose long golden hair fell negligently in heavy waving folds about a neck and shoulders of the most perfect mould. She was walking gently up and down the verandah, occasionally stopping to listen as some distant sound broke the almost perfect stillness of the evening, and glancing along the gravel walk which led to the gate opening upon the high road, as if she expected some one shortly to arrive by that entrance. The light was not strong enough to see her features distinctly—but had you seen nothing of her but her back, you could have almost sworn she was beautiful. There was an easy gracefulness about her carriage, and a lightness and elasticity of step which betrayed her nature at a glance, before you had even spoken to her. There was no lack of quick intelligence in her countenance; her eyes indeed like two little blue lakes, seemed as they gazed full upon you to reflect every thought and feeling of your breast :—but the most prominent expression was one of tender, trusting confidence and simplicity. There was no withstanding that look :—any one, had he desired to injure her, must have shut his eyes and done so blindfold. It was as utterly impossible to be false even in thought, with that face looking upon you as it would have been to make grimaces in a mirror without every contortion being recognized and reflected by the glass. With regard to her own fascinations, however, she was in that happy state of unconsciousness which constitutes health. There was an absence of self in all her thoughts and actions. She had too little knowledge of her own beauty to be vain, and too much active consideration for the happiness and comfort of others to allow her thoughts to dwell much upon herself. Every inmate of Elm Cottage felt that she was the light of the place. When she was present, everything seemed to take its tone and colouring from her ; and though it would have been difficult perhaps for any one to say exactly in what way this influence was effected, yet when she was absent the chords of the social circle seemed no longer to be struck harmoniously, and even old Blinks was an altered man.

Of Mrs. Blinks we have said little—nor need we say much. From a bright and joyous morning she had settled down into a serene and tranquil prime. Quiet, gentle and lady-like, she was a model of what an elderly mother of a family ought to be. She had seen

much of life, and had early studied earnestly its aim, object and end. Before entering upon its duties she had taken a clear and comprehensive view of what those duties were—there had been nothing indefinite,—no doubt, and, therefore, no hesitation. She had clearly made out the end to be kept in view, and her course thitherward had consequently been straight, uniform, and undeviating. It was thus that so much strength of character was combined with a manner and appearance of such placid repose. She carried a weight and force in her opinions and actions, which inspired confidence in the correctness and sincerity of her slightest word, because her faith in her own principles was and ever had been undoubting and unwavering. She was like a rock in the ocean, whose passive immobility no less resists in itself the waves and currents which roll around it ; than it offers a sure and steadfast foothold to the drowning mariner who clings to it for safety and for rest. The influence for good, of one such woman, is incalculable ; and those who knew her best could scarcely say whether they loved or respected her most. Her kindness and sweetness of disposition won all hearts ; and her truthfulness and sincerity ever kept their allegiance true. Her only fault, if such it could be called, was her overweening love for her boy. Not that Fanny, or Frank, as the daughter was commonly called, received less than her due share of affection, far from it. She was to her mother truly as the apple of her eye. But John she regarded as more than a son, and loved him with more than a mothers' love.

Which of us has not been the thankless recipient of a mother's unchanging, undying love ! Which, in his first ill-directed efforts to strike out into the ocean of life, when repulsed and thrown roughly back, bruised and wounded in spirit, by the little breakers which roll along its shore, has not felt encouraged and consoled amidst all his reverses by that one true heart's faithful and enduring affection ? Which of us, when in after years we have been tossed rudely hither and thither by the heavy and overwhelming surges of the outside sea, has not "turned a longing, lingering look behind", to those days when almost without a sigh, and looking proudly and hopefully forward, we left behind us, alas ! for ever, that sympathy and love to which in after years we have never been able to attain ? Ye who are yet young in the race of life, think—if upon no other subject, think, and think deeply ere thou allowest word or act of thine to plant a thorn in the soft pillow upon which as a helpless infant thou hast reclined. Each pearly drop of silent agony trembling upon the lid of the overflowing eye—too often the unheeded index of the tumultuous torrent which rages within, shall in after years when multiplied by time and distance, overwhelm thee with floods



of unavailing anguish, of which thy present buoyant and thoughtless spirit can form no adequate conception. Oh! as thou wouldst hereafter look back upon the past, with any other feelings than those of hopeless, unavailing regret; pay back while there is yet time, a portion of the heavy debt thou owest—think upon these things and be dutiful.

## CHAPTER III.

"Look on the picture—Deem it not overcharged,  
There is no trait which might not be enlarged."  
*Byron.*

"I wonder what can be detaining John to-night," said the voice of Mrs. Blinks, as that respectable old lady suddenly appeared at one of the French windows opening upon the veranda; "It is nearly eight o'clock, and he promised to be home early this evening to walk over to the hermitage with us: It is fortunate we made no engagement, or Mr. Daly would have been disappointed. I hope," she continued after a pause, "that new poney has not proved vicious; I really begin to feel alarmed—it is so unusual for him to break an engagement—and he said nothing of any business which was likely to detain him."

"He cannot be long now, I should think," replied the daughter, "and I am sure you need be under no apprehension on account of the poney, for you know you have often declared that no one could manage a horse like John."

"He certainly is an excellent horseman, my dear, but I really cannot account for his absence in any other way, than by supposing that some accident, or other unusual occurrence has happened to prevent his return."

"I think I hear the tramp of a horse on the hill road now, mama," said Frank, quickly, "and I am sure that must be John's laugh," she added joyfully, as a ringing shout was borne on the quiet evening air—"he has company with him at any rate, and they seem to be enjoying themselves."

"Eh!—what was that?" exclaimed old Blinks, suddenly starting from his nap, and arranging his wig which had fallen somewhat rakishly over one eyebrow during his repose, giving him a very dissolute and inebriated look, as his eyes not yet thoroughly opened, peered redly out from beneath it;—"pon my word I believe I have been nearly asleep," (it was one of old Blinks' peculiarities that he never would admit that he was asleep on such occasions, much less that he snored) "I was very nearly forgetting myself and actually falling asleep after dinner, a piece of eastern laziness, which you know, my dear, I am never guilty of;—I thought I heard the boy—where is he?"

Mrs Blinks well knew the storm of indignation with which the fiery old gentleman would repel the mildest insinuation of his having been actually dozing; and wisely remembering that the best of mankind are after all but

men, and subject to such little frailties, she offered no opinion of her own in dissent—but let the matter rest as to one to which she had become so thoroughly accustomed as almost to believe in it herself.

"He is just entering the gate, papa," said Frank, "and there is some one with him on horseback. Why, who can it be?" she continued, laughing merrily, "was there ever such a rider seen since the days of Knight-errantry."

"Hush, you little hussy, or you will be overheard," said her father in an under tone. Why, John," he continued, as his son rode briskly up to the house and sprang from the saddle; "we began to think you had become a martyr to science, and gone off in some of your chemical experiments like a squib. You will lose favour for ever with the ladies, if you allow the blandishments of any other mistress—even science—to make you forget your engagements. Come, sir, give an account of yourself."

"Allow me first to introduce you to an old friend, who hopes you have not forgotten him," replied John, approaching with his companion. "You will, I am sure, be no less surprised than myself at his sudden appearance."

"I scarcely know whether to blame time or the uncertain light," said Mr. Blinks, rising courteously and extending his hand as he paused inquiringly into the face of the stranger, "but,"—

"Ah! I see you do not recognize me; the salt spray and a southern sun, to say nothing of a ten year's knocking about, must have changed me more than I had supposed," said the stranger, in a rich hearty voice. "And yet I would fain hope when you look again, that Tom Ferrers was not quite forgotten."

"Amazement!" exclaimed Mr. Blinks, suddenly becoming an inch and a half taller. "What! little Tom Ferrers, mischievous Tom—you don't say so," he went on, grasping his hand and shaking it long and cordially. "Why, my dear boy, where did you come from? I should as soon have expected to see the Khan of Tartary or the Imaum of Muscat, or any improbable character. Why, bless my soul," continued the old fellow rubbing his eyes, as if in doubt whether he was not still dreaming. "I thought you were in the Antipodes; we were talking about you at breakfast this morning, and wondering what had become of you. It is months since we have seen your handwriting, and whenever an old friend drops his correspondence, I take it for granted he is either dead or in love, which amounts to much the same thing as far as his other social relations are concerned."

"And here I come to answer for myself," said Tom, laughing. "The fact is, that our ship having lately made a home voyage, passed in the way of business into the hands of other

owners, and left me for a while on shore. Old Crawford very kindly offered to put me into another of his ships at once; but I wanted a holiday, and as a new vessel was being fitted out, to be ready for sea in a few months, I requested a short leave; and having nothing better to do, thought I would take a run over to America and see the Yankees."

"And how came you to find us out here?" inquired old Blinks. "You must have had the sagacity of an Indian to have tracked us into these wilds; but I am appropriating you all to myself, and forgetting that there are others waiting to bid you welcome. Frank, my dear, I am sure you will remember your old playmate."

"Can I ever forget the fate of my unfortunate wax doll, whose head he maliciously melted off between the bars of the grate," said the laughing girl as she came blushing forward and gave him her hand; which, tho' as pretty and delicate a little hand as was to be found upon the continent, was by no means properly appreciated by Tom, in the sight of so much that was doubly enticing—not that he refused the proffered hand; she remembered for an hour afterwards that he had taken it, and with a will; but using it as the first step towards the desired object, he had, as he did so, drawn her gently but irresistibly towards him, and almost before she knew what he was about, had thrown his other hand about her waist, and imprinted a regular old-fashioned, genuine sounding kiss upon her pouting lips.

"You wretch!" exclaimed the blushing girl, struggling away from his embrace. "You are not altered 'in the least bit; the same presumptions, mischievous, horrid fellow that you ever were. You have almost wrung my hand off, to say nothing of the manner in which those dreadful whiskers have scratched my face."

Tom stroked the whiskers thus traduced complacently, and as he followed her motions with his eye, looked very much inclined to repeat the offence.

"A nasty rough fellow," continued Frank, at a safe distance, pushing back her hair, which her struggles had fortunately for herself shaken over her face; which seemed by-the-bye to feel very thankful for the impromptu veil. "As if I could ever forget the barbarian who cut off the tail of the poor cat, to prevent as he said the inconvenience under which it would labour, of having it continually trodden upon." And her eyes again sparkled good-humouredly, a thousand joyful recollections lighting up her face at the childish reminiscence. "Or the time when he nearly drowned poor Carlo in attempting to make a sailor of him at Sandgate," joined in John; "the poor little fellow never got over his dread of salt-water to the day of his death."

"Spare me, in mercy spare me!" cried the young sailor, with a dolorous expression of countenance, which more than anything he had yet said or done, recalled his boyish days. "I appeal to you, Mrs. Blinks, if I was not as well ducked as Carlo in my philanthropic endeavours to save him from the wreck, after he had capsized it by his clumsiness."

"Indeed you did," said the lady, kindly interposing, "and a great fright you gave us all, when we saw you struggling through the waves, with the unhappy little fellow in your arms. It is most unjust of John to remember Carlo's fright, and forget, at the same time, the penalty you so willingly paid."

"Here, Mike, take the ponies," shouted John, as a smart negro boy made his appearance at the corner of the house; "put up 'Tinker,' and then ride the grey back to Larry's; and mother," turning abruptly to that good lady, "I beg you to remember that I have not yet dined, and our friend, Tom, whether he has or has not, may not object to take a slice off the saddle of venison you spoke of this morning,—that is," he observed, turning wickedly to his companion, "if the taste of a saddle he has already had does not satisfy him."

"None of your inuendos, Jack," said his friend, "I have been on horseback before to-day, and acquitted myself respectably,—in fact, I once rode a very different kind of animal, (of which I may tell you some day,) but to travel on a broken-kneed livery hack, at the pace you led me to-night, was a feat I never wish to accomplish again. So, none of your tricks upon travellers. I fancy if I had you in the fore-top, my boy, for five minutes in a gale of wind, such as we get now and then in Algoa Bay, I could teach you a lesson in riding which you have yet to learn."

Leaving the party to chat in a friendly manner over old scenes and recollections, while Mrs. Blinks is hurrying supper, and Fanny is watching furtively the countenance of our new acquaintance; every new look and word recalling vividly the happy days of childhood. We will digress for a few moments, to make the reader better acquainted with him.

The father of young Ferrers had been an intimate friend of Mr. Blinks in his early days; but destiny which had at that time led him to the far south-west, had sent Ferrers as a cadet to the East in the H. E. I. Company's service. Time and absence, however, had not estranged them, and when, after twenty years, intelligence reached England of the death of his friend, Blinks hastened to Rugby, where he knew that young Ferrers had been sent upon the death of his mother; and, breaking the sorrowful news to him in the tenderest and most considerate manner, insisted on his at once accompanying him home; at any rate, until time, like a kind physician, should heal the wound it had been his melancholy duty to



inflict. Young Ferrers appreciated truly the disinterested kindness of his father's friend; and his many high and noble qualities soon made such an impression upon the susceptible heart of the old gentleman, that the day of his removal was often and indefinitely postponed, until he had lived so long as one of the family and been treated as such, that old Blinks felt that the boy had a right to regard him as his natural guardian, and determined, under any circumstances, to act as such towards him.

It thus happened that he was brought up, during the most important period of his life, under the tender care of old Blinks and his wife, who, indeed, had learnt to consider him as their own child. He was about five years older than John, whom he had always regarded as a younger brother; and being in his fourteenth year at the time when Mr. Blinks had decided upon emigrating with his little family to Canada; and a good opportunity offering itself for embarking him in life as a clerk on board one of the East India Company's merchantmen,—Tom having always expressed a desire to go to sea, and particularly to visit again the land of his own birth, and his almost unknown father's untimely grave,—old Blinks gave him his blessing; and after pointing out to him his own career, and what he, by his own unaided energies, had accomplished, bid him go bravely forward and prosper,—assuring him, at the same time, of his active interest in his behalf, and bidding him recollect that so long as he had a house and home, there should always be a place and welcome for the son of his early friend.

Whatever Tom may have been as a boy, the cognomen of "little Tom" was a most inappropriate one now. Standing a trifle over six feet in his shoes, with stout muscular arms and shoulders, and an upright though rather jaunty way of carrying himself, with his head thrown slightly back, and his hat inclining a little in the same direction; his long legs, which were rather small for the size of his upper works and tending slightly towards each other at the knees, would have given him a rather awkward appearance anywhere, had it not been for the easy air of nonchalance and perfect abandonment of anything like affectation of manner which characterized him. Whatever peculiarities he had, and they were many, you could not help feeling that they were genuine and original, and necessary parts of the man. He must have been a smart sailor at sea, for there was a quickness and energy in his motions, and a bold off-handedness of style when a little excited, that made you feel he was just the man who would be ready for any emergency; one in fact whom it required something more than a common, every-day occurrence to bring thoroughly out. He was not by any means what you would call a handsome man; his hair was light and straight, and the large loose whiskers of an

indescribable colour, which he had evidently tried hard to cultivate, looked always in a rebellious and impracticable condition. His features generally speaking, were not good, and his countenance which was rather long, appeared even more so, from being surmounted by a high and not very broad forehead. His eyebrows, like his eyes, were light; and his face, browned by exposure to wind and sun, was upon the whole rather loose and flabby in its composition; giving him the appearance of a man who had lived well and seen a good deal of rough weather. Such a figure-head—which as I now look over it gives a very tolerable idea of the original—would have been utterly wanting in life and animation, had it not been for his eye; which, like a diamond in the head of some hideous Hindoo deity, seemed to light the whole shapeless mass into a semblance of beauty and life. It was a very peculiar eye both in colour and signification. It always looked straight at you, but with the most varying expression imaginable. You could read almost everything that was passing behind it in that eye, while the rest of the countenance remained stolid and immoveable. Above all others, it was capable of assuming a look of the most inexpressible humour and drollery; and when aided, as it usually was at such times, by a peculiar slow gathering together of the mouth, of the most studied gravity and attention, it produced an effect which was irresistible, and you found yourself beginning to laugh, almost before the joke, of which such a combination of countenance was the forerunner, had escaped his lips. His manner of speaking was loud, noisy, and even boisterous; and a person who knew him but slightly would have been inclined to believe that he was as light, empty and superficial as the froth upon a syllabub. But there was solid matter beneath the unpromising exterior, when you took the trouble to dig for it; for though an active, energetic fellow in anything which required mere physical effort, there was a disinclination about him, the result of the desultory life he had led, to anything like deep thinking or mental labour of any kind. His abilities, however, were good; and when interested and in the humour, he could speak well on a variety of subject; and occasional flashes of thought, the more striking from their rarity and the strange dress in which they presented themselves—

"Like sparks struck from flint showed the fire within."

But our history lingers while we attempt to describe his inner man; with which, our much-enduring readers will become better acquainted as the narrative proceeds.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"Affrighted much,  
I did in time collect myself, and thought  
This was so, and no slumber." *Winter's Tale.*

"You must feel weary and travel-stained,"

said old Blinks, addressing his guest, shortly after we left them.—“My dear,” addressing his daughter, “if the spare-room is ready, of which I profess to know nothing, our friend Tom, I am sure, would be grateful, if we allowed him to retire for a few moments before supper. We Englishmen, like the Pharisees of old, are fond of indulging in cold water on all possible occasions, and more particularly before feeding—eh, Tom?”

“Indeed I shall feel truly grateful,” replied Tom. “The accommodation last night, upon the ‘Passport,’ though very good upon the whole, was not I must confess so perfect as to leave nothing to be desired, and though I can make a tolerably safe attempt at shaving in a long rolling sea, I found myself completely nonplussed by the combination of the jarring of the engine with the short jumping sea of Ontario. It reminded me of what I have sometimes encountered running out of Table-bay before a stiff south-easter.”

“You had better for the present come up to my room,” said John, interposing, “as I am going there myself and may as well have your company; besides mine is the best room in the house, and full of curiosities which are highly suggestive to a meditative mind, such as I know yours to be. Am I not right Fan?”

“Oh, certainly,” replied his sister, with a very equivocal expression of countenance—“I have no doubt he will be greatly edified.”

“Come along, then old fellow.” And John, accompanied by his friend, led the way to a snug dormitory at the back part of the house, generally known as “Master John’s room,” and dreaded and scrupulously avoided by all housemaids, for reasons we shall hereafter explain, as a haunted chamber.

It was a large, airy, comfortable room, which answered to its usual occupant not merely the purpose of a bed-room, but occasionally that of a study and general sanctum, to boot; in which a variety of nondescript articles which would scarcely have been permitted or tolerated in any other part of the house, were variously arranged according to the taste of the owner. The general appearance of the room was so different from what most of our readers, particularly the female portion, are in the habit of considering perfection in that department of domestic economy; and altogether seemed to produce such a striking and peculiar effect upon our new acquaintance upon his first introduction to its mysteries; that we cannot resist the temptation under which we labour of describing it farther,—the more particularly as we may find occasion, at some future time, to introduce our readers again within it.

The room, though technically termed a bed-room, might very easily have been mistaken for almost anything but what it actually was; for the bed, which was small and occupied but a very trifling space, was stowed away in one corner of the apartment, and al-

most concealed by a deep recess in the wall. A green baize screen, of some eight feet in length, which stretched from the wall near the head of the bed to about the middle of the room, cut off in part the corner which was reserved for the operations of the toilet; and behind this screen were to be found the various paraphernalia necessary for its accomplishment. The side of the room thus partially divided off, was carpeted; and one or two coloured French lithographs or crayon drawings by Julien, representing very beautiful faces and figures, in most seductive attitudes, in the usual soft style characteristic of that artist, were to be seen hanging upon the wall within. The great body of the apartment which lay without these precincts, and through which the visitor had to pass in order to reach them, was devoted to a very different purpose. Upon one side of the room, viz., upon the right-hand side as you entered, was a small walnut bookshelf, containing, or capable of containing when filled, about sixty volumes. At the present time, however, there were scarcely half a dozen books which by their positions indicated that they were in a sober rational state of mind, the remainder were lying, falling, and inclining in every imaginable attitude; looking very much as if they had been imbibing or absorbing laughing gas, or some other deleterious and intoxicating compound, which, for the time being, had rendered them hopelessly drunk. This supposition was rendered even more probable, when the eye was turned in the opposite direction, viz., to the left,—where upon a strong, unpainted deal table, standing between the two windows visible upon that wall, might be discovered a heterogeneous mass of long and short-necked bottles, tubes, crucibles, and retorts, of which any alchymist of the thirteenth century might have been justly proud; and at sight of which old Raymond Lully, had he lived to see it, would have become himself transported, if not transmuted, with rapture.

That alchymy, however, was not the use to which they were applied, old Blinks had, long ago, found out to his cost: for, whereas by the study of that lost and lamented science, base metals were changed and converted into gold, silver, and other precious materials, the frequent and urgent calls upon the old gentleman’s pocket for portions of those metals, popularly representing the coin of the realm, made him painfully conscious, that the supplies necessary for carrying on the war, were not obtained in so cheap and scientific a manner.

The *chef d’œuvre* of the room, however, is yet to be described, and we hasten to complete our picture by a sketch of it. In the foreground, viz., in the centre of the room, and consequently directly facing you as you entered, was a sight from which Tom Ferrers—old sailor as he was, recoiled for a moment with



such precipitation and well acted alarm, and with an expression of countenance so strangely mingling the grave and terrible with the ludicrous; that John who chaperoned him, unable any longer to contain himself, suddenly exploded with a crash, and throwing himself into a large arm-chair, which fortunately stood ready for his reception, roared, until the unbidden tears fairly rolled down his cheeks.

The object whose sudden and unexpected appearance, particularly in such a locality, had produced such a startling effect upon the young sailor, might very readily, as it swung rattling with the wind occasioned by the opening door, have been mistaken for a gibbeted criminal, blanched and whitened by long exposure to the storms of heaven. And such a conclusion though in the main incorrect, gives by no means an exaggerated idea of the sight which met his view.

Suspended from the lofty ceiling by a short chain and a brass screw, which had been introduced through the top of the skull, after the manner of a swivel, so that the whole might easily be turned and rotated in every direction—hung the perfectly blanched and articulated skeleton of a full grown man—in a position, that his feet or rather the bones of them, fell to within a few inches of the centre of a round table, covered with baize, like the screen which stood beneath it. The expression of countenance with which this spectre seemed to glare out of the darkness as Tom entered, candle in hand, was horrible in the extreme;—the hollow eyes seemed to gaze down upon him in a wild and unearthly manner, and the clenched teeth, all exposed in the bare and naked jaws, seemed actually to be grinding themselves together in impotent rage. This terrible expression was if possible heightened, when John who had momentarily recovered his gravity, as if to cap the climax, reached upwards and hooked the handle of his riding whip into the grinning chin, giving it at the same time a smart pull;—whereby the dead jaw which had, with some devilish ingenuity, been united to its fellow by a spring, recoiled sharply, making the grim skeleton actually and audibly gnash its teeth.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE FARMING INTEREST;

AND THE INFLUENCE OF AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES.—  
AN ESSAY, DEDICATED TO THE FARMERS OF UPPER  
CANADA, ON THE OCCASION OF THE PROVINCIAL  
MEETING, OF 1852.

BY R. COOPER.

THE subjects of this paper, although not within the range of those practical questions, which call for the attention of the farmer, in every-day life, are still such as he cannot fail to turn his attention to, if he takes an interest in the progress of his country, and the position of Canadian agricul-

turists as a body. And they are subjects, too, on which men of all pursuits ought to have distinct views, and which therefore those who are not farmers, may venture to express opinions upon, while the more scientific and practical subjects, connected with the cultivation of the soil, cannot receive much light, except from those who have been fortunate enough to make them their peculiar study and pursuit.

There are many sound principles and many important facts, upon which few people seriously doubt, and which few will even decline to admit, and which, at the same time, are not sufficiently borne in mind, when their practical application would be most beneficial. Such are the indubitable truths, that Upper Canada must either flourish as an agricultural country, growing and exporting a large amount of surplus produce, or must cease to prosper,—that the produce of the labour and capital of the farmers, forms the substantial and only reliable annual gain of the country,—that the success of all other branches of industry in the Province, depends essentially upon the prosperity of our farmers,—and that, as a necessary consequence of all these, the progress we are making in material prosperity, is to be measured by the increase of the proportion which the exports of the country are made to bear to the imports.

The fact that these obvious conclusions are not sufficiently borne in mind, might be, perhaps, sufficient excuse, for glancing at them here; but it is well known, that by a few, and fortunately by only a few, they are disputed, and it is gravely contended, that the excess of the value of our imports over the exported produce is immaterial. If this were the case, then, not only the last, but all the propositions I have stated, are wrong; but the farmer who would so contend, might probably be entitled to compete among the rarities of the annual exhibition.

That which is the growth of our soil, and is exported, is as good as so much money,—the best that is said of Bank bills even, is, that they are as good as our wheat,—and it requires no tedious process of reasoning to arrive at the conclusion, that we should be more benefitted by importation of specie, in exchange for our staple articles, than by arrivals of stocks of foreign manufactured fabrics, however pretty the “new goods” may look, or however much money may be made by the importer; first, out of the farmer on his wheat, and again out of the farmer's family, on the stuff imported in exchange for the wheat.

Fortunately for Canada, there are always ample markets open for her produce,—there are markets which *must* be supplied. They cannot avoid taking the wheat and flour,—it rests with us to say whether we will take goods in exchange, wherewith to drive our own fabrics out of our shops, or accept nothing less than money, where-

with to promote the establishment of manufactures among ourselves.

Changes in public opinion are frequent, and sometimes startling, at the present day, but it will probably require some exertion and some time, to convince us, that the fall in the rate of exchange between here and England, is not a good thing to hear of; or that there is a single town in Upper Canada, or any one department of trade or business, the advance of which can be traced to any other source than the progress the country has made in agricultural improvement.

The position of Lower Canada it is not necessary to notice; but when we are told that Upper Canada, for its progress, is indebted to the fact of "merchant princes" from the Eastern Provinces, having established branches of their houses in it, the very obvious reply is suggested, that the aforesaid branches would probably not have appeared, but that profit might possibly accrue from them, and that the profit has, in fact, only been in proportion to the success which attended the efforts of the settlers, in the astonishing and manly efforts which they have made, to convert their patches of rugged wilderness into thriving farms which grow the meat and drink, and keep fresh the life-blood of the most vigorous colony of the Empire.

Not the least remarkable effect of overlooking the facts I have referred to, has been seen in the discussions which have taken place here, on those questions which so long excited the English public—the questions of Protection and Free Trade.—[They are only named now, for the purpose of drawing attention to the position of the Canadian farmer, and not with any intention of opening old wounds, or stepping on the forbidden grounds of politics.]

The arguments, in this country, seem to have been based too much upon the supposition, that the relation of the agriculturist to the other classes of the community is the same here as at home; whereas the relative positions are widely different. The important distinctions are these:—The one being a country requiring to import food, must lose money annually, as a nation, on that branch of business, and to balance this, it has been deemed necessary to foster other industrial pursuits, on which a profit is made by a large export business. The other country, on the other hand, derives its whole substantial profit from the produce of its farms. Great Britain finds it necessary to legislate for the benefit of distinct powerful classes of the community, having, or believing that they have, antagonistic interests to be considered. The power of the loom and the

wealth of the soil have been set against each other. In Canada, on the contrary, there are no distinct or hostile class interests. There is but one class to be primarily considered, and by rendering that prosperous, you afford the means of prosperity to all others. This has always been the case in a country which is blessed with a soil, capable of growing more than sufficient food for the people it contains. Such a country, too, always enjoys this peculiar favour—it contains no poor, except those whom lack of industry, or loss of health and strength, prevent from taking advantage of that labour market, which, in a purely agricultural country, as this is, is never overstocked. And that shows us a distinction between this and the Mother Country, which has had more to do with the great controversy than any other. In a Christian land, the voice of the poor cannot be raised in vain; and while the Marquis of Acres and Lord Calico, argued the knotty point in all its abstruse bearings, as they might have been doing yet, the Gordian Knot was cut by the cry for cheap bread, uttered in a voice which could not be mistaken by the labouring poor, or rather, the poor who waited, but could not find, free "leave to toil;" and the free importation of grain has become the law, and certainly the custom of the land, because, sacrifice what interests it may, the relief of the poor was a consideration paramount to all others which were involved. And if it should happen that the masses for whom this great change has been effected, ever become convinced that the change, while giving more bread for fourpence, has raised the value of the four pennies, (making a guinea worth two guineas, as a great statesman has expressed it,) so as to nullify the other effect of the measure,—the voice of the poor will again be heard in favour of another change, and they will get it.

But how fortunate is Canada, that no such momentous questions can arise among us. There is no man here to whom a rise in the prices of produce in our markets, should not be welcome news. It means an additional reward for the labour of the industrious, and an increase in the means of the wealthy to assist the poor. How fortunate, that while the Mother Country has to provide for a population for which her natural advantages have been found insufficient, we possess resources, the half of which have not yet been developed, and mines of agricultural wealth, in a soil little of which has yet been turned up, and much scarcely even "prospected."

It was not to be wondered at that Great Britain, in considering the great question of giving food to the people, should have been compelled



to decline to make exceptions in favour of a Colony, which, though of priceless value to the Mother Island, contains a smaller number of inhabitants than even one of her cities. Under the circumstances just hinted at, the people of Britain might well speak to us, and in effect speak to us in this manner:—

“Can you ask us to raise prices in your favour, you who know not what it is to have distress and starvation within your borders,—and at the expense, perhaps, of the multitudes for whom we must buy bread? Protection! Are you not protected by a rampart erected by Providence for your benefit—a tower of plenteousness, a warm and cheering shelter against the cold biting ills of poverty. Look to your fertile fields, your broad lands yet to be rendered productive; your flocks and herds, and your immense opportunities of so improving these benefits, as to render yourselves almost independent of our staple fabrics. Go, and use these things, free from protection, if you think fit, or, if you choose, learn to protect yourselves. And if you are of opinion that your men, if habited in the fabrics of your own looms, would look more like men, and less like dandies, than when attired in the glossy garments we provide them with; and that your comely wives and daughters would look more comely still, if dressed in well-finished home-made, instead of being decked in garments which come from the looms of France, or mayhap were finished by the worn fingers of London needle-women. If these are your views,—and we cannot dispute the soundness of them,—and should you wish, therefore, to give your manufacturers an advantage over those of the Mother Country in your own markets, submit to us some distinct and reasonable proposition for the purpose. But learn to profit by your own fortunate position, to rely upon your own enterprise, and slacken not your exertions, by indulging in useless hopes of artificial assistance; and congratulate yourselves that our case is not yours,—that while we have to provide for the thousands who, once prosperous, now “solicit the cold hand of charity,” you can point to your thousands, who, from poverty, have grown into the thriving yeomen, that form the very substance of your country. And, taint not your free air with false cries about “ruin and decay,” or ungracious whispers of foreign annexation; when the thanks of a grateful country ought to be rising to the skies, for a bountiful harvest, overflowing barns, plenty and peace within all your habitations.”

And feeling the justice of such language, what

should be the course of all, who have an interest in the soil of Canada?

The farmer will turn his attention, and devote his industry, to the improvement of those branches of his business, which the changing circumstances of the country offer increased advantages for.

He will look to the prospects of the markets, as they are likely to be affected by the Imperial laws as they are, not merely as he could wish them to be; and he will endeavour to take the best advantage of that home market, which in many descriptions of produce, is being opened for us by the numerous public works, which must continue in progress for some years to come.

I have seen it stated, that a scarcity is likely to be experienced in some parts of the Country, in meat and some other articles, and that the exportation to the United States, and the supplies required by the railroad contractors, are likely to produce a crisis in this branch of business. Such a crisis is not much to be feared. It may raise beef to five and six dollars per hundredweight. It is to be hoped it may. The larger the droves taken abroad, in exchange for good money, the better—that is a kind of reciprocity which we can all appreciate. A change of a similar kind in the flour market would also be acceptable—for the sake of the farmers, rather than the speculators, a wheat crisis which should restore the old price of a dollar a bushel, would be far from regretted; but it cannot be expected, and therefore it is, that it is now of more importance than ever, that farmers should be ready with plenty of those kinds of produce for market, which are consumed within the Country, and now is the time for him, to set more value than ever, upon the grazing and dairy departments of his farm, and the importance will now be seen, of encouraging those improvements in these branches, of which such creditable evidences have been afforded at this Provincial Exhibition of 1852.

The important effect which the improvement of the means of communication must have upon prices, is going far towards equalizing them throughout the Province; and in this view, much rather than in regard to mere travelling convenience, are the railways to be looked upon as of material advantage to the Country. Under the disadvantages of bad roads, the farmer at a distance from the main ports, had to put up with a price less than that received by him who lived nearer market, by just so much as the tedious carriage of the produce cost him, although his load of wheat cost him as much labour and money as was expended for the same purpose by his more fortunate neighbour, while no one person gained

by the difference, for the buyer of course paid the same price for all. Two parties lost,—the farmer, and the Province; the one in proportion to his crop, the other in proportion to the intrinsic value of the whole produce of the Country. The case will in future be different. The farmers in all parts of the Province will now have more equal advantages, while the increase in the amount of the produce passing through our markets, will not depreciate the prices; not in wheat and flour, certainly, for export all we may, it is but a fraction of that which must enter the British markets which govern our prices; and certainly not in those other articles, for which the Country itself affords a market. A Country which exports its chief staples, and can consume the others, need not fear a glut in the markets of its own ports.

And recollecting that, as I have said before, we must depend on our own exertions, there are two other matters which the farmer will not neglect under the improving circumstances of the Country. He will make use of the fact, that he is now likely to be within reach of a railway depot, to improve and increase his flock of sheep, and to get if possible a manufactory established in his neighbourhood; and, he will not begrudge the best exertions he can put forth, in furtherance of the objects, of the Township, County, and Provincial Agricultural Societies—those non-political public bodies, to which we must look, fully as much as to their more noisy political brethren, for assistance, as well as for indicating the real progress and prosperity of the farmers, and therefore of the whole community. This is no exaggeration; if any class suppose that the farmers are indebted to them more than they are to the farmers, they are much mistaken. It is true that we have large Cities and a large Commerce—neither could exist but for the fertile back country, which many, who have professed to have travelled through Canada, have not taken the trouble to look at, having taken the liberty of professing to judge of an Agricultural Country, by the cut of our steamers, instead of the appearance of our farms; and profess to be able to talk of our Country, having seen nothing but some of our shops; and who write and speak as if they had seen the Province, when they have in fact, but had a glimpse of its shadow in the Lake, as they passed by. To keep the tree in a healthy state, it is not enough to prune and beautify the branches—you must fertilize the soil about the roots. It would be useless to decorate the buildings of our Cities, without developing the resources of the Townships. But attend well to the health of those wide spreading roots—extending throughout the

land—from which has grown up the thriving national tree, and the effect will be found, in the bright fresh health of its outermost branches, and all the useful arts of peace may flourish beneath its sturdy shelter.

One subject to which I have alluded, namely, the importance of encouraging domestic manufactures,—in which perhaps, had some merchants invested their capital instead of assisting to fill the market with foreign goods, we should have heard less about “ruin and decay,”—would alone occupy all the space at my command, and leave no room for the other topic, namely, the Agricultural Societies, and, as to those, there is little more than space to refer to the Agricultural Association.

Many people are too apt to look upon the Provincial Association, as of secondary importance to them, compared to the local societies of which they are members. In those they have better opportunities for competition, they have not so far to go with their stock or produce, and they can exercise, they perhaps think, a greater amount of influence. But to look at the matter in this light, is not to take a sufficiently large and liberal view of it. It is too near akin to another mistake which is too common, though less so than when the societies were younger, namely, only competing at the meetings of the societies with a view to the profits of the prizes, and neglecting to compete, when it is not clear that to do so will be immediately remunerative.

It will be well to look on the Provincial Association, as a part of the same system under which the local societies exist—holding its privileges under similar Legislative enactments, kept in operation for similar purposes, namely, those mentioned in the act of incorporation, “the improvement of tillage and agricultural implements, and other like matters, and the encouragement of domestic manufactures, of useful inventions applicable to agricultural or domestic purposes, and of every branch of rural and domestic economy.” but the Agricultural Association having a wider field of action, and requires, therefore, the support of the farmers and citizens of all classes, in every part of the Province, fully as much, to say the least, as the local societies. And it has other claims too, upon public support,—it is a thoroughly NATIONAL institution, and deserving that name more, probably, than any other Provincial public body, for, it affords encouragement to all branches of national industry, while, from the very nature of its constitution, and the spirit and letter of its rules, it is free from, and entitled to insist upon continuing free from political influences and interference—from the vicissitudes and fluctuations



of political affairs—from the chances and changes of partizanship,—and the very condition on which it appeals to public confidence, must maintain that freedom, for, with the loss of it, the association would fall to pieces. Nothing then, could be more purely national, and more deserving of universal national support, than such a Corporation.

The most obvious advantages to individuals, and therefore those which I need say least about, to be gained by competing at these meetings, are the characters for superiority, in skill and enterprise, which are gained by the successful competitors, and these gains, for substantial gains they are, can scarcely be overrated. The farmer who grows the best wheat, or raises the best stock in his county, may enjoy the profits of that reputation in his county, but while gratified with this, he need by no means remain satisfied with it. By competing for, and winning—for all competition should be with nothing short of a determination to win—the honors offered by the prize list of this association (I use the word “honors,” because it cannot be supposed, and it depreciates the character of the competition if it is hoped, that the prizes will be pecuniarily remunerative,) he may gain a reputation for his county and for himself, not only as wide as the Province, but extending far through the neighbouring country. His reward is made amply remunerative too, in the end, by the preference which his products receive in the markets.

And again, in all the departments of mechanical improvement, the meetings of the associations, are, on a small scale, what the great exhibition of all nations was, to the crowds who attended it. All have an opportunity of seeing, and deriving fresh knowledge from the inventions and improvements of the day, and such knowledge gained, is new power acquired,—power to turn to still better advantage the soil of the country.

And not among the smallest benefits of these meetings, are the opportunities it affords for bringing men of all occupations, and from the various parts of the Province, together. Besides the information gained, by this annual social intercourse, its benefits are very perceptible, in the removal of those prejudices which are too apt to be engendered among us by ignorance of one another.

Nor is this confined to Canada. There is no ground whereon the people of these two neighbouring countries can meet, with so much advantage to both, as on the safe ground of these national exhibitions.

It would be idle to deny that prejudices, many

of them unreasonable enough, do exist, on the part of each of these countries towards the other, and that even in cases where strong likings are avowed, they often smack too strongly of a desire to effect an unnatural union of parties closely allied in blood, rather than to let both remain in their proper position, each respecting the other in proportion to the untrammelled and uncringing independence which each evinces.

It is to be reasonably hoped, that the intercourse of the people of the two sides of the line, will cure both these descriptions of error. Disparaging opinions, formed only on trivial circumstances, will give way before that improved acquaintance which enables each to see the others real qualities and sound Saxon characteristics.

It is indeed a cheering and hopeful sight, to witness the emulation of these neighbouring people in the splendid race of civil improvement,—the cultivation and diffusion of the useful and the humanizing arts of peace. Time was, when the emulation of these nations was of another kind—the strife was for the dazzling but blood stained honors of the “war path,” and in that contest, each learnt something of the others prowess, which need not and will not be forgotten—each found that when men of the Anglo-Saxon race meet on the field of strife, each must suffer, but neither is to be subdued, and as they retired from the equal contest either could exclaim to the unvanquished foe, in the spirit of the ancient warrior, “great you may indeed be called, for I could not conquer you.” And the immense progress which since they buried the hatchet, the people of both countries have made, in causing the stubborn wilderness to smile with the rich fruits of industry, scarcely rivalled in the world—proves the claim of both, to speak of the warriors whose blood has won and hallowed the fertile soil, as their fathers and their brethren. In peace as in war, has been manifested the same indomitable, patient energy which characterizes the race which the British Isles have sent forth, for the work set them by Providence, of planting and firmly rooting, their name, their language, and their arts, throughout the West. In the sturdy vigor with which the battles were fought, and the untiring courage which braved the hardships and dangers of the old wilderness, was an earnest of the enterprise which now will never admit that improvement has gone far enough, but still presses onward, onward. No degenerate race of men—no hordes however numerous, lacking this courage and this enterprise, could have accomplished such things. It is a glorious thing, to find these rare elements of national strength,

once directed to the stern duties of war, now enlisted in the sacred cause of human improvement, and such men striving which shall do the most good, having formerly but striven which should overrun, with the horrors of war, the largest space of country. And surely they must have much to answer for, who would seek again to ignite the quenched embers of discord, in order to subserve their own base, narrow selfish ends. How soon would such be silent, did they really believe the morrow would bring the catastrophe they profess to invoke. It is not likely to arrive. The past is good earnest for the future, and no two nations can be more likely to continue as one with each other, than those, which, throughout all the late convulsions of Europe, remained alone in perfect internal and external peace, and still alone retain the blessings of Constitutional freedom and Christian liberty—and exhibit to the world, two great examples, of the quiet which may be ensured by nations, wherein the Governors are true to the people, and the people faithful to their Constitutions and to their rulers.

The free intercourse of such people as inhabit Canada and the United States, must produce an effect the very opposite to that which a superficial view of the subject might lead one to suppose. It will, if proper advantage be taken of it, be far from encouraging ideas or projects dangerous to our loyal national principles. The intercourse, however intimate, need not give any fresh impetus to insane projects of annexation, but should dissipate all such absurdities, and drive away any impurities of the kind, just as our pure westerly breezes banish the malaria, which might otherwise hang about our fields and cities.

Were the people of both countries thoroughly acquainted with one another, each would learn proper respect for the other.—Both would learn that nothing could be expected from the other party, but what was consistent with the duty of the governors to the people of the country making the concession, and that nothing could be expected to be granted by either, but what was consistent with the interests of the people by whom the privilege is granted. The Republic, which brooks not the least slight upon its flag, could but look with well-deserved contempt upon us, did we submit to any infringement of our rights; while we, on the other hand, would be convinced, that any concession inconsistent with our national honour, is far from being in accordance with justice or prudence, and that to gain a point with our neighbours, we must be prepared to prove, that what we ask is for their

benefit and involves no disgrace and no loss to them. Such intercourse, too, by showing the Americans that this country enjoys vastly greater advantages, and contains a far larger number of substantial and thriving yeomen than they ever supposed, will prove to them, that a close intimacy may be of great advantage to their interests, while that “acquisition,” which they have sometimes lightly referred to, must be looked upon as an impossibility. By these means may be averted any attempts to bring about a catastrophe, which, on the part of Canadians, would involve the guilt of treason, and could not be effected without a violation of the principles of their Constitution on the part of Americans, and which, at the same time, would be immensely disadvantageous, in a mercantile point of view, to both. It is a hopeful fact, in the present era of Canadian history, that public opinion acknowledges the soundness of the American view of national policy—namely, that each country should act with a view to its own interests, leaving its neighbours to do the same. The better the people of each country become acquainted with those of the other, the more generally will this principle be acknowledged—the less will either have the folly to expect or the insolence to demand, that the other should depart from it,—and the more completely will the door be shut against those Utopian ideas of universal international union, and consequent annihilation of separate nationality, which give rise to schemes for infringing the integrity of an Empire and a Republic, and which would involve both in twin acts of treason to their respective constitutions.

And there is one more most important public object to which the Provincial Association may be, and is indeed, most efficiently turned—a purpose for which its machinery is admirably adapted. This is, the collection and preservation of all that kind of statistical information, which may not only be serviceable to agriculturists, but also to immigrants, and may serve to enhance and extend the reputation of the Province in Britain and in other European countries. The township societies can collect the statistics of their respective localities—the county associations will digest these in such a manner as to form accurate county reports; while the provincial association will put the whole in an accessible shape before the public, in the published record of their transactions, just as is done in England and in the neighbouring States. And, unlike parliamentary or official blue books, these Reports can always possess the very valuable merit of being *readable*. The association, having this object in view, has made a



portion of the prize list subservient to it, in a manner which must be admitted to be judicious, and can hardly fail to be successful. Four prizes are offered for County Agricultural Reports for 1852. These premiums are from £20 to £5, and the reports must, as all parties concerned will do well to bear in mind, be sent in by the 1st of April next. No doubt there will be numerous competitors, and the useful character of the essays may be judged by the requirements of the notice. The reports are expected to describe "the various soils of the counties; modes of farming; value of land; amount of tillage and average of crops; breeds of live stock; implements and machines in use; methods of preserving and applying manures; sketch of past progress, with suggestions for further improvement; the manufacturing and commercial condition and capabilities of the counties, and other facts tending to illustrate their past history and present condition." The main object,—as stated in the prize list,—of each report, will be, to afford to any intelligent stranger that might read it, a concise, yet an adequately truthful view of the agricultural condition and industrial pursuits of the county. It may be reasonably expected, that this liberal proposition of the association will elicit a very great amount of interesting statistical information, such as will prove useful alike to those who propose to settle in, and those whose duty it is to govern, the Colony. It is only, indeed, on a proper view of such information, that our affairs can be so managed as to afford to the farmer the best opportunities of making the most of the capabilities of the country, and to the manufacturer sufficient encouragement to induce him to open a good home market for the produce of the farmer's flocks. And those who can do this, will deserve and will gain the thanks of their country, without distinction of politics,—they will be known as the men, who, looking upon this as a purely agricultural country, succeeded in solving the important question, as to what was the best mode of managing it as such. And in the practical working out of this problem, the farmers' societies must bear the chief part.

No true patriot will wish to see this land become a mere workshop, with looms and furnaces forming the nuclei of its population, and railroads its common pathways. The result to be arrived at, and to attain which these associations must afford the most efficient aid, is the complete development of the natural advantages of our soil and climate; the best remuneration for the farmer's labour, and the encouragement of the home manufacture of those articles, which, being the

produce of our soil, it is the interest of our farmers to have manufactured at home. There is no danger of our suffering under the evils of an overabundant manufacturing population, as long as we export wheat and flour,—as long as farmers obtain remunerative prices for all they can produce; and while the raw materials worked up by our manufacturers, are the produce of our soil, and not the growth of foreign countries, as is the case in England.

It is in the success of the agricultural associations, and in the operation of such measures as shall best conduce to the interests of the farmers,—measures based, not on political considerations, but on a common-sense view of the actual state of a splendid rural country, and the requirements of a rural population,—in the exertions of associations, which, having the interests of agriculture solely in view, can properly be entrusted with all the means which can be afforded by the country, for the furtherance of such national objects as the great agricultural interests of the Province. It is in these that we must look for the elements of true prosperity and reasonable progress. It is the proper cultivation of these means which will enable us to compete advantageously with our American neighbours, and show to them a degree of improvement, far greater than can be found on their side of the lines, taking into consideration the comparative youth of our country. And in accounting for the progress Canada has made, we shall be able to show, not that we are indebted to any artificial or extraneous influences,—to foreign commerce, or internal trade, fostered by hot-house care or expensive bounties,—not to the business or the wealth of cities which have made the country; but to a country which has made the cities,—to a trade of which the rural districts form the perennial fountains,—to a fertile land, a good climate, and a hardy race of men who till the soil,—to the broad fields, which stout yeomen have reclaimed from unproductive wilderness,—to the energy and industry of those men, who, favoured by the natural advantages of one of the finest countries in the world, have made the best use of the bountiful soil which Providence has enabled them to possess, and who have now the advantage of living in a land where the position of the farmer is such, that all other branches of industry must stand or fall with the advancement or the depression of his.

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The voice of Nature is the only voice that cannot speak blasphemy.

The conceited man knows himself, but it is only a "bowing acquaintance."

## WELLINGTON.

STANZAS WRITTEN ON A LATE MELANCHOLY OCCASION.\*

## 1.

Sons of the sea-girt isle—  
 Daughters of England's shore;  
 Why may no longer hope beguile  
 And joy awake no more?  
 Low—lowly bow thy head,  
 To hide the struggling tear;  
 He who thy hosts to glory led,  
 Reclines upon his bier.

## 2.

The man hath ceased to be—  
 His tide hath ebbed away;  
 No more the living form we see,  
 We loved but yesterday.  
 The soldier is at rest—  
 The statesman's work is done;  
 And peaceful on his mother's breast,  
 Sleepeth her warrior son.

## 3.

He sleeps.—But not for him  
 Shall rise to-morrow's morn!  
 The eye of fire is cold and dim,  
 The animus is gone!  
 The trumpet-call falls silent now  
 And senseless on his ear;  
 Nor sternly knits the cold, damp brow  
 At clashing sword and spear!

## 4.

Ah, peaceful be his bed!  
 For madness, war and strife  
 Rolled redly round that warrior's head  
 Upon the field of life!  
 O, break not thou the only rest  
 He e'er hath known below;  
 But smother in each burning breast  
 The heartfelt wail of woe.

## 5.

He is not dead—but sleeps!  
 What!—Can that spirit die  
 Who poured, where Ganges' torrent sweeps,  
 The tide of victory?  
 Who upon Torres Vedras' height  
 Victorious France withstood:  
 As some tall cliff, whose passive might  
 Rolls back the ocean's flood.

## NOTES.\*

*Stanza 5, line 3.*—Alluding to his victories in India—Assaye, &c.

*Stanza 5, line 5.*—It was here that the hitherto victorious arms of France received the first decided check.

*Stanzas 6, 7, & 8.*—On the return of Napoleon from Elba, the flower of the English army was in Canada. Waterloo was fought with raw levies, few of whom had ever drawn trigger in anger before.

## 6.

Say, children of the Isle—  
 Who, led from out thy coasts  
 The untried levies, rank and file,  
 'Gainst Gallia's veteran hosts?  
 How few of ye, in angry strife,  
 Till then had trained the gun,  
 Who stood that day for death or life,  
 And won with Wellington!

## 7.

Not upon hoary crests,  
 Blanced in the smoke of wars;  
 Not on the brave old warrior breasts,  
 Which boasted honoured scars;  
 Not on the war-worn soldiers tried,  
 Whom he before had led  
 Triumphant in the battle tide,  
 O'er fields of mangled dead;

## 8.

Not with stern veterans, taught  
 In many a hard-won fight,  
 Thy gallant leader fearless sought  
 To crush Napoleon's might:  
 No!—With a band of British *men*  
 He trusted *there* to train!—  
 Ah, ye who fought beside him then,  
 Say—did he trust in vain?

## 9.

While swift before their face,  
 Death sailed in seas of gore,  
 Each foot took up the vacant place  
 A friend had filled before.  
 The charging waves rolled back in blood,  
 Till on the evening drew,  
 And the undaunted remnant stood  
 Victors on Waterloo!

## 10.

A victor of an hundred fields;  
 Upon thy lonely bier,  
 Grief-conquered now thy country yields  
 A mother's anguished tear.  
 And hears of oak with sighs have heav'd,  
 And aged eyes run o'er  
 With tears, those eyes had long believed  
 That they could weep no more!

## 11.

He fought not for renown,  
 For conquest or for fame;  
 He fought not for a kingly crown,  
 Nor an undying name.



With England's might he fought for Right,  
 For freedom from the slave;  
 And won a name, which sealed in night,  
 Shall glimmer from the grave!

12.

Land of my love and of my sires,  
 In majesty arise!  
 Thy chief no sorrowing tear requires;  
 Dry, dry the recreant eyes.  
 He bids thee let his spirit live  
 In many an English breast:  
 Be *this* the tribute thou shalt give—  
 And let the soldier rest!

ERRO.

### A STORY OF BETHLEHEM.

BY REV. R. J. MACGEORGE.

It chanced on a Friday of the month of April, in the year of our Lord thirty-three, that an aged man was slowly ascending the hill, on the ridge of which the city of Bethlehem is situated. His worn, dust-soiled raiment indicated that he had been for some time a wayfarer; and it was equally plain, from the fashion of his garb, that he had journeyed from some far distant land—most probably Mesopotamia. It appeared, however, that the scenery around him was by no means beheld for the first time. On the contrary, he surveyed the leading features of the landscape, with the fond interest of one who had been familiar with them in by-gone years; and the tears which began to course down his furrowed cheek, demonstrated that old events and early associations were fast being reproduced from the unfathomable storehouse of memory.

In particular he looked with fond intensity upon a fair green meadow, situated beneath the rocky terraces of the city, and in which several groupes of shepherds were engaged in their quiet and gentle occupation. And in the expression of his countenance, one—even though ungifted with strong fancy—might read, that the old man had once himself wielded a crook in that sequestered and beautiful plain.

It was even so. Isaac the Bethlehemite, after an absence of more than thirty years in the far East, was returning to the City of King David, where his first and happiest years had been spent.

One thing the pilgrim specially noticed, and that was, the unusual quiet which pervaded the scene, more immediately in his vicinity. The thoroughfares leading to Bethlehem were almost deserted—no appearance of life being presented, save by the guard, who stood listlessly leaning on their spears, or burnishing their mail. Another thing arrested the attention of Isaac, equally with the unwonted desertion of the city. From the eminence on

which he stood, he could descry vast multitudes of people thronging towards Jerusalem. He knew, indeed, that it was the season of the Passover, when the holy City was wont to receive many visitors, from all quarters of the world; but he never remembered on any former occurrence of the festival, to have seen such hosts of devotees bound for the seat of Jehovah's sacred Temple.

Standing thus in thoughtful mood, he was startled by a deep and sorrow-laden groan—expressive of some stern weight of misery, if not of absolute despair. On looking round to the quarter from whence the sound proceeded, he beheld a sight which at once excited his wonder and compassion. Seated on the ground, between two graves—which, judging from their respective dimensions, were those of an adult and a child—was a wild, gaunt, spectre-visaged being, whose restless eye with feverish activity rolled around like that of a famished hyena. His scanty and negligently-arranged dress was composed of skins in their natural condition; and head-gear had he none, save his own unkempt hair, which hung over his weather-bronzed visage, in tangled masses, like the mane of an unbroken steed of the desert.

For a season, Isaac was filled with no small alarm at the sight of this mysterious being, conceiving that perchance he might be one of those strangely afflicted demoniacs then so common in Palestine, and who, in their hours of special possession, frequently wrought sore harm to those who lighted upon their lairs. His apprehension, however, was but of brief duration, for he soon discovered that the solitary sorrower belonged not to the tormented vassals of Satan, and that the light of reason still continued to burn, though flickering and dim as a torch in the winter's wind.

Gazing vacantly on the clear, blue sky, that cremite spoke aloud the thoughts which like sulphurous clouds flitted across the troubled horizon of his soul. "No," he exclaimed, "the Sadducee was right! The soul is mortal, and the bodily resurrection a doting dream. My Judith! never more can I behold thy liquid black eye—never more be thrilled with thy smile, discoursing love unspeakable. And my darling Benjamin!—my noble child, what art thou but a lovely dream, fled and vanished for ever. Never again wilt thou nestle thy fair silken-haired head in my bosom, nor lisp my name in staggering, half-uttered words, more musical by far than the most cunningly played dulcimer. Ye have vanished, and for ever, like a streak of morning mist—like a foam-bell in the mountain-stream. Once, indeed, I thought differently. Time was, when I cherished the hope, that in another state of existence, I would meet with both of you again. But Caiaphas, the Sadducee, taught me my error, and convinced me that there is no resurrection, neither angel nor

spirit. Oh! cursed be the knowledge which he bestowed upon me! Dream, as it was, it was a bright and soothing dream; and since it was dispelled, life to me has been nought save a simoon-blasted desert—a dry and thirsty land, wherein is no water.” And with that the soul sick one threw himself upon his face, and dug his nails into the two funereal mounds, between which he writhed like a crushed and convulsed snake.

Isaac could not behold, unmoved, this pitiable abandonment of grief. Approaching the sufferer, he spoke to him in soothing tones. With gentle hand he raised him from the hot and scorching earth; and tenderly he wiped the sweat from his forehead, and the dust-mingled foam from his parched and quivering lips.

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“Kind stranger! if thou hadst known my Judith and our child, you would not wonder at the agony which at times masters me, as it has done even now. But I will not essay to describe their peerless beauty, or my surpassing happiness. As well might I attempt to describe to you the scent of a rare and fragrant flower, the odour of which you never experienced.

“It is now more than thirty years since, with my loved and lost ones, I dwelt in a cottage which stood on yonder grassy mound. Not a care disturbed our quiet days; not an anxious thought marred the sabbaths of our peaceful nights. Sorrow was a strange tale to us. Every new sun-rise brought fresh sources of unadulterated delight.

“Of passing events we knew almost nothing. Seldom did I visit either Jerusalem or Bethlehem, and then only on pressing and unavoidable occasions. My business despatched I was too eager to return to my Paradise, to bestow any attention upon the themes which interested and engrossed the men of active life. On one occasion, I remember, we heard tidings of a strange and mysterious child which had been born in our city, and to visit which certain sages had come a long and toilsome journey. But we had ourselves a babe, fairer we deemed, than ever had sprung from the loins of our father Adam; and Judith and myself had no love to lavish upon any other, though it had been the son of the Imperial Cæsar himself. Alas! our happy dream was soon to be dispelled for ever—and oh, how sharply and how sternly!

“One bright morning, I sat with my loved ones in the porch of our dear cottage. Oppressed with a satiety of happiness, I lay with my head reclining upon the kindly bosom of my gentle Judith; and as our little Benjamin sported and flicked around us, we speculated upon his future destiny and lot in life. We fashioned out for him a stirring and honourable career, and anticipated the time when

by his virtue and prowess, he would add new fame to the tribe of his fathers.

“Two men—soldiers of Herod the King—came upon us, or ever we were aware of their advent. Fatigued with walking in the heat of noon-day, they craved our hospitality, which was at once conceded, as no stranger was ever turned faint and hunger-smitten from our door. After they had partaken of a repast, the sterner looking of the twain cast his eye upon our precious boy; and with a sinister expression, which will haunt me on my dying bed, enquired of his mother what might be his age. His comrade, who seemed to be of a more gentle spirit, made on this a significant sign to my Judith, and prompting her, as it were, said, ‘Of a surety, the child is more than two years old.’ But my loved one, with all the eager pride of a mother, exclaimed, ‘Indeed, you are in error. Our Benjamin hath not yet reached his eighteenth month. Is he not, good sir, a noble boy for his age?’

“No sooner had she thus spoken, than both the armed men arose, the kindlier one with a deep and heavy sigh, and told a tale which was almost incomprehensible on account of its surpassing horror. Even at this distant period, I can scarce realize the demoniac bitterness which it embodied. Suffice it to say, that the mercenaries informed us, that our only child—our silken-haired, glad-eyed Benjamin—was doomed to death by decree of the infernal Herod. And, oh! what madness to a mother! that the certification of his age had been the warrant of his execution! Had my Judith been silent as to the period of his birth, she would have saved our precious babe!

\* \* \* \* \*

“Nothing do I remember of what then took place. When my recollection returned, I found myself lying over the corpses of my Judith and my Benjamin—for the mother had been slain in striving to shield her first-born from destruction. I was alone in that once happy gleesome chamber, and the cold night wind, as it stirred my moist hair, sounded as if the destroyer death were whispering that his victory was full and complete. I writhed under his terrible sting, and crouched slave-like before the wheels of his triumphant chariot.

“For a season. I cherished the hope that the patriarch Job spoke truth, when he declared that after worms destroyed the body it should live again, and that with the same eyes with which he had gazed upon the sun and moon, we should see our Father God, and each other. To the doctrine—faintly held, it is true of the human frame I clung as a drowning man clings to a straw; and I lived in hope that after this chequered life, I should once more meet and embrace my lost ones in that bright land, where sorrow and sighing are strange and unknown words!

My relative Caiaphas, the present High



Priest of the Jews, strove to rouse me from my melancholy torpor, as he termed it. He told me that the idea of a future state was a fond imagination—a dreamy fable; that angels and spirits were but the creatures of an idle fancy; and that our wisdom lay in making the most of the present moment. ‘Eat, drink, and be merry,’ he said; ‘everything else is vanity and folly.’

“Gunning and plausible were the arguments which he brought forward to prove his position. They convinced me, but destroyed my slender remains of hope and comfort. The future became midnight—the present was left as dark and chill as ever. Could I take pleasure in the feast or the revel? The bloody visages of my murdered ones glared upon me, through the vine-leaves which decorated the Sadducee’s sensual board. I flew from the converse of my kind, as from a pestilence; and here have I dwelt between these two graves, without a motive and without a hope—wary and heart-sick of life, and yet deriving no comfort from the anticipation of a brighter world beyond the tomb.”

With tender pity, Isaac pressed the clammy hand of the hapless recluse, and his eye glistened, as if with the consciousness that he could impart to him fitting and substantial consolation.

“You tell me that you were taught to hold that there is no hereafter, and that spirits and angels are but dreams, or delusions of the designing! Credit it not, thou man of bereavement! Of all the spots on the round world this is not the one for cherishing such gloomy and chilling dogmas! Of all God’s creatures, an unbelieving Jew is the most inexcusable, seeing that his nation has been nursed, so to speak, amid the wonders and mysteries of the unseen and eternal state!

“Thirty-three years ago, I was a shepherd of Bethlehem, and on yonder plain have kept many a vigil, tending the flock committed to my care. One evening, towards the close of the year, several of my comrades and myself were thus engaged. The night was genial, and though the moon was absent, darkness did not prevail, for the sentinel stars in their silver mail kept watch and ward on the battlements of heaven. Right well do I remember our communing on that eventful night. Our minds were in a solemn mood, and we spoke concerning the great things which Jehovah had in store for His people, and especially of the Messiah, whose coming was confidently looked for by all who had carefully studied the Prophets of our nation.

“In one instant our vision was blinded by a flood of light so intense as infinitely to surpass aught that I ever experienced. It was neither glaring nor scorching; but a thousand suns in their noontide strength could never have shed such a wondrous mass of supernatural brightness. For a season we were

constrained to close our eyes against the unbearable glory; but at length we were enabled partially to gaze upon the miraculous scene which was vouchsafed to our ken. The curtain of sky which separates us from heaven, seemed as if rolled aside by an invisible hand, and a being whose majestic beauty no words can describe, appeared in the midst of that new and glorious atmosphere, if I may so speak. Rays, such as the diamond sheds, darted from every pore of his person, and his raiment was soft and feathery, like the fleecy clouds, which sometimes of a summer’s eve weave themselves around the full-orbed moon.

“Need I say, that at this strange appearance our hearts sunk within us, and we became sore afraid? But the beautiful angel spoke soothingly unto us, and revived our fainting souls. Well do I remember his every word; for who could ever forget the syllables which dropped from that sublimely-sweet voice, full-toned and musical, like pebbles plunged in a deep, rock-encircled pool! Thus ran his gracious message:—‘*Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes, lying in a manger.*’

“No sooner had he thus spoken, than, lo! another marvel! The whole space which our vision could embrace, was forthwith filled with angelic choristers, in fashion like unto the herald of Emanuel. Their numbers were far beyond the powers of imagination even to conceive. Millions upon millions of glittering ones floated upon the ocean of light, stretching upwards and backwards, till the brain was dizzied and crazed almost, with the impression of infinite number and limitless extent. Thus ran their concerted song, so mighty in its swell, that it must have been heard in the remotest planet and star:—‘*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to-ward men.*’ And then the sounds died away, like the gentle sighing of a summer’s breeze, which scarce ruffles the leaf of the timid aspen and all was still and lonesome as before.

“So soon as we were capable of speech, we whispered solemnly to each other, ‘*Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.*’ And coming with haste to Bethlehem, we were guided by a star-like meteor, which, as it were, beckoned us on, till we came to the stable of the principal oaravanserai. There we found a goodly young child, lying in a manger, with his father and mother as his sole attendants, and meanly attired in the scanty rags of penury. Ere we could say aught, the coming footsteps of other visitors was heard, and presently there entered a company of Magi—Eastern Kings—who had come from their distant dominions to

do homage to this humbly-cradled infant. Grave and thoughtful men they were, and from their conversation I gathered that it had been revealed to them by the Eternal, that in that simple babe dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.

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"It will not interest you to be told, how I agreed to accompany one of these devout princes to his own land, or how I fared in that foreign region. Enough to say that my patron, some months ago, was gathered to his fathers, and on his death-bed charged me to return to Judea, as the completion of the Messiah's work was about to take place; and it behoved me, as one favoured by Heaven, to be present at Jerusalem on the coming Pentecost.

"Thus, oh mourning one, you perceive how great your error, how entire your delusion, as regards the future state of being! No angel—no spirit? The air teems with them. Not a sun-beam but bears legions of them on some mission of mercy or judgment."

Sadoc, the solitary, who had listened with attention to the pilgrim's narration, was for a while absorbed in thought; and it seemed as if the cloud of despair was beginning to pass away from his care-furrowed brow. But anon he sunk back into his pristine gloom, and wrung his hands as despondingly as ever. "No, Shepherd," he said, "your words bring me no comfort. Something of the event which you describe, I have heard before, but I cannot regard it as aught, save a delusion or a dream. At any rate, presuming the sight to be real, it proves nothing as to the resurrection of Adam's children. Oh no! no! no! There is—there can be no hope for me, the most miserable of men. My slain ones, never more shall I behold you!—never more hear the gentle tones of your forever-hushed voices! My lot may indeed be called Mara, for it is bitter exceedingly."

At this moment the wardens on the towers of Bethlehem, proclaimed THE SIXTH HOUR.

Ere the sound of their voices had died away, it became darker than the darkest midnight: like that which plagued the Egyptian oppressors, the gloom might be said to be felt, so dismal, so profoundly sable the pall which was drawn over the whole expanse of heaven. Thunder, too, of a deeper bass than ever before had been uttered, rolled and crashed in incessant peals. It seemed as if the elements had been indued with reason, and were in frenzied voice protesting against some unheard-of and intolerable deed of wickedness and blasphemy. Over Jerusalem forked bolts of lightning hissed and darted like serpents ejected from the pit of perdition, as if attracted by some horrid fascination situated in that city. In particular they seemed to concentrate upon the spot where stood the Temple of the God of Israel; and the earth shared in the mighty

excitement, and reeled, and heaved, and tossed, as if its foundations rested upon the waves of a tempest-vexed sea.

"In the midst of this mysterious and soul-awing turmoil, a soft violet-tinted light began gradually to pervade the spot where stood the pilgrim shepherd and the sorrow-blighted Sadoc. As it increased, it was evident that a change had occurred in the locality during the reign. The twin graves were open, the fresh earth being scattered around, and the huge stones which had covered them lying at some distance, as if removed by some gigantic power. And closely adjoining these disturbed mansions of mortality, there stood two forms clothed in the livery of the dead. One of them was a female, and the other a child, who grasped her hand and looked fearlessly and confidently in her face, undismayed by the wild war of the elements which raged around. But who could describe the surpassing beauty, not so much of feature as of expression, which beamed in the visages of that meek and silent pair? Its main characteristic was peace—peace, passing all understanding—peace, such as the cold, churlish world could never give, nor, with all its manifold vicissitudes, ever take away.

Isaac, was the first to mark this addition to their company, and he silently directed the attention of Sadoc to the strangers. Slowly and listlessly did the heart-sick hermit turn himself round; but no sooner did he behold the new-come pair, than it seemed as if an electric fluid had pervaded his whole frame. Every muscle quivered, every vein swelled, every particular hair stood stiff and rigid. He drew his breath in laboured, convulsive sobs, and his eyes seemed glazed by the absorbing intensity of the glare with which he regarded the gentle, saintly group before him. One smile from them—a smile concentrating the rich happiness of years, brightened upon the dark cold places of his heart. His ears thrilled with the long unheard words, "Husband—Father"; and with a gasping, choking exclamation. "My Judith—my Benjamin!" he staggered forward, and encircled them both in one mighty, wild, hysteric embrace. The recollection of more than thirty dark years of sorrow and despair was in one moment obliterated; their agonies were forgotten, like the fitful dream of a single night!

\* \* \* \* \*

"Oh Sadoc, dearest! come on, and stay not to converse of such matters. Have we not a gladsome eternity before us? The city must be reached before the *Ninth Hour*. Legions of Angels are flocking thither, even as I am now speaking."

At that heaven-chronicled hour, shepherd, husband wife and child, knelt on the summit of the mount called Calvary. Before them stood three gaunt, blood-stained crosses, illumined by the lightnings which flashed and



and twisted around; and they were in time to hear the calm, pale-visaged, thorn-crowned Being hung on the centre tree, exclaim with full, sweet voice, "It is finished. Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

In the writhing and pain-fevered wretches who were nailed to the other two crosses, Sadoc recognized the soldiers who had slain his loved ones. He specially remarked, however, that the countenance of the one who had shewn ruth and pity, bore marks of resignation and humble but well-assured hope; and a bystander said that the King of the Jews, whose diadem was a circle of brambles, had promised that that day he should be with him in Paradise.

\* \* \* \* \*

Isaac and Sadoc were among the number of those who met together on the day of Pentecost. They gladly received the word of Peter, and were baptized, and continued stedfastly in the Apostles' doctrine, and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers.

### THE SEA-BIRD.

Loud broke the surge, upon the sullen rock,  
The start'd valleys echoed back the shock,  
Keen blew the wind, and far as eye could strain,  
No living thing was left upon the main  
Save one poor, feeble solitary bird,  
With plaintive scream upon the breezes heard.  
Chas'd from his nest, by man's encroaching hand,  
He winged his flight too rashly from the land,  
And toiling now, to gain his distant home,  
With worn, and wearied limb, and ruffled plume,  
Disab'd on his native gale to ride,  
He scarcely floats upon the troubled tide;  
And down and up, and down and up again,  
Rising as oft, but rising still in vain,  
Each effort brings him nearer to the shore  
But each becomes more feeble than before.  
Will he not reach it? will not one kind wave,  
Bear him to land and snatch him from a grave?  
He would have reached it, had not some rash hand  
Cast forth an idle pebble from the strand:  
With aim too sure, the fatal missile sped,  
That stretch'd the lone bird on a wat'ry bed.  
Blame you the hand that did the wanton deed  
And struck the spent bird in his hour of need?  
Pause then—For wounded oft and hard bestead  
On path more troubl'd, than the ocean's bed  
Vainly essaying to put forth thy wings  
And rise superior to Earth's feeble things  
Thou may'st be forced in distant lands to roam,  
Without a shelter and without a home,  
Pause then—awhile, ere wantonly you wound  
What sorrow brings already to the ground,

Take heed lest trifling with a mind distrest,  
The ill-timed Censure, on a heart depress'd  
The hard construction or the heart betrayed,  
Cast over Sorrow's night a deeper shade,  
Spare e'en the rigid and unfeeling word,  
'Twas but a pebble sunk the wounded bird!

Eutros.

### EIGHT YEARS IN THE UNITED STATES, WITH OCCASIONAL GLIMPSES OF THE BRITISH COLONIES.

#### No. 1.

At a time when many well-informed and candid individuals in the United States, entertain doubts as to the result of the problem which has yet to be solved in that country, with reference to the effect of republican institutions upon the moral, social and political conditions of the people; the popular mind is impressed with the conviction of its actual success, and views all other forms of government, whether of absolute or constitutional monarchy, as neither more nor less than positive and insufferable despotisms; under which a prosperous national condition cannot be attained, nor individual liberty secured. But it has yet to be determined whether the American revolution will be productive of permanent advantage or injury, to the cause of human freedom.

The immense advance in commercial importance, which the United States has made, their vast increase in population, the extensive establishment of manufactories, and the corresponding accumulation of wealth, would seem to sanction the popular delusion—particularly when these effects are viewed, as is generally the case, without comparison with other countries. Still, the same energy of character, that formerly enabled the colonists successfully to contend against the Parent State, and the extraordinary position of the world, during the first fifteen or twenty years after their independance was acknowledged—and of which that event was the cause, would have accomplished the same results, under a different form of government.

The troops of France, who served in America during the revolution, carried back with them the seeds of a popular movement there, and produced the long and momentous war, in which England found herself compelled to engage for upwards of twenty years, during which the French mercantile marine was swept from the ocean, and a field was opened up for American enterprise, of which the people of the United States were not slow to avail themselves, and of which they did not fail to profit. The application of steam to the propulsion of boats on rivers and lakes, which Mr. Fulton introduced from Great Britain in 1807—just twenty years after the adoption of the present

federal constitution, enabled millions of the distressed, oppressed or disaffected of other nations, to find their way into the interior, by which Ohio and the more westerly and north-western portions of the Union have become extensively settled.

It is not the object of the writer of this and perhaps subsequent papers, containing the result of observations made in the United States, and during an extensive acquaintance with the British Colonies, to disparage the institutions of the neighbouring Republic, as inapplicable to those who have been born and educated under them, and are therefore accustomed to the incessant turmoil and excitement which they engender, and whom they seem to suit; but rather to show that British subjects, have ample cause for satisfaction with their portion as such—that on public grounds there is nothing to envy on the other side of the line, and that their moral and social condition will not suffer by a comparison.

While the title of the Crown to the waste lands of the North American Colonies, has been ceded to them individually, the General Government of the United States, retains the right to dispose of the public lands in the several States and Territories; the proceeds of their sale being paid into the national Treasury at Washington, to meet the exigencies of the State.

We have recently seen the Legislatures of the British Provinces, ceding those lands of which they have the entire disposal, within their respective jurisdictions, in aid of the contemplated line of railroad from Halifax to Quebec; while the Western States have made repeated and unsuccessful applications to Congress for similar assistance. These applications have uniformly met with opposition, on the part of the old States; and at length a Bill has been introduced,—with what success remains still to be seen, granting certain portions of the public lands, to all the States and Territories, in aid of railroads and for other purposes—the General Government retaining the remainder.

At the close of the revolutionary war, the Republic had incurred a public debt of considerable amount, without possessing any tangible means of meeting even the payment of the annual interest. In this emergency, the different States—with the exception of Georgia, voluntarily surrendered the public lands which they possessed, to the General Government, to be appropriated to the discharge of this debt, and to provide for the current expenses of the nation. Not only are the lands held in this manner, and the States in which they are situated, deprived of the profit and advantage resulting from their sale, but the revenue that is derived from the imposition of duties on imports, which in the British Colonies are levied exclusively by the Colonial Legislatures, and appropriated in the

manner by them deemed most beneficial; in the United States is paid over to the General Government, and disbursed by Congress, for purposes with which many of the States have no concern, and which are often adverse to their wishes, and in opposition to their interests; and it is argued that this fund cannot be appropriated for internal improvement. A few years since, South Carolina virtually seceded from the Union, by refusing to permit those high duties to be levied within its limits, which the monied aristocracy at the North, had been instrumental in imposing; and which the United States officers were unable to collect, until a compromise was effected through the instrumentality of Mr. Clay.

Even the revenue derived from the Post Office, over which the Colonial Legislatures exercise sole controul, takes the same direction; and it is notorious, that in this way the Northern States are required to meet the deficiency, that accrues from the paucity of correspondence, and the ignorance that generally prevails at the South. And while the circulation of newspapers by mail, in the British Colonies is free of charge; in the United States, beyond the county in which a paper is published, the transmission of newspapers by mail, is subjected to a postage, in some cases, amounting to the original charge for the paper. Some years have elapsed since the payment of fees at the custom house was abolished in the Colonies, but these remain in full force in the United States; and a person having business to transact there, must have his purse continually in hand.

If we advert to that portion of the population, who are employed in the manufactories, little will be found to gratify the philanthropist and lover of his species. When we visit these establishments, we find females employed in a manner that prostrates their strength, undermines their constitution, abbreviates their life, and is destructive of those feminine characteristics that give to woman her peculiar charm and loveliness; while at an early age they are, in this way, thrown into the society of men and boys, by which their morals are often contaminated, their minds depraved, their manners acquiring a coarseness and masculine tendency, that increases with increasing years.

We hear a great deal of the superior standing, accomplishments, and intellect of the females who are employed in the factories of New England; and instances are cited of their being enabled to acquire the means of assisting their parents, or of accumulating a fund for themselves; but personal observation has satisfied me, that, generally speaking, females under ordinary circumstances have not thus profited by their employments; while they are estranged from the domestic relations of home, and removed from the nurture and admonition of careful parents, and become unfitted for discharging the duties of life. As to



females who are so constantly occupied as are these in the factories, possessing time for the improvement of their minds that is out of the question. What leisure can a young girl find for intellectual improvement, who is called from her bed, at some seasons of the year, before the day has dawned; and who after partaking of a slight breakfast, hurries to the scene of her daily toil; is barely allowed time to partake of dinner, and who returns home at night exhausted by fatigue. To my mind much of the consumption that prevails in the United States among the young, is attributable to this cause.

We hear a great deal in favour of the introduction of manufactories into Canada; but whenever these are established, it must be at the expense of the health, comfort, and advancement of the humbler classes of females, who must perform excessive and unwholesome labour for a low rate of wages, or competition cannot be successful against the superior machinery, immense capital and cheap labour of Great Britain.

Nor do these remarks apply exclusively to the manufacturing districts. Whoever has been in New York, and walked from the upper part of the city, between six and seven o'clock in the morning, must have seen numbers of young persons of both sexes, wending their way to the place of daily employment; having had no appetite for breakfast, which had been prepared for them, just as they had left their beds, and of which they scarcely partook—to remain away from home during the day, eating probably not more than a slice or two of bread and butter as a substitute for dinner, or about half a meal, served out for six cents, at some of the numerous eating-houses with which the city abounds, and returning home at night, after a long and fatiguing walk, which destroys all desire and appetite for the remaining meal. Who does not perceive in such a course of existence, that the requirements of youth and increasing years, cannot be met, or the system invigorated and sustained by such a limited amount of nutriment as is in this way attained.

Allusions are continually being made, by Americans in private conversation and in their published speeches and reported debates, to those termed "the pauper operatives of England"; in one of the latter of which I recently read a statement, of women being employed in the coal pits there, the speaker being entirely ignorant of the fact, that since the circumstance was brought under the notice of Parliament by Lord Ashley, the practice has been prohibited by law, and is discontinued. "In order to get cheap labour," said one of the representatives from Vermont, "they employ women as well as men, in the most laborious work; and according to the report of a Committee of Parliament, the former are employed in mining coal, several hundred feet under

ground." Had the gentleman ascertained what was the result of the report, he would have found that the action of the Imperial Parliament was much more in accordance with the dictates of humanity, than was the passage of the Fugitive Slave law, by the body which he was then addressing, for which it is contended the constitution gives no authority; and that according to evidence since laid before Parliament, it has been ascertained, that at the present moment, the colliers enjoy on an average relatively, a fair share of the comforts of life—that their food is homely but plentiful, and that since the law was passed, to prevent the employment of women in the coal mines, their domestic enjoyments have vastly increased; "a fact," continues an English writer on the subject, "deserving of notice, showing as it does, that, in the end, profound humanity is the wisest economy." When we see statements made that are so utterly erroneous, by a gentleman of high legal attainments and extensive practice, is it surprising that much ignorance prevails in the public mind in the United States, in relation to the laws and institutions of England; and who would suppose, that in the very next State from which Mr. Meacham is returned, five or six hundred females are employed in one factory alone, and that in New Hampshire and Massachusetts, thousands of young creatures are daily toiling in unwholesome and badly ventilated buildings, who do not experience that fostering care of the Legislature which prevails in Great Britain. Nor are the wages they obtain such as are represented.—In some few instances it may be higher, but that which is usually paid, is three dollars per week; from which at least two must be deducted for board and washing—leaving only one for clothing and dress, of which the girls are remarkably fond; and in the propensity for which they indulge as far as their limited means will permit.

When I was at Manchester, near Lowell, some three or four years since, where there are extensive factories, I noticed a placard posted up in the streets, calling a mass meeting in the open air—for no where else was one permitted to be held, with a view of devising some plan for the introduction of the ten hours system of labour; in which it was stated, that so paramount was the influence exercised by the companies owning establishments there, that not even the townhall, for the erection of which the operatives, in common with others, had been taxed, could be procured for the purpose of holding the meeting, although the Mayor had in the first instance given his assent. I was also credibly informed while in Manchester, that several of the hands had been discharged, both there and at Lowell, for their advocacy of the reduced term of daily labour—a list of whose names had been transmitted to the other large establishment, for the

purpose of preventing their being employed elsewhere.

Numbers of persons are annually attracted from the Colonies and the British Isles, by the fallacious prospect of bettering their condition, and of obtaining constant and remunerative employment, in the large towns of the United States; but many of them are doomed to experience disappointment. In some few instances, I admit, they may be successful; but thousands spend month after month, without obtaining an engagement, whatever may be their ability and merit,—and even when obtained, it is far from being of a permanent description. Of those who are unsuccessful, a large proportion resort to New York, where they wander about the streets during the day, to return at night to their boarding houses, dispirited and disconsolate—or seek a lodging at some of the numerous police station houses of the city, to which hundreds resort every night in the year for a shelter, and perchance to sleep. Even the Irish, who flock thither in great numbers, and are mostly employed as labourers, for which there is great demand, are not always successful; and hale hearty men are frequently to be met with in all the large towns, begging a pittance to keep their families and themselves from starvation.

Of all the immigrants who arrive in that country, the Germans are the most plodding and persevering. Those who do not take up lands, hire shops in all the large towns and cities, where they chiefly establish themselves as grocers, which branch of business they have almost entirely monopolised; numbers of them however return home again, not finding the United States the *El Dorado* which had been represented; and they all retain their natural attachment for the country they have left. Those of them who intend to engage in rural pursuits, come out in large bodies of friends and neighbours, who do not separate on arriving, but immediately proceed to the interior, to join those of their countrymen who had preceded them, and prepared for them a home in the new world, where they remain a distinct class of naturalized citizens—foreigners in manners, taste, and habits.

Of the numerous Irish immigrants, who annually arrive in the United States, an immense proportion must die off soon after their landing, from exposure and want; as is the case with others who proceed South, to whom the climate is obviously fatal, and where they are employed in draining and ditching, exposed to the intense heat of the sun, and the miasma of the swamps—an occupation that would be destructive of life even to the negro, for whom the Irish labourer is substituted, from motives of a pecuniary nature—the former being worth some six or eight hundred dollars to his master,—the white slave worth nothing. These facts will account for the Irish population not increasing in the United States, at the

rate which was supposed: the entire number of Irish citizens being estimated at less than two millions, including the new territories, according to official data—not more than the decrease in Ireland, within the last ten years; and even Archbishop Hughes, only estimates the number at three millions and a half.

The reduced number of Roman Catholics in the United States, is at present attracting much attention in Ireland, owing to statements made by the Rev. Mr. M'Mullen as to the effect of republican institutions upon the professors of the ancient faith; and the clergy finding their people leaving them in great numbers, with a corresponding reduction of their incomes, are using every effort at the altar and in the domestic circle, to dissuade those who have not yet left, from abandoning their native country and the religion of their fathers.

But after giving every credit to the statements of the rev. gentleman, still it must be evident that the disproportionate number of Roman Catholics in the United States, must be referred to some other cause than that to which he attributes it; and which furnishes to the statist and philanthropist, a fit subject for investigation and thought. Nor is it the fact, as some seem to imagine, that those who renounce the creed of their fathers, attach themselves to another form of worship; as we hear of no remarkable number of conversions to Protestantism; neither is there much probability of the efforts of the Roman Catholic priesthood to stay the tide of emigration, being attended with much success. Their people are continually receiving letters urging them to quit home, and remittances are forwarded to an extraordinary amount, to enable them to accomplish that object. The vote by ballot and the absence of a property qualification, is peculiarly acceptable to the class of persons, among whom the desire to emigrate prevails; and on their arrival in the United States, they lose no time in availing themselves of the privilege. Had the framers of the American constitution, foreseen the immense influx of foreigners, that has taken place within the last half century, they doubtless would have restricted the elective franchise to persons born in the country; and it is probable that before long the attention of Congress will be drawn to the subject. The English and Scotch generally speaking, feel but little interest in the frequently recurring elections, and I am satisfied that on their part, a law limiting the right of voting to those who are native born, and who may be in the country at the time of its passing, would meet with no objection.

A modification of the naturalization law is also required, with reference to the oath which it prescribes, the taking of which as I remarked in a former paper, does not enhance an Englishman in the estimation of the American people; and who deem, that the man who



will exchange his allegiance for a mere pecuniary consideration, will not be very sincere in the assumption of his new obligations. There are however thousands of persons of foreign origin, residing in the United States, who cannot bring themselves to renounce in express terms their fealty to their lawful sovereign, but who would notwithstanding swear allegiance to the government of the country in which they have their domicile, and who are excellent citizens in every other respect; but who cannot hold real estate, and would be compelled to remove, or remain on sufferance and under restraint, should a war with Great Britain occur.

Nor does the taking of the present oath, stringent as it is, render a man in public estimation, an American citizen of the first water—no matter what time has elapsed, particularly if he happens to have been born in England. It matters not how long he has dwelt in the country, or how early in life he may have arrived there. I believe there are only two native born Englishman in the House of Representatives of the United States, one of whom came there when quite a boy, and where he has resided during the last twenty years, with the exception of a short period, during which he was pursuing his medical studies in Europe, chiefly in France. It will be seen from the following extract from a speech, which he recently delivered in Congress, that that he is thoroughly indoctrinated with republican principles; yet even this circumstance, and that of his having the confidence of a large constituency in Ohio, could not shield him from the invidious remarks to which the place of his nativity gave rise. He had been designated as “an English Abolitionist,” beyond the walls of the House, and Mr. Stanley of North Carolina, had referred to him in debate, as an intermeddling foreigner.

“The only portion of his remarks referring to me,” said Dr. Townsend, the gentleman alluded to, “which I think worthy of notice, is his sneering allusion to the fact that I was born in England. Since a man does not choose his birth place, I have not been accustomed to consider it a subject of glory or of shame. But, could I have done so, I would not have selected any other spot.—On one hand was the field of Naseby, where that stern old apostle of liberty, Oliver Cromwell, overthrew the power of the royal tyrant, Charles the First; on the other, was the Avon, whose waters flowed by the birth-place of Shakespeare.”

“I think men may understand and appreciate the principles of civil liberty, though not born on this continent; the Pilgrim Fathers were not behind in this respect, although foreigners like myself.” \* \* \* But some men are republicans from choice, and some are only so by accident. I have the honour to be a republican from choice, after seeing and feeling the evils of other forms of govern-

ment, I prefer that under which I live.” \* \* \* “Considering the number of foreigners in this country, amounting to almost one-fourth of the white population, I think the fact that there are two out of two hundred and thirty members in this House, and two out of sixty-two members of the Senate, will not be thought a very large or dangerous proportion; and it is but justice to the democratic party to say, that through its liberality to foreigners, these all owe their election.” AMICUS.

#### LINES WRITTEN BENEATH A PICTURE OF TWO LOVERS.

There are they met, beneath the aged trees,  
Which ne'er have bent o'er fairer things than these  
There are they met,—the beautiful, the young,  
He, with love's honeyed accents on his tongue:  
She, with smiles and sighs, listens and believes,  
The tale of passion and of truth, he breathes.  
Oh! beautiful she is. Upon her brow  
A blush oft mingles, with its stainless snow,  
Like day's last ray, along the Alpine heights,  
Tinging the mountains with a rosy light.  
On that fine front, all still and all serene,  
May we ne'er see where sorrow's hand hath been,  
Nor any signs of gloom, that oft do throw,  
Around the brow, a halo and a glow,  
For oh! when once care's characters are traced  
On youth's fair forehead they are ne'er effaced.  
She listens and believes—she hears him sigh  
Those vows of love and truth which ne'er can die,  
And one may read upon his changing cheek,  
More eloquent than words could ever speak,  
His heart's sweet secret, that he now may rest  
For evermore on one fond, faithful breast,  
Earth hath no music for him like the tone  
Of her dear voice;—and now on her alone  
Must all his thoughts be centred. Be it so,  
May she be his—whatever storms may blow,  
What suns may shine, blest thought that nought  
can sever  
Those loving hearts—may she be his forever!

KATOS.

NO ONE'S ENEMY BUT HIS OWN.—“No one's enemy but his own” happens generally to be the enemy of every body with whom he is in relation. The leading quality that goes to make this character is a reckless imprudence, and a selfish pursuit of selfish enjoyments, independent of all consequences. “No one's enemy but his own” runs rapidly through his means—calls, in a friendly way, on his friends, for bonds, bail and securities—involving his nearest kin—leaves his wife a beggar, and quarters his orphans upon the public—and, after enjoying himself to his last guinea, entails a life of dependence upon his progeny and dies in the odour of that ill-understood reputation of harmless folly, which is more injurious to society than some positive crimes. The society chain is so nicely and delicately constructed, that not a link snaps, or rusts, or refuses its proper play, without the shock being felt like an electric vibration to its utmost limits.

## FOREST GLEANINGS.

## No. III.

—  
 "A few leaves gathered by the wayside."  
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## RICE LAKE PLAINS—THE WOLF TOWER.

STRANGERS visiting the Rice Lake, will be led by curiosity to see the "Wolf Tower," an octagonal building that occupies a beautiful grassy mound, near the shores of the crescent-shaped bay, formed by Pine-Tree Point and the bold promontory near the head waters of the Lake, formerly known as Bank's Bluff.

The Tower itself has lately undergone some changes: it is no longer what it was, and it is unnecessary to describe it, but some slight sketch of its original owner may not prove altogether uninteresting among the local features of the Rice Lake and her shores.

It is now many years ago,—long before the Plains had attained to their present popularity,—when they lay in solitary loneliness, uncared-for, excepting by the deer-hunter and those few settlers, who, like my friend, Judge Falkner, had taste to enjoy their beauties and appreciate their real value,—that a stranger, of gentlemanly appearance and highly polished manners, came to the old tavern at Sully, and sought there a temporary shelter for himself, his little son, and a female domestic, who had been the child's nurse. This gentleman had been the Rector of St. Anne's, in Jamaica.

After some time, he purchased a picturesque lot of land, about three miles below the head of the Lake—a lonely and lovely spot. There on an isolated mound, at the foot of a range of lofty hills, which form the sides of one of those singular ravines that diversify the Plains,—he caused the Wolf Tower to be built, greatly to the admiration of the workmen, and the few scattered settlers thereabouts; and much they marvelled that the strange gentleman should content himself in the rude log shanty that he caused to be put up, while the more important building was in progress.

The rooms were all of an octagon form, and were fitted up with ornamental mouldings of red cedar, brought from the adjacent islands, and sawn into boards: tables, chairs, shelves, were all of the same brittle, but odoriferous wood,—and these were the work and amusement of the recluse in his lonely retirement.

To strangers, the deep melancholy that at times pervaded his features, his solitary habits, and love of retirement, were matters of speculation,—but to those who were acquainted with the sad history of his domestic afflictions, it was no matter of surprise that he should seek, in seclusion from the world, healing for a wounded and almost broken heart. With the suffering prophet of the Hebrews, he might have been led to exclaim:—"Surely there is no sorrow like my sorrow." At one

stroke, it had pleased the Almighty to deprive him of the light of his eyes and the joy of his heart,—in one brief moment the unhappy father beheld the treacherous waves of a calm and unruffled sea, close over his four lovely and interesting daughters, and their faithful attendant (the sister of his little boy's nurse). Thus suddenly was his home left unto him desolate.\*

Surely the ways of the Lord are mysterious and his counsels past our human ken. Yet does he often lead the bruised and broken spirit to confess—"It is good for me to have been afflicted; before I was troubled I went astray." And well, indeed, is it with those who can look upwards and say—"In the multitude of the sorrows that I had in my heart, thy comforts, O Lord, have refreshed my soul."

Such was the cause of this gentleman's estrangement from the world; and in the various occupations that he found, within and without doors, (for he was never idle), in the education of his little boy, and literary pursuits, he in a great measure regained that tranquillity of mind which this sad bereavement of his beloved children had deprived him of.

A strong desire to see an aged parent in England, joined with the necessity of giving his son the advantages of a classical education and the improvement of his health by travelling in the warmer parts of Europe, at last decided him on the propriety of forsaking his beloved solitude, and he disposed of the Tower and his Canadian property, and returned to England. "The Wolf Tower" has passed into the hands of strangers, and for some months afforded a temporary residence for my family and myself†

When I came to reside at the "Wolf Tower," in the spring of 1846, I was in weak health, scarcely recovered from the effects of a dangerous fit of illness, but so renovating did I find the free healthy air of the hills about the Tower, that in a very short space of time, I was strong and able to ramble about with the children among the wild ravines, and over the steep wood-crowned heights around this romantic spot, revelling, with almost child-like delight, in this rare flower-garden of nature's own planting.

\* The sad circumstances connected with the oversetting of the pleasure-barge, with the loss of the Rector of St. Anne's four lovely daughters, the female servant, and two young married ladies, with some others of the party, were well known to the inhabitants of St. Anne's.

† Perhaps I have dwelt more particularly on the Tower and its former proprietor, from having read a very erroneous statement respecting this gentleman, by a Mr. Gedley, in a work written in the form of letters from Canada, where he speaks of the *mysterious disappearance* of the eccentric owner of the Tower, adding that the place has lain tenantless ever since, with other observations equally opposed to facts. Now, it happened that the sale of the Tower and adjacent lands, with the furniture, stock, &c., was effected without the least mystery, and the departure of the former owner was a matter well known throughout the neighbourhood, and conducted quite openly.



For some time, the rich scenery around the Tower formed the limits of our rambles. My children were never weary of climbing the lofty sides of the hills that shut in the deep-winding ravine which opened out upon the green pasture at the foot of the mound on which the Tower is built. To this beautiful spot they gave the name of the "Valley of the Big Stone," from a huge boulder of red granite that occupies the centre of it. And here, of a Sunday evening, we used to hold our little church, seated upon the disjointed fragments that were scattered about it, and sheltered by the lofty banks, clothed with oak, birch, and a flowery undergrowth of roses and cornel, and other sweet-scented shrubs,—and here we often took our little treat of milk and bread, and ripe-red strawberries, gathered on the heights above by the children's busy hands. We gave names to all the remarkable spurs and promontories of the valley. There was the "Wolf Crag," the "Raven's Crag," the "Hill of the Pine," the "Birken Shaw," and the "Brae Head," with many others,—while nearer home were the "Tower Hill," and "Traitor's Gate."

Soon we began to extend our walks, rambling on from one hill to another, till we had explored, westward, the deep defiles and rounded hills that form that remarkable hill-pass, leading to Sackville Mill, and the high promontory which commands the whole extent of the lake and its islands, to Gore's Landing, where a pretty neat cottage has been erected by a Devonshire gentleman, and which forms a pleasing object from the lake, nestled among groups of pine, oak, birch, and poplar, that surround it.

Eastward of the Tower, and running up inland from Pine-Tree Point, there is a deep valley, commonly known as Thilvert's Ravine, a lonely spot, once inhabited, but now nothing but a few charred logs, half overgrown with moss and weeds; a spring with its moss-grown stones and slippery plank, scarcely visible from the turf that covers it,—are all that remain to mark where a dwelling has been. At the head of the valley, just above the spot where the house once stood, there is a rocky pasture-field surrounded by a dilapidated fence half filled in with briars and scrubby oaks and bushes of various kinds; large girdled oaks, long since dead, stretch their bare leafless arms against the sky, giving an air of sadness and desolation to the scene. Just where the path turns round the corner of the fence, there is a small enclosure, not many yards in extent: it contains the grave of a lady, the wife of the former possessor of the soil. I remember the first time I visited the Tower, our road lay along the hill-side, near that very spot. It was winter, and the snow lay thick upon the ground, yet I noticed the fresh-raised mound by the road-side; there still stood the pick-axe and shovel that had been

used in breaking the frost-bound earth; and now I never pass the grave, over-grown by a rank luxuriance of herbs, wild-flowers, and shrubs, without a feeling akin to sadness. The little dwelling levelled by fire to the dust, her husband and children distant,—silence and the stillness of desolation seem to brood over the spot where she sleeps, unconscious that a sympathizing stranger's step often lingers on the path that leads to her last lone resting-place.

A still finer and deeper ravine is that which lies at the side of the high table-land, which terminates in a cliff-like descent towards the lake, and to the westward. From the precipitous hill-path above, you look down upon a mass of waving foliage, and the jutting spurs of the valley, clothed with flowers and wild roses and shrubs, extend to a considerable distance, and add much to the wild beauty of the scenery. The high land above this glen is known by the name of Mount Ararat. It was a lovely evening that I first descended Mount Ararat: the sun was setting behind the dark pines that clothe the higher ground towards the westward, or head waters of the lake, and a flood of golden light was on the waters. The islands lay almost at our feet, some in deep shade, and others just catching the last radiant glance of the retiring sunbeams. A deep indigo tint was on the distant shore, and all looked so lovely, that I could have lingered there as long as a ray of twilight remained to lighten the landscape.

These ravines form some of the most interesting natural features of the Plains, and give a singular and furrowed aspect to the shore, when seen from the water. They are evidently the channels through which, in ages past, poured down vast sweeping torrents, when the higher table-lands emerged from the state of chaos, caused by some mighty natural convulsion, and these deep gorges formed drains by which the waters found an outlet to the lake below. What a scene of wild and fearful desolation must these hills and valleys then have presented! Now how changed! The rushing tumultuous waters have ceased to flow. The rocky fragments that they bore down with them in their headlong course have found a resting-place. The sides of the valley are clothed with herbs and flowers, and the waving foliage of graceful trees; the evening air is scented with the perfume of roses and other odorous shrubs—

"The land is at rest and breaks forth into song,"

The partridge leads her young brood forth to feed upon the soft luscious fruits of the huckleberry and squaw-berry. The lone cry of the Whip-poor-will is heard in the still evening air. A thousand birds find nourishment and rear their broods in their deep valleys, while the solitary lord of these solitudes rears its

young on some stately pine, upon the highest hills above the lake.

He who would wish to see the Plains in their fullness of beauty, should visit them in the latter end of May and the flowery months of June, July, and August, and his eye will be gratified by an assemblage of lovely blossoms; he may also revel in abundance of sweet summer berries, among which the strawberry, huckleberry, and filberry, may be named with many others of less note, while grapes, of no mean size or flavour, abound on the lake shore, and even give name to one of the smaller islands. I have tasted excellent grape-wine, made by our friend of the Tower, from the fruit gathered on Grape Island—the genuine juice of the grape, as he termed it.

I scarcely know a more delicate and attractive little shrub, than the common huckleberry of the Plains, with its slender branches of pale green leaves and waxen heath-shaped bells—sometimes tinted with a soft blush-colour or greenish-white; these are quickly followed by a succession of ripe blue-berries, sweet and pleasant, and very wholesome, though wanting a slight flavour to make them agreeable to some palates: as a mixture with red currants they are excellent either as a preserve or in pastry. This humble fruit forms, during its continuance one of the great attractions of the Plains. Large parties come from the distant towns of Cobourg, Port Hope, and Grafton, to gather berries and pass a day of rural enjoyment among the fruits and flowers of the Rice Lake Plains.

In rambling over the hills and valleys, the eye is attracted by the vast beds of azure lupines, which give a soft tint to the ground, especially on the more sandy spots, where they mostly delight to grow. Seen on its native soil, and blooming beneath its own warm summer skies, this flower is seen to far greater advantage than the cold and somewhat coarse-looking flower that we cultivate in our gardens at home. The spikes of richly laden blossoms present every variety of shade, from the pale pearly blue to the deep velvety purple. The seeds are small and of ivory whiteness, and from their abundance, no doubt form no inconsiderable addition to the food of the smaller quadrupeds and birds, that have their haunts and homes among the oak glades of the Plains.

Springing up among these azure lupines, we see the splendid *Enchroma* or Painted Cup, in brilliancy of colour not inferior to the most vivid scarlet geranium, yet it is a wild and hardy plant, nurtured in a dry and gravelly soil, adorning sunny wastes and barren spots. This remarkable flower derives its splendour from the calyx and involucre that surrounds it. These are divided and subdivided in many segments, the points of which appear as if they had been dipped in a dye of brightest vermillion. The blossom itself is ringed

of a pale yellow or straw-colour, and is scarcely discernible from the folds of the bright fringe that envelopes it. And hardly less attractive, from its large snowy blossom, is the stately brillium,—seen by the moonlight, the hills seem studded with bright stars so pure and dazzling in their whiteness,—I often wonder that this exceedingly lovely flower so widely spread as it is all over this continent has never found a place in our English gardens.

The large lilac crane's-bill or wild geranium, of no ordinary gracefulness and beauty, here displays its elegant blossoms. The curious yellow mocassin flower, *Cypripedium arietinum*, tosses its golden balls to the wind, a canopied couch where Titania might hide herself and her elves from "jealous Oberon." There are abundant varieties of lilies, the pale erythronium or dog's-tooth violet, with its single drooping flower and curiously variegated leaf. The gay orange martagon, with every variety of the convollaria, from the many flowered gigantic Solomon's seal, to the lowly *C. bifolia*, with its pretty starry flower and ruby-spotted fruit. Not less attractive are the various low shrubby evergreens, pyrolas and dwarf arbutus; some of these with their myrtle-shaped leaves of glassy green, and bright scarlet fruit, are an enduring ornament, and appear to beautify even the most barren spots. There, too, is the pentagala, by some called milkwort and satin flower, a gem worthy of a place in any lady's green-house; twined among the tall stalks of the deer-grass, asking support from every slender twig, we find vetches of all the most delicate hues; the pencilled, the white, the blue, the flesh; all charming in their way. These are a few among the thousand floral beauties that one short month brings forth; but how shall I describe all that the succeeding months reveal, of fruits and flowers mosses and ferns—and then what store of roses the month of June unfolds; on clearings, on hilly banks, in shady glens, and open levels, they spring up bright and beautiful. In old clearings it is delightful to walk out at dew-fall to smell the roses and that light feathery shrub, so widely diffused among the under-wood, the ceanothus, or New Jersey tea, the scent of which resembles the meadow-sweet: Canadians and Yankies use an infusion of the leaves as tea. Among our odoriferous flowers the monarda, a gigantic mint with pale lilac flowers bears a prominent place; the sweet gale or shrubby fern, smells like nutmeg, this also is in great repute among the old Canadians as a substitute for tea—many of the pyrolas, or many flowered wintergreens, give out a delicious odour, and that lowly but charming creeping evergreen, the mitchella ripens, or partridge berry reminds one of the white jessamine in the delicacy of its smell,—the scarlet twinberry it is called by some, and I am told the fruit is pleasant to eat. These flowers like many others of our Canadian plants are



united at the germ so as to give a double berry. The stately milkweed (*asclepias*) are very fragrant, and one pretty shrubby plant with corymbs of pale pink striped bells, (*apocynum*, *dogbane*), gives out its odour only after sunset. Our low grounds along the lake shore present a vast variety of shrubs—the snow berry, the large mezecon, the high bush cranberry, or single American Gueldres rose, wild cherries of various kinds, and plums, with vines, and various climbers are here to be found. The bittersweet, a solanum of great beauty flinging its slender branches over the saplings wreathing them with its dark green foliage and scarlet fruit; this plant is in high esteem with the Indians who use both root and berry in various ways as medicine—and outward applications, as an ingredient in a salve for burns and scalds, it is very efficacious.

I must not in my floral notice of the plains, forget to mention one of its brightest ornaments, the deep blue larger blossom gentian, and the elegant gentiana ciliata or fungus gentian; these are Fall flowers, and are chiefly found on rather dry open levels, such as the ground of those remarkable spots known by the settlers on the plains as the upper and lower race-course, from the dead level surface they present, which strange as it may sound are almost the only level grounds upon the plains—the common term *plainsland* seems in Canada rather to mean open partially cleared ground, and is in most instances composed of an endless variety of hill and dale. A volume might be compiled on the floral productions of the plains, which would be no inconsiderable addition to the very scanty library of botanical works that have yet been written on the plants indigenous and peculiar to Canada.

Though a great proportion of our natural plants are widely diffused all over the country, there are others that are confined to certain spots, favourable to their peculiar habits—every township affords some plants peculiar to certain localities.

One growth of plants is confined to the shores of certain lakes and still waters—the rapid waters again where the banks are mostly rocky and elevated, present others. The rich alluvial flats, composed of decayed vegetable matter, give plants of rank and luxuriant quality. The deep recesses of the forest where the beams of the noon day sun scarcely find leave to pierce, grow plants and flowers that are foreign to the open sunny wastes and dry pastures. The spongy mossy soil of the cedar swamps, or the dry pine barrens afford others of the most opposite characters, while a lovely aquatic garden floats upon the bosom of the still waters, rivalling in beauty their terrestrial sisters.

There are rare and evanescent flowers that no hortus siccus can preserve, the produce of the rank soil of the deep wood whose beauties have never been given to the world.

The time is not far distant when many of these sweet children of the wilderness will be sought for in vain, those more especially that love the cool and shady recesses of the forest; that have their haunt by mossy stone and bubbling rill; as the axe and the fire level the woods where they flourished, they disappear. Like the wild Indian, they fade away before the influence of civilization, and the place that knew them once shall know them no more.

Man has altered the face of nature. The forest and its dependents will soon be among the things that were. The stately plantations of Indian corn, the waving fields of golden grain, have usurped the places of the giant pine, the oak, the beech, and the maple. A new race springs up, suited to the nature of the soil, and the wants of man and his dependents, but—

“But the flowers of the forest are a’ wede away.”

By THE AUTHORESS OF THE “BACKWOODS.”  
Oaklands, Rice Lake.

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### EOLINE.

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Deep beneath the arching wood,  
Where the hoary hemlock stands,  
And the aged oaks shake hands,  
Like brave men who’ve stood together  
In rude war and rougher weather;  
And the flowers  
In summer hours,  
Nod and whisper to each other  
In a playful, loving mood.  
Where the sailless Lake lies sleeping,  
And the rich luxuriant vine,  
Trailing from the sombre pine,  
Soft, ambrosial tears is weeping  
O’er the shadow of its brother  
Looking from the wave below—  
Where the dancing streamlets flow,  
Making music as they go:  
There the child of nature dwelleth—  
Where the wailing night-bird telleth  
To the moon her tale of woe:  
There one morn, when rainbow hues  
Glanced along the diamond dews;  
Came she forth, this light of mine,  
Love inspiring Eoline.

Hast thou seen the mountain crest  
Where the crystal snow-wreaths rest,  
Smitten by the parting ray  
Of the blushing god of day,  
Ere he sinks his hues to lave,  
In the cool refreshing wave?  
Such the beams that never slumber,  
Lights and shadows without number;  
Such the heaven-born tints that shine,  
On the cheek almost divine  
Of my love—my Eoline.  
But her brow is pure and white  
As the mountain by moonlight;  
And her pulses lightly flow—  
Like the streams which bounding go  
To the sleeping lake below.

And her bosom faultless fair,  
To nought else can I compare,  
Save to two twin swans that sleep,  
Where the willow tresses weep;  
Rising, falling with each breath,  
Whose expression stirs beneath  
Their soft beauty—ne'er I wist,  
Save by amorous moonbeams, kissed,  
'Tis a pure and holy shrine,  
That dear little soul of thine  
Loved and loving Eoline.

Let me look into thine eyes  
Laughing little Eoline,  
Sparkles like the fire fly's  
Dance between from thine to mine,  
Closer yet  
Our lips have met,  
Naughty little Eoline!  
What is this? thy cheeks are wet,  
And thine eyes in tears have set,  
And thy lips are like twin roses,  
In whose folds the dew reposes;  
And thy breath is hard to get,  
Though 'tis sweet as mignonette,  
Say, what foolish fears alarm thee?  
Thinkst thou that I could harm thee,  
Doubting little Eoline?  
Look again! ah, now 'tis brighter,  
Yet thy brow is scarcely whiter  
Than the flowery eglantine!  
Here upon my breast recline,  
Thou art altogether mine,  
Melting little Eoline.

ERRO.

## AN EPISODE IN THE HISTORY OF THE EDDYSTONE LIGHT-HOUSE.

I COULD scarcely at first believe that they were all dead—that I was never more to hear the voice of parent, brother, or sister—that I was utterly alone in the world. But so it was; within the space of eight months, as the worthy curate told me, the grave had closed over the whole of my family. It was some consolation that my mother had died blessing me; but, nevertheless, I now bitterly repented that I had gone to sea, instead of remaining, as I might have done, to stay and comfort her in her old age. Yet she had approved of the step I took, and after all I acted for the best.

It was now necessary for me to shape my course anew. So being now a tolerable seaman, and seeing nothing else to do, I made up my mind to stick to the only profession I had acquired, and to seek another ship.

On reaching Devonport, I found there was no ship fitting out for sea just then; but as I had still some money left, and could afford to be idle for a week or two, I resolved to wait a short time and see what might turn up. I lodged at a tavern called the Rodney, and the time went by quickly enough, for I had never been in that neighbourhood before, and there is a good deal to be seen there. However, at the end of a fortnight my reckoning at the Rodney was presented; and when I had paid it, I found I had not money enough left to keep me afloat much longer. I told my situation to the landlord, a very honest man, who said it was not probable that any king's

ship would be commissioned at Plymouth for some time.

Just as we were talking about it, over a glass of grog, a man came in and said—

"Here's a rum go, Jem (that was the landlord's name); that other ehap has left the Stone, too! I'm blest if it isn't the third within the last eight weeks!"

"Why, now," said the landlord to me; that's the very thing for you, my man—that's to say, always supposing you don't dislike a little confinement and regular hours!"

"What is it?" said I.

"It's one of the keepers of the Stone Light," replied he, "who has given up the job. What do you say to it? It's the very thing for a man like you, who seem to be a bit of a scholar, and not to like to work overmuch."

Nothing at the time could have been more to my mind, for I little imagined what the nature of the situation was. I lost no time in applying for the post, and my certificates being good, and besides—most unaccountably, as I then thought—no one else offering, I was almost immediately accepted. They said I must engage for six months, as they were tired of men leaving the place almost as soon as appointed. I said I would engage for a year if they chose; but they smiled, and said six months was enough to begin with.

When all was arranged, I began to congratulate myself on my good fortune. I thought with the landlord, that it was the very thing for me. I could not understand why my predecessors had given up the service, and thought they must have been men who did not know when they were well off. Nevertheless, I thought it possible I might be a little dull now and then; so, that I might have something to amuse myself with, I bought a pack of cards to play with the other keeper, a second-hand musical snuff-box, and an excellent jest-book, with a collection of songs at the end of it. Next morning I went on board the lighthouse tender, and we sailed for the Eddystone. On the way, one of the men remarked to me, significantly, that it was a Friday.

"What of that?" said I; "all sensible people ridicule your superstitions about a Friday."

"Well, well," said he, "we shall see."

The weather was fine and the wind favourable, though light; in about three hours we reached our destination, and effected a landing without difficulty. There was little time lost; some stores the tender had brought off were quickly got out of her; in half-an-hour she was standing back for Plymouth, and I was left to establish myself in my new abode.

"Well," said I to myself, as I looked about me, "here I am, snug and comfortable! After knocking about the world as I have done, it is something to find such a resting-place; and, disgusted as I am with the coldness and selfishness of society, it is still better to find myself so effectually removed from it."

The other light-keeper—good reason I have to remember him—was an elderly man, and a Scot. I was by no means taken with his appearance, for he looked grave and unsocial—anything, in fact, but a jolly companion. However, he was courteous enough at first, showing me all over the lighthouse, pointing out the different apparatus, and



explaining to me my various duties. The day passed away pleasantly enough; I had never before seen the interior of a lighthouse, and I found considerable amusement in examining everything about it. The lower part is solid; above that there are four small chambers one over the other, besides the lantern, or light-room: the two lowest are for holding stores, the third is the kitchen, and in the fourth are the men's berths. I found everything fitted up with the same economy of space and neatness of contrivance which distinguish the arrangements of a ship; indeed, at times, I fancied for a moment I was actually on board of one. The great difference was that there was so little room to move about in—at least horizontally; for as to going up and down I soon found that very tiresome. Of that, however, I thought little; keeping a watch in that comfortable lantern was evidently a very different thing from keeping one in cold and darkness on a wet deck, step fore-and-aft as one might there; and if I had now and then the trouble of going aloft, it was not to reef topsails in a gale of wind.

The first day passed pleasantly enough, and I was more than contented with my situation till the evening came. As it began to grow dusk my comrade and I went up to the lantern, and he showed me how the lighting was managed. After this lesson, being tired of his prosing, I left him to keep the first watch; and understanding that I was to relieve him at midnight, I went below again to our berth. And then first I began to feel a little lonely.

I sat a while musing over my past life and adventures, and then it occurred to me that now was a good time for carrying out a project I had often formed, but never had found opportunity to execute, namely, that of writing my memoirs. I jumped at the idea, and immediately began thinking how I should begin; but after I had smoked two or three pipes, and my musical box had run down several times, I found the time had passed more quickly than I had thought it would, and that it was within an hour of my watch. So as it was not worth while setting myself to begin my memoirs that night, I thought I might as well go up and sit with the Scotchman for the remaining time.

I do not know how it was, but there was something about this man which, from the first, exercised a most dispiriting influence upon me; there was something so fixedly melancholy in all he said and in all he looked. However, I was resolved not to let myself yield to the impression. The hour passed away; and at midnight, after much prosing about the lamp, the reflectors, and so on, he went below. When he was gone, I could not help thinking what a hard thing it was that a man like me, gifted with natural ability, and having received so excellent an education, should have the same fate assigned me as that stupid and uncultivated old Scotchman. These and such thoughts occupied me some time. I then wound up my watch and tried to settle myself for the night. It was, however, in vain; I was in a restless humour, so I thought I would go down and bring up a glass of grog to keep me company, and also my musical box, which I had forgotten. I went down, therefore; the Scotchman was asleep; but some slight noise I made in

passing by the berth, awakened him, and he started up.

"What is it?" he cried. "What is it? What is the matter? Speak—quick!"

"Nothing at all, old fellow," I coolly replied; "I only want a can of grog and my musical box."

"What! and have you dared to leave the light for that?" exclaimed he; and, as he spoke, he rushed up the ladder like a lunatic.

When I had mixed my grog and put my box in my pocket, I followed him, laughing exceedingly at his excitement; for though I knew it was a little irregular for me to have left my post, I thought his conduct most ridiculously absurd.

"Come old boy," said I, when I reached the lantern, "don't look so glum. Where's the harm of my mixing myself a little three-water grog? Off to your cot with you, or else you'll catch cold in these thin legs of yours, and then I shall have to nurse you. Down with you; I shall not leave the light again."

"Can I depend on you?" said he, in a doubting way, that made me laugh anew.

"Oh, yes," I replied; "there is nothing more I want. There, down with you, and turn in again—all's well."

He said nothing more, and went below; I played my musical box for some time, and finished my grog. Then, whether or not the liquor acted as a soporific, or that I was tired after the jovial night we spent at the Rodney, I do not know; but I fell asleep; and did not awake till daybreak. When I awoke, and found the day dawning, I hastily extinguished the lamp and descended to rouse my mate. We breakfasted, and then, as I expected, he began.

"Young man," said he, "it was not right of you to leave the light last night, and you must not do it again."

"This morning, you mean," said I. "But never mind that. As to leaving the light for a moment, why, what harm could it do?"

"You have been to sea," returned the Scotchman, "and you must know you should not leave your post when upon duty."

"Yes," said I, "but a lighthouse is not a ship. There is no fear of squalls for this craft; there are breakers enough around, but there is no danger—at least for us."

"That's just the thing! that's just the thing!" cried he. "We are, perhaps, safe enough; but if anything were to go wrong with the light, what would become of those for whose benefit the lighthouse was erected?"

"But for five minutes——"

"Not for a single moment may your post be deserted," interrupted he. "You and I are here to tend that light; and if through our negligence anything happen to it, and a vessel were to be lost on this rock, the deaths of all and each of the crew would lie at our door; we should be man-slayers—murderers! Do not attempt to justify yourself, for you know you were wrong. If I thought—but I daresay it was mere thoughtlessness on your part. You will not do it again? Let us forget it!"

And I did forget it at the time, at least I did not think of it. But deeply did subsequent events—and they came very soon—grave his words upon my mind: "*If through our negligence*

*a ship were lost, the deaths of all her crew would lie at our door!"* How often has that dreadful sentence rung in my ears! how often have I in vain tried to shut out the conviction that it was true. *Manslayer!—murderer!* Long after the man's tongue became forever silent, the words seemed to sound in my ears like the voice of an accusing angel. But, as I have said, I thought nothing of them at the time; nay, I secretly laughed at the old man's language:—secretly, for there was then something imposing about him, which prevented my doing so openly. However, though I did not care for what he said, I disliked him more than ever, and it was fated that the day was not to pass over without a downright quarrel between us. It arose thus. I had helped myself several times to a little grog—more from want of anything to do than because I cared for it. This he discovered from seeing the rum in the case-bottle getting near low-water-mark. When he observed it, he locked the place where the spirits were kept, and put the key in his pocket, without saying a word. I pretended at the moment not to see this; but soon after, wishing another glass, I went to him (he was aloft out on the gallery), and said, civilly, "I'll thank you for the key of the locker where the rum is."

"No, young man," said he, "I will not give it you. You don't seem to know when to stop; therefore you shall have your allowance regularly every day, and no more."

"What!" cried I; "what right have you to stop my grog in this fashion? Give up the key, or I'll make you!"

I seized his arm as I spoke; but with the quickness of lightning, and before I could prevent him, he heaved the key over the gallery into the sea.

"Now!" said he, "you thought to use force, because you are younger and stronger than I am. See the consequence! You'll get no grog at all now, for you dare not break open the locker; at least you had better not, since if you do it will speak for itself; but if you let it alone I shall say nothing, for I am no tell-tale;"—and from that moment we were enemies. It was true enough what he said about my not daring to break open the locker; that would have been discovered the next time the tender came, and the whole story would so have come out. I tried all the other keys I could find, but none would fit. It was unfortunately high water when he threw away the key; and though I went at ebb to seek it with some faint hopes, my search, as might have been expected, was fruitless.

After a day or two had passed, I could no longer conceal from myself that my situation was unsupportable; and after a long but fruitless effort to keep up my spirits, I abandoned the struggle. I had nothing—nothing to do, nothing to look forward to, nothing to wish for, nothing to care about, nothing to excite an idea. And then I was condemned not only to mental but bodily inactivity. I could not relieve my mind by taking physical exercise, for I was caged in that slender tower, and a single step brought me to the extremity of my den. I began to understand and sympathize with the restlessness of wild animals in captivity; but I considered them much happier than I was,

seeing they did not possess, as I did, a soul to which imprisonment extended.

The ships that occasionally passed brought none of that interest and excitement which at sea the appearance of a sail always does. I knew that their crews were socially united together—merry, careless, and happy. A ship's appearance only tantalized me; I felt like a wretched castaway, who sees a vessel sail by which sees not him. The land had the same effect. With a glass I could make out various objects—one or two houses; there the labourer returning from his toil found his fellows to associate with, but I, who could almost see this, was doomed to utter and unchanging solitude. Sometimes I burst into tears and cried like a child for an hour; but tears brought me no relief. Each day seemed as if it would never end; and when it did come to a close, there was no satisfaction for me, for I knew all succeeding ones would be like it.

I had heard that people often came off to see the lighthouse, and I looked wistfully for such a pleasure, but none ever came in my time. And so day after day passed. I need not describe each; I could not if I would, for I have no distinct recollection of them. That time is a blank to me—I even lost my reckoning, and ceased to know the days of the month or week. The time seemed an eternity; nevertheless I knew it must be short, and that it bore a very small proportion to the six months I had to endure.

Every day I grew worse and worse. Well did I at last know why they had smiled when I offered to engage for a year, and why my predecessors had given up the place. It was, indeed, terrible. At times I was inclined to dash my head against the wall, and so end my miserable life at once; often I was about to throw myself into the sea—it was easy, and all my wretchedness would be ended with the plunge. Several times I went down at low water with the fixed resolution of leaping from the rock, and each time I recoiled. I could not take the decisive step. An indistinct hope of better days withheld me. It was not want of courage, but every time something seemed to say to me, "Not yet—a moment longer."

Time went on, and still I grew worse and worse. Sometimes I thought I was going mad—nay, sometimes I even thought that I had gone mad. I detected incoherency in my thoughts; strange and fantastic ideas began to occupy my mind. My ideas wandered incessantly; they were without object or connection. I do now believe that I was in a state of incipient insanity, and I would fain be sure of it, for if such were the case, I was not, of course, responsible for what afterwards happened. Sometimes, in those terrible days, I doubted if I were waking or not; sometimes, indeed, I thought and hoped that the whole was but a frightful dream, from which I should soon be relieved, and smile at having been so troubled by it. But the time passed on, and there was no awaking for me.

Such was my life in the Eddystone Lighthouse. During this terrible period I sought refuge as much as possible in sleep. After the first few days, whenever I had the second watch, I regularly laid myself down for this purpose on the floor of the light-room, and generally at that time I slept.



This ultimately led to another quarrel with the Scotchman. It took place thus:—One night, soon after my watch had commenced, my mate came up and found me asleep. This, as I found out afterwards—for I had lost all my reckoning of time—was just three weeks subsequently to my arrival. When I awoke I found him quietly seated beside me, reading his Bible. He merely said that I might go below if I liked. I took him at his word and went down. Next day, he asked me if I was not ashamed of myself for having fallen asleep, and said he wondered I had not a more conscientious feeling of my duty. I told him my conscience was my affair, not his; and that as for sleeping, I slept so lightly that I should certainly awake the moment anything went wrong with the light.

"What," exclaimed he, "do you really excuse and defend your conduct, friend? Suppose the lighthouse were to take fire—don't you know it has been burned already, and that the lead from the roof ran down the throat of one of the keepers, and was found to the weight of eight ounces in his stomach when the doctors opened his body?"

"Humbug!" said I. "Do you think to frighten me with your ridiculous inventions——"

"It is as true as I am here," interrupted he.

"What!" cried I, "do you persist in your lying story? I wonder what your conscience is made of, since you talk of consciences—who can believe that molten lead could run down a man's throat? Such tales won't go down mine, I can tell you. Keep them for those who are fools enough to swallow them."

He looked at me steadily for some time, but made no reply. Then taking down the signal-book he consulted it for a moment; next he selected two signals from the rest and went up to the gallery. He soon returned, drew the table aside, and took the writing materials out of the locker he kept them in. Then he said—

"I have made the signal for the tender, and now I am going to write a letter to the board—it is my duty to let them know that you will not do yours."

"Do what you like," said I, carelessly.

The truth was, that I heartily rejoiced things had taken this turn, for though I knew I had rendered myself liable to punishment for a breach of my engagement in having fallen asleep on my post, yet the prospect of being released from that dreadful place, even though it were to go to prison, was perfect ecstasy to me. I immediately went up to the gallery and fixed my eyes eagerly on the point where I expected the tender would appear. For a couple of hours I remained there; and so wrapt was I in the idea of escape, that it was only then I remarked, what I might have seen in a moment, that the sea was running so high that it would be impossible for any boat to come near the rock. My disappointment was great, for it was the time of the equinox, and there was every prospect of a continued gale. Nevertheless, thought I, even if it blow for a fortnight, a fortnight is not six months. So I kept up my spirits.

"Come," said I to the Scotchman, "you may keep your epistle till the next post. No boat can come alongside in a sea like this. Your letter can't go, nor I neither—more's the pity."

"We shall see," said he; and as he spoke he made up his letter into a long roll, and took up a bottle which he had placed beside him, and slid the paper into it. He then corked the bottle and sealed it carefully.

"Well," said I, "that's a new kind of envelope. I understand now, but I confess I did not think of that."

When the tender came off, which it did in the afternoon, my comrade signalled to them to lie to a little to leeward; and when they had done so he heaved the bottle into the sea. It soon drifted down to them, and I had the satisfaction of knowing that my misconduct was fully made known. On each of the three following days the tender came off, and they made an attempt to land, but in vain. On the fourth and fifth it was blowing a tremendous gale from the S.W., and they did not come at all. During this time the Scotchman did all the duty of the lighthouse, and took all the watching every night, for he said he would not trust me again. I was very well pleased he would not. During these five days I was much less miserable than before, for I had the certainty before me of a speedy release.

On the night of the fifth day I turned in shortly after sunset, as I usually did. I had slept, I suppose, some hours, when I was awakened by the sound of the alarm-bell, which communicates between the lantern and the berth. I threw on a pea-jacket and ran up the ladder, not without a smile at the idea that it was during the watch of my careful comrade that something had gone wrong. "We shall perhaps see the experiment of the molten lead performed," said I, laughing to myself. But my laughing was quickly to be stopped. When I reached the lantern I found the Scotchman stretched upon the floor. He had evidently been taken suddenly ill, and he seemed to be suffering great pain.

"Ah," said he, as I appeared, "you are come at last—what I was afraid of has happened—I feel I am dying, young man."

"Nonsense," returned I, much terrified at the idea. Cheer up, old boy: what is the matter with you?"

"Worn out—too much anxiety—worn out," said he; "but no matter for that—what will become of the light when only you are here?"

"Never mind the light," said I, "What can I do for you? What will do you good? I'll get you anything you wish——"

"It's of no use," replied he, beginning to speak with difficulty. "Come near, and attend. You must keep watch to-night; and, as soon as day breaks, signal that they must come off at all hazards—do you understand? The signal-book is there, under my Bible."

"Yes, yes," said I, scarcely noting his words, for I began to fear his anticipations might be but too well founded, and I was very anxious.

I knelt down beside him and took his hand—it was cold and clammy, and I let it fall again. A minute or two elapsed; I remained silent and motionless, for I did not know what to say or do. Then a strange expression passed over his face—he was evidently getting worse. I grew very frightened. "What is to become of me?" I cried. "Rouse yourself, man, throw it off—rouse yourself——"

He tried to articulate something, but I could not make out what it was; after a while, however, he suddenly exclaimed distinctly—

"I have done my duty; I could do no more." Then his face brightened—he started convulsively, and made a feeble effort to rise; but failing, to do so, he fell back again, murmuring, "The light! the light! the light!" Then he was still.

I watched him for a short time in silence, and with terrible feelings; then I called to him several times, speaking louder and louder, but there was nothing except the echo of my own voice. At last I ventured to touch him—a strange thrill passed over me as I did so. I raised his head; his lips were contorted and his eye was glassy.

Through me shot a frightful shudder at the look of that eye, whose fixed, unmeaning stare—for he was dead—nothing can ever efface from my memory; a cold sweat came out on my brow, and I fled from the place in an agony of fear. I rushed down to the chamber below, drew to the hatchway and made it fast. Death was in the place with me. I lay there in a half-frenzied state, all huddled together; and in an agony of fear, I pressed myself against the wall lest something should get behind me. I suppressed my breath lest I should be overheard by it. Every now and then a shiver of horror passed over me; my blood seemed to flow backwards in my veins; I was utterly overwhelmed and possessed by a tremendous fear. For I was left alone with Death.

That night seemed as it would never pass away. At last, however, the morning began to dawn, and worn out with excitement I fell asleep. My dreams, strangely enough, were pleasant, and I awoke with a smile on my lips—it was then broad day. For a moment, a single moment, I did not remember what had happened, but instantly it flashed across my mind, and I fell back as if I had received a blow. I felt the full horror of my position. Death was beside me, and I was alone!

Nevertheless, I endeavoured to fulfil the old man's last injunction; indeed, I was most desirous to do so, for it was the way of escape for me. Once I began to ascend the ladder for the purpose of making the signal, forbidding myself to think, what, of course, I was but too well aware of, that I would have to pass by the dead body to accomplish it. I took a few steps, but it was in vain, and I descended again.

Afterwards I strenuously endeavoured to brace my nerves to the resolution of going up and throwing the body into the sea. It occurred to me, however, that if I threw away the body without any one having seen it, I might subject myself to the suspicion of having murdered my companion, more especially as I might easily be supposed to bear him no good will after the informing and accusing letter he had written. So, even if I could have brought myself to go near the corpse, I would not have touched it. As for the signal, it would, after all, have been of little use, for the storm continued unabated, and it would have been utterly impossible for the tender to have come off.

The evening came. Of course I did not light the lamp in the lantern; I wished to do so, and that most earnestly, for I knew my responsibility

and the dangerous consequences that might follow from my not doing it. But it was in vain for me to strive to perform the duty; I dismissed the thought of it from my mind in despair. How often since have I wished that I had had the resolution to do it! But it is idle to think of it; no fear of punishment or future suffering could have induced me, in my then state, to have entered that place. I felt the presence of Death all about me, but that lantern—it was his very throne!

The night came—that never-to-be-forgotten night! The gale was at its height; the weather, though cloudy, was clear. I was standing at one of the windows, which I had opened to let the wind cool my feverish head. I was looking seaward, listlessly watching the waves breaking on the rock, as they rolled on in huge masses, fell against it with the weight and thunder of avalanches, and streamed away in long diverging sheets of phosphorescent foam. I had been observing them for some time, carelessly and calmly, for to my first paroxysm of horror and fear, a kind of idiotic insensibility had succeeded, when my attention was suddenly attracted by the momentary appearance of a light to windward. I thought I must have been deceived, but in a few seconds I saw it again. I then watched for its reappearance with intense excitement. Again I saw it—there could be no mistake now—again it disappeared. Then I knew for certain that it was the light of a vessel, which the heave of the waves was alternately showing and concealing. The next time I saw it I marked its position carefully, that I might determine what course the vessel was steering, and fervently I hoped to find it was moving across my line of vision. But, alas! no; at each successive reappearance it was still in the same direction, and then I knew that the vessel which bore it was steering straight, or nearly so, for the fatal rock on which I stood. Then a tremendous foreboding seized me, and the voice of my self-accusing conscience spoke terribly. For through *my* fault the faithful lantern, which should have warned that ship from the path of destruction, was dark, and gave no caution; the noble purpose of the lighthouse was defeated through *me*, and before me, rapidly approaching, was the sacrifice of my crime.

My first impulse was to run up and light the burners, and I think that at that moment I could have braved the horrors of the lantern. But a moment's reflection told me that half an hour would not suffice to put it in working order, for, as it had burned till it had gone out of itself, all the oil must have been exhausted, and to arrange such a lamp requires some considerable time. And half-an-hour! I knew that in a few minutes the vessel must either be on the rock or have passed by in safety.

The light came on—rapidly. What were my feelings as it approached! I forgot all my own suffering in my absorbing anxiety for that ship. She was bearing directly for the rock. I was shaking all over, and could scarcely keep my post at the window. There came the ship; only one man in the world knew her danger; that was I, and I could do nothing.

The ship still came on—the light was within half a cable's length of me. There was no chance now of her passing by. She must have been



steering right on the point where I stood. Swiftly and steadily she came on. I screamed uselessly at the top of my voice. Suddenly the light swerved from its course. I saw that they had descried the breakers, and put down the helm; they had kept a good look-out—it was no fault of theirs, poor, faithful, and trusty crew. I heard the creaking of the yards as they swung round, and the fluttering of the canvas as it shook in the wind. I saw something white fly past,—probably it was a sail blown from the bolt-ropes. But I was now in no suspense, for I knew it was too late and that all was over. The next instant there came a booming crash, the light disappeared, and I heard the cracking and rattling of the masts as they fell over the side. There was a moment's pause. Then rose loud over all the noise of the storm a confused and general cry; then I distinctly heard the ship's bell tolled—it was their knell, for after that there was nothing more.

I shut the window, and seated myself on a stool. I must have become insensible immediately after, for I recollect nothing further till I came to myself and found it broad day. I rose and began putting the place in order; once or twice I stopped to curse the memory of my late companion, who had been the chief cause of all; but I did not then think much about the catastrophe of the night—it was not to be realized in a moment. It's all over now, and what cannot be helped should not be regretted; besides, after all, it is only a ship lost, as many a good ship has been before her; we all owe Heaven a death."

Even so did I talk with myself as I continued busying myself about the apartment, moving things hither and thither without a purpose. But lightly as I thought of it then—it was a kind of insanity to do so—ever since has the burden been increasing which that night laid upon my soul—less and less rest has my troubled conscience known from day to day.

The secret, too, which I carry about with me—for no living being, except I, knows where that ship was lost—is unsupportable. I have been, and am constantly in dread of telling it out in my sleep, and I perpetually think that people are making allusion to it, or that they suspect me. What, however, is more strange, and I cannot in any way account for it is, that I have a perpetual desire to tell it to some one—I feel as if I should be better if I did. This, however, of course, I dare not do. It is this feeling which has led me to execute my often-formed intention of writing my life, and although, before my death at least, no eye but my own will ever see this, I do feel some relief in having reduced it to narrative. Heavy, heavy has been the load I have borne these many sad, weary years—fain would I hope that the few which remain for me may be less painful.

As it happened the wind had completely fallen soon after the catastrophe, and that day the sea went down sufficiently to allow the tender to come off. Two or three men landed from her; the first was he who had remarked to me, when I was on my way to the place, that I had set off upon a Friday.

"Told you so, my boy," said he, as soon as he saw me; "you've found out what comes of sailing

on a Friday. Sleeping on duty! A pretty idler you are! What if the light had gone out?"

I groaned involuntarily. The man, mistaking the cause, said—

"You may be well ashamed of yourself. Where's the old man?"

"He's dead," said I.

They all started.

"His body is in the lantern," I continued; "I did not like to move him, and so left him where he died."

I then detailed the circumstances, giving as my reason for leaving the corpse untouched the fear I entertained of being suspected of foul play.

"It must have been bad enough sitting watching the light, and he lying there," said the officer, an old midshipman; "you must have had an uncomfortable time of it, my lad. I did not think you were in such an unpleasant situation when I saw your light last night."

"When he saw the light last night!" Was he mocking me. Was it all known?

It was not. Unaccountable as it may seem, that man was perfectly convinced he had seen the light the previous night. I am sure he would have sworn to it.

And no one, indeed, suspected the truth. It was soon known that the—Indianian had been lost on the coast, for spars and pieces of her, indicative of the ship to which they had belonged, came ashore in a day or two. But no one for a moment thought of her having struck upon the Eddystone. As for me, the authorities considering what I had undergone, contented themselves with mulcting me of my wages and discharging me. I sold my watch to a Jew for twenty-seven shillings and a glass of grog. I was sorry to part with it, for it was my mother's; but what could I do? On this small sum I lived miserably enough for a fortnight, when I got a berth in a coasting vessel, the *Margaret Turnbull*.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

## BUY IMAGES!

"IMAGES! buy Images!"

Such was the cry of an Italian image-seller, as he proceeded on his way down one of the narrow ill-paved streets of a little town in the Potteries.

"Who'll buy Images? Will you buy one, sir?"

The words were addressed to a little ill-clad boy, who gazed wistfully up at the miniature sculpture gallery on the head of the Italian vendor. The collection was made up of copies in plaster-of-paris from old and modern statues, mixed up with Prince Alberts, Wellingtons, and Napoleons crossing the Alps. There were some of Pradier's lovely representations of soft and delicate women, Canova's dancing-girls, Venus, Isis, Apollo Belvidere, and a beautiful cast of the Boy extracting a Thorn.

"Will you buy one?" repeated the dark-eyed Italian to the boy, who still followed, gazing eagerly at the miniature statuary aloft on the man's head.

The boy turned away with a sigh.

At that instant, a gentleman alighted from his horse at the gateway of the large pottery of the

little town, and looked about him for some one to hold his horse. He caught the eye of the boy, and beckoned him with his finger.

"Come here, my boy, and hold this horse for an instant; I'll be back presently."

The boy at once ran up, and took the reins of the horse to hold it, but still he gazed after the receding Italian, who paced slowly down the street, echoing his cry of "Images! buy Images!"

Nearly an hour passed, and the gentleman at last issued from the gateway.

"Come, my boy," said he, "I have kept you longer than I meant to do. Here's a shilling for you. Will that do?"

"Oh yes, sir, and thank you, sir! thank you, indeed, sir!"

The boy was quite fervent in his repetitions of gratitude.

"You are a good little boy,—what is your name? Where do you live?"

"In Back Lane, sir. My name's Aleck Williams. I want work, sir, if I can get it, for we are very poor."

"Why, we want boys now. Here, Davis," calling to a man who had come out of the gateway after the gentleman; here's a boy wants work. See if you can't take him on. I like the look of the lad. Find out who his mother is, and let me know to-morrow. Yes, my boy, you can come back here to-morrow. Davis will try and find some work for you."

"Thanks, sir, many thanks," said the boy, "I should like nothing better than to get set to work in the Pottery."

"Very well." And the gentleman rode away; Davis retired within the gates again; and the boy remained standing in the street, looking at the bright shilling in his hand. A thought seemed to strike him, and he darted off down the street, after the image-seller!

He was nowhere to be seen. The boy peeped into the public-house door: there were no images there. He glanced along the back lanes; the image-seller, with his precious load, had disappeared. He had, doubtless, proceeded along the highway towards the next town. Away went the eager boy after him!

"He cannot have gone so far," said the boy to himself; and I shall soon make up to him. Those beautiful images!"

A sharp turn of the road, which he had now reached, showed that he was right in his surmise. The Italian rested under a hedge, which shaded him from the hot sun; and his miniature treasures of art were laid on the grass beside him. They looked still more beautiful than before, their dazzling white relieved against the fresh green of the hedge-row and the grass. The sun, which here and there streamed through the open foliage of the hedge, fell upon the figures, and brought out their beauties in glorious light and shade.

The boy had almost run himself out of breath, and he slowly approached the place where the Italian lay eating his bread and cheese. The man looked up and smiled.

"Vat, then, leetle boy: you want to buy Images? Very beautiful images!"

"Oh, they are, indeed," said the boy, "but I'm afraid they are too dear, and I am very poor."

"Vat you got? How mooch?"

"Only sixpence to spend," said the boy; "the other sixpence is for mother."

"Oh! you got von shilling! I give you beautiful cast for von shilling!"

"I cannot spend it all," said the boy, "but if you can let me have this"—pointing to the Boy and the Thorn—"for a sixpence, I'll give it you."

"Too leetle! It's worth two shillin'."

"Ah!" sighed the boy, "then I cannot buy."

"But stop," said the Italian, as he seemed to be turning away; "you poor lad; me poor man, too; but you love fine casts: you ver good taste,—yes, ver good. Dat cast is after de antique—"

"And what may that be?" asked Aleck.

"Ancient art,—the old statuary of my noble and glorious country,—Italia, Rome! Hundreds of years—perhaps a thousand years ago, de bronze statue of dat boy stood in de Roman Capitol—"

The man shaded his eyes as he spoke. Perhaps thoughts of home, and of the bright sunny south, the land of his birth, flashed across his brain. He sighed, and continued—

"You see de beautiful proportions,—so simple, graceful, and true. Ah! de old artists knew how to work de grand statues! But look you here boy, you love beautiful little casts. See dere, now!"

The Italian lifted a small square box from his tray, and taking therefrom a pair of small medallions, he held them up before the boy. They were a pair of copies from Thorwaldsen's "Night" and "Morning,"—two small circular medallion tablets, perhaps fuller of grace and beauty than any tablets of equal compass can display. Look at "Morning," bounding from her gorgeous eastern chamber, scattering roses on her way; her sweet lips half opened, as if hymning praise to the Spirit of all Good. You can almost fancy the air filled with sweet sounds,—the song of the lark, the hum of bees, the lowing of cattle, the chitter of insects, rising up with a thousand voices to herald the morning on her way. And then the unutterable grace, repose, sweetness, and quiet joy of that radiant Queen of the Day, floating in soft drapery, with the glad babe in her loving arms,—borne onward in light and love through the sweet air. The second tablet represents the "Night," with drooping head,—the child nestling in the mother's breast, while the owl flits abroad, with its *Tu-wit, Too-hoo!* and the weary sons of earth sink to rest, after the toils of the day. Never before, in so small a compass, did the youth gaze on so large a treasure of beauty. He bowed his head over these pictures in plaster, and almost wept with joy.

What would buy them? Alas! here was but his poor sixpence, and he had already pledged it for the Boy and the Thorn. And the other sixpence he would keep sacred. That, at least, must be taken home to his poor mother, with whom sixpences were so scarce. He yielded up the medallions to the image-seller, with the remark, from the depths of his soul,—“Oh! how beautiful!”

The Italian seemed to be moved with the boy's reverent admiration of his treasures. "You cannot buy them?" he asked.

"No," said the boy, "I cannot. There is the sixpence for the cast: it's all I can spend now."



Some other day, if I should ever see you again——"

"I'll tell you vat," said the Italian, "you love art, my good boy; and as here is von of my 'Mornings,' vid a damage in her, I'll give it you. Dere, good boy! take her!"

The boy's eyes glistened with delight. He grasped the hand of the Italian, whose eyes glistened too. He overpowered him with his thanks; and the cast-seller was more than repaid by the joy with which he had filled the heart of that ardent youth. Indeed, there is no luxury experienced by the poor, equal to that which they feel when doing a kindness to one another.

The boy then prepared to set out home with his treasures, and the Italian to proceed on his journey. They parted after a tender leave-taking; for a friendship had already sprung up between these two—though born on soils separate from each other—through their common love of art; which, like a touch of Nature, makes the whole world kin.

"And what is this that you have brought home with you, Aleck?" asked the mother, after the boy had told his story of the morning's adventure with the Pottery lord, and placed the reserved sixpence in her hand.

"It is a beautiful cast which I have bought for only sixpence," said he; "and then look at this beauty!"—holding up the medallion of "Morning" as he spoke.

"I see nothing in them," she coldly observed. "They are only bits of stucco. And you gave sixpence for such things! Well!" And in mute astonishment the mother held up her hands.

How often is it, that the object which possesses so much beauty for one, is but so much dead matter to another. Here, the boy's whole soul had been moved, his very nature transformed and quickened into new life by the sight of these objects, which to his mother were only so much stucco! Thus, to some, the great creation of Raphael is only so much canvas, spoilt by coloured earths spread upon it in oil; and grand old abbeys have not unfrequently been pulled down to build barns with—they were only so much misused stone and lime! Only the true artist sees a meaning in beautiful forms; and Aleck Williams had the temperament of a true artist, though but a boy.

But the prospect of his being taken on at the works, was a thing which the mother could appreciate; for it meant bread, and meat, and clothes, and firing. And though the sixpence had been thrown away by her boy upon the "stucco things," she rejoiced in the good fortune which had otherwise befallen him.

In good time, Davis called at her house,—found Mrs. Williams to be a very poor, but a frugal and cleanly woman, who bore a good character for industry and honesty among her neighbours. In fact, the boy could not have had a better character. His mother was unexceptionable. So he was taken into the Pottery, and set to work at first in the lowest department—that of driving the lathe-wheel.

The boy conducted himself well, and was gradually advanced to higher departments. But we

must mention the circumstance which led to his first decided rise.

One day, the master of the works, who exercised a kindly supervision over the boys, when passing through the place where Aleck laboured, during the hour of rest, while the other boys were playing or lounging about, found Aleck silently occupied in a corner. What could the boy be about! He walked up to him, and glanced over his shoulder. The boy had picked up some waste clay from about the lathe, and was busy modelling a clay figure after his cast of the Boy with the Thorn. Here was the first fruit of "Buy Images."

"What, my boy," asked the master, "do you model? That is really very well done! Where have you learnt this? Who has taught you? The modelling of that back is admirable! How is it you know anything of this sort?"

The boy rose up, blushing scarlet. He could scarcely speak at first, caught as he had been, in the act.

"I have only practised a little at home, sir. I like it, and I have a cast of this, which I am trying to copy. It's very badly done."

"Not at all; Davis, come here. Do you see that? The boy has a genius for this sort of thing. You must put him in the designing shop. He is too good for the wheel. The boy is an artist by nature."

"Very well, sir," said Davis; "I am glad you like the boy. He is a very diligent, well-conducted youth; and we haven't one in the place who is steadier or more attentive at his work."

"Good; good!" observed the kind master; "go on as you have begun, boy; and we'll soon make a man of you."

The boy had, however, the right stuff in him to make a man of himself. But a word of kindly encouragement, and a little help from an employer, at the right time, is worth untold gold to a diligent youth; and Aleck Williams was acutely sensitive to every word of praise or censure; though he was always most careful to avoid the latter by his steady good conduct.

At home, usually by the fire-side, Aleck busied himself in drawing his model Boy. Occasionally, he would bring from the Pottery a spoilt pattern-sheet, and labour to copy it with his pencil. The art of modelling deer, and holly-trees, shepherds and shepherdesses, birds and beasts, on the exterior of jugs and bowls, was then but in its infancy; still he laboured to acquire this art. He was not satisfied with this, but attempted new designs; and he even aspired to model his favourite "Morning," as a design for a water-jug!

Such efforts are never without their results. The mother often thought her boy was but wasting his time, and was even disposed to scold him because he did not run about and play like other boys. But Aleck's attraction was among his models, to which he was now able to add, by the expenditure of a sixpence or a shilling from time to time,—though his mother wondered at his passion for these "rubbish of stucco images." Indeed, Aleck sometimes feared lest they should be swept to the door. Nevertheless, he went on persevering, and aiming at excellence, though he knew it not.

Aleck was taken into the modelling-shop, and,

to the astonishment of his fellows, of much greater age and longer standing than himself, he at once took rank as one of the best workmen. He was encouraged to design new patterns,—the business of many of the best houses depending upon their superiority in this respect. He was left to follow his own tastes; and now his early models—his much-despised “stucco things”—stood him in good stead. They had cultivated his taste, and educated him in art. He strove to model in the same style, and the sight of them, and of similarly pure designs, never failed to stimulate him to fresh efforts. He endeavoured to design and to draw patterns in the same style; and he succeeded. The house became celebrated for its classical designs. They were even publicly praised. Orders flowed in; and the success of Aleck, as a designer, was decided. He distanced all his competitors.

The young man's foot was now on the ladder of fortune: but of fortune he had never thought. He had followed earnestly and purely the bent of his own genius. His whole happiness was concentrated in his art. He lived, thinking of it by night, and labouring at it by day. His designs were generally after the antique, by which he obtained, from day to day, increased means of studying; but many of his own original designs, especially of cupids and children at play, with which he adorned the exterior of water-jugs, were often extremely beautiful.

As he grew older, and came occasionally into contact with artists and men of influence, the advice was occasionally given to him to “turn artist, and devote himself to modelling and sculpture in their highest forms.”

But his modest answer was,—“No! I am satisfied if I can bring Art, through means of the articles in daily use, into the homes of the people, even of the poorest. Let me design an object of beauty, which, infinitely multiplied, may gladden thousands of eyes in all dwellings,—which may teach beauty and grace from every tradesman's tea-table, and every parlour chimney-piece, and every poor housewife's plate-rack. I would rather labour to make Art a familiar thing in the dwellings of the poor, than to cultivate it as a sickly exotic for the sculpture galleries of the rich.”

In fact, Aleck had resolved to popularize art, and extend its influence among the people; and with this end, he went on labouring in a high and noble spirit.

It would take too much space to detail the various stages of his progress. In all worldly respects he prospered. He removed his mother from Back Lane, to a comfortable house on the outskirts of the town, whither he had all his early casts and models carefully removed,—including his favourite Boy with the Thorn, and the chipped medallion of “Morning.” He had long since been enabled to purchase more costly specimens. But these comparatively shabby casts, were dear to him, as they had first awakened in him his intense admiration for the beautiful in art. His mother, growing old, learnt to admire the character and the tastes of her noble son; and she no longer spoke a word in disparagement of his “stucco things.”

When Aleck heard the cry of “Buy Images”

now, he never failed to recall to mind his past encounter with the kindly Italian; and he peered in the faces of all the image-men, in the hope of recognizing him. But he never had the good fortune again to meet with his first helper in art.

In due time, Aleck Williams's name was joined to his master's in the business which he had so greatly contributed to extend; and in a large measure to create. The works were much enlarged, and many hundreds of additional hands were maintained in regular employment through his instrumentality. He established a school of design and modelling in connection with the works, together with evening classes and libraries, for the use of the workmen,—remembering the difficulties which he had himself encountered in the earlier part of his career, for want of such facilities.

In conclusion, it may be added, that at this day, the Porcelain and Parian statuettes, and the China and stone-ware articles, manufactured by the firm of which the subject of this little sketch is now the active head, are universally acknowledged to be unequalled for their beauty and purity of design, as well as for their more substantial and useful qualities. Nor did any articles exhibited at the Great Exhibition of 1851, command more general admiration than those which were displayed at their table.

When any poor Italian, then, in future cries “Buy Images” along the street, let the kind reader recall to mind the features of this little story.—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

## TALES OF THE SLAVE SQUADRON.

CAPTAIN ROBERT HORTON.

WHEN I again reported myself on board the *Curlew*, after the accident related in the last paper, the sloop was lying at Sierra Leone; and the respective posts of captain and first lieutenant, vacant by the retirement from the service of Commander Penshurst, and the death of lieutenant Armstrong, had been filled up by two officers, who, for sundry peremptory reasons, I shall rename Horton and King. They were, I soon found, the very antipodes of each other in almost all respects, save that both were excellent sailors, well-intentioned, honourable men, and about the same age,—three or four and thirty,—Captain Robert Horton a little the oldest, perhaps. It was in their mental and moral build that their lines so entirely diverged. Captain Horton was what—at the period I speak of, and I dare say now—was, and is, a *rara avis* in the royal navy,—namely, a “serious officer. I do not, of course, mean to say that naval officers have not, generally speaking, as deep a sense of the reverential awe with which the Creator of all things should be recognised and worshipped, as the most lackadaisical landsman in existence. It would be strange indeed if they had not, constant witnesses as they are of the wonders of the great deep, and of manifestations of infinite and varied power, splendour, and beneficence, which the contracted horizon of the pent-up dwellers in towns affords comparatively faint examples of;—but what I do mean is, that ninety-nine out of a hundred of them have an aversion to any other preaching or praying on board ship, than that furnished by the



regular chaplain. And in this, as far as I have seen, the prejudice of the fore-castle entirely coincides with that of the quarter-deck; a sea-parson, in vulgar parlance, being quite as much an object of contemptuous dislike amongst genuine blue jackets as a sea-lawyer. Captain Horton was of a different stamp, and carried, or endeavoured to carry, the strong religious feelings—the enthusiastic spiritualism by which his mind was swayed—into the every-day business of sea life. Profane swearing was strictly forbidden, which was well enough if the order could have been enforced; profane singing came within the same category; playing at cards or dominoes, even though the stake were trifling or nominal, was also rigorously interdicted, and scripture reading on the sabbath strongly inculcated both by precept and example. Other proceedings of the same kind, excellent in themselves, but, in my opinion, quite out of place on board a war-ship, were, as far as might be, enforced; and the natural consequence followed, that a lot of the vilest vagabonds in the ship affected to be religiously impressed in order to curry-favour with the captain, and avoid the penalties incurred by their skulking neglect of duty. This state of things was viewed with intense disgust by Lieutenant King, and as far as the discipline of the service permitted, he very freely expressed his opinion thereon. The first luff, in fact, was a rollicking, fun-loving, danger-courting, dashing officer, whom even marriage,—he had a wife and family at Dawlish, in Devonshire, of which pleasant village he was, I believe, a native,—had failed to, in the slightest degree, tame or subdue. One, too, that could put a bottle of wine comfortably out of sight; two, upon an emergency and if duty did not stand in the way—liked a game of billiards, and a ball next perhaps to a battle. This gentleman had got it into his head that Captain Horton was better suited to preaching than fighting, and often predicted amongst his own set, that the first serious brush we happened to be engaged in, would bring out the Captain's white feather in unmistakable prominence. Nothing can be more absurd, as experience has abundantly shown, than to infer that because a man is pious he is likely to be a poltroon; but such persons as Lieutenant King are not to be reasoned with; and, unfortunately, it was not long before a lamentable occurrence gave a colour to the accusation.

There was a French corvette, *Le Renard*, in the harbour at the same time as ourselves, commanded by Le Capitaine D'Ermonville, a very gentlemanly person, and his officers generally were of the same standard of character and conduct. This was fortunate; several quarrels having taken place between a portion of the crews of the two vessels when ashore on leave, arising I fear, from the inherent contempt with which the true English sea-dog ever regards foreign sailors,—the American and Scandinavian races, of course, excepted. This feeling, grounded, in my opinion, upon a real superiority, is very frequently carried to a ridiculous excess, especially when the grog's on board, and the Rule Britannia notion, always floating in Jack's noddle, has been heightened and inflamed by copious libations to the sea-ruling goddess, under whose auspices, as he was at all times ready to sing or swear,—even just

after receiving a round dozen at the caprice of his commanding officer,—that Britons never shall be slaves. It was so in these instances; and but for the good sense of the French officers in overlooking or accepting our apologies for such unruly behaviour, the consequences might have been exceedingly unpleasant, particularly as both the *Curlew* and *Le Renard* were undergoing repairs, and could not leave the harbour for some time, however desirous of doing so. Even as it was, a coolness gradually arose between the officers, who could not help feeling in some degree as partizans of their respective crews, although Captain Horton, I must say, did warmly and untiringly admonish the English sailors of the duty of loving all mankind,—Frenchmen included; of the sin and folly of drinking to excess, even when on leave; and the wickedness of false pride and vain glory at all times.

At length, however, the repairs of both vessels approached completion, and it was suggested, I believe by Captain Horton, that a farewell dinner, to which the officers of the two nations should be invited, might be the means of dispelling any feeling of acerbity which these affrays apparently excited in the breasts of Captain D'Ermonville and his companions.

The then governor of Sierra Leone, a very warm-hearted gentleman, instantly acceded to the proposition; the invitations were forwarded, courteously accepted, and everybody anticipated a convivial and pleasant meeting. And so it proved till about eight o'clock in the evening; after the wine had been a long time on the table, and been very freely discussed—the weather being sultry, the guests hilariously disposed, and the olives excellent. The Lilies of France (this was in the time of Charles X.), the Rose of England, the Gallic Cock, the British Lion, had all been duly honoured and hiccoughed till about the hour I have named, when, under the influence of the vinous fumes they had imbibed, the varnish began to peel off the tongues and aspects of the complimenters, and the conversation to take an unpleasant and boisterous turn. Captain Horton and D'Ermonville, who had drank very sparingly, were evidently anxious to break up the momentarily more and more disorderly party; but their suggestions were of no avail, and the exertion of authority at such a time would, no doubt, they considered, appear harsh and uncourteous. Two of the guests, especially, seemed to be bent upon thwarting their efforts; these were Lieutenant King and Enseigne de Corvette, Le Page. They sat opposite each other, and had got amongst the breakers of politics, and those, too, of the most dangerous kind—the character of Napoleon, the justice of the war against him waged by England, and so on. Captain D'Ermonville, who faced Captain Horton, watched the pair of disputants very anxiously, and adroitly seized the opportunity of Le Page's leaving the room for a few moments, to leave his own and take his, Le Page's chair. Le Page, who was absent hardly a minute, finding his seat occupied, took that vacated by D'Ermonville, which was, as I have just stated, opposite to Captain Horton's. Both captains had been, it afterwards appeared, conversing on pretty nearly the same topics as King and Le Page, but in quite a different tone and spirit,

D'Ermonville was a Bourbon Royalist, *par excellence*, and agreed generally with the English estimate of the French emperor. Captain Horton was, I must also mention, somewhat near-sighted, and the air of the room, moreover, by this time, was thick with cigar-smoke. Captain Horton, who had sunk into a reverie, for a few minutes did not notice, for these various reasons, that D'Ermonville had left his place, much less that it was occupied by another, and, leaning sideways over the table, so as to be heard only by the person addressed, he quietly said,—“Yes, yes, Monsieur; as you say, no sensible man can deny that Napoleon was a most unprincipled usurper, an unscrupulous—”

He got no further. Le Page, believing himself to be purposely insulted, sprung up with a fierce oath, and dashed the goblet of *eau sucré*, which D'Ermonville had been drinking, at the speaker's head, thereby inflicting a severe and stunning blow upon that gentleman's forehead. The terrific uproar that ensued could hardly be described in words: bottles flew across the room and through the windows, swords were drawn, whilst high above the din thundered the defiant voice of Lieutenant King, as he forced his way through the *mêlée* to the almost insensible captain, seized him in his arms, and bore him from the apartment. This action, the lieutenant afterwards admitted, was not purely the result of a generous feeling. The honour of the English name was, he believed, at stake, and it had instantly occurred to him that Captain Horton, if left to himself, would not vindicate that honour in the only way in which he, Lieutenant King, held that it could be vindicated.

The exertions of D'Ermonville and the governor gradually stilled the tumult; and as soon as calm was comparatively restored, the French officers left the house, with the understanding, as *Le Renard* sailed in the morning, that they should wait at a retired place, agreed upon, for any communication the English party might have to make. The affair had in some degree sobered us all, and it was soon plain that strange misgivings were creeping over the minds of Burbage and others of our set, as the time flew by, and no message came from the captain and lieutenant, nor the governor, who had gone to join them. At last voices in loud and angry dispute were heard approaching, and presently the door flew open, and in burst Lieutenant King, white with excitement, and closely followed by his now perfectly recovered commanding officer.

“Do you hear, gentlemen?” shouted the lieutenant, who was really frenzied with rage, “this captain of ours refuses to chastise the insolent Frenchmen, or permit either of us to do so. He has a *conscientious* objection, forsooth, to duelling! Heavens! to think that the honour of the British name should be in the keeping of a coward!”

“Lieutenant King,” replied Captain Horton, in calm and measured tones, “I order you to go on board the *Curllew* instantly.”

“I will not return to the ship till this insult, which affects us all, has been avenged,” rejoined the lieutenant, with unabated wrath; “no, not if dismissal from the service be the consequence!”

Captain Horton glanced towards us, but finding, probably, from our looks, that we, too, in the

excitement of the moment, might refuse to obey his commands, and thereby incur—for no one could deny that he was a kind-hearted, considerate man—the ruinous penalties of a court-martial for disobedience of orders, merely said, again addressing Lieutenant King, “If that be your determination, sir, I must have recourse to other measures to enforce obedience, and fortunately they are not far from hand.” He then left the room, we supposed, to summon a guard of marines.

“Now, gentlemen,” exclaimed Lieutenant King, “now to meet these Frenchmen, before this accursed captain of ours can prevent us. Yet, stay,” he added, “it would be better, perhaps, that I should go alone.” This suggestion was indignantly spurned; in truth, we were all pretty nearly crazed with wine and passion, and off we set to the appointed rendezvous,—one only idea whirling in our brains, namely, that if some Frenchmen or other was not shot, or otherwise slain, the honour and glory of Old England were gone forever!

King and Burbage were ahead together, walking very fast, and conversing earnestly, no doubt as to the most plausible excuse to be offered for the absence of the captain, and the best mode of insisting that a substitute should be accepted. The moon, a cloudless one, was at the full, and very soon the glitter of the impatient Frenchmen's epaulettes and sword-hilts indicated the exact spot appointed for the meeting. We were quickly there, and D'Ermonville, who received us, adroitly availed himself of Captain Horton's absence to bring about a rational and conciliatory settlement.

“Captain Horton is the only person who has a right to demand satisfaction of any one here,” he said, in reply to Lieutenant King's menacing *abord*, “and he, very rightly, in my opinion, prefers, I perceive some better mode of arbitrement than the senseless one of duelling.”

“I repeat to you,” replied Lieutenant King, with reckless equivocation, “that Captain Horton is indisposed, and has devolved upon me the duty of chastising the puppy who assaulted him.” It is well to state that both gentlemen spoke in their own language, but perfectly comprehended each other.

“And it is, of course, for the reasons you have stated,” rejoined M. D'Ermonville, with a slight accent of sarcasm, “that Captain Horton is bringing up yonder bayonets to your assistance!” We glanced round, and sure enough there was a *shore* guard advancing in the distance at a run, and led by the Captain of the *Curllew*. The governor had stood his friend, and not a moment was to be lost. This was also Lieutenant King's impression, and, with the quickness of thought, he exclaimed, “You insinuate that I lie, do you?—then take that, sir, for the compliment,” striking D'Ermonville with his open hand on the face as he spoke. In an instant the swords of both flashed in the brilliant moonlight, and quick and deadly passes were fiercely, yet silently, interchanged; the spectators, both English and French, gathering in a circle round the eager combatants, as if for the purpose of hiding the furious struggle from the near and rapidly-approaching soldiers. D'Ermonville was, I fancy, the best swordsman, and, but for the accident of his foot slipping, after a



but partially successful lunge, by which a flesh wound only, slightly grazing his opponent's ribs, was inflicted, the issue might have been different. As it was, King's unparried counter-thrust sent his weapon clean through D'Ermonville's shoulder, who fell helplessly to the ground, at the very moment Captain Horton and the guard came up.

The dangerously-wounded gentleman—dangerously in that climate, I mean—was gently raised, and, at his own faintly-spoken request, left to the care of his own people. All of us English were then silently marched off to the harbour, where a boat was waiting to convey us to the *Curlew*, Captain Horton merely opening his lips, the while, to give such orders as were necessary. Nobody was placed under actual arrest, but it was thoroughly understood, the next day, that Captain Horton would report the whole affair to the admiral, at the first opportunity; and that Lieutenant King, to a certainty,—perhaps one or two others,—would have to answer before a court-martial for their conduct. Just a week after the duel Captain D'Ermonville was pronounced, to everybody's great joy, out of danger, and the very next day the *Curlew* sailed from Sierra Leone on a cruise southward.

Not precisely a cruise either, for after touching at Cape Coast Castle, we made a direct stretch, the wind favouring, right across the Gulf of Guinea, to a part of the coast not very far northward of *San Felipe de Benguela*, and at about 11 degrees of south latitude, and the same of east longitude. Thereabout, we lay off and on for more than a fortnight, and like *Sister Ann*, for a time, the more eagerly we looked the less likelihood there seemed of anything coming—except indeed, an extra allowance of fever and ophthalmia, from so closely hugging the shore. It was rumoured amongst us that a great slave hunt had taken place in the vicinity, by one of the chiefs of Negro banditti, who have the ludicrous impudence to parody the style and titles of 'kings,' and that a well-known Portuguese trader in black live stock, of the name of José Pasco, had a temporary barracoön somewhere thereabout, crammed with the wretched victims of the said hunt, in readiness for embarkation; and that for the purpose of entrapping some of his ventures, we should have to watch, and back, and fill about the mouths of the two rivers, between which we were generally to be found for an indefinite period. Meanwhile the kind of moral quarantine that had existed between Captain Horton and his chief officers since the evening of the duel,—words only of business and necessity passing between them,—continued with unabated passive virulence on the part of the latter, notwithstanding that the commander showed many indications that he would be glad to let bygones be bygones, from no mean or unworthy motive, I was even then of opinion, of purchasing forbearance towards a defect of character, which, in a naval officer, he must have well known, no other virtues under the sun, however numerous or angelic, could excuse or cause for one moment to be tolerated, but simply on the principle of forgiveness of injuries. One chance of avoiding the scandal of an official inquiry still remained. The service we were upon would very probably terminate in a desperate boat affair—victorious, of course, but

affording plenty of opportunity for the vindication of Captain Horton's damaged reputation for personal bravery in the eyes of his officers and crew; and very heartily did I hope he might successfully avail himself of it when it came. It was not long before all doubt on the matter was set at rest. A king's troop-ship, bound for the Cape, which had touched for some purpose at Cape Coast Castle, spoke and communicated with us off afternoon, and a packet 'on service' was delivered to Captain Horton. Orders were immediately afterwards issued to sail in the direction of the most southerly of the two rivers, to hug the shore still closer, and that everything should in the mean time be prepared for a boat attack. This was done with a will. Sharp cutlasses were re-sharpened to a keener edge, clean pistols re-cleaned, and doubtful flints replaced by more reliable ones, and finally, Lieutenant King reported that everything was in readiness. Night was by this time drawing on, and not a very clear one; we had shoaled our water quite as much as prudence permitted, and were close by the mouth of the most southerly of the rivers. Captain Horton ordered that the sloop should lie to, and that his gig, manned and armed, should be got immediately ready. He had frequently—I have omitted to state—gone on shore at about the same hour to reconnoitre, we supposed,—hitherto without success,—and we rightly concluded that his present purpose was the same. He came on deck a few minutes after the last order had been given, and addressing the first lieutenant, said, "I am about to leave you, sir, in command of the sloop. You will keep her as nearly as may be where she is till I return. It will probably be necessary to act with all the boats, and you had better, therefore, get them alongside, ready manned and armed, so that when the decisive moment comes, there may be no delay." He then went over the side, was rowed ashore, and there was light enough to see he proceeded inland, accompanied by his coxswain only, according to his previous custom. I rather fancy that a doubt whether he might not have mistaken his man, had already crossed even Lieutenant King's bitterly-prejudiced mind.

Hour after hour passed; the boats lay heaving upon the water; and impatience was fast changing into anxiety when the quick, regular, man-of-war's jerk of oars was heard, and in a few moments the gig was alongside without the captain and coxswain. "A letter from Captain Horton for the first lieutenant," said the stroke oarsman, "brought us by a mulatto chap, with orders to deliver it immediately." Lieutenant King snatched the letter, tore it open, and stepped to the binnacle lamp to peruse it. But it is necessary that I should, before giving its contents, relate what had previously occurred to the writer, as it came subsequently to our knowledge:—

Captain Horton and his coxswain had proceeded cautiously inland along the margin of the river for about a mile, when they were suddenly pounced upon by a large party,—coarsely abused, bound, and hurried away in separate directions. The commander's captors halted with him at last at a kind of hut, in which he found the before-named José Pasco, with a number of other ruffians as desperate and savage as himself, engaged,

it seemed, in council. Near the hut—for no concealment was affected—he observed an immense wooden frame covered with tarred canvas,—a monster tent, in fact, filled with captured negroes; and in the river, just opposite, was an armed clipper-brig, also full as it could cram of the same living cargo. A shout of ferocious delight greeted the captain's entrance into the hut, and then Pasco commanded that he should be unbound. What next occurred, I abbreviate from the evidence afterwards given before the mixed commission by the mulatto who delivered the captain's letter to the men in the gig, and that of Juan Paloz, an admitted witness for the captors:—

"It's lucky we've caught you, Captain Horton!" said Pasco, "instead of you us. That accursed vessel of yours has been brought, we find, off the mouth of the river. She must remove further away for we intend that the brig you have seen shall sail to-night."

Captain Horton, who was very pale, the witnesses deposed, but calm and firm, did not answer, and Pasco continued—

"We intend that you shall immediately write an order to the officer left in command of the *Curlew*, directing him—a plausible reason can be easily given—to instantly weigh, and proceed to a point about a league northward, where you can meet him, you know."

"And what is the penalty if I refuse?"

"Death!" was the savage response from half a dozen voices. "Death!" echoed Pasco, "as certain as that you are now a living man, and—I was at Sierra Leone a short time since—that you wish to remain one."

Captain Horton was silent for a brief space, and then said, "Give me pen and paper, since it must needs be so." This was done; the captain took the pen in his hand, sat down, made one or two strokes, and said, with an expression of pain, "Your cords have so hurt my wrists and fingers that I can hardly hold the pen; let some one of you write as I shall dictate. My seal will be sufficient authentication; besides, the officer will imagine my coxswain wrote it."

"You must write yourself," said Pasco; "no one here knows English."

"Ha! well, then, I suppose I must try and manage it myself." The letter was written, folded, sealed, and directed.

A muttered conference next took place between the slave-dealing ruffians, at the end of which Pasco said, "Let us well understand each other, Captain Horton. You no doubt have heard that whatever else I may be I always keep my promise, whether for good or evil?"

"That is, I know, your character."

"Then listen to me. Should the *Curlew* not remove northward, in obedience to this letter, you shall be shot, as certainly as that there are niggers worth ten thousand dollars in yonder brig; and should—yet no, you are not a man to play us such a trick as that—still, should we be attacked in consequence of this letter, you shall be lashed to the top of yonder barracoon, and burnt alive in the very presence of your infernal countrymen. This I swear, by all the saints in heaven and devils in hell!"

The mulatto said the English captain looked

paler than before, but answered quietly, "I quite understand."

The letter written under the foregoing circumstances, which I left Lieutenant King reading by the binnacle light, ran thus:—"Captain Horton directs Lieutenant King to take the command of the *Curlew's* boats immediately on the receipt of this note, and ascend the river in his front for, Captain Horton calculates, about six miles, where he will find a slave-brig, which he will carry by boarding. There are, also, a large number of negroes in an immense barracoon on the shore, whom Lieutenant King will prevent being driven away inland. The resistance will be, no doubt, desperate, but Captain Horton feels quite satisfied that under Lieutenant King the attack will be prompt, daring, and, with the blessing of God, crowned with success." Instantly that he had finished the hasty perusal of this note, Lieutenant King seized and belted his pistols, jumped into the pinnace, and we were off—about a hundred men in all—in a jiffy. The oars were muffled, and the profoundest silence was enforced, in the hope of at least nearing the enemy unobserved. For something more than a league this appeared likely to be the case, but when about that far on our way, a confused tumult of voices began to spring up along the left bank of the river, followed by a dropping fire of musketry, obliging us to keep the centre of the channel, as it would have been folly to have wasted time in returning it. The tumult of discordant noises,—shouting, shrieking, musket and pistol firing, roars of brutal merriment and deadly defiance,—grew louder and louder as we neared the goal. Presently flame, at first flickering and uncertain, threw a lurid glare over the scene, and as we swept round a bend of the river, burst into a volume of fire, rendering every object within the circuit of a mile, I should say, distinctly visible. But we had no time to note those objects minutely; a well-armed brig, with boarding-nettings triced up, opened fire upon us, though without much effect. She was boarded and carried with one pealing hurrah! and leaving Burbage and a sufficient number of men in charge, Lieutenant King jumped into the boats again with the others, and made for the left shore, which was lined with a crowd of variously-accounted rascals. The flames I have mentioned proceeded from a huge canvas-covered building, which was blazing furiously; and although happening to be in the hindmost boat, I discerned the figure of a man, erect and motionless, upon its summit,—how or why there I could not imagine. The next moment the wind-whirled flame and smoke hid him from my view, and I heard Lieutenant King's stentorian voice exclaiming, "Give way, men! give way, for God's sake! the devils have entrapped the captain, and are burning him alive. With a will, now hurrah!" The boats quickly grounded, and we sprang on shore, headed by the first lieutenant. The resistance, desperate it was, was broken through and dispersed with a leap and a rush; and then a sight,—the sublimest, the most terrible I ever witnessed, clearly presented itself. Captain Horton, pale, ay, and calm as death, was standing bound, erect, and bare-headed, upon the flaming slave-house, with a book in his hand, what one I could easily guess. Frantic were the



efforts made to save his life,—gratefully acknowledged by repeated wavings of his hand,—and vain as frantic; the devouring flames could not be arrested, the building collapsed, fell in, and Captain Robert Horton was buried beneath the fiery ruin!

It is needless to say how amply he was avenged, or dwell further upon the savage and terrific contest,—not long a contest, properly so called, although the ringing pistol-shot, the death-shriek, or the wild appeal for mercy undeserved continued far into the night; enough to say, in the words of the official report “that the attack was entirely successful, the number of negroes released from bondage eight hundred and seventy-six, and the breaking up of the slave settlement complete.” This was quite true, but like another paragraph of the same report, not *all* the truth:—“Captain Horton died as a brave man should during the attack upon the armed slaver-gangs on shore.” Why the exact cause and manner of his heroic death were not officially set forth I never rightly understood.

He was quite dead when dragged, as speedily as it could be done, from under the burning embers of the monster slave-tent, and much scorched, yet his countenance had a remarkably composed expression. His bible was also found, not much injured, and is, I believe, now in the possession of the family of Lieutenant King, who with swimming eyes pointed out to us, a few days afterwards, in the cabin of the *Curlew*, the following passage, written with a pencil in the inside of one of the leaves:—“Tuesday, half-past 1 p.m. The *Curlew's* boats are approaching; thank God I shall die in my duty, and not in vain. Should this ever meet the eye of her officers, they will by that time know, that a man who is afraid of offending God may not fear Death!”—*Eliza Cook's Journal*.

### SCRAPS FROM A WRITING-DESK.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF A FATHER'S DEATH-BED.

EVEN at this distant period of time, I can look back and see my widowed mother rush from the apartment in which he lay, and where she had watched him with that solicitude and tenderness with which a wife alone *can* watch, and hear her exclaim in all the bitterness of woe, “my children, your father is dead!”

I see her again, when the first burst of grief is past, sitting in her arm chair, arrayed in a widow's cap, an unconscious infant hanging on her breast, two little children playing about her knee, I can perceive the stifled sorrow, (subdued by resignation to God's will,) whose silent eloquence tells more forcibly of the soul's anguish, than do the outpourings of unsanctified affliction.

And yet again, the morning of the day on which his mortal remains are to be conveyed to their last narrow resting place, I see my bereaved parent, motion her children to the door of the chamber in which his body lay, I feel her hand press mine as she conducts me towards the lifeless corpse of him who was her all, her earthly idol! I remember her last farewell look, and the sensation conveyed by the marble coldness of his brow, as I instinctively followed my mother's

example and imprinted the parting kiss on his placid cheek. I hear again the smothered sigh, as she withdraws hurriedly from the room and gives herself up for the rest of that sad day, to a fresh burst of impassioned grief.

And now the hurried business tread of the undertaker's foot and the screwing down of the coffin lid, contrast sadly with the aching hearts in the adjoining room, and fall harshly on the ear: then come the mutes and mourners, clergyman and physician, clerk and sexton and all that generally contributes to swell the pageantry of woe.

After a few minutes of painful suspense during which the funeral procession is assembling round the door, the coffin is slowly carried down stairs and deposited by the bearers in the hearse which stands ready to receive it; presently the mourners take their places, the procession forms, the sexton commences his measured tread, and the hearse decked with its long black plumes mournfully nodding assent, proceeds slowly and sadly along, followed by a train of sorrowing relatives and friends.

The churchyard is reached, the beautiful and sublime burial service of the Church of England is read, the solemn “*dust to dust, ashes to ashes*,” accompanied by the dull sound of the mould as it falls on the coffin lid, for the first time seems to awaken one to the sad reality that a fellow mortal has passed through the dark valley, from time to eternity! But how are the Christian's hopes raised from earth to heaven, when he looks with the eye of faith beyond the narrow portals of the tomb! The veil which separates him from the unseen world appears momentarily withdrawn, as he hears those cheering words from the clergyman's lips “In the sure and certain hope of Everlasting Life.” Under their genial influence, the torrent of grief is stemmed, the tears of unavailing sorrow are wiped from the mourner's cheek, for he feels that the pious parent whom he consigns to the tomb is not lost, but gone before!

Death is appalling under whatever circumstances it happens, how much more so, when we see the head of a family removed from us by its unchangeable fiat. All the schemes that had been formed of earthly happiness, “romantic schemes and fraught with loveliness” in a moment blasted! The family circle broken up by the sudden removal of him, in whom the hopes of a doting wife were centred. The widowed mother and her orphan children left to the buffetings of a heartless world!

Friends, who appeared *such* and smiled complacently, when “fortune smiled,” wax cold and indifferent: They give vent to their sympathy in a few hollow-hearted expressions, and this being all that the usages of society require at their hands, they speedily withdraw from the house of mourning and seek to efface any serious impressions which may have been made, by mingling afresh with the world, its absorbing cares and unsatisfying vanities! Ah! Ye who live in “luxury and ease,” who put far away from your own dwellings, the thoughts of Death! and imagine that a contemplation of approaching dissolution may be drowned in the bowl of pleasure, and that you are so fortified by health and surrounded with prosperity, that o'er the threshold of your doors

the destroying angel may not enter, but that he may be banned and barred from your portals, listen to *that* bell, as it tolls the requiem of a departed soul! perchance a spirit lost! cast your eyes for a moment along that funeral procession as it wends its way to the church-yard, observe the gushing tears that bedew the mourner's cheeks, significant tokens of the melting hearts within, and deem not, that however high your station, or extensive your influence, any adventitious circumstance of intellect or rank or wealth, will purchase for *you*, immunity from the common lot of mortality.

### A SOLDIER'S SEA ADVENTURE.

SAILORS are, undoubtedly, the most rural-hearted people in the world. Their fancies, though rarely realised, have, depend upon it, all of them inland and rural homesteads. What like long sea voyages—a long privation of land, can give yearnings towards our dear mother earth! How many landscapes spring up at sea! and what is city life to a sailor—he sees that at every port, on every coast,—compared with the pictures his imagination dallies with of rustic scenes and occupations? Seamen are pretty nigh as freshly primitive too, in spite of civilization, as they were when the Argonauts sailed in search of the golden fleece. Is not a genuine British tar still as genuine a bit of unfashioned nature as even a Phœnician fleet, whose cry also was “*arva beata petimus arva*,” could have turned out? And, as for fishermen, they may be called “Sea Shepherds,” though I cannot recollect that they ever were so called, except on the single occasion when Proteus “*egit omne pecus viscere montes*.” Any one who has ever visited any of the coast settlements of this class apart (I am thinking especially of one in the neighbourhood of Boulogne-sur-mer,) cannot fail to have been struck with their rude, hard, happy, and abundantly supplied life; genuine peril and toil, and genuine rest and enjoyment. Pastorals are as insipid as the refined innocence they feign; but a piscatorial poem might be full of stirring incidents, of excitement, of terror, and of pathos. Of the primitives of humanity, however, so little remains, that there is hardly enough left to sympathize with what does remain. Having, nevertheless, on a long sea voyage, visited a little island, remote from civilization, and redolent of all Arcadian rusticities—a scene of enchantment and of disenchantment, in the course of a single day—I purpose here to record the rather singular adventures and experience of this day, and have set down the above remarks as a sort of *capriccio* preface, to what sailors may perhaps call, I hope with a relish, a haymaking sea article.

We were sailing from India, from Bombay—homeward bound. The vessel was neither a man-of-war, nor an East Indiaman, but a merchant-man. The passengers on board were

all of them officers of the 65th Regiment, several having their wives with them. The Medina (that was the vessel's name) had been chartered as a transport ship to carry us to England; our regiment (which consisted solely of officers, the men having been drafted into other corps,) having been recalled home after a twenty years' service in India.

Our captain, or skipper, as the sequel will show, requires a few words to be said about him at starting. He had the look and character of a drunken smuggler. I am sure he was never seen by any on board thoroughly sober, and it would be perhaps rather hazardous to say that he was ever seen not thoroughly drunk. There must have been some mystery of iniquity in such a fellow ever having been placed in any responsible position. With his drunkenness begins and ends my adventure.

Drunkards have often bright hallucinations; obstacles, dangers, impossibilities vanish; and they do heroic things and insane things in a state of partial insanity. A delirium of joy, at some Tantalus temptation, often takes possession of them; and attempt to realise it they must, without a moment's delay, lest that which must vanish on the attempt should vanish even before the attempt is made. Some such delirium as this seems to have seized on our skipper. We were flapping about in a dead calm, the sea like a mirror of molten glass, as unruffled and passive as the hot cloudless sky it reflected. An island, which we afterwards learned was called Rodriguez, lay about four or five miles on our lee. Through our telescopes we could discern its green woods, and our souls longed for their refreshing shelter, when one morning our skipper, who had been hitherto an object of aversion and avoidance to us all, made himself suddenly popular by proposing that, as the calm was likely to last, we should all go on shore, and enjoy ourselves at least for one day. This announcement was delightful; we were soon ready, ladies and all. The boats were lowered, and we were presently a joyous company, four boats full and the gig, rowing lustily away on the pleasantest pleasure party that ever, by sea or land, the sun had shone upon. It was not till the evening was a good deal advanced that we reached the island.

Rodriguez is about fifty miles in circumference. It was formerly a French possession, but fell into our hands on our conquest of the Isle of France. At the time I allude to, it was still inhabited by three French families, who, with their slaves, constituted its whole population. Being surrounded by the most dangerous reefs of coral rocks, and having no safe harbourage, it had been always almost a desert island, and had become so infamous as a refuge and resort of smugglers, that our government had stationed a marine officer on the coast, to detect and frustrate the operations of those gentry. It is probable that with



this amiable class of industrials our skipper had formerly had intimate connections, and that he could not resist the drunken temptation to revisit once more his old haunts; or, who knows? he might have been carrying out some smuggling enterprise on this very occasion, though his vessel was chartered by the government, and had king's officers on board. But this conjecture came later.

As we approached the shore, we expected to see some signs of life and habitation, but none appeared till we got quite close to the beach, when we perceived one man only coming to meet us. This was the marine officer above alluded to. The extraordinary apparition of almost a fleet of boats, directing their course towards the island, in open day, had excited his curiosity, so he came to meet us *alone*, simply because there was no other human being, save his own black female cook, within five miles' distance. His delight on finding the whole party to be English, cannot be described. It transported him beyond the bounds of hospitality into the most intimate cordiality at once. He shook hands with all of us more than once all round, and exhibited so many other signs of joy that we began to think the only visible inhabitant of the island was rather frail in the upper story. He, however, soon recovered himself and apologized for his familiarity, without explaining its cause. He invited and conducted us all to his abode—a very pretty cottage, commanding a fine sea view. We soon found, however, somewhat to our disappointment, that the means of entertainment at our host's command were by no means equal to the sudden demand made upon them; neither was his cottage at all ample enough to give accommodation to one-half our party. In this dilemma all our unmarried men, with one exception, resolved, under the guidance of the captain, to push up through the woods, and over the hills into the interior, where they were told they would find, at five and at six miles' distance, two families who would be prepared to supply all their wants. As for the ladies and their husbands, the marine officer undertook to provide for them; and this duty he fulfilled greatly to their contentment and his own, for, I suppose, the pleasant meal and the pleasant talk, the good wine and the excellent coffee, seasoning and animating both—this *al fresco* repast in the open air, in so novel a position, must have left as delicious reminiscences on the minds of all these who partook of it as it has on mine.

Being the only bachelor of the party left behind, my bed, as well as my board, was *al fresco*. This I had foreseen, and had consequently refused to go up the hills; for nothing to my taste is so exquisite as complete solitude under the open sky (climate permitting) on a fine night, in any new scene of beauty or sublimity. When I first visited Mont Blanc, I remained the whole night on

Mont Flegere, taking nominally a bed at the station-house on its summit, watching, free from the babble of a Babel of tourists, the tremendous scenery about me. At present, though very beautiful, the scenic environment was by no means of so absorbing a character. Yet the excitement of the day, and of the scene, was sufficient to keep me wakeful. and with the only companions I coveted, cigars, of which I had a plentiful supply, I gave myself up to the high enjoyment of mere existence—the purest sensuality, for it precludes entirely all distinct thought. I then understood, for the first time, Rousseau's meaning, when he says "*L'homme qui pense est un être deprave.*" To have thought, to have had any plan, or proposition, or wish in my mind, would have been like the fall from original purity into sin. When, at last fatigued, I found the trunk of a small tree which had been felled, a very convenient pillow, and that my boat-cloak was quite sufficient covering to protect me from the dews. The sun streaming on my face awoke me in the morning quite refreshed, and all alert for the adventures of the opening day.

Islands far out at sea have got, somehow or other, associated in our minds with pictures of the profusest magnificence of nature. The Edens set in the main which the first discoverers of America lit upon, are no doubt partly the cause of this. Yet no anticipation could have come up to the scenes of enchantment we now passed through. Woods, savannahs, groves of the lime and orange tree, whose fruit we absolutely trod under our feet, bays indenting the coast, all of the rudest and the softest, the wildest freaks, and most virgin fancies of nature, were intermingled together. The whole island seemed to belong to nobody, to be its own proprietor, and to be happy, as multitudes of birds of strange and brilliant plumage proclaimed—happy "beyond rule or art, enormous bliss," as it had been from the beginning of time. This was its particular charm that wafted a balmy health into our lungs, though we did occasionally see large patches of cultivated ground, sown with wheat, Indian corn, and paddy (rice), in a flourishing condition, which showed the soil to be particularly fat and fertile. The climate, however, is as tempestuous as a beautiful passionate woman. We saw chasms rent in several places through the forests, by hurricanes that had ripped their way through them. Of these timely notice is always given, by the bellowings and furious gambols of the wild bulls, numerous on the island, who feel the greatest terror at their approach. We were told, also, of one of the forests having a short time before caught fire, which spread considerably, terrifying the cattle to a frantic pitch, and greatly alarming the inhabitants, though the grand ignition—a forest in flames, seen far out at sea, seems

something portentous—was very distant from their settlements. It was extinguished, after having raged for nearly a whole day, by a violent descent of rain. The external scenery occupied us agreeably, and formed the main subject of our talk till we arrived at the residence of the first family we were to visit.

Here we entered a large square court, reclaimed completely from the wildness of the country about it. Fronting us stood a large handsomely built cottage. On one side were cow and cattle houses, and on the other sides were about a dozen of the neatest huts, built of mud and laths, or stakes, I had ever seen. Each hut had a rather largish garden, kept in the trimmest order, behind it; and behind the cottage was as fine a kitchen garden as belongs to any private gentleman's country house in England. The cottage was the abode of the proprietor, and the huts lodged the slaves. I never saw a more jolly picture of abundance than this court and its environs presented. Domestic animals of almost all kinds, particularly the feathered bipeds—turkeys, geese, ducks, and guinea fowls, made a very pleasant clattering; and there was that sort of confusion which is not disorder, in which all practical cleanliness is observed, that makes a well-conducted farm establishment, in all parts of the world, so agreeable a sight. We had now the very satisfactory conviction that our stomachs would be kept in fine tone for the indulgence of the imagination in its unsubstantial fare; and it was owing, perhaps, to the anticipation of the good things to be partaken of after our long walk, that even the sight of slavery did not disturb our good humour. But, to say the truth, this first glance at it was quite the reverse of revolting. The slaves were evidently well lodged, well fed, and well taken care of—much more so than the free peasant usually is, in any part of the world. They looked alert and merry, a grin almost always on their faces; and as for the young brood of them, rolling and playing and gambolling about, *in puris naturalibus*, among the other live stock, they were the very picture of animal contentment and enjoyment.

The inmates of the large cottage consisted only of an old bed-ridden woman and her daughter, Mademoiselle Seraphine, of about twenty-five years of age. Though not as her name seemed to imply, very seraphic, Mademoiselle was very amiable, and rather pretty. Our visit caused great delight to our entertainers. Such an event, they said, had not happened to them during the twenty years they had inhabited the island. A bountiful *dejeuner à la fourchette* was prepared for us. We were served with silver forks and napkins, importations from France five-and-twenty years before. When we spoke of France, we found that these kind people had been dreaming of it for the last quarter of a century; but

they were dreaming out their dream in such a delightful dreamland, that we could not pity them for very envy at their happy lot. Neither did we see in them any signs of sadness or repining. On the contrary their French politeness and gaiety, far from being impaired, retained all its pristine amenity and sparkle. The young lady coquetted with our young officers, as only French damsels know how to coquet. She had rarely such an opportunity, though she had been once or twice to the Isle of France, for exercising her talents in this line, and she made the most of it; whilst the old dame from her couch kept up an incessant fire of compliments, *bon mots*, and French anecdotes upon us. There were just sixteen of us; upon which she observed that, counting each for one year, our visit was the compensation Providence had sent her for sixteen years' confinement to her bed. On taking leave, in order to visit another family about a mile up the country, we were invited to return to dinner; and as we perceived that our refusal to do so would be a severe disappointment to our kind hostess, it did not require much pressing to induce us to accept of the invitation.

If the romance of this visit was a little tempered, and very piquantly so, by just a touch of the foppery of old French civilisation, we found that of the next at least quite pure. The family here was a grandfather and his two granddaughters; old age in its sereneest guise, and youth in its rosiest bloom, sequestered in the most retired nook of beauty I have ever yet seen, though it has been my lot, in various travel, to search out and enjoy such spots as much as any man. The site of the cottage, which required no cultivation or gardening about it to set it off, was on a brilliantly green tongue of land, something between a wide gorge and a valley, for neither of these names exactly describes it. Feathering woods above surrounded it, not closely, rather spaciouly, singing, by their rustling leaves, a lullaby over its seclusion, and here and there were breaks that let in views of the sea. As it was a little apart from the farm establishment, which was entirely out of sight, its stillness, and the charm of its loneliness, was quite unbroken. It is no wonder, therefore, that when an old gentleman, uncovering his white head, with a beautiful girl on each side of him, advanced to meet us, we exclaimed almost all of us simultaneously, "A Prospero and two Mirandas?" Indeed the girls, one of seventeen and the other of eighteen, were remarkably beautiful—one of them peerlessly so. They were dressed as French peasants of the south of France. Their little white caps, running up into peaks, and bordered with antique lace, we thought, however, a very bad substitute for the beautiful brown locks that, in spite of this confinement, strayed here and there over their necks. But their



dark blue bodies, and short scarlet petticoats, met our entire approbation, especially as the latter discovered pretty little feet and ancles, which, as Burns says, "would make a saint forget the sky." These little feet were invested in blue stockings, which were only worn, we were told, on holiday occasions; and certainly we should have been much better pleased to have seen them without them. As Dulcineas bathing their ancles in a stream, the two girls would have been seen to perfection. In brief, they were beautiful enough to have turned any sane man into a Don Quixote for the rest of his life—during the age of chivalry that is. Their father and mother had died in the island, leaving them in charge of their grandfather, who appeared to be devotedly attached to them, and was so afraid of their meeting with any accident, that they had never, during their lives, been so far from their homes as the sea beach. A visit now and then to Mademoiselle Seraphine, a very rare occurrence, summed up all their experience of the world and its concerns. They could neither read nor write—knew nothing; yet, so much had nature done for them, that they were neither gross, nor stupid, nor awkward, but, like other rustics one sometimes meets with, had an innate, instinctive gracefulness, beyond the reach of art, which it is the perfection of art to imitate well. If we were delighted with them, how much more so must they have been with us? I can imagine them exclaiming internally with Miranda, "What a brave world that hath such creatures in it!" They soon became familiar with our ladies, and paid the most particular and curious attention to the various mysteries of their toilette. But when any of our younger officers addressed them, they showed the greatest timidity, and, by their perpetual blushes, reddened most charmingly their brunette complexions, tanned, and just a little freckled by the sun. We regretted that we could give but little more than an hour to this visit. After partaking of some refreshment, wine and fruits, the water melon, the pomegranate, the guava, the plantain, and the pineapple, which the climate produces in abundance, we took our leave in a state of rapture at what we had seen, leaving behind us, no doubt, many thrilling and tingling disturbances in the bosoms of the two nymphs, to whom we must have seemed but as an apparition from another and a brighter world.

A really not only most plenteous but luxurious repast awaited us on our return to the first settlement. The old lady had boasted that she had not forgotten her culinary lore by her long absence from France; and of this she gave proof, for under her directions, her daughter had provided for us a banquet that would have done honour to a Paris gastronomie. Soup and bouilli, two roast turkeys, fowls fricasséed and curried, a matelotte of

fish, and a whole roasted kid, stuffed with chesnuts, which are as good for the purpose as the pistachio nuts Turks and Greeks are so fond of, were the appetising *plats* and *pièces de resistance* that were spread before us. Our drink was at first an ordinary wine, from the Isle of France, but, on the removal of the good things I have mentioned, a *friture* of small fish, served up on several skewers, made their appearance, and with them some half dozen bottles of Beaune and of Champagne, which the old lady informed us were taken from a little store reserved for her husband on his annual visits to the island. She recommended the *friture* as giving a particular fine relish to the wine, and seemed to enjoy it all immensely, though she herself ate and drank nothing. Coffee and a *petit verre* of real cognac finished our regale. Laden with baskets of fruit, we departed to re-embark, for a breeze had sprung up within the last few hours, that made us impatient to be on board.

Sould an enthusiastic young school-boy, on first seeing a play, believing all to be a true representation of life, be suddenly introduced behind the scenes, thus having the whole delusion turned suddenly inside out, he could not be so completely disenchanted as we were, or have so vivid a conception of the difference between the ideal and the real, as we had before we reached the beach. One or two of our young ensigns were so far gone in romance and nympholepsy, that they emphatically announced their intention of selling out, as soon as they reached England, and returning to the island, to marry and be happy, far away from all toil, care, anxiety and vice, in abundance gained by healthful, pleasurable exercise, farming, hunting, fishing, and in the companionship of love only, from year's end to year's end. Hearing these rhapsodies, our guide thought it high time to break the charm we were all more or less under; and he soon brought us down from altitudes which some few of us had indulged in wantonly, with a kind of credulous incredulity, but others with more than a touch of genuine faith, to *terra firma*, by a very prosaic statement of a few plain matters of fact.

But these matters of fact I have not really the heart to relate as I had intended to do when I commenced this paper. I cannot sketch a picture only for the sake of daubing it out. Suffice it to say, the island was completely stripped of all romance, of all moral decency, in our eyes before we left it. Its natural beauty alone remained to make, by the contrast, the lot of its inhabitants the more saddening and disconsolate. Well we understood now the joy of the marine officer, when he first shook us by the hand. What a refreshment a day's society of English ladies and gentlemen must have been to him! Much greater than was ours, more transitory still, in the enjoyment of a mere *mirage* Arcadia.

Sege Emperor of Ethiopia's ten days' attempt at happiness was not so full of pointed lessons as was our day's experience; for that was fiction, this was fact. Nevertheless, let our sailors continue to hay-make at sea, and our landmen to make adventurous sea voyages on land, and let our politicians and lawyers, if possible, refresh their battered and deadened sensibilities in the like reveries; for after all, enchantment is better than disenchantment, and delusion is better than reality, as I feel by the insuperable aversion I feel to narrate the sequel of my story.

Having, however, made particular allusion to our skipper I must say a few additional words about him. We got very satisfactory evidence that he had been, and probably still was, a smuggler, and had carried on in the island, aided by the inhabitants, a thriving contraband traffic which they had engaged themselves to our Government to assist the marine officer in putting down. He had passed his day with the third proprietor at Rodrigue, an old bachelor, whom I have not before mentioned. After nearly twenty-four hours' carouse he arrived on board at about two o'clock in the morning. He had narrowly escaped, in his drunken state, the wreck of his boat among the rocks, for the sea had gone up under a stiffish gale, and the passage to the ship had become extremely dangerous. As soon as he was within sight the heaving up of the anchor began. On putting his foot on board, he shouted out "Well thanks be to blazes, hee I am my lads, for half an hour ago I expected to be in Davy's locker before this time. Hardly had he uttered these words, when the capstan bars flew violently out on the capstan, one of which struck him on the forehead, and he fell down on the deck a corpse. The anchor had caught in one of the rocks which caused the sudden jerk that threw out the bars. The blow he received was so violent that his temples were almost smashed into the back of his head. Thus he went, to use his own fearful expression, "to blazes and t Davy's locker!" and thus was a black pall thrown over our day's adventure that no one would wish to lift.—*United Service Journal.*

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STANZAS.

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MOTHER, thy say the summer ray  
Shines on flower and tree;  
Thy coffin-lid has darkly hid  
The summer light from me.

Mother, thou tell me bee and bird  
Are singing loud and near;  
Thy latest man is all the tone  
That lingers on my ear.

Mother, they offer daily fare,  
But, ere the bread be broke,  
I look upon thy empty chair,  
And then that bread would choke.

Mother, my eyes watch out the night,  
And yet no tear-drops fall,  
But there is dimness in the sight,  
And fever in the ball.

I have had many an hour of pain.  
That bade me pray for rest,  
But now there's fire upon my brain,  
And ashes in my breast.

MOTHER! oh, God! thou great Supreme,  
Thou Mighty and Divine—  
Forgive me if I dared to deem  
That name as blest as thine.

The bridegroom wails to lose his bride,  
But, ere the passing year,  
You'll find another by his side,  
As beautiful and dear.

The father sighs to miss his child,  
But, ere the waning week,  
Some other darling has beguiled  
The shadow from his cheek.

The friend may see his friend depart,  
But, ere the closing day,  
Some new companions warm his heart,  
And chase the old away.

We all may meet a rising star,  
Bright as the one of yore;  
Bride, child, friend, are replaced—but ah!  
The mother comes no more.

Oh! who will love as thou hast done?  
Who heed my woe and weal?  
Oh! who will guard thy youngest one  
With such an angel zeal!

Thy cerecloth wraps my living brow,  
I'm in the world alone;  
I know—I feel I've nothing now  
That I can call my own.

The lichen clingeth to the rock,  
The ivy to the tree—  
Yet, oh! more fond, more close the bond  
That linked this soul to thee.

The form that twined about thy neck  
In happy infant play,  
Once more is bowed above thy shroud,  
And bends beside thy clay.

Once more I press the gentle hand  
I ever loved to hold;  
It does not strain my hand again,  
Ah! no, 'tis dead—'tis cold!

Once more I kiss thy whitened lips,  
But, hark! the tolling bell;  
Once more,—the last—away, 'tis past—  
MOTHER, farewell! farewell!

—*Eliza Cook.*



## A REMINISCENCE OF THE PENINSULA WAR.

ONE fine morning in December it happened, for a wonder, that General — was at breakfast alone and with his feet upon the hobs sipping a capital bottle of claret, of which he had given a bumper to Baptiste, a brave veteran, who had followed him in all his campaigns.

"Well, Baptiste, what say you to that wine? If we had had such a bottle on the banks of the Berossina?"

"Oh! as for that, General, it would have been kindly welcome, and would have helped to blow a little warmth into our fingers. Truly it goes down pleasantly—"

At the same moment, and whilst Baptiste was quietly sipping his glass, his eyes sparkling with pleasure, the door opened, and an old friend of the General, Captain Norbert, appeared.

Baptiste, to his great regret, had emptied the glass at a draught, and withdrew.

"Ah! parbleu! you have just come in time, Norbert," said the General, gaily. "You must breakfast with me; there's a capital Strasbourg pie hardly begun. Sit you down."

"No, thank you, General."

"Why, what is the matter with you? You look like the Austrians when we have beaten them."

"The fact is, General, I have just witnessed a combat in which a brave young fellow, a mere child, has fallen dangerously wounded."

"A duel—so, so; now that there is no more fighting for our country, we risk our lives for the sake of a word."

"Why, General, when that word is so dishonourable to one of the surviving veterans of our armies, it is natural that a brave heart should resent and seek, at any rate, to force back the calumnious word with a sword-thrust down the throat of the utterer."

"You are right, morbleu!" cried the General, who was very sensitive about the reputation of the soldiers of the Empire. "And besides I have no pity for calumniators. But who is the hero of this duel? One of our young officers?"

"No, General; an artist, a painter."

"Indeed! I thought those merry blades only fought with the brushes."

"They fight like lions, General, in defence of those whom they love and respect."

"But how did all this happen?"

"Thus. We were twelve of us at breakfast yesterday. Derville had brought with him a young painter of great promise, named Paul. After breakfast we went to the Café de la Regence. At a table near us were four young men talking loud and in a disagreeable tone, wearing long moustachios, and dressed in the extreme of fashion. These gentlemen seemed to take great pleasure in heaping abuse on all those generals most esteemed by the country. One especially, the loudest in these calumnies, appeared to think that each brilliant exploit performed by another was so much renown of which he himself was robbed. We were losing patience, and our looks bespoke our indignation, when the youth in question came to facts and uttered a name. We saw Paul tremble with emotion."

"The painter!"

"Yes; the brave lad is an enthusiast for the Emperor and his veterans, and it happened that the name pronounced was that of one with whose exploits he was most familiar. He half rose when the scoundrel asserted that the General in question had made his fortune by the plunder of Italy and Spain; the sentence was not finished before the slanderer had received a couple of resounding blows on the face."

"Very good! And it was the little painter that did it?"

"Yes, General. This morning he fought in defence of his hero, whom by the way he has never seen, and wounded his antagonist, but carried away by his ardour, he ran upon the opponent's sword and received a dangerous wound on the breast."

"What a misfortune! Why I love the brave boy already. You must introduce me to him."

"Yes, if he survives."

"But who was the General insulted yesterday, and so boldly avenged to-day?"

"You, General."

"I!"

The General bounded like a wounded lion.

"I! morbleu! Why did you not tell me directly. This brave boy is dangerously wounded for my sake, and I sitting quietly at breakfast! Quick! Norbert. Baptiste, my hat and gloves! Let us be off at once to see the painter."

Duvernay ran down stairs followed by Norbert and jumped into a coach that was passing.

"Rue du Buffault," said the Captain.

"And gallop for your life," cried the General.

"If you kill the horses, I will pay you for them." In less than five minutes they were at their journey's end. The two friends climbed six flights of stairs, and the General puffing for breath, entered the painter's garret.

The artist was on the bed, pale and covered with blood. The surgeon who had just dressed his wound was still with him.

"How is he, doctor?" inquired Duvernay, anxiously. Is he dead? Is he alive?"

"He will recover, Sir, with great care."

"Care! care! That shall not be wanting." The General approached the bed shuddering.

"Why he is dead!"

"No, Sir, I will answer for that. He fainted with loss of blood, and has not yet recovered his senses."

Duvernay gazed on him for a moment in mute emotion. Then pressing Norbert's hand, he said, pointing to the wounded youth, "fine head. A noble forehead! What a misfortune if he had been killed, and for me! We must take him to my house."

In three months' time, the General sat gaily at breakfast with his young friend most convalescent. Leaning his two elbows on the table, and looking full at the youth, he said, "Let us be frank. What is your name?"

"Paul."

"That is all?"

"That is all."

"It is short; but no matter. Your parents?"

"I have none. I am an orphan."

"And you have nothing?"

"Only hope and resolution. I have been told

that I have talent, and hope with time and labour——”

“Yes, yes, a great deal of both. And whilst waiting for fame and wealth, you live in a garret, and with inspiration on your brow your poor toes will be nipped with the frost. That will never do. Come, how did you get to know me?”

“Like everybody. Besides, two years ago I became intimate with a neighbour, an old officer, who served under you, named Bertrand.”

“I recollect him. He died a short time ago.”

“He told me your story, all your deeds of courage, of daring, of goodness; without knowing you, I loved and admired, I heard you insulted——”

“You rushed like a lion upon the calumniator. Good! I like such enthusiasm. Under Napoleon you would have made a smart officer; but now-a-days to keep guard in an ante-chamber, it is better to forget you wear a sword at all. Now listen to me, my lad; I am getting old, am a bachelor without children, or near relations; you must remain with me.”

“But, General——”

“There are no buts in the case. I am your commanding officer; obey. Besides, you may work and still become a great painter, a Raphael if you like; I shall not object. Your first pictures shall adorn my drawing-room. You shall have a separate suite of apartments with a painting-room; you shall be free as air—to work when you like.”

“Oh, but General——”

“Fiddlestick! no buts. Have you a right to to expose yourself to be killed for me, and have I not a right to enable you to live? I adopt you for my son. You have no name. Well, here is one ready made for you—Paul Duvernay. It is as good as another.”

Tears of emotion suffused the young painter's eyes. “Oh, General, my blood, my life, all is yours. I accept your name with joy and pride, and I swear to you to try and make it as glorious in the arts, as you have rendered it in war, and even then I shall have done nothing towards repaying you.”

“Parbleu! I should like to know if it is not I who am the person obliged. Living alone with no one to care about me, when I could not recruit a few old soldiers, I was obliged to dine alone in front of these old bottles, I was unable to empty.

Now you shall help me. In a word, I wanted somebody to love, somebody to love me.”

“Like a son,” cried Paul, and giving way to his feelings, he embraced his benefactor.

Henceforward Paul was regarded in the General's house as his son, and though the malicious sneered at the adoption, and regarded it as an atonement for a peccadillo of his youth, the worthy soldier laughed, and gave himself no uneasiness on that account.

Time flew on. Paul made great progress in his art, and his pictures displayed a richness of colour and splendour of execution, the reflection as it were of his happiness.

Some friends of Duvernay, witnesses of the success of the young artist, recommended a journey through Italy. “Faith,” cried the General, “you are right. I have seen Italy it is true, but it was amidst the noise and smoke of battle, and when the fight was over, I thought of little else

than pretty girls and good wine. Now in Paul's company I should see things with different eyes. What do you say, Paul?”

“Indeed, General, I am afraid to form a wish, you are so prompt to gratify me; but to say the truth I have long wished to visit Italy, that holy land where art is revealed in all its splendour.”

“In three days we will start,” said the General. The slight tinge of melancholy which often shaded the brow of Paul gave way to exuberant joy. Who can be sad at twenty years of age, with the imagination of a poet, the head of a painter, a good travelling carriage, and the prospect of making the tour of one of the most beautiful countries in the world, with the best of friends, and plenty of money in his pocket!

They talked of Rome. “Yes,” said the General, on the evening preceding their departure, “we shall see the eternal city, as it is called; but you will allow me, I hope, to make a little halt at a place where my heart would not have objected to take up its winter quarters.”

“How so, General?” inquired Paul.

“I may as well tell you. *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. Two leagues from Lyons, on the Swiss road, there is a little country house by the water side, a beautiful spot. In the troubles of 1815, I commanded a brigade at Lyons, and was at one time compelled to make the villa in question my head-quarters. Its mistress, the Baroness de Luchon, was a widow. She could not have been more than twenty-two years of age. Beautiful as an angel, full of wit, perfect in her manners, she did the honours of her house with a graceful melancholy which made a deep impression upon me. I remained there six days, and my poor heart became more and more enthralled. It was for the first time in my life. But this woman with her gentle smile, her pensiveness, which I attributed to the recent loss of her husband, and large dark eyes, which smiled so strangely when I tried to speak of love, closed my lips. I left her to return to Lyons, asking permission to visit her occasionally. She consented, and previously to my quitting Lyons, I had seen her several times.

“Then you spoke to her of your love?”

“Why yes, but I was as bashful as a recruit. After a few skirmishes I found the fortress without a weak point, and felt that there was no hope for my forlorn hope.”

“But, General, with a name as yours——”

“Yes my name, if I had been free to give it, but——”

“But what?”

“Oh, that is a long story; I will tell it you some day. At present let us drop the subject. Since then I have seen her several times; last autumn I paid her a visit, and I think she is as handsome, as witty, and as agreeable as ever. It is to see her that we are going. I have written to her about you, told her of your gallant conduct; and she has warmly congratulated me on finding a son to smooth the approach of old age. I have promised to present you to her.”

We pass over the details of the journey till our travellers approached the villa of the baroness. The General could not conceal his emotion. He laughed and talked loud, and seeing a slight ironical smile playing on the lips of his young companion, cried:



"Well, Sir, so you are laughing at me, a grey beard of fifty, an old patched repaired soldier, venturing to let his heart beat on approaching a lady's bower. Well it is droll; it is not exactly love, but something better I think, a good solid friendship."

At length the little chateau appeared in sight. In five minutes the carriage stopped, and the gate was opened by an old servant, who received the travellers as expected and welcome guests.

"How are you, Pierre?" said the General, "and your mistress, my good fellow?"

"O, General, my mistress will be so glad to see you, I think she is coming."

Duvernay rushed up the steps and Paul followed smiling at this juvenile ardour. As the former placed his hand upon the glass handle of the hall door, it opened and the baroness appeared. She was radiant with joy, and held out her hand to him which he carried to his lips quickly.

"At length, my friend. You were wrong to remain so long without coming to see your poor reclus."

She said this as she returned to the drawing-room, without thinking of even looking at her friend's adopted son.

Paul meanwhile saw that the General's praises of the baroness were not exaggerated, and that she really was a beautiful woman. Though thirty-six years of age, she might easily have passed for twenty-eight, her manners were so admirable, her air so charming.

"And my poor Paul whom I had almost forgotten," said the General, taking the young man's hand; "my son, Madame, my beloved son."

The baroness smiled sweetly as she turned her eyes towards Paul, but scarcely had she beheld him when she uttered a cry, rushed forward, and then stood motionless before him, and gazing steadfastly but faintly upon his agitated face.

Duvernay looked on with amazement, and his adopted son could make nothing of the strange scene.

"In the name of Heaven," said she in a trembling voice, "who are you? Your name! your name!"

"My name—Paul," replied the young man, agitated, though he knew not why.

"Paul is not a surname—your mother?"

"I scarcely knew her," answered Paul, sadly, "and I never knew her name."

"You were not born in France?"

"No, Madame."

"Where then?"

"Spain."

"Oh my God! near Bergara?" continued the baroness, whose violent emotion was every moment increasing.

"Yes, Madame, near Bergara."

"In a poor inn, where you remained until three years old?"

"Yes, yes, it was there that I twice returned in search of mother."

"Oh, my son! my Pablo! my son!"

"My mother!"

The baroness sank into her child's arms, to whom she clung in a sort of rapture and then fainted.

"Help, help," cried the General, pulling the bell.

The servants ran in terrified.

"Parbleu!" cried he, "you move like tortoises; your mistress has fainted away."

Paul had carried his mother to the sofa, and kneeling before her wept and called upon her name. By slow degrees she recovered, and passing her arm round her son's neck covered him with kisses and tears.

"My son! my adored child! Thou whom I have mourned for during eighteen years. How could I be deceived? The living image of his father—his father so much beloved, so pitiless as to rob me of my child! Oh, let me behold thee! After so much sorrow I cannot believe in such happiness."

Big tears trickled down the General's cheeks.

At length the baroness arose, and stretching out her hand to Duvernay, cried:

"For these two years, General, you have been a father to him; my affection was well placed on the man destined to restore me my child."

"Parbleu! Baroness, you make me too happy."

"But tell me, my child," continued Madame Luchon, "why did you leave Spain? Your father?"

"My father! I have only seen him once in my life."

"Only once in your life? What do you say?"

"My history is a short one. I must have been about five years old the morning you left me alone for a moment. A man came to fetch me as if from you; since then I beheld you no more. I was taken to a fine house in Madrid, I believe; they gave me toys and caressed me much, but I was ever asking for you, and weeping. Every morning they promised you would come in the evening, and every night they hushed me to repose with the words, 'Your mother will be here to-morrow.'"

"Poor child!"

"It was there that I passed my early childhood. Once only, a man, still young, but whose countenance was stern and sad, appeared before me, and they told me that it was my father. I was about to embrace him but his coldness froze my heart. He conversed with the person who took care of me, and I shall never forget the following phrase, which made a great impression upon me.

"'You were wrong,' said he, 'to acquaint the child with the tie that unites us; let him forget it. You know the barrier that exists between us, though I will provide for him. When he is old enough to choose a profession, my assistance shall not be wanting.'

"'And his mother,' inquired the other.

"'She is in France, and will never see him more.'

"I reached my sixteenth year, always having preserved the memory of this scene, and the desire of again seeing my mother, separated from me by an abuse of power which nothing could justify. I felt humiliated by benefits which did not spring from affection; they were as repugnant to me as alms. I had always had a great taste for painting, and was allowed in this respect to follow my inclination. I resolved to become independent by practising the art I excelled in. I had been told that my mother was in France, so I turned my thoughts towards Paris. My tutor was a Frenchman, and his language familiar to me; we

often talked of his country, of which he told me wonderful stories. I was allowed as much money as I wished, and, in the hope of realizing my project, I had for two years denied myself everything I could. At last I found myself master of three thousand francs. With this sum in my pocket I one day took the road to France during the absence of my tutor. I was so much afraid of being pursued, that I changed my name of Pablo for that of Paul, and henceforward concealed my country and the melancholy history of my life. I will not tell you, my mother, how cheaply I performed my journey, and how many privations I endured after arriving in Paris. But I did not lose courage, and laboured night and day. At last I sold a few sketches. Whenever I could snatch a moment from labour, I sought for you, my mother, and not knowing your name I said to myself, that when I should meet you a voice would cry in the depth of my heart, 'Behold your mother! Mother behold your son!' And I was right."

"God has guided us to each other, my Pablo."

"And here is the instrument chosen to unite us," said the young man, approaching Duvernay.

"No matter," muttered the General, sadly; "you will no longer love me as your father."

"Ah, if you will," answered Paul, in a low voice, "you can be my father, more than ever."

The General did not reply, and looked down gloomily.

Paul shuddered. He fancied that he perceived in his kind protector's emotion an accusation against his mother, and this shocked him. He believed his mother to be free, without inquiring how or why, or suspecting any wrong at the bottom of this mystery. He turned towards her. She was gazing tenderly on him and her friend—on the son she had so lamented—the only friend she possessed in the world. "Mother," said he, in an agitated tone, "tell me now why I was torn from your love; what is the name of my father, and the mystery which hangs over my birth?"

An expression of extreme sadness clouded the noble countenance of the baroness. She pressed her son's hand, and her melancholy glance seemed to hesitate, as she looked at the General.

"Not yet, my son," she almost whispered, "I must reflect before turning to so cruel a past; this evening I will tell you all, to you and to our friend. Till then let me enjoy my happiness without interruption and regret."

The baroness, after yielding for a time to the inexpressible joys of a mother on finding a lost child, at last recollected the duties she owed to guests so dear, and thought of the repose of which they must stand in need. The General was shown to his apartment, but she proposed another in haste close to her own for Paul; it seemed that if she quitted him for a moment, she ran the risk of losing him for ever.

The General entered his chamber in a bad humour, not because he regretted the happiness which had befallen the baroness, but because he feared that he was about to become isolated again. After dismissing his servant, he dressed hastily, and began walking up and down the room. "No matter," he muttered, "but if I had thought that the baroness, so reserved a woman, had—but she was very young, and besides, I know nothing yet; perhaps she was married; and this

Baron de Luchon strikes me as having been a strange sort of fellow. The poor woman has always been so melancholy. Has she not always told me that she would never marry? And in fact what am I thinking about? What does her past life matter to me? She is a good, noble woman, a tender mother—the mother of Paul. We will get her to remove to Paris; she shall be my friend; for, *morbleu!* nothing shall induce me to separate from Paul. She is his mother it is true, but I am his adopted father, and if she must have him, let us share him together."

The idea pleased the brave General mightily, and when the dinner-bell rang, and Paul, his face radiant with joy, came to the good man's room, he went down, seriously resolved to pass the remainder of his life between Madame de Luchon and Paul her son.

After dinner they returned to the drawing-room. The evenings of early May are often chilly, even in the south of France; and a bright wood fire sparkled on the hearth. The baroness took her place on one side of the fire, the General occupied the opposite corner, and Paul sat between them, his hand clasped in that of his mother.

"You promised us your history, dear mother," said he, looking at her affectionately. Again the features of Madame de Luchon became sad. She reflected for a moment, and then said in an agitated tone, "Child, it is the history of a fault. I have suffered so much that God must have accepted my atonement. I cannot doubt it since he has restored me my son," and kissing Paul's forehead, as if to recover confidence, continued; "Luchon is not my name: France is not my country. I came hither to conceal my grief, and to escape from hatred and persecution. Born in Spain of a noble but poor family; an orphan at five years of age, I was left to the care of two brothers, ambitious, avaricious, and debauched men. At the age of fifteen a fatal chance made me acquainted with the young Count de Estrello. I had seen him with my brothers. He loved me; I was alone in the world, without affection for any one, without his love cast sunshine on my heart. My brothers were almost constantly absent, and I received the count secretly every evening. We loved. He was like me very young, and under the controul of his father, one of the most powerful grandees of Spain, proud of his race, and of his family alliances. It was on the steps of the throne that he sought a wife for his son. The young count energetically refused, and imprudently declared that he would never have a wife but her who had received his vows in the face of heaven. Then he came to me urging me to place an insurmountable obstacle to the wishes of his father, by a secret marriage. Fools that we were to seek to struggle against such a power; we poor children, who had no defence but our mutual love!

"It was agreed that we should not meet again for a week, as he was followed and watched. On the eighth day he promised to bring a priest to unite us.

"Next day, my eldest brother came alone into my room. 'I know all,' said he. 'You have forgotten the honour of our house, and my first impulse was that your life should be a sacrifice for such degeneracy. But I have seen the count; he loves you, and offers to repair the wrong he



has inflicted upon us. Everything is ready for your marriage. It shall take place this very night."

"To-night!" said I, much surprised.

"Yes," replied he. "The count is closely watched. To-night, at twelve o'clock, he will be in the chapel; we will meet him there; our servants can act as witnesses. Not a word must be exchanged; the chapel is dark; the slightest imprudence may ruin us. The count recommends you to follow his counsels exactly, for the spies of his father are constantly about him."

"I believed all that my brother said. Oh I never can forget that horrible night! At midnight my brother came to seek me—made me shroud myself in a veil. We crossed the garden, we reached the chapel; my hand was placed in that of my bridegroom; we were married, and—as I quitted the altar happy and proud, the door of the chapel opened, and the count appeared pale and distracted."

"Ah! *morbleu!* you are my wife!" cried the General, starting up and falling at the feet of the baroness, who looked at him with astonishment, not unmingled with fear.

"Good God! what do you say?"

"Is it possible? Yes, yes! Do not stare at me so; I am not mad, although like to become so with joy and happiness! Carmen—is not that your name?"

"Carmen de Santiago."

"And his name was Fernando?"

"Yes, yes."

"That was it. It was that great Turk of a brother of yours who kept me locked up for twenty hours! The little gloomy chapel! And you said—'Carmen is too happy!'"

"Ah, yes. But pardon me, General; I cannot believe, I cannot understand—how you could have consented—"

"*Pardi!*—twenty-four hours in a dungeon, with the perspective of passing my life there, or being starved to death, if I refused to marry with my eyes shut; I had no alternative."

"Ah! now I understand all. It is true, my brother since confessed that he had compelled a French officer to accept my hand."

"You hated me, then; and now that you know—"

"I hated the stranger who had thus blighted my hopes. But you are no longer so; you are the adopted father of my Paul. You will always love me; will you not?" and the soft voice of the Baroness trembled.

"*Parbleu!* Since I began without knowing—I have only to go on. You know how sincere my friendship is for you."

"It shall be still better," whispered Paul, who had joined the hands of the General and the Baroness. "But," continued he, in a louder tone, "why this marriage?"

"My brother," resumed the Baroness, "afterwards owned with unfeeling, selfish indifference, the reasons for his conduct. I have told you that our fortune was not in proportion to our rank. The father of Ferdinand had sent for my brothers, and given them to understand that he was all powerful at the Court; that if they lent themselves to a clandestine union between his son and me, he would crush them with the weight of his vengeance; but if, on the contrary, they contrived

means of separating us for ever, he would give them fifty thousand dollars, and take them under his patronage. My unworthy brothers trembled, and they consented to the base bargain. My elder brother then invented the marriage plot; how he carried it into execution, you are aware. As proud as they were mean, my brothers would not acknowledge a French officer for their brother-in-law, so you were escorted to the frontier. I thanked them for sparing me this shame, for I was about to become a mother."

"Poor lady!" groaned the general.

"My despair was dreadful. I fled and concealed my dishonour in a poor inn near Madrid. There my Paul was born. Fernando discovered my hiding place, and wished to see me. I refused. I had hoped to become his wife, but would not consent to be his mistress. Fernando did not know me. He suspected that ambition was my motive, and his heart turned against me; and, to be revenged, he robbed me of my child! Mad—desperate—I did all that was possible to recover my son. I begged, I entreated, but he remained inflexible. He swore to me that my son was no longer in Spain, and that I should never see him more. Such grief was too much. For six months I was between life and death, but youth triumphed, and I recovered. I then learned that my brothers had been killed in a gambling-house brawl. I was disgusted with Spain. I trembled lest at some moment my unknown husband might appear and claim me. I realised the remains of our fortune, and came to France under an assumed name. For twenty years I have grieved for my son. Your friendship, General, has indeed been an alleviation to my sufferings. God has declared that my trials have lasted long enough. I now forget my sorrows. I pardon those who sacrificed me."

"Oh! my mother! what happiness! Heaven has restored you your son, and has given you the affection of my benefactor!"

"Silence, boy!"

"For the General has loved you these ten years."

"What shall I do?—be quiet, can't you," muttered Duvernay, changing countenance.

"It was on your account that he regretted the liberty he had lost in Spain."

"Have you finished?"

"Come, come, General; if I do not tell the truth, say so. Are you sorry that my mother is your wife?"

"Sorry! sorry! Why, I am like to go mad with joy at such unparalleled happiness. If she would only say, 'Well, General, I no longer regret the trick put upon me.' Sorry! If I could—if I dared—"

"Well! come, General," said Madame Duvernay, for so we must now call her, holding out her hand to him, "do not put yourself in a passion; and—since you are my husband, I see no objection to acknowledging our marriage in France."

"That you will assume the name of Duvernay?"

"With pride."

"And become lady and mistress of my house?"

"It would be my greatest happiness."

The General, not yet daring to embrace his wife—an hymenial anomaly which occurs oftener than people imagine—half stifled Paul in his arms.

The journey to Italy was put off till the ensuing year, and in a fortnight the General, who had lost no time, assisted by his wife, received a certificate of his marriage from Spain, and turned poor Paul out of the room he occupied next to that of Madame Duvernay.

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### THE OLD CLOCK.

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Clock of the household! few creatures would trace  
Aught worthy a song in thy dust-covered face;  
The sight of thy hands and the sound of thy bell  
Tell the hour, and to many 'tis *all* thou canst tell.  
But to me thou canst preach with the tongue of a  
sage,  
Thou canst tell me old tales from life's earliest page;  
The long night of sorrow, the short span of glee—  
All my chequers of fate have been witnessed by  
thee.

Thou bringest back visions of heart-bounding times,  
When thy midnight hour chorused the rude carol  
rhymes;

When our Christmas was noted for festival mirth,  
And the merry New Year had a boisterous birth.  
I remember the station thou hadst in the hall,  
Where the holly and mistletoe decked the rough  
wall;

Where we mocked at thy voice till the herald of day  
Peeped over the hills in his mantle of grey.

And thou bringest back sorrow, for, oh! thou hast  
been

The companion of many a gloomier scene:  
In the dead of the night I have heard thy loud tick,  
Till my ear has recoiled and my heart has turned  
sick.

I have sighed to thee as I noiselessly crept  
To the close-curtained bed where a dying one  
slept;

When thy echoing stroke and a mother's faint  
breath  
Seemed the sepulchre tidings that whispered of  
death.

Clock of the household! thou ne'er hast been thrust  
From thy station to dwell amid lumber and dust:  
Let fashion prevail and rare changes betide,  
*Thou* wert always preserved with a cherishing  
pride:

Thou hast ever been nigh, thou hast looked upon  
all,—

On the birth, on the bridal, the cradle, and pall;  
To the infant at play and the sire turning grey  
Thou hast spoken the warning of "passing away."

Clock of the household! I gaze on thee now  
With the shadow of thought growing deep on my  
brow;

For I feel and I know that "the future" has hours  
Which will not be marked by a dial of flowers.  
My race may be run when thy musical chime  
Will be still ringing out in the service of time;  
And the Clock of the household will shine in the  
room

When I, the forgotten one, sleep in the tomb.

—*Eliza Cook.*

### REMARKABLE COINCIDENCES IN THE LIVES AND CHARACTERS OF THE EMPEROR TIBERIUS AND LOUIS XI.

THERE is a popular notion very current, and which is often adopted as a matter of faith, without much investigation, that human nature has been gradually improving during successive ages—keeping pace, as it were, with the march of civilization, and the rapid progress of the physical sciences. But this is a fallacy which a slight knowledge of history amply refutes, for on its records we are ever finding striking similarities in the characters of men, widely divided by centuries of time, and still more, by the different systems of laws and customs in their respective countries.

Nations rise, flourish and decay; the world is ever being astonished with new discoveries and developments, yet human nature has preserved its identity from the most remote period of antiquity to the present day. Ancient records afford no specimens of it—no examples of licentiousness, tyranny, or cruelty, which may not be closely paralleled in modern history.

But among the myriad proofs of this fact it would be difficult to produce more conclusive evidence than is found in a comparison of Louis XI. and the Emperor Tiberius, monarchs, who, although separated by an interval of 1,500 years, exhibited such singular coincidences in their dispositions and actions, that a Pythagorean might bring them forward as a proof of the doctrine of metempsychosis, arguing that as the Samian philosopher served as Euphorbus in the Trojan war, so the Roman Emperor had revived in the person of the French King. Or, to apply Byron's idea, with respect to the infamous Jefferies and the distinguished reviewer, to these two monarchs, they were

"In soul so like, so merciful, so just,  
Some think that Satan had resigned his trust,  
And given the spirit to the world again."

The political and social relations of Rome and France, upon the accession of their respective monarchs to power, were similar, in so far that they afforded many opportunities to rulers so bold and unscrupulous, of converting a limited power into a despotism.

The social condition of the people at the close of Augustus' reign was vicious in the extreme, as we may discover from the epistle of St. Paul, and the scorching satires of Juvenal, although the political and literary state of the empire was so flourishing that that period is usually considered the most brilliant in Roman history. Milton in his "Paradise Regained," gives a magnificent ac-



count of the political relations of the Seven-hilled City at this period—an account which is fully confirmed by ancient history. He describes embassies hastening thither—

“Some from farthest south  
Syene, and where the shadow both way falls  
Meroe, nilotic isle, and more to west  
The realm of Bocchus to the Black-moor sea;  
From the Asian kings, and Parthian among these;  
From India and the golden Chersonese,  
And utmost Indian isle 'Taprobane,  
Dusk faces with white silken turbans wreathed;  
From Gallia, Gades, and the British west;  
Germans, and Scythians, and Sarmatians, north  
Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool.  
All nations now to Rome obedience pay.”

The Government at this period was by no means either arbitrary or despotic, but resembled in many of its features a limited monarchy, the rights of life and property being equally secured. Tiberius on his accession found that the restraints of such a system were serious obstacles to the gratification of his thirst for unlimited rule, and he immediately directed his energies to their destruction. With his habitual dissimulation he speedily accomplished this “amusing the people,” in the words of Tacitus, “with a show of liberty, fair in appearance, but tending to plunge them into deeper slavery,” until at length he destroyed the influence of the *comitia* or popular assemblies, by transferring their powers, even as Louis Napoleon has done lately in France, to a senate that abetted, and even anticipated him in his tyrannies. The ease with which he accomplished this, proved that little of the old Roman virtue, little of the pristine hatred of tyranny, remained.

If we now turn to the state of France at the commencement of the fifteenth century, we shall find that there were circumstances which tended as naturally to the gratification of the ambition of Louis, as the effeminate slavishness of Rome did to that of Tiberius. The feudal system which had raised the social condition of Europe from the utter depravity in which it languished for centuries after the dissolution of the Roman Empire, was fast sinking to decay. The severe moral discipline for which feudal institutions were especially to be valued, was fast yielding to falsehood and treachery, while the chivalrous and disinterested principles of loyalty and devotion, which they inculcated, were supplanted by a cold-hearted, rationalizing selfishness.

Louis XI., equal to Tiberius in dissimulation, and possessed of the same skill in turning the spirit of the age to the furtherance of his own designs, immediately on his accession, exerted all his abilities in sowing dissensions amidst the formidable confederacy of the “States General,” a representative body composed of the three orders of the nation—nobles, clergy, and commoners.

He also organized a powerful military force, composed of foreign mercenaries, and those vassals he had detached from the barons and peers, so that general or provincial assemblies of the states, which, however, rude or imperfect, formed a barrier against tyranny, were speedily triumphed over, and Louis was complimented by his sycophantie courtiers as being the deliverer of the Kings of France from slavery.

The similarity between the moral and political condition of the countries, and the policy which their respective monarchs pursued, having been seen, it remains to shew the singular parallelism of their actions, when subsequently, a morbid suspicion and jealousy incited them to crimes of the darkest hue.

During the early part of the reign of Tiberius, ere as yet he was confirmed in his authority, that cruelty of disposition which, developed even in his boyhood, caused Theodorus Gadaveus, his first instructor, to call him “a mass of clay, tempered with blood,” was exerted in stealthily destroying those whose power or influence he feared. With a placid and cheerful countenance he planned his murderous schemes, and no remorse ever deterred him from their execution; the ties of blood were no obstacle—past favours were forgotten—all were sacrificed to his fears and ambition. Agrippa, the grandson of Augustus, might possibly become a rival; he fell by the hand of an assassin even before the death of Augustus was generally known. Poison carried off Germanicus, the nephew of Tiberius; the splendour of his military career rather hastened than averted his destruction; he was extremely popular with the army and people, therefore, he must die. Many others fell in the same secret manner, the popular odium scarcely glancing at their destroyer so long as he thought it expedient not to brave it openly. Blood did not assuage the terrors which haunted him, and he sought to defend himself by “a law of treason,” which in his hands became a most terrible engine of despotism. Spies thronged the streets of Rome, and frequently the most innocent expressions of incautious persons (however illustrious for birth and talent) were tortured into crimes worthy of death. Zeal for the welfare of the empire was sedition; to talk of liberty, crime; the praises of ancient heroes, death; regret for Augustus was abuse of Tiberius; silence was plotting; joy the proof of a conspiracy likely to succeed; and fear, the accompaniment of guilt. Informers were found in the family circle, and the betrayed were hurried to prison and to the tomb, knowing neither their crime nor their accuser. Nor was the monarch in this reign of

terror merely satisfied with the infliction of death and bodily tortures—his diabolical nature delighted in inventing mental agonies for his victims compared with which the loss of life would seem a blessing.

The fall of Sejanus, his treacherous associate in crime, whom he had exalted to a power slightly inferior to his own, was the signal for a dreadful massacre. As for a course of years he had destroyed all who were obnoxious to the favourite, so now the streets of Rome literally streamed with the blood of those who were in the slightest degree suspected of regretting his fall.

In the gloomy seclusion of Capreae—that island rendered ever infamous by the fearful cruelties and excesses of which it was the theatre—sat the tyrant, dragging on the wretched remainder of his life,—torn by the hideous recollections of his atrocities, yet constantly adding to their number. A letter of his to the senate preserved by Tacitus, shews the intensity of his sufferings. "What to write," he says, "if I know how to decide, may the just God and the goddess of vengeance doom me to die in pangs worse than those under which I now linger." This reveals the inner life of the man—his own reflections, like the hounds of Actæon, rending their master. "Truly," in the words of the "oracle of ancient wisdom, "a tyrant is the worst of slaves. Were his heart and sentiments laid open to our view, we should see him stretched on a mental rack, distracted by fears, and goaded by the pangs of guilt."

Superstition enslaved him during the latter part of his life; at one time he cringed to his astrologers as if his destiny was in their hands—and, again, he would summarily hurl them from the brow of a precipice when their prophecies failed to satisfy him. His dissimulation prevailed to the last moment; worn with disease, by a powerful effort he sustained the drooping energies of nature, shunning the approach of his physicians, lest they should discover death was at hand. At length he fell into a swoon, and while in that condition was smothered by his attendants, who thus sought to pay their court to his successor.

Such is the picture which history has transmitted to us of the character and actions of the Roman Emperor—and, if we now turn to the "French Tiberius," we find that although he had no Tacitus to paint the horrors of his life, yet have they been faithfully portrayed by the pencils of a Varillas and a De Comines.

The early years of Louis were remarkable for a precocity in ambition and dissimulation. While yet a boy he entered into a conspiracy against his

father, the reigning monarch, which, proving unsuccessful, he was forced to take refuge in the neighbouring state of Burgundy. While there, he still occupied himself in plotting against the unfortunate monarch, who at length perished by a disease brought on, by the rigid abstinence he adopted, in order to avoid being poisoned by his unnatural son. Louis ascended the throne scarcely disguising his joy at the result of his schemes, and almost his first act was to punish the servants and physicians, whose faithfulness to the late king he had found incorruptible. In his turn he became a prey to suspicious fears, and, like Tiberius, he had recourse to a "law of treason," which made it criminal for any one to refrain from reporting the slightest comment reflecting on the monarch's conduct or policy. France was overrun with his emissaries, disguised as pilgrims, gypsies, or beggars, spreading distrust and division amongst the great barons, and acting as spies of their actions.

Sir Walter Scott, in his brilliant novel of "Quentin Durward," has not at all drawn on his imagination in describing the wretched state of this unhappy country.

Nor was he jealous of the barons alone; his brother fell by poison a victim to his suspicions; and with an ingenuity almost diabolical he brought up his son in ignorance, surrounded by the most vulgar and depraved associates, fearing lest the young prince should afford him the same uneasiness that he had given to Charles VII. The same wretched suspicion induced him to treat his daughters with equal cruelty. Anne, of France, a beautiful and high-spirited princess, became obnoxious to him for her talents; he united her to an idiot. His second daughter, Jane, was wretchedly deformed, yet he forced the Duke of Orleans, the first prince of the blood, to marry her, fearing lest he should enter into some other alliance which might possibly endanger the throne.

His craftiness and treachery produced similar vices amongst his dependants, whose machinations, however, were almost invariably discovered by his superior sagacity. The Cardinal Balue and the Bishop of Verdun, raised by violence and injustice to the highest dignities in Church and State, betrayed his most secret councils to the Duke of Burgundy, whom of all men in France he had most reason to dread. Detection overtook them, and although they were shielded from death by the Court of Rome, still they were confined for life in iron cages, constructed with such horrible skill that a person of ordinary size could neither stand up at his full height, nor lie length-



wise in them. These cages were invented by the Cardinal himself, for Louis encouraged the manufacture of new instruments of torture, and constantly employed a number of German artisans in their fabrication.

As with Tiberius, so his fears increased with his age, and hurried him on to the perpetration of new crimes, in which he was ably seconded by Tristan, his provost, and Oliver Le Dain, his barber, whom he had raised to the rank of confidants. Matthieu, the historian, relates that "wherever the king stopped his presence might be known, from the number of persons suspended from trees, and from the lamentable cries of the tortured victims who were confined in the adjoining prisons and houses."

Yet even amidst fears and cruelties he devoted much of his time to low, debasing pleasures, in the gratification of which he laid aside his usual penuriousness.

At length, as the infirmities of age crept upon him, surrounded by his foreign guards, he shut himself up in Plessis, as Tiberius did in Capreae, scarcely stirring from his chamber, or permitting any one to approach. The prelates whom he had caged were scarcely held in closer restraint; he feared his children and nearest relations; he permitted none to remain in the neighbourhood whose abilities were above the common order; the grounds around the castle were filled with traps and pit-falls; and his cross-bow men were instructed to shoot all who should approach by night. Even his greatest enemy could not wish him severer punishments than he inflicted on himself. The fear of death and of losing his power haunted him incessantly, and, with the memory of his crimes, embittered every moment. As Tiberius before his diviners, so the shrewd sagacity and craft of Louis failed him when in the presence of his physicians, astrologers and priests, and he cringed to them in the most abject and humiliating manner.

Although his strength decayed rapidly, and death stared him in the face, yet as he had dissembled in other affairs so he took every means to conceal this; he dressed better than had been his wont, and engaged his retainers in the most frivolous amusements in order to give discredit to the rumours of his weak and dying condition.

So closed the last scene in the life of the counterpart of the Roman Tiberius, before he entered without hope, into that eternity which his crimes had filled with terrors.

Thus have been shewn the salient points of two characters divided by fifteen centuries, yet preserving a parallelism scarcely to be rivalled in

history, and extending from an early period of life to the very threshold of the unknown world.

Both were addicted to gross and debasing pleasures, and alike unscrupulous in their attainment. Both were cruel and relentless; the craft and dissimulation of Tiberius were fully rivalled by the like qualities in Louis. Both were possessed of an insatiable ambition, and of haunting jealousies and suspicions. The shelter of solitude, and the protection of guards and fortresses could save neither of them from the rack of guilt on which their spirits were stretched, nor rescue them from the torturing grasp of superstition.

Finally, in the character of neither is there a single bright spot on which the mind can rest with pleasure; not a single ray to illumine the gloom of their miserable lives. In the words of the ancient poet, "during their lifetime they never had a single friend—and, at their death, they left no mourners."

It may probably be thought by some that the crimes of these men belonged to what are called the dark ages of the world, and that there is not the slightest fear of their being re-enacted in the present age, which many are wont to regard as having attained a wonderful perfection in morality as well as science. But this feeling springs from a belief in that progressive improvement of human nature, which, however flattering to vanity, is only a delusive dream that vanishes before the light of truth. Even in our father-land, with its outward pressure of sound laws, and the equally powerful restraint of public opinion, we have superabundant evidence, in the scenes constantly passing, that the boasted "march of intellect" has not extirpated the passions which actuated the Roman and French tyrants, but that their germs are still in existence, and only require nourishment and opportunity to develop themselves into as infamous a luxuriance.

As the pirate, when brought before Alexander the Great, shewed that the only difference between them was in the extent of their ravages—the one having fleets and armies, while the other had only one small ship—so there are many in the present day who only differ from Louis and Tiberius, in not having the same unlimited power of doing evil.

#### A GRADUATE.

Remember the sinner in the man; but remember also the man in the sinner.

The wisest habit is the habit of care in the formation of habits.

Honour is to Justice what the flower is to the plant.







SIR WALTER RALEIGH.—See page 449.

## SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

BORN A.D. 1552.—DIED A.D. 1618.

THIS distinguished statesman and writer, who flourished in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., was born in the year 1552, at Hayes, a farm rented by his father, in the parish of Budely, Devonshire. The patrimonial estate was Fardell, near Plymouth. The family name was one of antiquity, but seems to have varied in its orthography from *Rale* or *Ralega*, to *Ralegh*, *Rauleigh*, or *Raleigh*, in which latter form it is generally written. The mother of Sir Walter Raleigh, and the third wife of his father, was the daughter of Sir Philip Champernon, of Modbury. At the age of sixteen, he entered as a commoner both at Oriel College and Christ Church, Oxford, and he continued in the university three years. It is doubtful whether he ever was—as has been generally supposed—a student of the Middle Temple; Hooker says that he spent in France “a good part of his youth in wars and military services,” and that he was trained “not part but wholly gentleman, wholly soldier.” His first military service was performed in France as a gentleman volunteer, in the corps of his maternal uncle, Henry Champernon. In 1575, he returned to England, but resumed his military career under Sir John Norris, in the Netherlands. In 1578 he accompanied his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Raleigh, in a voyage of adventure to Newfoundland, which proved, upon the whole, disastrous. On his return, he was employed, under the Earl of Ormond, Governor of Munster, in quelling the rebellion which had broken out in that province,—a piece of service in which Raleigh seems to have evinced less of humanity than marked his subsequent character.

Upon the subjugation of the principal rebels, Raleigh returned to England in 1582, and was very favorably received at Court, uniting as he did to a claim for distinguished public services, the attractions of a noble figure and well endowed mind. His graces and accomplishments pleased “the maiden Queen,” and by one adroit act of gallantry, he effectually established himself in her favor, if not her confidence. Meeting the Queen near a marshy spot, and observing her Majesty hesitating to proceed, Raleigh instantly spread his rich cloak on the ground for a footcloth to his royal mistress—a compliment which Elizabeth was fully able to feel and appreciate. Having ventured to write upon a window, which the Queen could not fail to pass, this line, “Fain would I climb, but yet I fear to fall,” Elizabeth is said, upon observing it, to have instantly written beneath it, “If thy heart fail thee, climb not then at all.”

In 1583, Raleigh was employed by the Queen to attend Simier, the agent of the Duke of Anjou, at that time aspiring to the honor

of her hand, and afterwards to attend the Duke to Antwerp. But we find him soon after engaging in a second voyage to Newfoundland, in conjunction with Sir Humphrey Gilbert. The ship, however, in which Raleigh sailed from Plymouth had not been many days at sea before a contagious fever broke out amongst the crew, and the vessel was obliged to return to harbor, whilst Sir Humphrey, with the rest of the fleet, pursued their course to Newfoundland, and planted the first British colony there. Raleigh's attention was still turned to maritime discovery; and, at his own risk, he fitted out two vessels, which he despatched by the Canaries and West Indies, and which, after a voyage of more than two months, reached the Gulf of Florida, and took possession of the country now called Virginia and Carolina, in the name of the Queen of England. The first expedition which Raleigh undertook in person to Virginia was rewarded by Knighthood. Shortly afterwards, we find Raleigh engaged with the celebrated Davis, and others, in an association for the discovery of the North-west passage.

His natural love of enterprise, animated by the fresh fame of Hawkins and of Drake, incited Raleigh to repeat his expedition of discovery; but his schemes were conceived on too magnificent a scale for his own resources, and met with little patronage from Elizabeth, whose attention was indeed drawn to objects nearer home and of more pressing emergency. Having signalled himself against the Spanish armada, and in assisting Don Antonio, King of Portugal, against the King of Spain, we find him visiting Ireland, and inducing the poet Spencer to repair to the English Court. In 1590, he collected, chiefly at his own expense, a fleet of thirteen vessels, with which, having been joined by two of the Queen's men-of-war, he undertook a successful cruise against the Spaniards in the West Indies. We next find him devoting himself to the civil interests of his country, and gaining a purer and more imperishable renown in the senate than in the field. To the encroaching spirit of the established clergy he opposed his influence in many cases; and when Udall was capitally convicted of a libel on the Queen's Majesty in his ‘*Demonstration on Discipline*,’ a reprieve and subsequently a commutation of sentence was obtained for the unfortunate man at the intercession of Raleigh. He also zealously exerted himself in opposing the arbitrary laws enacted against the Brownists, the Catholics, and other sectarians, upon the score of religious principles, for which conduct the cry of Atheist, accompanied with various other insinuations, was raised against him by the high church party.

In 1583, Raleigh married Elizabeth Throgmorton, one of the ladies of the bed-chamber, whose fair fame had already lain under impeachment on his account. Their union,



however, though marked by vicissitudes, was cheered by their uninterrupted affection. In 1586, Raleigh, though still in disgrace as a courtier, on account of his intrigue with the above lady, was appointed third in command of the fleet sent to the coast of Spain to anticipate a threatened second armada. In this service he highly distinguished himself, but gained little more than wounds and honor. On his return to England, he projected an expedition to Guiana, "that mighty, rich and beautiful empire," and to "that great and golden city which the Spaniards call El Dorado." At his own charge he prepared a squadron of five ships, and, in 1595, sailed from Plymouth. His expedition, however, resulted in little else than a more extensive investigation of the country than had hitherto been made; but his sanguine temperament and lively fancy led him to pen such a description of his researches in Guiana as almost entitles us to call in question his veracity. Thus, alluding to the mineral productions of Guiana, he thus expresses himself in the narrative of his voyage:—"For the rest, which myself have seen, I will promise these things that follow, and know to be true. Those who are desirous to discover and to see many nations, may be satisfied with this river, (Oronoco,) which bringeth forth so many arms and branches, leading to several countries and provinces about 2,000 miles east and west, and 800 miles north and south, and of these the most rich either in gold or in other merchandises. The common soldier shall here fight for gold, and pay himself instead of pence, with plates of half a foot broad, whereas he breaketh his bones in other wars for provant and penury."

Raleigh's representations failed, however, to engage the Queen in his scheme for conquering Guiana, but the intrepidity and skill which he had displayed in his voyage to that country served to reinstate him in the favor of his royal mistress, who again appointed him third in command in her last naval undertaking against the Spaniards. The 'Island voyage,' as it was called, though well concerted, was totally unsuccessful, as far as regarded its main object, and led to a serious misunderstanding betwixt Sir Walter and the Earl of Essex, whilst it seriously diminished the popularity of both. The death of the Lord Treasurer, Burleigh, deprived Essex of his best and most powerful friend, and enabled Raleigh more effectually to displace his rival in the good graces of the Queen. In 1600, he received a substantial proof of his royal mistress's favor, in his appointment to the Governorship of Jersey. On the apprehension of Essex, it was expected by some that Raleigh would use his influence with the Queen to procure the pardon of his rival; but it does not appear that he made any attempt of the kind, and on the supposed fact of his neutral-

ity in the case, a strong charge of malignity towards Essex has been preferred against him, although, as his latest biographer well remarks, "for omissions of a virtuous act, no public man, in those days of peril, could, however, with propriety, be censured. Every favored courtier has his foes, who might give an invidious coloring to any behest, however innocent. Elizabeth was arbitrary, almost despotic, and, in her seasons of irritation, neutrality was the only safe course. "Blessed are they," said an eye-witness of her court, "that can be away, and live contented." Such, probably, was the pervading sentiment of all who viewed closely the cares and heart-rending vicissitudes of that chequered scene." In his defence, Essex endeavored to implicate Cobham, Cecil, and Raleigh. To this charge the two former personally replied; but Raleigh entrusted the defence of his own conduct to Francis, Lord Bacon. It is difficult wholly to acquit Raleigh of all the charges which have been brought against him in the affair of Essex; it is certain that he, as well as the Queen, never regained the popular favor after the execution of that unfortunate nobleman. During the latter years of Elizabeth's reign, Raleigh appears to have affected a life of retirement, employing himself in various literary labors, and cultivating the acquaintance of the poets, wits, and scholars of the age, among whom were Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Jonson, Selden, Cotton, Carew, Martin, and Donne.

The accession of James to the throne prepared the way for the downfall of Raleigh. He was at first graciously treated by the King, but was soon deprived of his office of Captain of the Guard, and ultimately dismissed from Court. Such unworthy treatment was keenly felt by the high spirited Raleigh, who, in the height of his chagrin and indignation, allowed his better judgment to become so far obscured as to become a party in the wild and unintelligible conspiracy for altering the succession to the crown, historically known by the name of "Raleigh's plot," although the actual extent of Raleigh's participation in it is by no means clear. Accused by the wretched Cobham of having been the prime instigator in this singular piece of treason, Raleigh was committed to the Tower, and, in the bitterness of his spirit, attempted to commit suicide by stabbing himself in the breast with a knife. Happily for his own reputation, the wound was not dangerous. On the 17th of November, 1603, Raleigh's trial commenced at Winchester, whither the Court had retired to avoid the plague then ravaging the metropolis. The indictment charged him with having conspired to dethrone the King, to stir up sedition, to introduce the Romish religion, and to procure a foreign invasion of the Kingdom. It further charged him with having composed a book against the King's title, and instigated the

Lady Arabella Stuart to write three letters to foreign Princes, with the view of persuading them to support her title. Sir Edward Coke, as Attorney General, headed the prosecution, and the subservient Jury returned a verdict of guilty, although the only fact proved against him was his having listened to proposals made by Cobham of a bribe from Spain, if he would further the peace between that power and England,—a proposal to which he had only replied, "When I see the money, I will tell you more." Raleigh admitted that some conversation had passed between him and Cobham on the subject of a bribe from Spain to promote a peace between the two countries, but denied that he had ever connected himself with the Spanish faction. "Presumptions," he said, "must proceed from precedents or subsequent facts. I, that have always condemned the Spanish faction, methinks it a strange thing that now I should affect it!" He entreated them to produce the only witness against him: "Let Lord Cobham be sent for," he said, "Call my accuser before my face, and I have done! Charge him on his soul, and on his allegiance to the King,—and, if he affirm it, let me be taken to be guilty." On the Jury returning a verdict of guilty, Raleigh calmly observed, "They must do as they are directed!" Sentence of death, with confiscation of property, was passed against him, but was not carried into immediate execution; meanwhile he was remanded back to the Tower. In this situation Raleigh amused himself with the study of chemistry, and with music and painting, besides employing himself in his great work, the "History of the World," perhaps the most extraordinary literary work ever accomplished in such circumstances. In his scientific and literary pursuits, he found a young and liberal patron in Prince Henry of Wales, the heir apparent to the throne, who obtained access to him in the tower, and who was heard to observe, that "none but his father would keep such a bird in such a cage." At his earnest solicitation, his wife and son were allowed to reside with him, and in 1604, his younger son was born in the Tower, and christened Carew—probably in honor of Lord Carew, a relative and friend of his father's. Though his estates in general were preserved to him, yet the rapacity of Car, Earl of Somerset, the King's minion, deprived him of his fine manor of Sherborne, upon the plea of a flaw in his prior conveyance of it to his son.

At last, on the 17th of March, 1615, after twelve years' confinement, Sir Walter obtained his liberation through the mediation of Villiers, the new favorite, whose good offices he purchased for the sum of fifteen hundred pounds. He now revived his Guiana project, but the period was most inauspicious, on account of the Spanish influence over the King and Court. The King not only withheld his

countenance from the undertaking, but even communicated the particulars of Raleigh's project to the Spanish ambassador. Raleigh embarked his whole fortunes and those of his wife in this expedition, and through the mediation of Sir Ralph Winwood obtained a commission constituting him Admiral of the fleet, and authorising him to found a settlement in Guiana, with the necessary powers for that purpose. On the 28th of March, 1618, Raleigh's fleet sailed down the Thames, having on board his eldest son, a captain, and two hundred volunteers, eighty of whom were gentlemen by birth, but many of them of disreputable character. After encountering many difficulties, the expedition reached the Continent of South America in November. He immediately despatched the most enterprising of his followers up the Oroonoko River, where they were attacked by the Spaniards, who had been already apprised of their approach by intelligence from England. In the first action the Spaniards were driven out of their new town of St. Thomas, but young Raleigh was killed. After an absence of two months, the exploring party rejoined Raleigh at Punto de Gallo, and a scene of mutual recrimination took place betwixt Captain Keymis and his principal, immediately after which the former, retiring to his cabin, shot himself through the ribs, and stabbed himself to the heart. It was now determined in a council of war to return to Newfoundland to repair and clean the ship; but on arriving at that island—a mutiny having broken out amongst his men—Raleigh instantly sailed for England. Spanish influence, however, had already ruined Raleigh's cause with the King, in so much so that, some weeks previous to his landing in England, a proclamation was issued against him, declaring the King's utter dislike and detestation of the violences and excesses said to have been committed upon the territories of his dear brother of Spain, and requiring all persons who could supply information upon the subject to repair to the Privy Council to make known their whole knowledge and understanding concerning the same. Raleigh, on arriving at Plymouth, was informed of the royal proclamation, but, conscious of his integrity, sent his sails ashore, moored his ship, and set out for London. Before reaching Ashburton, a town twenty miles from Plymouth, he was arrested by Sir Lewis Stukely, who carried him back to Plymouth. Here a plan was laid for enabling him to make his escape to France, and might have been carried into execution, had not Sir Walter himself ultimately determined on rejecting it. On being conducted to the metropolis, and learning from his friends and acquaintances the extent of the toils in which the machinations of his enemies had involved him, he entered into a fresh project for making his escape from the country, in which he was encouraged



by the perfidious Stukley, with the express intention of betraying him to his enemies, a design in which he succeeded too well, the party being seized at Greenwich by the emissaries of Stukley, on the 10th of August, 1618. Raleigh was again consigned to the Tower, and on the 28th of October, was brought before the Court of King's Bench, where his plea of an implied pardon in his last commission from the King was over-ruled. He was told that for the last fifteen years he had been a dead man in the eye of the law, and might at any moment have been led to the scaffold; that new offences had now stirred up his Majesty's justice to revive what the law had formerly cast upon him, and that justice must now take its course. Sentence of death was now pronounced against him, but, as a favor, the mode of execution was changed from hanging to that of beheading. On the morning of the following day, October 29th, he met his doom in Old Palace yard. "The time of his execution," says John Aubrey, in one of his letters recently published from the Bodleian library, "was contrived to be on my Lord Mayor's day, that the pageants and fine shows might draw away the people from beholding the tragédie of one of the gallantest worthies that ever England bred." His behavior at the scaffold was calm and intrepid even to cheerfulness. Having addressed the spectators, and bidden farewell to the noblemen and other friends who stood around him, he desired the executioner to show him the instrument of destruction. The man hesitating to comply, Sir Walter said, "I prythee let me see it: dost thou think that I am afraid of it?" Having passed his finger on the edge of the axe, he returned it, saying to the Sheriff, "This is a sharp medicine, but it is a cure for all diseases." When asked as he laid his head on the block in which direction he would place it, he calmly answered, by observing—"that if the heart was right it were no matter which way the head was laid." By two strokes his head was severed from his body; it was afterwards given to Lady Ralegh, who bequeathed it to her son, Carew, in whose grave it was buried. His body was interred in the Church of St. Margaret, Westminster.

It has been justly said of Sir Walter that he was one of the very chief glories of an age crowded with towering spirits.—*Lodge's Historical Portraits.*

#### BUSINESS OF A LONDON WHOLESALE BOOKSELLER.

THE business of the day begins at nine o'clock, or in some houses a little earlier. Punctuality of attendance is so essential that, in houses where many assistants are kept, it is customary to have a book in which they sign their names as they arrive. This book is (I can answer for one firm at least) removed into the private counting house as the last stroke of

nine vibrates, and the unlucky arrivals after that instant have to proceed thither to sign their names in red ink, and sometimes with a pen handed to them with studious politeness by one of the heads of the establishment. This contrivance is generally successful in enforcing punctuality, and punctuality is necessary, for "the post is in."

The medium post of a first rate house is from 100 to 150 letters, but often the number will run as high as 300, and these almost all contain orders for books, nearly the whole of which will be packed and sent off the same night, though each letter may require twenty different places to be visited to collect the various works required.

The letters are first received by the head porter, who is a very superior man to the porters generally employed. He cuts them open, and takes them into the counting-house, where they are inspected by one of the principals, or by a party appointed for that purpose. Their contents, if remittances, are handed to one party; if orders, to a second; if other business, to a third. Each department is complete in itself; and from constant practice, there is no difficulty in assigning every communication to one or other of them. As the execution of the orders is the most laborious part of the business, I follow a clerk with a bundle of open letters in his hand into the "country department." The arrangements of this important branch are admirably adapted for executing the numerous and complicated orders from the country quickly and accurately. The portion of the house allotted to this part of the business is divided into compartments, each fitted with desks and benches and all necessary conveniences. Each compartment is called a "division," and each division takes entire charge of so many letters of the alphabet as are allotted to it. All customers whose names begin with those letters are of course the property of that particular division, and to those it attends and to none other. These compartments are each as distinct and complete in all their arrangements as so many separate houses of business. Each one consists of a "head" or manager, a "second" or assigning clerk, two or three collectors, a packer, and frequently there are several "extras" or assistants. These divisions are from 2 or 3 to 6 in number, according to the size of the house. Round each division are several wooden compartments to receive the books ordered as they are collected; the orders are placed with them, that the goods may be called over with the letter previous to packing.

Each head of a division finds sundry signs affixed to the letters he receives for his special instruction. Thus those orders which the firm may not wish to execute, from the correspondent's account being over-due, or doubtful, or from any other cause, are marked with a round O, signifying that the order is to be read as

nought; books on which no commission is to be charged for the trouble of getting are marked with an X: and there are marks for other matters requiring attention.

Seated at his desk, the head of each division receives the letters handed to him by a clerk from the counting-house of the principal. First, the name and address of each correspondent are entered in a diary, and opposite each are put certain cabalistic signs to denote by what conveyance the parcel is to be sent off. Then the letter is handed to one of those under the direction, to be "looked out." I am allowed the privilege of seeing how this is done, and am attached to a "collector," who, for some reason unknown to me, rejoices in the cognomen of "Shiney." The stock of books kept by a large house is immense. The "London Catalogue" of modern publications contains the titles of 46,000 distinct works, and it will be easily understood that without careful and exact arrangement it would be impossible to pick out particular books from a vast collection as soon as wanted. All the walls of every room are covered with shelves, and on these the books are ranged in piles in alphabetical order. There are usually twenty alphabets of books—one for quarto, cloth; another for quarto sewed; one for imperial octavo, cloth; another for imperial octavo, sewed; and so on, according to the size of the book, from quarto, a sheet folding into four leaves, down to 32mo., a sheet folding into thirty-two leaves; and sometimes there is a folio, and a miniature alphabet, for sizes above and below these.

Every book has a label stuck in its side, with its name and price clearly written on it; and when the last copy of a book is taken out of the alphabet, the label is what is called "thrown up"—that is, put into a box kept for the purpose. The stock-clerk visits these boxes every day, and clears them, and the alphabets are replenished with such books as are kept tied up in large quantities. Those that cannot be thus replaced are kept in a book called the "Out-of-book," and the letters are arranged alphabetically in a drawer or cupboard until wanted again.

Following Shiney in his "looking-out" expedition, I go up stairs and down stairs, through what seem to me endless rooms and passages, passing by miles of books, sometimes stooping to the floor, sometimes mounting ladders to the ceiling—occasionally getting glimpses of heaven's light, but most often pursuing the search by aid of candles. Shiney is one of those who read as they run—his practised eye catches the titles of books far off, almost before I can discern the label. He is not sorry to have a companion in his labor, for his hands soon get full, and he asks me "just to hold the light," and "just to hold the ladder," and "just to hold a pile of books," until his letter is "looked," and we

return to the division to which Shiney is attached.

This process is repeated with each letter of orders, until the whole of them are "looked;" or, in other words, until all the books ordered in them that are contained in the stock are procured. But as a large proportion of the works ordered are not "kept in stock," it is necessary to dispatch messengers to purchase such books from their various publishers. This is the next business of the collectors. They carry with them a blue bag, and a book containing the order they have to execute. By one o'clock it is expected that the work of "looking out" from the stock is finished. The head then goes through each letter, and marks the books not found in stock with an A or O, according as the books wanted are published East or West of the Row. The letters are then passed through the hands of the East and West collectors, for each to extract the orders which belong to him. This done, the collector's books are carefully read over by a person who has the most extensive knowledge of literature and publishers, and whose business it is to check every order, and see that nothing is purchased which is contained in stock, and that the collectors thoroughly understand the books wanted. The parties who thus watch over the stock and the collectors are remarkable for their capacious memories, and one or two of them are perfect living catalogues. The late Mr. Taylor, of Simpkin & Marshall's house, had most marvellous powers of recollection in this way. His knowledge of the titles of books would have called forth an emphatic "prodigious!" from Dominic Sampson himself, and his memory was as ready as it was retentive.

The process of "taking down" in the memorandum books being completed, I depart with Shiney, who is a West End collector, to commence the second branch of his day's labors. I accompany him through the great arteries of London, where the life-blood of the metropolis rushes in a continuous torrent, up Fleet street, the Strand, Pall Mall, Piccadilly, in and out various side turnings, then into Regent street and its tributaries, down Oxford street, through Holborn, to the row again; and during all his journey, Shiney has been diving under horses' heads, dashing over perilous crossings, never stopping for the rain which has come down unexpectedly; shouldering loungers aside—for there is no time for politeness—darting into dozens of shops, and making enquiries of the shopmen, who instantly bring forth the article they sell; paying in a hurry; scarcely counting the change; tired and jaded, and with his burdensome bag growing continually heavier as he moves onward. It is six o'clock, and we have been walking three or four hours at the top of our speed; and, while we have been West, another collector has been East, and thus every petty country



bookseller has had the books he requires collected for him over a surface of many miles, and from scores of publishers.

Still, every order is not executed; some books are "out of print;" some being printed in the country, and the London agent being out of them, are described as "none in town;" others are binding, and said to be "none done up;" and others again cannot be met with at all, and are set down in the invoice as "can't find." While the collectors are out, the heads and seconds of the divisions are entering up the day books and preparing the invoices, and untill the collectors return at five or six o'clock, the houses are very quiet. As they come in the parcels are "called," which consists in calling over each item, and carefully examining the books "looked out" or "collected." The invoices are then completed, the prices are filled in from the collectors' books, and the parcels are handed over to the packers; and, lastly, dispatched to the booking-offices for conveyance to their destinations. The invoices are usually sent off by post that evening.

This is the general routine of each day's business of the wholesale houses; and when we consider the magnitude of the publishing trade, and the number of new books continually issued, it is surprising to what perfection the system is carried, and how correctly it works.

But "magazine day" is the time to see the Row, or as a punster, in reference to the excitement which then prevails, would write it, the *row* in its glory. Think what it must be, in addition to the ordinary business, for the trade to have to deal with two millions and a half of periodicals. The number of parcels (many of very large size) sent out by one house alone is stated at between five and six hundred. On the night preceeding the last day of the month, at about nine o'clock, the divisions begin to "call." Shiney informs me that it is sometimes one in the morning before the business on such occasions is disposed of. And the extra work is almost as great at "almanac time" or "school-book time." Some persons of feeble constitution dread these periods; but Shiney is brave; he knows the public must be served, and he buckles cheerfully to his work.—*Household Words*.

The talent of making friends is not equal to the talent of doing without them.

Marriages may be celebrated in bowers as fair as those of Eden, but they must in the end be put to proof in the workshops of the world.

Eat little to-day, and you will have a better appetite to-morrow,—more for to-morrow, and more to-morrows to indulge in.

Fools purchase the same experience more than once.

A TALE OF A PROSELYTE.—A case, at which of course the profane smile, has just occurred in this neighbourhood, showing how good intentions and religious zeal may at times be imposed upon by the worldly-minded. A gentleman, who takes more than ordinary interest in the spiritual welfare of the Jewish race, fell in with one of the wanderers from Canaan, and attracted by his hook nose, sharp eye, and black hair, began to angle for a convert, texts being thrown at him as tenderly as a fisherman flings his artificial fly before a rising trout. The son of Israel fairly began to nibble, till at interview after interview he appeared to be fairly caught. He listened with an attentive ear and a solemn face, and at last the good man proposed that he should be formally received into the Christian church preparatory to his producing him at the next anniversary meeting as a live Jew converted by his eloquence. This was agreed to; but first he had some worldly gear that incumbered him, a little lot of jewelry worth £60, that he must convert into cash to seek a fresh mode of life after embracing his new faith; and out of pure benevolence, and as some return for the interest in his welfare he offered it to his patron for £40. At first there was some hesitation as to taking advantage of the warm feelings of the convert—his gratitude appeared to have overcome the proverbial discretion of his race; but at length the work was completed—the £40 was paid, and the stumbling-block removed. The *dénouement* may be easily divined. The jewellery looks delicious by candle-light, but its worth at the utmost is about £10, and the Jew has fled unbaptized to Duke's-place or the gold diggings.

CHANGE OF COLOUR IN FISH.—The change of colour in fish is very remarkable, and takes place with great rapidity. Put a living black burn trout into a white basin of water, and it becomes, within half an hour, of a light colour. Keep the fish living in a white jar for some days, and it becomes absolutely white: but put it into a dark-coloured or black vessel, and although on first being placed there the white-coloured fish shows most conspicuously on the black ground, in a quarter of an hour it becomes as dark coloured as the bottom of the jar, and consequently difficult to be seen. No doubt, this facility of adapting its colour to the bottom of the water in which it lives, is of the greatest service to the fish in protecting it from its numerous enemies. All anglers must have observed that in every stream the trout are very much of the same colour as the gravel or sand on which they live; whether this change of colour is a voluntary or involuntary act on the part of the fish, I leave it for the scientific to determine.—*Philosophical Reports*.

Few have been taught to any purpose who have not been greatly their own teachers.

Human thought, like God, forms the world in its own image.

When we aim at being too natural, or too exquisite, we fall into one or other of two defects—insipidity or overstraining.



## THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SEDERUNT V.

[*The Major, with one foot swathed in flannel, resting on a stool. The Doctor enters, and thus addresses the veteran.*]

DOCTOR.—How does our patient, this fine afternoon?

MAJOR.—As well as your horrible potions will permit. A lucky circumstance it is for me that Exhibitions, like Christmas, come but once a-year, as Mulligatawny and Madeira are but sorry preparatives, or, as your jargon hath it, anticipatory draughts for such a week of turmoil and trouble, as was my lot during the Fair.

DOCTOR.—But, Major, remember, that you have reaped a rich harvest for your trouble. I am informed by all parties that the last has been, by far, the most successful exhibition that has yet been held in Canada; and I think, if we may judge by its pecuniary results, that for once, at least, “all the world” is right.

MAJOR.—Did you procure me the statement I asked you to call for?

DOCTOR.—Here it is:—

Grant from Government.....	£ 1000
“ “ City.....	800
“ “ County Society.....	150
Balance from last year.....	175
Monies received from sale of badges..	325
Sale of tickets.....	780
Money from booths.....	125

The greatest number of visitors, at any one time, on the ground.....	35,000
No. of horses entered.....	228
“ of cattle “.....	191
“ of sheep “.....	169
“ pigs “.....	48

The receipts, at Brockville, for badges and tickets, were.....	£ 439
At Niagara.....	535

MAJOR.—Well, we certainly have no reason to complain as to results; but if the work of preparation had been more equally performed, some few would have had more time afforded them to enjoy the fruit of their labours.

DOCTOR.—Surely the perception of benefits accruing to the community should be, O thou grumbler! a salve to any wound from extra work performed, especially when you feel that the usefulness of such exhibitions is yearly more and more developed.

MAJOR.—In estimating the benefits which these annual exhibitions are likely to confer upon the country, it is necessary in the first place, to consider somewhat fully the particular objects of the Society, inasmuch as they might not seem at first to fall naturally within the scope of an Agricultural Association, the original objects of which were the improvement of stock of all kinds, of grains, roots, the various sorts of fruits, flowers and seeds, the perfecting the different dairy processes, and the invention of either cheaper or more applicable machines for agricultural purposes.

DOCTOR.—But, do you not think that the extension of the objects of the association so widely, has been also a wise measure?

MAJOR.—Certainly, as, by so doing, a large number of articles, and even of classes of articles, are now commonly exhibited which seem to have little or no connexion with what might be considered the primary object of the association. We have, for instance, specimens of the fine arts, of ladies' work, of various textile fabrics, of machinery, of ironmongery, and of an infinity of other branches of art and manu-



facture, many of which are sent in merely for exhibition.

DOCTOR.—Do you not think, however, that, in a country so prosperous as is Canada, we require something of a more permanent character?

MAJOR.—Perhaps so, for although the Provincial Shows, in their present form, aim at supplying the want of those numerous exhibitions so frequently, some continuously, held in the Mother Country, in which the most recent improvements in all kind of art and manufacture are freely open to the public, and are, as now constituted, well adapted to the present wants and present state of advancement of the colony, yet the rapid growth of the country will soon require something more than the Mechanics' Institute, the only permanent establishment of the kind at present, and one, too, that is necessarily of a local and circumscribed character.

DOCTOR.—I think that, besides exhibiting the improvements made in the arts and manufactures already carried on in the Province, these shows are useful in another way, as a means of informing the public, by demonstration, of the new branches of manufactures which are now being rapidly introduced into the country, and which are tending so materially to its welfare and advancement.

MAJOR.—Precisely so; for it may safely be asserted that there were hundreds, if not thousands, of our fellow-countrymen, who, on their late visit to the Exhibition, were astounded at finding, manufactured in Canada, and in high perfection, articles which they fully believed could only have been obtained by importation. The full description, too, of these shows, and more especially the accounts of them which English visitors may carry home, will do much towards dispelling those most erroneous views which are still entertained in the Mother Country, respecting the resources and advancement of Canada.

DOCTOR.—I think that one of the most gratifying results of the late exhibition was the discovery that, in the production of many practically useful articles, Canada can compete very favorably with the neighbouring States. It is only necessary to allude to the article of stock, in which it was generally admitted that Canada bears off the prize. And although in flowers we must admit our inferiority, yet in the judgment of several intelligent visitors from the States, in the fruit department the show, although, as might reasonably be expected, inferior in variety, was fully equal in quality. The display, also, of grain and root crops, saddlery, carriages, and hardware, bore no unfavourable comparison with anything of a similar nature, either in the States or in Europe. I do not make this assertion, Major, only on my own judgment, but upon the expressed opinions of many parties who have enjoyed opportunities of attending similar exhi-

bitions both in America and in England, and who were surprised, as well as delighted, with the display presented in Toronto.

MAJOR.—The greatest drawback to these shows is, that the great variety of objects presented to view, renders it utterly impossible for any one individual to give such attention to the various departments as to enable them to do justice to their merits, or to comprehend one half of what he sees. For my own part, the crowd of spectators was so enormous, that I found it quite impossible to get a full view of many of the articles exhibited.

DOCTOR.—Did you notice the flax machine?

MAJOR.—I suppose you allude to the one patented by Donlan, and imported by the Canada Company?

DOCTOR.—The same.

MAJOR.—I thought the principle of it exceedingly simple, and its construction equally so, rendering any injuries easy of repair; and I have no doubt that, if it effects its purpose as fully as we are led to expect, it will, ere long, be brought into general use.

DOCTOR.—I was interrupted just when about to examine it, and was unable to return to it. Could you explain its *modus operandi*?

MAJOR.—It is very simple. The flax stalk is first passed between a number of toothed rollers, by which it is thoroughly broken, and then it is placed, by an attendant, between a serrated plate and a large wheel, to which numerous blunt knife edges are attached; by these the scutching is effected. One horse can drive four machines, and two boys are required to attend each, the quantity of flax broken and scutched is something less than one pound a minute.

DOCTOR.—Do you think it probable that the growth and preparation of flax will become of any importance in Canada?

MAJOR.—It is rather difficult to pronounce, *ex cathedra*, what, in a rising country like Canada, will or will not be of importance.

DOCTOR.—I think, however, I can prophecy, and that pretty oracularly, that, whatever flax may become, there is one manufacture which has lately attracted some attention in this part of the Province, and the raw material of which was well represented too, that will scarcely become a staple.

MAJOR.—I presume you mean beet root sugar?

DOCTOR.—Exactly. You very probably observed, in Agricultural Hall, some very fine specimens, grown by Baron de Longueuil, and Captain Shaw.

MAJOR.—Yet the manufacture has succeeded tolerably well in France, Germany, and more lately in Ireland, so I do not see why it should not succeed in Canada.

DOCTOR.—Those most interested in the experiment have cause to regret that an impression prevails pretty generally that the fine specimens of beet sugar *manufactured at*

*Paris*, turned out to be pure muscovado, and that incredulous individuals maintain that what was exhibited at Brockville was nothing more or less than brown sugar moistened with beet root juice. I think I can give you a few facts, which will show that this branch of manufacture is not likely to be a profitable one in Canada, at least at the present time.

MAJOR.—Out with them.

DOCTOR.—*Imprimis*, the beet requires a rich, deep, and well cultivated soil: the sowing, thinning, and weeding are operations which require considerable care, and must be performed almost entirely by the hand, as they admit but in a very slight degree the use of the plough. The crop becomes ripe at a late season of the year, at a time when communication between the towns, where the factories may be situated, and the back country, becomes extremely difficult, rendering it necessary to grow the crop near to the town, where the land can, generally, be more profitably employed. In fine, it has been calculated that if the beets can be delivered at the factory door for 15s. per ton, the manufacture may pay, when all the modern improvements in the extraction of the sugar are employed, and when the workmen are engaged at European wages.

MAJOR.—It appears, according to your shewing, very questionable whether the Canadian farmer, at the present high rate of wages, would be able to produce and deliver the crop at the price you state as the remunerative one.

DOCTOR.—There are several other circumstances, connected with the storing, keeping and using the raw material, depending on the nature of our climate, which would probably throw additional difficulties in the way of this manufacture, but the principal one at present seems to be the material difference in the price of labour; for in France and Germany, where a week's wages scarcely amounts to more than we pay a common labourer for one day, the factories can only manage to exist, and we do not hear of the large profits which are realized in other extensive works.

MAJOR.—Your conclusion, then, is this, that, although it would be premature to say that the manufacture can never be advantageously introduced into Canada, the probabilities, AT PRESENT, are decidedly against it.

DOCTOR.—It is: and for this additional reason:—When in Baltimore, a short time ago, I was shown by a merchant muscovado sugars laid in at Stc. Croix, of a very excellent quality, at \$2.75 per cwt., and of a very superior quality, at \$3.50. Now, until beet root sugar can compete with those prices, adding, of course, the freight and duty, I do not see how it is to succeed.—I think that is the footstep of our worthy Scottish *confrère*, which comes creaking so unmercifully along the passage.

[The Laird enters, with papers in his hand.]

MAJOR.—*Ecce homo!* All hail thou man of harrows, ploughs and flails!

LAIRD.—Your servant, Sangrado! Crabtree, my man, how fares it wi' your sair toe?

MAJOR.—Why the tornado of agony has lulled for the present, and I can realize the fact that I am not a Covenanter, being fitted with a pair of *interrogatory boots!*

DOCTOR.—You must mind the Main(e) chance for a season, and abjure potatoes more potent than what the Lake supplies.

LAIRD.—Hae ye read, Crabtree, the vidimus which the *Times* gives of the great Duke's life and character?

MAJOR.—I have, and with unmixed enjoyment. It is one of the most masterly essays which has graced the periodical press for many a long day, far surpassing, in my humble opinion, the highest flights of that showy, but intensely superficial writer, Thomas Babington Macaulay.

LAIRD.—You are a thoct too hard upon Tummus, Major. His sangs o' auld Rone rouse my blood like the blast o' a Border trumpet!

MAJOR.—By your leave, Laird, you are creating a man of straw, for the mere pleasure of demolishing your handicraft. I said nothing against Macaulay, as a *poet*, but merely demurred to his pretensions as a historian.

DOCTOR.—The less a fossil, such as you are, Crabtree, says respecting a Whig historian, the better. You know that I, as a Whig, can never agree with your opinion. We are wandering, however, from the point in hand. What a wonderful establishment the *Times* must be, which, almost at an hour's notice, can turn out such an article as that to which I referred.

MAJOR.—The whole secret consists in the ample means of the proprietors, coupled with judicious liberality. Whenever there is available talent in the market, they secure it by bidding a commensurate price.

DOCTOR.—I have just been perusing a very curious and singularly entertaining volume, by a gentleman who for some time acted as a gleaner of foreign intelligence for the Thunderer.

LAIRD.—What may be its title?

DOCTOR.—“*The Personal Adventures of 'Our Own Correspondent in Italy,' by Michael Burke Honan.*”

LAIRD.—Honan! The lad is a Paddy, I suppose?

DOCTOR.—You are right. He describes himself as a cousin, twice or thrice removed, of the great Dan of Derrynane. One thing is very certain, that Michael possesses all the vivacity and love of adventure which distinguish his mercurial and impulsive countrymen, coupled with a provident care of number one, not so characteristic of the Milesian blood.

MAJOR.—I perceive that friend Honan indicates as much in a portion of his title-page,



which you omitted to recite. He there purports to show, "*how an active campaigner can find good quarters, when other men lie in the fields; good dinners, when many are half-starved; and good wine, though the King's staff be reduced to half rations!*" What King does "*our own*" refer to?

DOCTOR.—Charles Albert. Honan accompanied that monarch in his brave but ill-digested attempt to conquer Lombardy and Venice, in 1848; and the volume before us, in addition to the personal adventures of O'Connell's cousin, contains a narrative of the bootless campaign.

LAIRD.—You say that the piece is entertaining?

DOCTOR.—I have not perused any thing with more gusto for many a long day. There is a constant change of scene, like what you meet with in a well got-up Christmas pantomime; and you close the volume, at least I did, with a very material addition to your stock of ideas.

LAIRD.—Let's prece a sample o' Paddy Honan's style, if agreeable to you.

DOCTOR.—Here is a scene illustrative of the unreflective mania which frequently incites and accompanies revolutionary movements. Michael being at Milan during the prevalence of the insurrectionary fever in that city, learns that a certain prima donna, of whom he had been a Platonic admirer, is a resident of the place, and determines to renew his acquaintance with the lady. The latter, I may premise, had, some time ago, surrendered her liberty to a captain of dragoons:—

"On the third day of my appearance at the Corso, I embraced, as an elderly gentleman should, the object of my former passion, and told her as many falsehoods as I could for the first half hour accumulate, on the increasing beauty of her person, and the irresistible attraction of her languishing eye. Angela heard me with delight, for she was touching on the grateful age, and she almost hinted, in return for my astounding impudence, that she regretted the preference she had given to the Captain, and made me understand that promotion in his profession had not improved his temper or good looks. She then opened the piano, and warbled some of those strains which entrance the world; and, lastly, we sat down to talk over old times and present days, and wondered at the good fortune that had brought such dear friends so often together, at Madrid, at Lisbon, at Paris, Vienna, and Milan.

"Dearest Angela, tell me," said I, "why is your piano so near the window; and to what use are these two baskets full of paving-stones to be devoted?"

"Caro, 'Our Own,' the piano was to be launched on the heads of the first body of Croats that passed, and the paving-stones were to be flung after them as they retired."

"You are then a Republican, dearest Angela?"

"No, caro, only a liberal *enragée*."

"You are very rich, I presume?"

"No, friend of my soul, quite the reverse."

"You have many engagements no doubt."

"Not one, carissimo. The Scala, the Fenice, the Pergola, and San Carlo are all closed, and as long as the Revolution lasts, there is no chance of a *scrittura*."

"But, carissima, where is your common sense.

Don't you see you are destroying your income by taking part in this movement? What is it to you who governs, if the opera be well attended, and think you it is the mob who pays the immense sum you are yearly in the habit of receiving?"

"Friend of my soul, say all that again, for a new light is breaking in on me."

"Why, Angela, is it not evident that the opera and music are luxuries which the rich only can support, and that if you plunge the country into revolution, the theatres must all be closed?"

"Oh! carissimo, you plant daggers in my heart. Here, Maria—to her maid—assist the Signore in putting the piano in its own place, and have all these paving-stones removed without delay."

"Bravissima! Angela, you are a dear creature, and pray don't forget to let me know if any thing should happen to the Colonel."

LAIRD.—Ha! ha! ha! I would wager a bawbee that a large percentage o' pawtriots hae as sma' reason to gie for their doings as the singing cutty, Angela!

MAJOR.—True for you, oh most sagacious of agriculturists! The strings of revolt are pulled by a few crafty hands, and the million dance, without curiously inquiring into the why and wherefore.

DOCTOR.—Permit me to give you Mr. Honan's picture of the *delicæ* attendant upon the profession of a journalist:—

"The managing director of the "Times" commences his nightly task at nine, and never leaves the office until five in the morning. He reappears at one in the afternoon, and is occupied until six, either in arranging matter for the following day, or seeing the persons from whom that information, which is to guide the world, is derived. During that period every thing must be organized and every thing examined, the business of the day arranged, parliamentary and law-courts discussed, libels ferretted out and expunged from police reports, and the general duties of the gravest responsibility fulfilled.

He has numerous assistants at command, sub-editors and subordinates to manage details, but as he is accountable before the world, he can not take any thing for granted, and all that they have done must be revised by him. Manuscripts from secret contributors must be read, and every sentence weighed, so that no heterodox opinions are allowed to pass, and the consistency of the paper be maintained. One leading article must be measured by another, and these profound discussions which make ministers tremble, and all Europe respond, must be noted word by word.

In addition to these wonderful demands on his time and intelligence, the parliamentary debates must be looked after and short leaders be written, in the space of a moment, for matters that admit of no delay. To sustain all this exertion, and produce a journal such as the "Times" is, six days in the week, a man must have a head conversant with all human learning, and a body on which fatigue makes no impression. How long think you,

can such a machine last, and where is the frame that can sustain the labor for many years?

When I reflect on the numerous gifts which nature and education must accumulate in one person, and know what unceasing exertions are made by him in the fulfilment of his Herculean task, I am stung, almost to madness, on hearing how the ignorant and malicious speak of a thing so much above their comprehension as editorial responsibility. In France, in Spain, and Portugal, the road to fame, to honor, and to place lies through the newspaper press; but in England, where journalism is alone conducted on sound principles, and where no one employed looks for any reward beyond that derived from a legitimate source, the public sneer when the word editor is mentioned, and while men bend implicitly to its will, affect to undervalue the person who directs it.

The labor of midnight toil and personal exertion is not confined to the managing director and his assistants only, but it falls with nearly equal weight on that able and incorruptible body of men, the parliamentary reporters. To them is intrusted the onerous duty of simplifying, correcting, and arranging in a comprehensible manner all the wit, sense, folly, and nonsense that is spoken in either House of Parliament during a long session.

Short-hand writing is not always used, nor is it generally deemed advisable; but every man must bring to his task a mind well stored with classical, political, and statistical learning, and a power of analyzing and placing in their proper light the profound views of a statesman like the lamented Sir Robert Peel, or reducing to order the sterling facts dropped among an ocean of sheer nonsense by such a man as Mr. —, any one you please.

From six, when a heavy debate generally commences, till four or five in the morning, is the parliamentary reporter at work, first taking down his portions of a speech, and then writing it in a clear and intelligible manner, adding strength to all that is good, giving form and shape to what is feeble, and breathing over the whole speech the eloquence with which he feels himself inspired, or imparting to it the classical or political knowledge in which it is defective.

This is accomplished, often under difficulties of every kind, amid the noise and confusion of an unruly House, and, in most cases, without any knowledge of the previous part of the debate in general, or of the particular speech in which he is engaged. All he is admitted to ask of his predecessor is "the last sentence," so that his first words shall appear as a regular suite of what had gone before; but even that advantage is often denied him, as some speakers have an art of never forming a perfect sentence, or of bringing to a period their confused ideas; or, as one poor fellow, now gone to his last home, said; "Hang it, sir, he had no last sentence."

MAJOR.—Does he say anything of his own peculiar department?

DOCTOR.—Yes. The following are some of the difficulties which environ the career of a foreign correspondent:—

"In the first place, every public authority is an enemy at heart, however warmly he may affect to receive you; and all underlings avoid you as the plague, lest they should be suspected of betraying

for money the secrets of the state. Next you are to be on guard against the traps laid to deceive your inexperience: you must learn to distinguish between genuine and fabricated papers, and, in short not to be humbugged by prince or minister; above all, you are expected to secure priority, and I assure you it is no easy matter to do so, with the police and the post-office ready to waylay your correspondence.

You are carefully to avoid asking questions of political friends, no matter how intimate you are with them, and your conclusion as to what is going on must be drawn from probabilities, and slight data, which none but a well-tried hand can follow in detail. You have a fair chance of success if no British agent has an interest in opposing you, but in every case save one, during twenty years experience, I have found the representative of the Foreign Office invariably hostile, though the least reflection would have shown him how much better it would have been to come with me to a good understanding.

The bodily fatigue of removing with a courier's rapidity from place to place is very great, as I know well from having ridden on horseback from Belgrade to Constantinople, and having crossed the Balkan twice, and the Pyrenees three times, one winter in the dead of night, without having been in bed for three days previously. Then came the bustle and labor of following military movements; and, last of all, the sitting down to write for six, eight, or ten hours in succession, two or three columns of the paper, the departure of your messenger not allowing time for half an hour's sleep, or for taking the least refreshment.

Next arises the responsibility you incur, before your proprietor and the public, with regard to the character of the intelligence you send home, your anxiety to know if your letters have reached in safety, and your dread of incurring one or two hundred pounds' expense for the transmission of dispatches by express which may not arrive in time, or be considered by the manager not worth so great an outlay."

LAIRD.—Waesock! waesock! Assuredly, puir Paddy eats not the bread o' idleness. I have sometimes thocht, when taking a spell o' the *Times*, after a hard day's ploughing or threshing, that a literary life was as easy as swinging on a yett, and drinking cream frae morning to night, but I noo see my mistake. But, I say, Cullpepper, is there anything new in the novel line? Ye ken, I hae got a mouth at hame to fill wi' sic like food. Girzy is clean oot o' something to read at the present moment.

MAJOR.—I have glanced over two or three since our last sederunt, but none of them possess any very superlative attractions. The best of the lot is a translation from the German, entitled "*Anna Hammer; a tale of contemporary life*." The author is Temme, a name hitherto comparatively unknown in the republic of letters.

DOCTOR.—Do you know anything of his antecedents?

MAJOR.—Nothing more than what is communicated by the translator in a preliminary



note. It appears that Temme bore a prominent part "in the attempt made in 1848 to construct a German State from the scattered fragments of the great German people." Failing in his design, he "was arrested on a political charge, and underwent a long imprisonment before he was brought to trial, when he was acquitted. Like John Bunyan, he employed his time in *quod* in weaving the web of fiction, and the novel before us the result of his incarceration.

LAIRD.—I wud opine that Master Tam (is that what ye ca' him?) disna speak overly weel o' the petty Grand Dukes, wha bear rule in *Fatherland*—as the pilgrims wha gang about wi' monkeys and organs, denominate their diggings. Bairns wha hae got a taste o' the taws, hae ay an ill word for the dominie.

MAJOR.—In truth, the description which Temme gives of such gentry and their doings, is by no means captivating. And whilst we must make a considerable allowance for the over-colouring induced by the smart of the "taws," (as the Laird Dorically terms the scholastic correctional thong,) I fear that there is too much truth in the pictures. From other and unexceptionable sources of evidence it is plain that the condition of the peasantry, in not a few of the Principalities, is miserable in the extreme, and that the abuses committed by legal functionaries are frequently of the grossest and most intolerable nature.

LAIRD.—So *Anna Hammer* is amusing as a tale?

MAJOR.—Very much so. The plot though artificially constructed, is well managed, and some of the scenes in a State prison forcibly remind one of that most exciting prison epic the *Adventures of Frederick Baron Trenck*. Besides the story abounds with dramatic sketches of life, evidently drawn from nature and by the hand of an artist. I shall read you a bird's-eye description of a German Village Fair:—

It was fair-day in a village near the frontier. The fair was held in a broad plain, surrounded with shrubbery near the village. A gay, busy, noisy stir of life prevailed there. Booths in great numbers were erected; they stood in long straight rows, and in narrow corners. Spacious tents with flaunting flags, banners, and streamers surrounded the plain. In the booths wares of all sorts were displayed before the eyes of those desirous of purchasing or of examining—wares of all kinds from the gingerbread and confectionery and wooden and leaden toys for children, up to fine cloths and clothing for the grown-up world. For kitchen and cellar, for house and stall, for garden and field, for master and servant, for mistress and maid, for great and small, for laboring man and noble dame, for all needs and every wish, for body and soul, might here be sought, asked for, and found sometimes, if not always and every thing. The sellers in the booths were crying up their wares. The lookers and buyers thronged up and down in and between the booths, examining, and chaffering,

and buying, and praising, and finding fault; they pressed and pushed, went back and forth, forming a snarl that would neither be loosed or cut. In the tents were seated long rows and jolly groups of feasters and carousers, behind full flasks, shining glasses, and brimming goblets. The farm-laborer was there, in his blue linen frock, with his fat and rosy-cheeked sweetheart; and the nobleman of the neighborhood, with his meagre, pale, long-armed, short-breathed noble maiden. Everybody was there whose rank lay between these two extremes: the citizen, rich or poor; the merchant and the mechanic; the farmers great and small; the pompous village magistrate, and the humble tinker. Official functionaries were not wanting, from the judge and magistrate down to the assistants of the supernumerary, of the messenger, and of the office warmer. There was no lack of sharpers and thieves and pickpockets, and of chevaliers of industry of both sexes.

For this yearly fair was a famous one, far and wide, and from far and wide every body attended it.

We have omitted to mention the numerous gambling-booths which were built and squatted down, wherever a place could be found, a little aside from the trading booths. We had also forgotten the countless musicians, who in bands and troops singly, with horn and clarionette, with bass-viol and fiddle, with cithern and hand and barrel-organ traversed the plain from end to end. We had also omitted the gipsies and gipsy-women who, with black hair and red cloaks, with red lips and mischievous glance, were gliding like party-colored serpents, up and down and among the moving crowd, on all sides and in every direction.

We had forgotten, finally, and may the muse of German history of the nineteenth century—the era of the German war of liberation—pardon us for so doing—we had forgotten the numerous gendarmes and police-officers, with their—but we forbear, what need is there of describing the officers of police? They are every where, and whoever has breathed German air knows them—to his cost.

The crowd was stirring or was quiet, was noisy or was still; but no one observed the still and quiet ones. They saw and heard only the pressing and thronging, the moving and pushing, the noise and crying, the laughing and uproar.

The more quiet elements had for the greater part withdrawn themselves under the shadow of a row of green arbors which stood behind the booths and tents, in and by the dense thickets upon the skirts of the plain, which were gayly and not seldom romantically decked out. The road ran close by these arbors.

LAIRD.—There is unco sma' difference between popular manners and customs in various parts of the world. If ye except the green arbors, the account which ye have just read might apply to the Fairs held at Peebles or Melrose, which I used to attend when a laddie.

MAJOR.—And, I daresay, the following delineation of a German labourer's Sunday might also be matched in North Britain, bating only the beer and coffee:—

"Nothing can exceed the quietude and content-

ment of an industrious laborer, who earns his week's wages, and has besides something laid up for a rainy day. Sunday is to him a day of rest, and nothing more. He gets up early, for that is his custom. He walks around his little place, whether it be his own property or not, in order to look to every thing; and besides, he must recover, by motion and the fresh air, the pliability of his limbs, which have grown stiff by his week's labor. He enjoys his breakfast hugely, which is somewhat better than on week-days. His wife then gives him his Sunday-clothes, and he dresses himself for church slowly, quietly, deliberately. Still he is ready sooner than his busy wife, or than the children, who are running about in all directions, can be called together by the mother, by alternate begging and scolding, and be fitted out in Sunday guise—that is, with shoes and stockings, which they never wear during the week, with better jackets, and clean shirts and collars. When he is entirely ready, all except his Sunday-coat, of which he is very careful, and never puts on till he is fairly on the way to church, he lights his pipe, and sits down to smoke and await his family in the sunshine which pours itself over the street. There he sits till the family are all ready to set out for church. While they are calling him, his wife brings out to him his Sunday-coat, so that he need not go back into the house to fetch it. Surely Sunday is a day of rest for the man who has toiled all the week for his wife and children, from morning till late at night. Slowly and quietly they loiter along to church, with the acquaintances whom they encounter by the way. They merely salute each other, and then are silent. To-day, every thing which is not obliged to be in motion rests—the tongue not excepted. At church the sermon is listened to sometimes with the half-attention of complete relaxation from effort, oftentimes with a half-somnolent doze. As soon as service is over, the good woman hastens home to get dinner ready. The husband has at last grown a little more easy in his coat. People have had a long enough rest in church. Acquaintances are now greeted in a livelier manner; conversation arises about this and that; about friends and neighbors, about work and wages; about the weather the crops, and such like. When the husband gets home, dinner is eaten. It is, to be sure simple, as it always is; but eating it at leisure, and in the society of his family, gives it a double zest. All the week long he has taken a solitary dinner hastily out in the fields, from a little dish, which one of the children has brought him. To-day he eats it at home, in his family. After dinner, his children go out into the fields, or to visit their acquaintances. He stays at home with his wife. He lays himself down upon the bench and sleeps, his wife makes him a cup of coffee, or fetches a pot of beer from the village. When his nap is over, he drinks the coffee with his wife, or the beer by himself. Then he lights his pipe, and stretches himself out again upon the bench, and smokes, and thinks, or more frequently, smokes without thinking till evening. His wife, meanwhile, sits at the window, and reckons on what she has saved the past week, and plans new savings for the week upon which they have entered."

DOCTOR.—Here is a story, the very reverse of *Anna Hammer*—at least in one leading par-

ticular. It does not contain an atom either of nature or probability, from beginning to end.

MAJOR.—What name does the delinquent answer to?

DOCTOR.—"*Heads and Hearts, or my Brother the Colonel. By the author of Cousin Cecil.*"

LAIRD.—I wonder ye had the patience to wade through a production bearing the character ye bestow upon it.

DOCTOR.—Why it has got a species of illegitimate, melo-dramatic interest, which carries you along against your judgment, reason, and taste. Half a dozen times I was strongly tempted to pitch the affair into the fire, but was constrained to read on, till I came to anchor on *finis*. I should not wonder that our friend, Maclear, would have many demands for the work from strong-minded milliners, who have a love for the *startling* and *exciting*, and who relish to behold young gentlemen placed in preposterously difficult positions.

MAJOR.—That duodecimo, Laird, which lies at your elbow is worth the reading.

LAIRD.—Div ye mean "*The School for Fathers.—An Old English Story, by T. Gwynne?*"

MAJOR.—The same. If the author, as I conjecture him to be, is a novice at author-craft, he gives pregnant tokens of future excellence. He selects, for the era of his drama the early part of last century, and presents us with some very amusing portraits of city and country manners as then existing in Old England.

DOCTOR.—I have just lighted upon a description of the *rig-out* of a young man of *ton*, about to assist at a Dowager's *at home* :—

"He wore a pale lilac watered-silk coat, beautifully embroidered in silver, breeches of the same, a white silver tissue waistcoat, white silk stockings with silver clocks, Spanish leather shoes with high red heels, paste shoe and knee buckles; his sword was silver-hilted in a black and silver sheath, decked with a long lilac and silver bow about the guard; he carried a small, white, silver-headed cane, decked to match the sword; beneath his arm a little silver-laced hat fringed with a white feather, and in his pocket a silver snuff-box richly chased, with a miniature on the lid."

LAIRD.—I think I see ane o' Hogarth's fine *bloods* before my een! What scare-crows would the *dandies* of that day appear noo!

DOCTOR.—Not more absurd, honest flail-and-harrow, than our present fashionable attire will, in every probability, be deemed fifty years hence. By that time, it is to be hoped, our habiliments shall have assumed a spice of the picturesque, and, above all, that infamous extinguisher to grace, the *hat*, have been consigned to the "tomb of all the Capulets!" In the event of such a reformation, our grandchildren will hardly be able to realize the fact that their ancestors diabolically caricatured



the "human form divine," by thatching their pumpkins with black-hued chimney-cans!

MAJOR.—I had almost forgotten to introduce to you my old friend, Captain Mackinnon of the Royal Navy.

LAIRD.—Guid guide us, man, has the puir body been standing at the Shanty door, in a' this plump o' rain?

MAJOR.—Calm yourself, good Laird! I allude not to the Captain's *corpus*, but to the volume which he has recently launched, and which is named "*Atlantic and Trans-Atlantic*."

LAIRD.—Is the skipper a freend o' yours?

MAJOR.—He is. I met him in Antigua, some years ago, and in his book he gives a most graphic amount of a hurricane which devastated that island at the period of his visit.

DOCTOR.—I have read the Captain's production with considerable pleasure. He is a close observer and an accurate describer, though I think he is overly partial to our neighbour, brother Jonathan.

MAJOR.—Perhaps he is. Mackinnon is a warm-hearted fellow, and having received much kindness and hospitality in America, naturally speaks well of his entertainers. However, he never conceals the truth when it falls under his ken, as witness the following passage. Having asked the question why a greater mortality should prevail in the United States than in England, he observes:—

"No stranger landing in New York, can fail to be painfully struck by the pale, wan, slight, and delicate appearance of both men and women. After residing some time in the country, and acquiring a knowledge of their habits, instead of being surprised that so many of them die prematurely, one is astonished that they manage to live as long as they do, or look so well.

"In a lecture recently delivered in New York by Dr. Fitch, it is mentioned, as a striking fact, that in the States only four out of every hundred individuals live to the age of sixty. In England, however, he asserts that seven out of every hundred attain that age. Still, though the climate in the latter country is warmer, and more temperate, it is much damper, and has all those atmospheric and other conditions which contribute to produce an immense amount of consumption. The people are so confined and closely packed—millions live so poorly, and in such miserable habitations—that a far greater tendency to the above disease exists in England than in America. Why then should a greater mortality prevail in the United States? The reason is to be found in the different habits of the people. In England, the experience of the old is reverently regarded, and taken as a guide; while in America, experience is but little estimated, and the young consider themselves more knowing than their fathers. The result is, that they often find a fool for a teacher, and die prematurely for their presumption.

"The average of human life in the city of New

York, reaches only to twenty-five years; some years it runs up to thirty.

"A few instances which have come under my own knowledge, show such utter disregard of common prudence and common sense, in reference to health, that I can not avoid mentioning them, in the hope that my friends in America may read and profit by these home-truths. A beautiful and intelligent, but rather faded American lady of twenty-six years of age, was complaining bitterly of the infirm health of herself and her little son, about nine years old. In the course of a long conversation, it transpired that she rarely went out of doors, never solely for exercise. Her rooms in winter were not suffered to be at a lower temperature than 70°, and they were often above 90°. She was in the habit of eating a hearty meat breakfast; meat again for luncheon; and a third time at dinner. If by any chance she took a walk, either during wet weather or dry, she had nothing to protect her feet but light and thin shoes, such as an Englishwoman would be considered almost insane to appear abroad in. Who can wonder at her delicate health, or faded beauty?

"'But your little boy,' said I, 'what sort of a life does he lead to make him so tender?'

"'I fear to let him out at all,' she replied, 'he is so delicate; and his appetite is quite gone.'

"'Do you, then,' pursued I, 'keep him all day in this stifling stove heat?'

"'What else can I do?' she ejaculated with a sigh.

"As I had previously seen this young urchin play a tolerable knife-and-fork when his mother was absent, I determined to watch him narrowly, and examine his diet. I had not long to wait; for on the succeeding day, I peeped into the room where luncheon was prepared, and perceived the "tender chicken" regale himself with the following dainties, after he had first looked carefully round to see that the coast was clear. Taking up a small pitcher, he poured some molasses into a plate, then cut a large slice of butter, and mixed it well with the molasses.

"'You nasty little beast!' exclaimed I to myself; 'that is a capital receipt for bile, indigestion, and other complaints of the stomach.'

"Seizing a spoon with one hand, he looked about the table with an anxious eye. Suddenly he pounced upon some pickles, and having amalgamated them with the other ingredients, he commenced eating this hideous mess. I was quite overcome with anger and nausea, and rushed out of the room to inform his mother. To my intense astonishment she was not at all surprised, but appeared to consider the exploit as a matter of course.

"This is, perhaps, an exaggerated example of the great error in diet prevalent at New York. It can not, however, be denied—indeed the citizens themselves admit it—that life in this city is materially shortened by too full a diet, especially of animal food, and the neglect of fresh air and exercise."

DOCTOR.—We hear a great deal about the almost prudish *modesty* of the daughters of the Model Republic. The Captain gives us a droll illustration of the same, which occurred

at the table of a fashionable hotel in Washington:—

"A very beautiful young woman, seated near the top of one of the long dinner-tables, suddenly commenced a conversation with another young lady on the opposite side, who was divided from her by several sitters. She was forced to elevate her voice into a scream, to drown the clatter of waiters, knives and forks, &c. After a discordant dialogue of some minutes' duration, perfectly audible to the whole room, she turned suddenly to the subject of matrimony.

"As for me," she screamed, "as for me, I won't even *look* at any man (I don't care who he is) over the age of twenty-three. Oh, my!"

"She then subsided into silence; and I could not avoid looking with interest on that expressive, innocent, and beautiful countenance. In repose, she seemed a perfect angel: but the moment her exquisite little mouth opened, and the delicate coral lips parted, what a sound! The illusion was dispelled, and the fable of the peacock singing, was forcibly recalled to my mind."

MAJOR.—Of all bipeds, the Yankee is the most prolific in resources. Place him in whatever situation you please, no matter how untoward or disheartening it may be, he will contrive to make the two ends meet, and have something to spare. If ever the problem of how to manufacture a silk purse out of a sow's ear is to be solved, Jonathan is the man by whom the feat will be accomplished. Journeying by railroad from New York to Washington, the attention of Captain Mackinnon was bespoken by one of his fellow-passengers, when the following colloquy ensued:—

"Do you see that large, many-storied house?" inquired he.

"Yes," I replied. "Who could help taking notice of so huge a pile of building?"

"Well," continued he, "there is a story attached to that house, which gives a good example of Yankee 'cuteness.'"

"Let me hear it by all means," returned I.

"Seating himself on a large stone, he related the following story, which I give verbatim.

"Some years ago, a 'cute Yankee rented that house, and set up a distillery. After a year or two he became dissatisfied with his profits, which did not exceed *ten per cent.* This he regarded as a very poor return, hardly worth consideration. So many others were engaged in the same trade, and so much competition existed, that he clearly perceived his gains were more likely to diminish than to increase.

"After considerable reflection, he determined to lower the price of his whiskey, and set up 'a pigs' boarding-house!' Accordingly, he commenced advertising to take pigs in at a certain price. As his terms were considerably less than the swine cost their owners, he was speedily overrun with *boarders*. The immense quantity of grains produced by his increase of business, consequent on his reduction of the price of whiskey, enabled him to make his *boarding-house* a mine of wealth.

"His arrangements were capital. Squeakers, he placed in the garret; porkers, next floor; and

so on downward, until his premises round the base of the house were swarming with magnificent grunters.

"Money came in apace; and fame soon followed. In a few years he had amassed a considerable sum, and his business had increased so much, that he had several acres of pig-styes, filled with fat and contented grunters. Alas, for all porcine greatness! The horrible odour of his boarders became unbearable. The neighbours grumbled; then loudly complained; and lastly, flew into a violent rage. Our enterprising pig-boarder was indicted for a nuisance. His enemies prevailed, and this unique and luxurious establishment was broken up forever.

"He had, however, cleared a large fortune."

LAIRD.—I am sorry to break up the sederunt, but I must be off to Toronto. Rax me my hat, Doctor.

MAJOR.—What is in the wind now?

LAIRD.—Oh, I promised to gang wi' Clarke, to hear Clirehugh to-night.

MAJOR.—Clirehugh, pray who may he be?

LAIRD.—A musician, last frae New York, but a son o' Auld Reekie. They tell me that he is a graun ballad singer, and that after puir Wilson, few can haud the candle to him in "*My wife has ta'en the gee*" and "*The Laird o' Cockpen.*"

DOCTOR.—Wait a moment and I shall bear you company. I am desirous to hear the tone of these same minstrels for more reasons than one. He is a lineal descendant of the Clirehugh immortalized in Guy Mannering as the host of the tavern where the Pleydell and his convivial *confrères* used to hold their *high jerks*.

MAJOR.—Good night, then, and

"Joy be wi' you a'!"

## COLONIAL CHIT-CHAT.

### CANADIAN PARLIAMENT.

No public measure of special importance has passed the House since our last. Mr. Hincks introduced a bill to amend the laws relating to the University of Toronto, by separating its functions as a University from those assigned to it as a College, and by making better promise for the management of the endowment thereof, and that of Upper Canada College—second reading in a fortnight. Mr. Morin brought forward a measure to extend the elective franchise, and provide a system for the registration of voters.

### INCORPORATION OF VILLAGES.

The following places have been proclaimed under the Municipal Corporations Act of Upper Canada, as Incorporated Villages, to take effect from the first Monday in January next, when the first election will be held in each, viz:

Brampton, in the Township of Chinguacousy, and County of Peel, one of the United Counties



of York, Ontario, and Peel. Proclamation dated 17th September, 1852. John Lynch, Esq., Reeve of Chinguacousy, Returning Officer for first Election:—

Trenton, (heretofore known by the names of Annwood and Trentport,) situated partly in the Township of Sidney in the county of Hastings, and partly in the Township of Murray, in the County of Northumberland, one of the United Counties of Northumberland and Durham. Proclamation dated 25th September, 1852. Trenton as Incorporated, to be annexed to and form part of the County of Hastings. The Sheriff of the County of Hastings, to be the Returning Officer, for first Election:

Vienna, in the Township of Bayham, in the County of Elgin, one of the United Counties of Middlesex and Elgin. Proclamation dated 9th September, 1852. The Sheriff of Middlesex and Elgin to be the Returning Officer for the first election.

#### FIRST LOCOMOTIVE IN UPPER CANADA.

The Locomotive Lady Elgin, says the *Colonist*, was tried on the 6th ult., on the Northern Railroad, by the engineers, under whose direction the engine was erected. The trial was satisfactory. This is the first locomotive that has been run in Upper Canada. A considerable number of persons congregated near the Queen's wharf, to witness the trial, and appeared much pleased with the "Iron Horse," as he snorted along the track. The rails are laid for about 14 miles. Much as the Ontario, Simcoe and Huron Union Railroad has had to contend against, it is determined to be the first in operation in Upper Canada, and not to be least important, as a public convenience and source of profit..

#### NEW BRUNSWICK.

RAILROAD.—We learn that the contract for the European and North American Railroad, from Shediac and the Nova Scotia line *via* St. Johns, to the borders of the United States, has been closed with Mr. Jackson, the great English contractor, on the following terms:—The Province takes £1,200 per mile stock, and loans the company £1,800 per mile, by debentures paying 6 per cent interest, secured by a first mortgage on the whole road, rolling stock, stations, &c. The price per mile is £6,500 sterling. The road and all equipments to be of the most substantial and permanent kind, capable of sustaining the greatest speed. The bargain is considered a good one.

OPENING OF EXHIBITION.—The Provincial Exhibition at Fredericton, in which great interest is taken by the people of the Province, was opened on the 5th ult., by his Excellency, the Governor, who was received by a guard of honour and a salute of 19 guns. Altogether the display was very grand, and large numbers of people visited the exhibition.

EMIGRATION TO AUSTRALIA.—Large numbers of people are now leaving New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, to try their fortune in the much-talked of golden fields of Australia.

DISGRACEFUL.—Last month a destitute Irish female emigrant dropped dead in the street in Hamilton, from pure want and exhaustion. On the inquest, her husband stated that the last money he had, he spent on the preceding evening in purchasing bread for his family. The heartless conduct of those Irish landlords who expatriate their helpless paupers, to die in foreign lands, cannot be too strongly reprobated.

EMIGRATION.—The number of emigrants which arrived at Quebec, during the present year, up to 30th Sept., is reported at 37,253, being an increase of 890 in favour of 1852, compared with 1851.

WELLAND CANAL.—The receipts on the Welland Canal, during the month of September, were £3,206 2s. 0½d.—and in the corresponding month of 1851, £3,708 15s. 4½d. This will exhibit very clearly the increased trade of the country.

SINGULAR LAND-SLIP NEAR GALT.—On some of the abrupt rises which occur near Galt, between the channel of the Grand River and the level of the surrounding country, there exist large morasses, or bogs, of considerable depth and extent. One of these, situated on the property of Mrs. Lockie, about two miles from the town of Galt, was lately precipitated from the brow of the hill, where it had no doubt rested for ages, to the level land below, a distance of three or four hundred feet. Judging from the appearance it now presents, it must have come down with fearful velocity. The channel excavated by its descent is, in some places, ten feet deep, the bottom of which is a curious concretion of lime. A beautiful little stream now gurgles down the chasm, strongly impregnated with lime. The cause of this strange occurrence appears to have been the pressure of water from some higher source, obstructed in its passage, and forming a kind of quicksand underneath the moss, the consequence of which was to hurl in chaotic confusion the whole mass from its slippery eminence.

BELLEVILLE.—As a proof of the increasing prosperity of Canada, we may mention that a daily newspaper is now issued in the thriving little town of Belleville.

NUMBER OF VESSELS ARRIVED AT QUEBEC.—According to the *Canadien*, which it appears derives its information from the Custom House, the number of arrivals this year, on the 1st instant, exceeded that of the last by

34 vessels. According to the reports obtained from the Quebec Exchange, on the same day, the difference in favour of 1851, was 74. This discrepancy, we understand, arises from the Exchange report, not including vessels from the lower ports.

**BLOSSOMS IN AUTUMN.**—Last month an apple-tree in the orchard of Mr. William Blair, of Glanford, was in full bloom.

#### THE REPRESENTATION BILL.

The following are the divisions of Counties and Boroughs proposed in the new Representation Bill :—

The Counties of Perth, Essex, Kent, Lambton, Elgin, Norfolk, Haldimand, Welland, Lincoln, Brant, Halton, Waterloo, Wellington, Grey, Peel, Peterborough, Victoria, Prince Edward, Frontenac, Grenville, Dundas, Stormont, Glengarry, Carlton, Renfrew, one member each .....	25
The Counties of Middlesex, Oxford, Wentworth, Ontario, York, Simcoe, Durham, Northumberland, Hastings, Leeds, Lanark, two members each .....	22

The Counties of Huron and Bruce, one member for both .....	1
The Counties of Lennox and Addington, one member for both .....	1
The Counties of Prescott and Russell, one member for both .....	1
The City of Toronto, two members .....	2
The Western Towns, comprising Goderich, Chatham, London, St. Thomas and Woodstock, one member .....	1
The Niagara Towns, comprising Simcoe, Niagara, St. Catharines and Cayuga, one member .....	1
The Brant Towns, comprising Brantford, Paris, Galt, Guelph and Berlin, one member .....	1
The City of Hamilton and the Town of Dundas, one member for both .....	1
The Lake Towns, comprising Belleville, Cobourg, Port Hope and Peterborough, one member .....	1
The City of Kingston and the Town of Picton, one member for both .....	1
The River Towns, comprising Brockville, Prescott and Cornwall, one member .....	1
The Towns of Bytown and Perth, one member for both .....	1
	<hr/> 60



#### DEATH OF THE GREAT DUKE.

Death has conquered the hitherto invincible—the great Duke, the Iron Duke, *the* Duke, as men were wont emphatically and most appropriately to call him. And we looked for this intelligence to come upon us speedily, for Death stole no march upon him who never was taken by surprise; and he knew, and we all knew, that his career was drawing to a close; his work was done. Nevertheless, the sensation created by this event has been profound at home, and will be profound in every quarter of the globe, wherever British men have been accustomed to pronounce the name of Wellington with fond and unquestioning reverence. Whether dwellers in populous cities or amid the sparse inhabitants of rural districts, whether broiling on the plains of Hindostan or ice-bound Arctic seas, the tidings cannot reach indifferent hearers. Grief or regret will scarcely be endangered, for the time was come; but insensible indeed must be the soul, in which emotions will not be stirred. To attempt to probe these, or to

attempt any thing like a tribute to the memory of the deceased, is a task from which we shrink: the very ablest and most practiced pens in England are already at work in framing new chronicles of his life; the most sagacious minds are elucidating his character; the most industrious of reporters are collecting the minutest details of the closing scene.

For gossiping particulars of the Duke's death we make no place. Happily there was no excitement or curiosity for incessant bulletins; the public was at the same moment made acquainted with his illness and his decease. He breathed his last on the afternoon of Tuesday, the 14th of September, after a brief succession of epileptic fits, to which of late years he had been subject, and to which his vigorous frame finally succumbed. Until the morning of that day he had been in the enjoyment of his customary health; nor was there at first any apprehension entertained that the end was so nigh. He was insensible for some hours before his death, and yielded up his valorous and loyal spirit, without a struggle or a sigh. By his



side were his second son, Lord Charles Wellesley, Lady Charles, a medical attendant, and a valet. The room wherein he died was a small one, in Walmer Castle, the habitual and favorite residence of the Duke during the autumnal months, and held by him in virtue of his office of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. It stands close to the seabeach, about a mile from Deal; facing it lie the Downs and the Goodwin Sands; from its windows, on a clear day, the coast of France is visible. It is picturesque from its age and associations, but somewhat dreary of aspect. None of the attributes of power and state and wealth and honour were around his Grace of Wellington. Walmer Castle is inconveniently small, and is furnished with exceeding plainness.

#### THE GREATNESS OF THE GREAT DUKE—WHEREIN IT CONSISTED.

It ought to lessen this day the grief of England upon the death of her greatest son, it is the recollection that the life which has just closed leaves no duty incomplete and no honour unbestowed. The Duke of Wellington had exhausted nature and exhausted glory. His career was one unclouded longest day, filled from dawn to nightfall with renowned actions, animated by unflinching energy in the public service, guided by unswerving principles of conduct and of statesmanship. He rose by a rapid series of achievements which none had surpassed to a position which no other man in this nation ever enjoyed. The place occupied by the Duke of Wellington in the councils of the country and in the life of England can no more be filled. There is none left in the army or the Senate to act and speak with the like authority. There is none with whom the valour and the worth of this nation were so incorporate. Yet, when we consider the fulness of his years and the abundance of his incessant services, we may learn to say with the Roman orator, "*Satis divi vixisse dicito*," since, being mortal, nothing could be added either to our veneration or to his fame. Nature herself had seemed for a time to expand her inexorable limits, and the infirmities of age to lay a lighter burden on that honoured head. Generations of men had passed away between the first exploits of his arms and the last counsels of his age, until, by a lot unexampled in history, the man who had played the most conspicuous part in the annals of more than half a century became the last survivor of his contemporaries, and carries with him to the grave all living memory of his own achievements. To what a century, to what a country, to what achievements was that life successfully dedicated? For its prodigious duration—for the multiplicity of contemporary changes and events, far outnumbering the course of its days and years—for the invariable and unbroken stream of success which attended it from its commencement to its close, from the first flash of its triumphant valour in Indian war to that senatorial wisdom on which the Sovereign and the nation hung for counsel to its latest hours—for the unbending firmness of character which bore alike all labour and all prosperity—and for unalterable attachment to the same objects, the same principles, the same duties, undisturbed by the passions of youth and unrelaxed

by the honours and enjoyments of peace and of age—the life of the Duke of Wellington stands alone in history. In him, at least, prosperity will trace a character superior to the highest and most abundant gifts of fortune. If the word "heroism" can be not unfairly applied to him, it is because he remained greater than his own posterity, and rose above the temptations by which other men of equal genius, but less self-government, have fallen below their destinies. His life has nothing to gain from the language of panegyric, which would compare his military exploits or his civil statesmanship with the prowess of an Alexander or a Cæsar, or with the astonishing career of him who saw his empire overthrown by the British General at Waterloo. They were the offspring of passion and of genius, flung from the volcanic depths of revolutions and of civil war to sweep with meteoric splendour across the earth, and to collapse in darkness before half the work of life was done. Their violence, their ambition, their romantic existence, their reverses, and their crimes will for ever fascinate the interest of mankind, and constitute the secret of their fame, if not their greatness. To such attractions the life and character of the Duke of Wellington present no analogy, if he rose to scarce inferior renown, it was by none of the passions or the arts which they indulged or employed. Unvanquished in the field, his sword was never drawn for territorial conquest, but for the independence of Europe and the salvation of his country. Raised by the universal gratitude of Europe and of this nation to the highest point of rank and power which a subject of the British monarchy could attain, he wore these dignities and he used that influence within the strictest limits of a subject's duty. No law was ever twisted to his will, no right was ever sacrificed by one hair's breadth for his aggrandisement. There lived not a man either among his countrymen or his antagonists who could say that the great Duke had wronged him; for his entire existence was devoted to the cause of legal authority and regulated power. You seek in it in vain for those strokes of audacious enterprise which in other great captains, his rivals in fame, have won the prize of a crown or turned the fate of nations. But his whole career shines with the steady light of day. It has nothing to conceal, it has nothing to interpret by the flexible organs of history. Everything in it is manly, compact, and clear; shaped to one rule of public duty, animated by one passion—the love of England, and the service of the Crown.

The Duke of Wellington lived, commanded, and governed in unconscious indifference or disdainful aversion to those common incentives of human action which are derived from the powers of imagination and of sentiment. He held them cheap, both in their weakness and in their strength. The force and weight of his character stooped to no such adventitious influences. He might have kindled more enthusiasm, especially in the early and doubtful days of his Peninsular career; but in his successful and triumphant pursuit of glory, her name never passed his lips, even in his addresses to his soldiers. His entire nature and character were moulded on reality. He lived to see things as they were. His acute glance and cool judgment pierced at once through the

surface which entangles the imagination or kindles the feelings. Truth, as he loved her, is to be reached by a rougher path and by sterner minds. In war, in politics, and in the common transactions of life, the Duke of Wellington adhered inflexibly to the most precise correctness in word and deed. His temperament abhorred disguises and despised exaggerations. The fearlessness of his actions was never the result of speculative confidence or fool-hardy presumption, but it lay mainly in a just perception of the true relation in which he stood to his antagonist in the field or in the Senate. The greatest exploits of his life, such as the passage of the Douro, followed by the march on Madrid, the battle of Waterloo, and the passing the Catholic Relief Bill, were performed under no circumstances that could inspire enthusiasm. Nothing but the coolness of the player could have won the mighty stakes upon a cast apparently so adverse to his success. Other commanders have attained the highest pitch of glory when they disposed of the colossal resources of empires, and headed armies already flushed with the conquest of the world. The Duke of Wellington found no such encouragement in any part of his career. At no time were the means at his disposal adequate to the ready and certain execution of his designs. His steady progress in the Peninsular campaigns went on against the current of fortune, till that current was itself turned by perseverance and resolution. He had a clear and complete perception of the dangers he encountered, but he saw and grasped the latent power which baffled those dangers and surmounted resistances apparently invincible. That is precisely the highest degree of courage, for it is courage, conscious, enlightened, and determined.

Clearness of discernment, correctness of judgment, and rectitude in action were, without doubt, the principal elements of the Duke's brilliant achievements in war, and of his vast authority in the councils of his country, as well as in the conferences of Europe. They gave to his determinations an originality and vigor akin to that of genius, and sometimes imparted to his language in debate a pith and significance at which more brilliant orators failed to arrive. His mind, equally careless of obstacles and of effect, travelled by the shortest road to its end; and he retained, even in his latest years, all the precision with which he was wont to handle the subjects that came before him, or had at any time engrossed his attention. This was the secret of that untaught manliness and simplicity of style that pervades the vast collection of his dispatches, written as they were amidst the varied cares and emotions of war; and of that lucid and appropriate mode of exposition which never failed to leave a clear impression on the minds of those whom he addressed. Other men have enjoyed, even in this age, more vivid faculties of invention and contrivance, a more extended range of foresight, a more subtle comprehension of the changing laws of society and of the world. But the value of these finer perceptions, and of the policy founded upon them, has never been more assured than when it was tried and admitted by the wisdom and patriotism of that venerable mind. His superiority over other men consisted rather in the perfection of those qualities which he pre-

eminently possessed than in the variety and extent of his other faculties.

These powers, which were unerring when applied to definite and certain facts, sometimes failed in the appreciation of causes which had not hitherto come under their observation. It is, perhaps, less to be wondered at that the soldier and the statesman of 1815, born and bred in the highest school of Tory politics, should have miscarried in his opinion of those eventful times which followed the accession of William IV., than that the defeated opponent of Reform in 1831, should have risen into the patriot Senator of 1846 and 1851. Yet the administration of 1828, in which the Duke of Wellington occupied the first and most responsible place, passed the Catholic Emancipation Act, and thereby gave the signal of a rupture in the Tory party, never after entirely healed, and struck the heaviest blow on a system which the growing energies of the nation resented and condemned. Resolute to oppose what he conceived to be popular clamour, no man ever recognized with more fidelity the claims of a free nation to the gradual development of its interests and its rights; nor were his services to the cause of liberty and improvement the less great because they usually consisted in bending the will or disarming the prejudices of their fiercest opponents. Attached by birth, by character, and by opinion to the order and the cause of the British aristocracy, the Duke of Wellington knew that the true power of that race of nobles lies, in this age of the world, in their inviolable attachment to constitutional principles, and their honest recognition of popular rights. Although his personal resolution and his military experience qualified him better than other men to be the champion of resistance to popular turbulence and sedition, as he showed by his preparations in May, 1832, and in April, 1848, yet wisdom and forbearance were ever the handmaidens of his courage, and, while most firmly determined to defend, if necessary, the authority of the State, he was the first to seek an example of conciliatory sacrifice to the reasonable claims of the nation. He was the Catullus of our Senate, after having been our Cæsar in the field; and, if the commonwealth of England had ever saluted one of her citizens with the Roman title of *Parens Patriæ*, that touching honour would have been added to the peerage and the baton of Arthur Wellesley, by the respectful gratitude and faith of the people.

Though singularly free from every trace of cant, his mind was no stranger to the sublime influence of religious truth, and he was assiduous in the observance of the public ritual of the Church of England. At times, even in the extreme period of his age, some accident would betray the deep current of feeling which he never ceased to entertain towards all that was chivalrous and benevolent. His charities were unostentatious but extensive, and he bestowed his interest throughout life upon an incredible number of persons and things which claimed his notice and solicited his aid. Every social duty, every solemnity, every ceremony, every merry-making, found him ready to take his part in it. He had a smile for the youngest child, a compliment for the prettiest face, an answer for the readiest tongue, and a lively interest in every incident of life, which it



seemed beyond the power of age to chill. When time had somewhat relaxed the sterner mould of his manhood, its effects were chiefly indicated by an unabated taste for the amusements of fashionable society, incongruous at times with the dignity of extreme old age, and the recollection of so virile a career. But it seemed a part of the Duke's character that everything that presented itself was equally welcome, for he had become a part of everything, and it was foreign to his nature to stand aloof from any occurrence to which his presence could contribute. He seems never to have felt the flagging spirit or the reluctant step of indolence or *ennui*, or to have recoiled from anything that remained to be done; and his complete performance of every duty, however small, as long as life remained, was the same quality which had carried him in triumph through his campaigns, and raised him to be one of the chief Ministers of England and an arbiter of the fate of Europe. It has been said that in the most active and illustrious lives there comes at last some inevitable hour of melancholy and satiety. Upon the Duke of Wellington that hour left no impression, and probably it never shed its influence over him; for he never rested on his former achievements or his length of days, but marched onwards to the end, still heading the youthful generations which had sprung into life around him, and scarcely less intent on their pursuits than they are themselves. It was a finely balanced mind to have worn so bravely and so well. When men in after times shall look back to the annals of England for examples of energy and public virtue among those who have raised this country to her station on the earth, no name will remain more conspicuous or more unsullied than that of Arthur Wellesley, the great Duke of Wellington. The actions of his life were extraordinary, but his character was equal to his actions. He was the very type and model of an Englishman; and, though men are prone to invest the worthies of former ages with a dignity and merit they commonly withhold from their contemporaries we can select none from the long array of our captains and our nobles, who, taken for all in all, can claim a rivalry with him who is gone from among us, an inheritor of imperishable fame.

The *Union* (French journal) says:—"We make no difficulty in saying that all Great Britain gives an instructive and enviable spectacle by the unanimity as well as by the nature of the enthusiastic praises with which she covers the coffin of one of the most illustrious dead of this century. Let us place aside the hyperbolic flights of pride too familiar to the English nation, but up to a certain point excusable in this case. There remains the most universal and the most unanimous sorrow ever seen."

The new appointments have given great satisfaction. The Garter could not have been more aptly bestowed than on the Duke of Northumberland and the Marquis of Londonderry. The name of Lord Hardinge has been long a familiar word in connection with valour, science and fame. The Command-in-Chief of her Majesty's army is bestowed wisely and popularly. Yet is Lord Fitzroy Somerset worthy of some great post of honor,

and so he will have a peerage, and is appointed to the Master-Generalship of the Ordnance.

The title of the Master-General of the Ordnance—Lord Fitzroy Somerset will, we believe, be Baron Ragland. A decision has yet to be come to as to the future Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. Lord Combermere is to be Constable of the Tower. Prince Albert will have the Colonelcy of the Grenadier Guards, and also the Colonelcy-in-Chief of the Rifle Brigade. Prince George of Cambridge will succeed Prince Albert as Colonel of the Fusilier Guards. Colonel Airey is Military Secretary.

The supplies granted by Parliament for the year 1866, include the following interesting items under the head "Miscellaneous services;"—For the funeral of Viscount Nelson, £14,968 11s. 6d. For the funeral of Mr. Pitt, £6,045 2s. 6d.

The Queen, by her warrant of the 6th of August last, has granted to Caroline Southey, the widow of the poet laureate, a yearly pension of £200, "in consideration," as in the warrant is set forth, "of her late husband's eminent literary merits. A like warrant, of the 9th of the same month, confers a pension of £75 a year on Miss Louisa Stuart Costello, "in consideration of her merits as an authoress, and her inability, from the state of her health, to continue her exertions for a livelihood."

#### THE PROGRESS OR CONDITION OF THE KAFFIR WAR.

SOME noodle who is continually maligning that brave and experienced General, Sir Harry Smith, in the columns of the *Daily News*, and to whom it seems good, or is appointed, every now and then to enlighten the British public with his remarks on the Kafir war, drew a parallel on the 9th ult., between the present war in Southern Africa and the border strife between England and Scotland in former days. Now, Caledonia and the Cape are certainly about as like each other as Monmouth and Macedon, for like these they begin with the same letter. There are, too, rivers in both, and also cattle. There was also a Scotch predatory war. We shall favour our readers with the wise conclusion to which "Noodle" arrives, after drawing such comparison, and we shall do so in his own words:—"The Highlands of Scotland remained nurseries of predatory warriors till the clans were broken, the act against wearing arms and the Highland dress passed, and *parliamentary* government established throughout Scotland. The same course must be pursued in South Africa."

Is the man who pens such absurdity fit to write upon any topic on which John Bull requires information or guidance? Was ever such colossal nonsense? We are, it appears, merely to furnish the Kafirs with trowers, and insist upon their wearing them, in addition to depriving them of their arms and giving them a *parliamentary* government! We imagine it would be rather easier to kill them, although that seems no trifle. Has the *Daily News* writer lost his wits in abusing the Ministry and recommending the ballot? Has universal suffrage turned his head? Why does he not recommend at once to the Kafir to adopt the five points of the Charter, and that every kraal shall take in the *Daily News*? Every one

remembers the Frenchman's *recipe* for killing a flea. "First catch de flea, den take him by de nape of his neck and squeeze him til he gape ver vide; den put in von grain of dis leetle powder, and he shall never troubel you not never any more." We can assure our readers that this is literally nothing to what is to be done with the Kafir. To commence, he is to lay aside his arms! Just what we have been wanting him to do, only he does not seem to care about obliging us. A little Sunday school teaching is not mentioned, it is true; but what is that when he is to leap to civilization and a constitutional Parliament at once? When we consider this rubbish as mere *Daily News* twaddle, it signifies little; but when we think how many people in England are engaged in this style of thought and reasoning it becomes serious. It would be doing Mrs. Nickleby injustice to compare her murky intellectual wanderings to the *Daily News*, but what we lament is to see the British public thinking and talking about Louis Napoleon, the Kafir war, our difficulty with the Yankees, &c., &c., just in the very strain and fashion of Mrs. Nickleby. "Louis Napoleon will never make war with England, because he is such a friend of Lord Mahmesbury." Won't he, ma'am? "We must teach those poor savages the light of Christianity." A light for a fire to roast Missionaries with, ma'am! "Those dreadful Americans are so vulgar, they really must be kept in check." You'd better do it, ma'am! Such is the way in which Mrs. Nickleby, the *Daily News*, and poor old dotting Britannia, are all busy thinking at present, and we should much like to know where it will end. We fear not precisely in a millennium.

With regard to the last accounts from the seat of war in Kafirland, we are inclined to think much more favourably of them than some of our contemporaries. In the first place we like General Cathcart's proclamation, or circular, demanding assistance from the colonists. There is no doubt they are bound to furnish it, and if they should not, we think, with the General, they must in future defend themselves. It is a pity they did not do so from the beginning; but that was not their fault. The war is a curse entailed on them and us by sickly sentimentalists, fostered by traders, encouraged by traitors—to be checked by a demonstration, and to be put an end to finally by an armed civilized population, and nothing else! On the border system spoken of by "Noodle," we should have beaten the savages long since. They never would have obtained arms and ammunition, or have dreamt of a protracted or concentrated attack. Had the policy of Sir Benjamin D'Urban been carried out, does any one believe that things would have ever approached the condition in which they now are? Such a combination of folly, incapacity and hypocrisy, can scarcely be imagined, much less described. To come to a nearer examination of the question, we think General Cathcart's observations frank, manly and sensible. On the whole, we approve hitherto of his conduct of the war. He has hanged traitors and deserters, and thereby saved the blood of true men. Rose-water can be spared from a South African General's toilet, and, we fear, whatever his theories may be, that his practice must be taken from the earlier rather than the later chapters of the Bible. It is evident to

us now, that the British Government is shrinking from an indefinite protraction of the war, and we must look upon General Cathcart as its mouthpiece in his late address to the Colonists. For the rest, we think the destruction of 100 Kafirs in a single engagement, if 100 were killed, an evidence of greater success on our part than we have lately been accustomed to. We cannot, however, understand how it is that, in this case, the enemy having been drawn out of ambush, their loss should not have been distinctly ascertained. As to their manœuvring like disciplined troops, extending, advancing and retreating by the sound of bugle, &c., &c., we consider it an advantage to us that they should do so. It is behind rocks and stones, in the bush and the kloof, on the hill side and in the ravine, that we have most reason to dread them. Let them once imbibe the notion of fighting our troops in bodies and on open ground, and their ruin is certain. On the whole, we are inclined to take a less gloomy view than heretofore of the state of this disastrous war, and we shall not be surprised if the levy *en masse*, and expedition beyond the Kei of General Cathcart, should be attended with considerable results in our favour.

#### NOVEL PROCEEDINGS OF SIR JAMES BROOKE, RAJAH OF SARAWAK, AND PLURALIST.

We have long since expressed our unmitigated dislike of the proceedings of this individual. We cordially supported Mr. Hume, when that veteran man of business was anxious to probe the ulcerous administration of Borneo to the bottom, and we entertain about as much personal esteem towards the Governor of Labuan as we did and do towards General Haynau. We now learn that this great boa-constrictor of pirates, assumed or otherwise, has opened his jaws to swallow a Singapore newspaper, which it may be remembered, has always spoken very freely of the ruler of Sarawak's proceedings. A gentleman connected with this newspaper having, it appears, been lately appointed to hold some office in the law courts of Singapore, forthwith Rajah Brooke issues a mandate, rescript, firman, or ukase to the Governor, to rescind the nomination of the offender. This the Governor refused to do, in firm and sensible language. Whereupon Brooke threatens to hound the English and Anglo-Indian Governments upon the Governor. Is this apparently selfish and unprincipled insolence, this overbearing egotism, this unjust oppression to be tolerated? We hope not. This Brooke appears to us to be a most one-sided tyrant, the very Turk of a melodrama. He will brook no opposition, and would treat all whom he hates like "pirates." Being now Rajah of Sarawak, Consul and Protector of English trade (*i.e.* general dealer) in Borneo, Governor of Labuan and Ambassador Extraordinary to Siam, besides being friendly with the directors of the East India Company, and for all we know, own Eastern Archipelago correspondent of the *Times*, we fear he will slay the chivalrous little Governor of Singapore before breakfast some morning, and devour him in an oriental salad, *a la mode* of some of the cannibal natives of the interior of the said Paradise of Borneo, where the "spirit of man" is most assuredly anything but "divine," either aboriginally or by colonization. We shall especially recommend this to the attention of Mr. Hume,



and we trust we may not learn that Singapore has been destroyed by an earthquake, or the editors of its free press eaten by crocodiles, or hear of any other catastrophe, evil, or injustice, which the potent spell of the magician may devise for the wholesale punishment of his enemies. Only imagine if the people of Singapore should awake some fine morning and find themselves all translated into pirates, whilst old Hume was quietly exported by the connivance of the people in Downing-street, and hung out naked in a wicker cage before the palace of Sarawak, after being daubed over with honey to attract the attention of Bornean entomology, as a warning to all those who henceforth dare to interfere with the majesty of Brooke and the dominion of Labuan!

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE BRITISH ARMY DESPATCH.

SIR,—It was with no ordinary surprise I read in your journal of Friday last, the 3rd instant, that “the Serjeants of a certain Infantry Queen’s Regiment in India, had entertained their Commandant’s wife at a ball and supper!” Surely, Mr. Editor, that truly *was* the “march of intellect” with a vengeance. I wonder how the gallant hero of so many fights (see Hart’s *Army List*) could allow his lady to accept the invitation, and also join the party himself!!! “Dancing it appears was kept up with great spirit until a late hour,” or words to that effect. By whom? let me ask, as surely the Burra Mem Sahib would not deign to trip it “on the light fantastic toe” with his lord’s Serjeant-Major, however smart and dashing; but even in that case, who was her *vis a vis*? Most probably *his* lady, or that of the Quartermaster Serjeant, with divers other Serjeants’ wives in succession to form the quadrille, unless indeed the officers’ ladies had been invited to meet their chief!!! This *may* be customary and tolerated now-a-days, but I can tell you would not have passed current when I was a duty subaltern some fifty years since, and *long* before I had, by hard service in the East, gained my spurs. Why, we should just as soon have accepted an invitation from our Farrier-Major for ourselves and wives to meet *him* and *his* (together

with the Master Fashioner and spouse) to take a social cup of tea [and its accompaniments] afterwards.

#### A MARTINET OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

[We insert a “Martinet of the Old School’s” letter, with a slight alteration at the end, duly inclosed in brackets, in order that it may speak for itself. We must frankly state that we totally disagree with the view he takes of the matter. He evidently looks at it altogether in a different light from ourselves. We consider that the ball in India was by no means conducted in the style of the late entertainment by the *Dames de la Halle*, when the French generals footed it with female tripe-sellers, and princesses of the new régime with the costermongers of Paris. It appears to us to have been an amiable condescension on the part of a lady, whom we have no reason to believe forgot either her own dignity or her husband’s rank. As for the Serjeants and their wives, we have no doubt they are fit, both in manners and morality, to be matched with the guests of many a London or Parisian drawing-room. Such a thing might be a question to consider as a point of discipline, not of contamination. It might not be advisable—it certainly cannot be what is vulgarly termed “low.” We believe, however, that such an affair is rather favourable than otherwise to discipline, as it certainly is to the good feeling of the regiment. Self-respect teaches respect. A few such acts would tend to humanize soldiers, and raise them in their own esteem. We applaud Colonel and Mrs. Franks’ discretion and kindly feeling. Such a ball was a credit to the regiment, as well as a compliment to its gallant commander. Some weeks since a *soi-disant* military contemporary inserted some abominable and insulting remarks respecting Serjeants’ wives. Let Serjeants look to it!—Ed.]

The plot of assassination against the President, which is said to have been discovered at Marselles, is the only event of to-day, and I find that the affair is generally discredited in Paris, and set down as an attempt on the part of the police authorities to give themselves importance.



#### LAYING OUT GROUNDS OF MODERATE EXTENT.

We know that many individuals fancy that there is not much to learn on this subject: on the contrary, that “every one knows how he likes to have his place done,” and that as it is “all a matter of taste,” each can follow his own.

It is perfectly true that it is “a matter of taste,” and this is the very fact which involves in it the mistake which those fall into, who have never given their attention to the *study* of landscape scenery; not its native grandeur only, but as combined with, and made subservient to the con-

ventionalities of art. The mistake consists in supposing that persons who have formed a general notion of what they wish done, cannot be assisted in the development and carrying out of their own desires and wishes, by the landscape gardener.

A little reflection will, nevertheless, satisfy the most skeptical that there is error in such a conclusion. Let any one recall to memory his primitive ideas upon subjects which he has subsequently studied, and in which he has attained proficiency, and compare them with his matured judgement, and he will be at no difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that his first ideas were crude and incomplete, if not positively erroneous. What he had regarded as perfection, or at least as a degree of perfection which would, at the out-set have gratified his every want, will, with his improved acquaintance with the subject, appear to his mind wholly inadequate to his present requirements.

The reason of this is obvious. However alive we may be to the perfection of beauty, whether in nature or art, our perceptive faculties in the exercise, admit of culture, which augments our powers of enjoyment. That, therefore, which satisfied him in the first instance, ceases to do so, when, by greater familiarity with the subject under consideration, we become more conscious of the capabilities of our nature, to derive from its higher cultivation, an increased measure of those pleasurable sensations in which our enjoyment, or in other words, the reception of impressions agreeable, whether to our senses or mental faculties, consists.

Again, let a man travel through miles upon miles of an unreclaimed country, where there is but little diversity of scenery; where no massive rocks arouse the imaginative powers by their sublimity, and where the absence of water leaves nothing for the weary eye of the wayfarer to rest upon, but the arid ruggedness of barren waste. Let him then come to some favored spot, where the hand of man has raised an oasis in this desert. With what rapture is the first glance of the eager eye cast wistfully around, almost doubting whether the welcome sight is visionary or real! Why is this? Because that man's taste has been educated—has learnt to distinguish between the rough features of nature's most rustic garb, and the grateful smile which she puts on under the fostering hand of man. In other words, he has unconsciously learnt part of that endless, but never fruitless lesson, taught by industry, that not only are our wants supplied, but our innocent pleasures are even amply gratified, in return for the diligent use of those means which a merciful providence has placed within the reach of all.

And thus will it ever be found in reference to the study of the beautiful in nature, and the adaptation of her wilds and wildernesses to our present uses. The more we become practically acquainted with the associations of country life, the more shall we become sensible of the numberless instances in which rough untouched grounds admit of being accommodated by the experienced eye, to the immediate wants and requirements of the elegancies of domestic life, and this, very frequently, by simple, although most effective, because judiciously directed means.

The first thing to be done in setting about to lay out grounds of moderate extent, is to take a

survey of the whole, and determine upon the situation for the house or villa, assuming that it is not already erected. In doing this, one of the chief considerations should be the aspect, and its situation as regards elevation. This, to be judiciously decided upon, must depend not only upon the greater or less extent of the grounds, and their even surface or the contrary, but also upon the nature of the surrounding localities; for instance, the presence or absence of river, lake, or any considerable expanse of water, or of mountainous, or less elevated scenery in the vicinity. More cannot therefore, be said upon that point, (within our limited space,) than that due regard should be had to these accidents of situation, so as to take advantage of the surrounding scenery, and so to place the residence that it should command an extensive, and at the same time as varied a view, as may be.

The situation for the house being determined upon, the general plan of the whole ground has to be arranged. Of course, any domestic offices and out-houses, such as stables, wood-house, poultry house, &c., should be placed in rear of the dwelling, and be concealed from sight by a small plantation of trees, and by the kitchen garden, taking care, in the position of the latter, that a favorable aspect is obtained for it, with a southern exposure as nearly as possible.

The general effect now to be given to the whole, will mainly depend upon two circumstances; the one the distribution of the trees and shrubs, and the other, the nature of the surface. The most favorable ground for landscape gardening, is that which is uneven—presenting an undulating surface and if with mounds and elevations at some parts, or with a gentle ascent of a considerable portion of it in another direction, so much the better. The distant scenery should be glanced over, with a view to endeavor to bring it in, by opening its most picturesque portions. The removal of a few trees at intervals, will often effect this, taking care in so doing, that such only are cut down, as are not essential to the home scenery—and only removing sufficient to obtain the view, without exposing the privacy of the residence.

If in the distant landscape a view of water can be brought in, nothing adds more, and few things so much, to the general effect. In the introduction of the distant scenery, care should be taken to avoid opening to view those parts of it which may not offer agreeable features; and unless the scene of operations be on an elevated situation, it is generally expedient to avoid the exposure of a great breadth of flat country, unless bounded by distant hills. Then, again, the question of what parts of the outer scenery are to be opened upon, must in many instances, be regulated by that within the grounds. If, for instance, there happens to be within the grounds a considerable plantation of dense foliage, which it is desirable to retain for the purpose of shelter, or for any particular reason, a fine effect will usually result from cutting through it a small opening, by which a pleasing glance is caught of the distant view. By such means, the sombreness of the mass in its effect upon home scenery, is much relieved. Another effect of striking elegance is produced, if, in exposing the distant landscape to the grounds, it can be so done, that any fine, noble tree, (or clump of two



or three trees,) can be left standing, in the middle distance between the observer and the outer landscape; whether the tree or group be so placed as to be presented to the eye at the side or centre of the general view, is of little moment. Few who recall to mind the magnificent effects produced by many of the great landscape painters, by placing a tree in the foreground of their paintings, will fail to appreciate readily the value of such an addition to the landscape. And although it may be expedient to get one pretty extensive view of distant objects, assuming them, in character, to present pleasing associations, it should always be borne in mind that more ornament and variety are given to the general effect, (and particularly to the home scenery,) by opening the distant prospect at several distinct points of view from the grounds, than by exposing from one great point a great extent of distant objects, by the sweeping destruction of intervening foliage.

Throughout the grounds, some large trees which are approaching to maturity of growth, so as to have become single objects of beauty, should be left standing, to give boldness to the whole, and as a principal means of insuring variety to the landscape, as the spectator views it from the different points. In the selection of these, attention should be given to retain a diversity of foliage. Around the sides of the ground clumps of trees of greater or less extent, should be left, not only for shelter, but to afford a degree of outline to the premises—and before these should left or planted shrubs and foliage of moderate growth, both as a fence, and to form a foreground to them.

In such an arrangement of ground as we have thus hastily sketched, if the parts of it brought into culture for corn, or other tilled crops, be confined to the rear of the residence, and the other parts are devoted to pasture for sheep or cattle, an air of park-like appearance will be presented by the whole place, whilst, as we before remarked, its profitable and productive character will not be interfered with. A few evergreens, both trees and shrubs, distributed here and there, will add to the general effect, and these may often be found already growing. The road of approach to the front of the house, as well as the paths through the pleasure grounds, should be formed in greater or less curved lines, and, never, (except in very extensive grounds,) in straight lines. The plantations of small shrubberies on either side of the house, (unless on one side it opens upon the garden,) will also much influence the beauty of the whole. But our object has been rather to direct the attention to the material features of the general plan, than to particularize the detail of minor points.

#### ADVANTAGES OF A CHANGE OF SEED.

A recent number of the North British Agriculturist contains an article on this subject, from which we gather the following statements. Experience has proved that a change from an inferior to a richer district, is seldom beneficial, but that a change from a warmer to a colder district, is always followed by a beneficial result, in somewhat shortening the period of growth, an increase of weight, appearance of sample, and very generally in the produce, the difference in straw being equally observable. It has also been found that

new and improved varieties of grain in a few years generally lose their distinctive characters. This has been imputed to a falling off of the vitality of the new, and consequently hybrid plant, showing the necessity of systematically selecting and propagating agricultural seeds of all kinds. A change of seed wheat from one district to another, has frequently resulted in an increase of produce of about two boll, (twelve bushels,) an acre. On a farm possessing a variety of soil, the change of seed from one part to the other, has always been beneficial. The introduction of seed wheat from a region where this crop is not affected by the smut, is said to prevent this disease, even better than any preparation of the seed. The more recently the grain has been removed from the straw the better, as it is liable to become musty when lying in store.

The same deterioration in quantity and quality is noticeable in seed oats, when the same seed is continued. The following advice of the Editor, will be equally applicable to farmers in this country.

"We hope gentlemen will continue to direct their attention to the subject of change of seed, and that they will favour the public with the results of their experience. As agriculture is emerging from the rule of thumb practice, it will prove highly advantageous for its speedy advancement, that experiments on this, as well as other subjects, be only undertaken with care, and upon correct principles; that not only the land, with the produce, be measured, but also every care exercised in noticing the varieties of the grain, the nature of the soil on which it is grown, the climate, as regards elevation, moisture, &c., the period of sowing, coming into ear, and when ready for cutting, with the result of the after produce. Nothing should be regarded as unimportant in conducting agricultural experiments. We would suggest the importance of undertaking experiments not only in grain, the growth of a different climate, but that these experiments should embrace the question of steeping the seeds in liquids containing a solution of different substances, such as dissolved nitrate of soda, potash, sulphate of ammonia, &c., and also how far the plan of coating the seed with such a substance as guano, for instance, affects the future produce. We make these suggestions with the greater confidence, as we have experimentally found that the produce was sensibly increased of wheat, oats, and barley, by steeping in such solutions, and that steeping the two latter grains, checked, if not wholly prevented, black heads."

#### DRYING TOMATOES.

[The following has been furnished us by a very skilful housewife, who is particularly successful in the preparation of garden products—we have tried her dried tomatoes in winter, and found them most excellent.]

The method is very simple. They are to be peeled in the usual way; then if very ripe pour off some of the juice, stew them slightly, sufficiently to cook them through, and salt them to the taste. Then spread them on earthen (not tin) dishes, and put them in a brick oven, when the bread is taken out, but a stove does very well. They cannot be dried in the sun like peaches; they are so juicy they need more heat. When

dry, put them in bags, and in winter they only need soaking an hour or two, then stew and season with butter and pepper, and one would hardly distinguish them from fresh fruit.\*

#### POTATO DISEASE.

The Legislature of Massachusetts, in the year 1851, offered a prize of \$10,000 to any one who should satisfy the Governor and Council that, by a test of at least five successive years, he had discovered a sure remedy for the potato rot. Several communications have been received on this subject, which are published by the authority of the legislature, of which we publish the following summary by Hon. Amasa Walker, Secretary of State.

Although these communications may not furnish any perfect cure or preventive of the potato disease, yet they agree in so many important points, and offer so many valuable hints, relating to the nature, cultivation, preservation, and improvement of the potato, that they cannot fail to be of great public utility. The similarity of views expressed by the most intelligent and experienced writers, relating to the nature, cultivation, disease, and cure of the potato, is truly remarkable, and we think auspicious. Among the principal points, relating to which there is a general concurrence; are the following:

**SOUNDNESS AND VITALITY OF THE SEED.**—Renewing the seed from the ball of healthy vigorous plants every few years, even resorting to the native place in South America, and taking the seed from the wild potato, is considered important, when potatoes are to be raised from the tuber. Sound, healthy, whole potatoes are recommended for planting. Cutting potatoes is decidedly condemned. Anything which impairs the vitality of the seed increases the liability to disease.

**QUALITY OR KIND OF SOIL.**—A dry, light, loose, warm soil, is considered necessary to the soundness and health of the vegetable, as well as to its richness and flavor, the latter depending quite as much on the quality of soil as on the variety of seed. A wet, heavy, compact soil, directly promotes the disorder. Far up on the side of a mountain or hill is a favorable location for the growth of the potato; and new land contains more of the qualities requisite for its nourishment and health, than old and worn out soils.

**INFLUENCE OF ATMOSPHERE.**—Potatoes should be as little exposed to the air as conveniently may be. Their natural place is under ground. By too much exposure they become poisoned, and turn green. Some recommend depositing them for the winter, in holes under ground in a dry soil; or if kept in a cellar, to keep them cool. Keeping large quantities in a body in the cellar is by some supposed to promote heat and putrefaction. Planting in the fall is recommended by some, as potatoes left in the field, over winter, are observed to come forward earlier in the spring, to grow more vigorously, to get ripe earlier and before the blighting rains in August, and to be more sound, fair, and healthy.

**MANURES.**—All antiputrescents, such as lime, wood-ashes, pulverized charcoal, plaster, salt, nitrogen, &c., are believed to contribute directly to the health of the potato, as well as to add to its richness and flavor; and of course, to prevent

putrefaction and disease. Of other manures, well-rotted compost is preferred. Stable manure is too strong and heating, and produces ill-flavored, unhealthy potatoes, and is decidedly condemned.

**DISEASE, CONTAGION, OLD AGE, AND DEATH.**—These are common to vegetables as well as to animals. All are liable to disease, some more, some less, according to circumstances, predisposing causes, and preventive means. Some vegetable diseases are believed to be contagious. The present disease is thought by many to be of that class. One field of potatoes is liable to take the disorder from another field. Potatoes are predisposed to disease, by bad cultivation, old age, bad soil, bad manures, sudden changes of weather, warm rains, &c.

**RAVAGES OF INSECTS, FUNGI, &c.**—The best writers consider the ravages of insects as at most but a predisposing cause, rendering the potato more liable to disease by enfeebling the plant. By many writers insects are considered as remotely affecting the potato; by others, as having no effect at all. The fungus on potatoes is not the cause of the rot. It finds the potato, previously diseased, a fit subject for its operation.

The general conclusions to which the facts presented in these various communications seem to lead us, are—

1. That the disease has a striking resemblance to the cholera, and probably exists in the atmosphere.

2. That it is doubtful whether any specific cure has been, or ever will be discovered; but

3. As in cholera, certain preventives are well ascertained, by the application of which, the liabilities to disease may be greatly lessened.

4. That by obtaining the soundest seed, by planting in the most favorable soils, and by using the most suitable manures, we may have a good degree of confidence in the successful cultivation of this useful vegetable.

4. That we may expect, that like the cholera, the potato rot will become less and less formidable from year to year, and eventually subside into a mild and manageable epidemic, if that term may be used in such a connexion.

The several points on which there is an unanimity of opinion, are worthy the especial attention of farmers. By a careful selection of seed, and locality, and particular reference to the kind of manure used, very much of this may be avoided. If facts like the above, well substantiated by experiments in all sections of the country, could be presented to the entire mass of farmers, and they would govern their modes of culture by rules so established, we cannot well estimate the increase which would result in a single year in a crop so extensively cultivated as the potato.

**A SUBSTITUTE FOR GUANO.**—The Royal Agricultural Society of England offer a prize of £1,000, and the gold medal of the Society, for the discovery of a manure equal in fertilizing properties to the Peruvian guano, and of which an unlimited supply can be furnished to the English farmer at a rate not exceeding £5 per ton.

**RED ANTS.**—A correspondent wishes to know if any of our readers can tell him how to expel or destroy the small red ants. He can neither drown or scald them out.

\* We would like the proof of this!—*P. Devil.*



**COLD THAT DESTROYS PEACH BUDS.**—I have of late been perusing the *Horticulturist*, and found the following: "Among other things that particularly attracted my attention, was a notice of fruit buds being destroyed by the extreme cold of the past winter. It has frequently been asserted that 12 degrees below zero destroys peaches and some other fine fruit. As I have had some experience in fruit raising for twenty years past, I have had an opportunity of making some observations to my own satisfaction, and as you have requested notice from different parts of the country, respecting the prospect of fruit, I send you some facts from this section. Although I have to refer to other persons to determine the state of the weather, still I have reason to believe the statements correct. The thermometer records a number of days the past winter, ranging from 14 to 26 degrees below zero. Now does that degree of cold kill the fruit? Nature answers the ques-

tion. The spring with us is quite backward, but it gives us full evidence that there shall be no failure in the promise of regular seed time and harvest. Though the elements may yet prove destructive, the prospect is promising. Peaches, plums, and cherries, are now coming out, clothed with their pink and white, even to the covering of their branches. Does this look like their being frozen to death—other proofs we have, last year 1850 and '51, the cold ranged from 13 to 27 below zero and there has not been so large a crop of peaches for eight years; plums were mostly destroyed by the curculio, cherries quite plenty. I have some 125 peach trees, set last season, one year from the bud, quite a share of them are now filled with blossoms; and plums, from six to eight feet high, are clothed in bloom. I have some dwarf pears standing from two and a half to three feet high, set for a dozen fruit each—so much for our prospects in this cold region."



**THE LARGEST MERCHANT SHIP IN THE WORLD.**—Mr. McKay of East Boston, is now at work, upon a clipper ship, which will surpass in size and sharpness every merchant ship now afloat or known to be in the course of construction. She will be 300 feet long, have 50 feet breadth of beam, 28 feet depth of hold, with three decks, and will register over 3000 tons. She will be diagonally braced with iron, and built in every particular equal in strength to the best of ocean steamers. Her model, in point of beauty, is the wonder and admiration of all who have seen it. She will have four masts, with Forbes's rig. Mr. McKay builds her on his own account, and will sail her too, if he does not sell her.—*Boston Atlas*.

**NEW PALACE AT BALMORAL.**—It has just been determined to build a new palace for the Queen at Balmoral. It is to be built on a site between the river and the present castle, fronting the south, and is estimated to cost from £80,000 to £100,000. The architecture is modern, and will combine the ornamental with the useful. A new bridge is to be thrown across the Dee; and the public road which now leads through the forest of Ballochbuie is to be shut up, and a better road provided along the south bank of the river. The old palace is to be entirely removed. The new palace is already staked out.

**TELEGRAPH BETWEEN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.**—The London correspondent of *The National Intelligencer* gives the following description of the new project for a submarine telegraph between Great Britain and America. The writer considers this new plan by far the most feasible yet proposed:

We stated, a few weeks ago, that a project had been formed for constructing a submarine telegraph between Great Britain and the United States, by a route not before thought of, which would very materially shorten the line of water transit, render the transmission of intelligence much less liable to interruption, and most materially diminish the cost of construction and repairs. We have now the map of the proposed submarine lines before us. They commence at the most northwardly point of Scotland, run thence to the Orkney Islands, and thence by short water lines, to the Shetland and the Ferroe Islands. From the latter, a water line of 200 to 300 miles conducts the telegraph to Iceland, from the western coast of Iceland, another submarine line conveys it to Kiøge Bay, on the eastern coast of Greenland, it then crosses Greenland to Julian's Hope on the western coast of that continent, in latitude 60° 42'; and is conducted thence by a water line of about 500 miles, across Davis' Straits to Byron's Bay, on the coast of Labrador. From this point the line is to be extended to Quebec.





Paris Fashions for November.



The entire length is approximately estimated at 2,500 miles, and the submarine portion of it at from 1,400 to 1,600 miles. The peculiar advantage of the line being divided into several submarine portions is, that if a fracture should at any time occur, the defective part could be very readily discovered and repaired promptly at a comparatively trifling expense. From the Shetland Islands, it is proposed to carry a branch to Bergen, in Norway, connecting it there with a line to Christiania, Stockholm, Gottenburgh, and Copenhagen; from Stockholm a line may easily cross the Gulf of Bothnia to St. Petersburg. The whole expense of this great international work is estimated considerably below £500,000, but to cover contingencies, it is proposed to raise that sum by 25,000 shares of £20 each. We confess that we consider this plan as by far the most feasible one which has been yet produced for connecting Europe and America by the electric telegraph.

**MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.**—The organ builders of England may be taken at 400 in number, and putting their gross returns at £500 per annum each, we have £200,000 a year in this branch alone.

The materials used by them are pine, mahogany, tin, and lead. The materials employed by the piano-forte makers are oak, deal, pine, mahogany, and beech, besides fancy woods; baize, felt, cloth, and leather, brass, steel, and iron. Of the two leading houses in this branch, the Messrs. Collard sell annually 1,600 instruments, and the Messrs. Broadwood 2,300, which at the very low average of sixty guineas, gives as the annual business of these two firms only, about £250,000. If the whole number of piano-forte makers of London, about 200, is taken into account, the annual return in this trade cannot be less than £2,000,000. Violins, and other instruments, are almost entirely imported, the prejudice being in favour of the foreign makers. The annual import duty on them is probably not less than £45,000. The cost of the wind instruments required for a regimental band, exclusive of drums and fifes, was said to be £224, and as there are in all about 400 regiments, the capital represented by these is nearly £100,000. The number of workmen employed by Messrs. Broadwood and Collard respectively, is 575 and 400; they are all more or less skilled workmen, some of them in a very high degree.

## MRS. GRUNDY'S GATHERINGS.

LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER, 1852.

Black lace and velvet are very fashionable as trimmings for bonnets: narrow black velvet intermixed with flowers is much used for interior trimming. Caps are trimmed with very broad satin or gauze ribbon: some are made entirely of ribbon edged with blonde. Lace with deep vandyked edges is the most fashionable for sleeves and caps.

For our costumes we are indebted to the following distinguished Parisian houses:—In the 1st plate the *peignoir*, or morning dress, is from Mme. Colas; the other dress from Mme. Lafont; the cap from Mme. Laure, *Rue Lafitte*.

**DINNER COSTUME.**—Fig. 1st.—Dress of white muslin; the skirt has two very deep flounces beautifully embroidered; at the top of the second flounce are placed small rosettes of pale green satin ribbon. The body à *basquine* is half-high, and opens *en demi cœur*; it is embroidered entirely round, and edged with a narrow lace. The half-long sleeves are slit up in the front of the arm; they are trimmed with lace and finished by a rosette.

**DINNER COSTUME.**—Fig. 2nd.—Dress of light purple satin; the skirt long and full, has the front breadth embroidered, and a row of small bell buttons down the centre: the body à *basquine*, is three-quarters high, does not close in front and has the corners of the *basque* rounded and trimmed with black lace, it is embroidered to correspond with the skirt. The short pagoda sleeves are open to the elbow, they are embroidered and trimmed with black lace. Waistcoat of white lutescing, closing to the throat, with small coral buttons. Blonde cap, trimmed with very broad satin ribbon; that part of the ribbon crossing the cap is edged with blonde set on full and forming a *fanchon*.

Dresses are still being worn with flounces woven à *disposition*: an additional novelty is, that in silks the edges of the flounces are finished by a narrow fringe: if the flounces are striped, the fringe is the color of the stripes; if otherwise figured, the fringes are of the colors of the flowers. In dark silks the flounces will be either woven with six or seven narrow black stripes at the edge, or embroidered with black; we may remark that black is becoming very fashionable for trimmings. For the style of bodies and sleeves now being worn, we refer to our costumes.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

A great variety of cloaks have already made their appearance in anticipation of that approaching change of weather which will render envelopes desirable. We shall from time to time present, in our illustrations, patterns of the shapes most generally approved; but, in the meanwhile, we may observe that the large round form so much worn last winter is far from being discarded, especially in morning negligé, for which its comfortable amplitude is peculiarly well adapted. Cloaks of this form, intended for the morning promenade, are usually made of cloth, that is to say, a soft light kind of cloth now employed almost exclusively for that purpose. Cloth cloaks will be generally worn this winter. Those of black cloth are most fashionable, and next to black, very dark brown, grey, and drab are favourite hues. These plain cloaks are usually trimmed with braid, or narrow black velvet. The braid may be either broad or narrow; if broad, one or two rows are set on straight; if narrow, it may be set on in a pattern. The narrow velvet is usually set on in a Greek design. Velvet cloaks of the round form are made of smaller size than those of cloth; they



are, however, usually made with sleeves, and are trimmed with fringe of that massive kind which the French call Sevillian fringe.

The Talma cloak, which still maintains favour in Paris, has never been very general in London. Possibly it is found somewhat too theatrical for English taste. Cloaks of this form are sometimes made sufficiently ample to admit of one end being thrown over the left shoulder in the manner of the Roman toga. These Talma cloaks, when intended for evening wraps at the theatres or evening parties, are usually made of coloured cloth, lined and trimmed with braid of a different colour.

An elegant dress of white worked muslin has just been completed for a wedding *déjeuner*. The skirt has five flounces edged with deep scallops, each scallop being formed by a tulip, beautifully worked in satin stitch and *point de dentelle*. The tulips thus suspended along the edge of the flounce were attached to foliage and buds, forming, altogether, a massive wreath. The corsage was slightly drawn and worked in two wreaths of tulips which branched upward from the waist to the shoulders. The back of the corsage was worked in a similar style. The sleeves were formed of three narrow frills, worked in the same pattern as the flounces. To complete the elegance of this dress each flounce was headed by a bouillonée of muslin, within which was run a pink ribbon. These ribbons formed, at each side of the skirt, bows with flowing ends, the bows diverging one from another from the upper to the lower flounce, thereby giving to the whole the effect of a *tablier* trimming.

Several ball dresses made during the last week have been forwarded to their respective destinations in the country. One, greatly admired, is of straw-coloured taffety, with five flounces edged with plaided ribbon and fringe. The head-dress was a coiffure of plaided ribbon of a pattern similar to that which edged the flounces. A dress of white silk had two broad flounces, each headed and edged by a wreath of roses embroidered in natural colours. A dress of pink taffety had five flounces, edged with rows of pink velvet, woven in the silk, on a white ground, producing a charming effect. The high corsage was open in front, trimmed with white guipure and bows of pink velvet in front and at each side of the waist. The bottom of the corsage was edged with a row of guipure, which nearly joined the head of the upper flounce. Head-dress of rose-coloured velvet and guipure.

#### EPIDEMIC IN THE UNITED STATES—WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

We think a few timely hints to Canadian women may prevent this epidemic spreading. Kilts would be a very unbecoming dress for either our matrons or maids to assume.

The whole tendency of these conventions is by no means to increase the influence of woman, to elevate her condition, or to command the respect of the other sex. It is quite the reverse. We do not wonder that, after what has taken place, they should shun the light of New York city, and retreat to the obscurity of Cleveland for their next gathering.

Who are these women?—what do they want?

—what are the motives that impel them to this course of action? The *dramatis persona* of the farce enacted at Syracuse, present a curious conglomeration of both sexes; some of them are old maids, whose personal charms were never very attractive, and who have been sadly slighted by the masculine gender in general; some of them women who have been badly mated, whose own temper, or their husbands', has made life anything but agreeable to them, and they are therefore down upon the whole of the opposite sex; some having so much of the virago in their disposition, that nature appears to have made a mistake; some of boundless vanity and egotism, who believe that they are superior in intellectual strength to "all the world and the rest of mankind," and delight to see their speeches and addresses in print; some silly little girls, of from fifteen to twenty, who are tickled to death with the idea of being one day a great orator, a lawyer, a doctor, a member of Congress, perhaps President of the United States—and some who do not like to work for a living, or to perform the duties of the domestic circle, but to spend their time in talking and gossiping, and longing for a millennium of idleness, when, without any effort of their own they shall "eat, drink, and be merry," "be clothed with purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day," reigning as queens and potentates, all of which shall be but a realization of their rights; and man shall be confined to his proper sphere, nursing the babies, washing the linen, mending stockings, and sweeping the house. This is "the good time coming." Besides the classes we have enunciated, there is a class of wild enthusiasts and visionaries—very sincere, but very mad. Of the male sex who attend these conventions for the purpose of taking a part in them, the majority are hen-pecked husbands, and all of them ought to wear petticoats.

In point of ability, the majority of the women are flimsy, and superficial. Mrs. Mott, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Rose, are the only exceptions.

We are aware, however, that women of great vigour of mind, and some of immense power of body, have arisen from time to time, while men of weak intellect and mean bodily strength are numerous enough. But individual cases prove nothing—it is the prevailing characteristics of the great mass of each sex that must determine the relative positions of both. Accordingly, the very laws of nature, which the Woman's Right Convention profess to respect, as well as the Bible, whose authority they scout, settle the question for ever.

What do the leaders of the Women's Rights Convention want? They want to vote, and to hustle with the rowdies at the polls. They want to be members of Congress, and in the heat of debate to subject themselves to course jests.

It is worthy of remark, that the women's rights folks complain that they find women more inimical to their pretensions than men. It is no wonder that all true, discreet, sensible women would feel that their sex is turned into ridicule by such folly, and that they evince their hostility to it in every shape and form. It is the natural offspring of the silly socialist and abolition doctrines that have agitated their country for a number of years."



## THE CRYSTAL PALACE OF THE PEOPLE.

*To the Home Secretary (private and confidential.)*

A word in your ear, Mr. Walpole. There is treason, hydra-headed treason, hatching. Now, we are not joking. Were we inclined to be droll, we would not cast our jokes before certain Home Secretaries. Hush! This way. In a corner, if you please.

Do you ever see the *Morning Herald*? We thought so. Somehow you look as if you did. Still, we have brought a copy. Here it is. A leader on the treasonous atrocities contemplated by the traitorous projectors of the Crystal Palace in Penge Park! We will read you—when we can get a good mouthful of breath—a few of the lines: the dreadful lines. You see, the Palace is to be open on Sundays, after one o'clock. In that fact the *Herald* sees revolution, anarchy, and perhaps—a future republic, with John Cromwell Bright in Buckingham Palace! Listen—

“Go to mass on the Sabbath morning,’ is the Church of Rome’s command,—then go to the park, the ball, or the theatre.’ That is the Sabbath of Paris, of Munich, of Vienna, and we are sorry to say, of Berlin also. And, as *one natural result*, a single month, in 1848, saw the Sovereigns of Paris, of Vienna, of Munich, and of Berlin, *fugitives before their rebellious subjects*. The people of England remained untouched by this sudden madness;—they were loyal to their Queen because they feared their God!”

You will perceive, Right Honourable Sir, that had the Palace existed in Penge Park, in 1848, the British Throne would have gone to bits like a smashed decanter. The Queen has only continued to reign *because* there has been no People’s Palace!

We see, sir, you are moved, but let us go on:

“The Crystal Palace will be the main engine for introducing the continental Sabbath among us. The people may go to church, it will be said, and then they may go down to Sydenham and enjoy a walk in the Crystal Palace, and what harm can that do? \* \* \* \* Just all the harm in the world. Open and naked profaneness would shock most persons, but this mixture of religion and dissipation, will ruin myriads!”

Myriads, Right Honourable Sir, myriads! And then the drunkenness that will abound will be dreadful. No: not open and naked drunkenness;

because no intoxicating liquors will be sold; but there, there the danger. The materials for intoxication will be upon the premises. Drunkenness will be made easy to the senses; and in this manner:—There will be no gin, certainly; but there will be the juniper-tree, fatally suggestive to the Sabbath mind of “Cream of the Valley,” and “Old Tom.” Rum, as rum, is not to be thought of; but—and we wonder, Right Honourable Sir, that the analytical, the logical intellect of the *Herald* has missed it—but, if there be not rum in the glass, there will be the sugar-cane growing; there will be rum in its purely vegetable condition. And can it be thought that “Fine Old Jamaica” will not be extracted—mentally extracted—by the Sunday visitor? Again, we shall, no doubt, have the tobacco-plant in every variety. Of course, the Sunday visitor will—in idea we mean—inevitably put *that* in his imaginary pipe and smoke it!

Therefore, Right Honourable Sir, to imitate the logic of the pious *Morning Herald*, (not one type of that luminous print is, of course, lifted until after Sunday midnight!)—therefore, with juniper-trees, with sugar-canes, and with tobacco growing in the Palace—and that Palace thrown open after one o’clock on Sundays—therefore, nothing will be seen, nothing smelt, but men, women, aye, and even children—(think of that, Right Honourable Sir, the rising generation!)—reeling about drunk with gin and rum, and those not drunk, stupefied—brutally stupefied—with the fumes of tobacco!

We know that the gin is only in the tree; the rum in cane; the tobacco green and unplucked: nevertheless, the influence, the suggestiveness of their presence will, in the prophetic words of the *Herald*, “ruin myriads.” Yes, Right Honourable Sir, myriads.

We have done our duty, a difficult and a painful one, Mr. Walpole. We have been compelled to make you listen to the *Morning Herald*. But for all that, you will bear us no malice.

We see you are in a hurry to leave us. Things of import—determination strong—crowd and darken in that official face!

You will immediately arrest Fox and Henderson, and Fuller, and Paxton, upon a charge of constructive treason—*i. e.*, building the revolutionary fabric—and thereupon send them to the Tower.

As you please: but we think the Tower too good for them. Try Newgate.



## DEAR ENGLAND.

## A Song.

THE POETRY BY ———; THE MUSIC COMPOSED AND INSCRIBED TO T. BELTON, ESQ., BY

J. P. CLARKE, MUS. BAC.

Voice.

P. Forte.

*Moderate.**Sym.**Ad. lib.**a tempo.*

Dear Eng - land ! bless - ings on thy soil, Thy

*coll. voce.*

wide and fer - tile val - leys, Thy state - ly halls, that

stand so fair 'Mid lawns and leaf - y al - leys, Thy

This system contains the first three staves of the musical score. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle is the right-hand piano accompaniment, and the bottom is the left-hand piano accompaniment. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#).

state - ly halls that stand so fair 'Mid lawns and leaf - y

This system contains the next three staves of the musical score, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system.

*Fine. Verse.*

al - leys, Bless - ings up - on thy breez - y downs, Thy

This system includes a repeat sign and the instruction 'Fine. Verse.' written below the piano accompaniment staves. It contains three staves of music.

moun - tain wild - er - ness - es, Thy for - est's walks and

This system contains the final three staves of the musical score on this page, concluding the piece.



syl - van nooks, Thy far - off green re - cess - es. D.C.

Thy village churches, old and gray,  
 Their dead serenely sleeping,  
 While over them the ancient yews,  
 A solemn watch are keeping.

Dear England; &c.

Round thy wide hearths, on winter nights,  
 The wind and rain loud beating,  
 What maidens fair, and stately men,  
 Have sat, old tales repeating.

Dear England; we bless thee, dear old land!

And deem it our high duty,

||: To live for thee, to see and feel,  
 Thy greatness and thy beauty. ::

N. B. The last stanza to be sung to the first part of the music.

## MUSIC OF THE MONTH.

MR. CLIREHUGH'S musical entertainment at the St. Lawrence Hall, on the 15th was, as it deserved to be, very well attended. Mr. Clirehugh's voice is not very powerful, but it is quite equal to the execution of the music he undertakes, and it is singularly sweet. He reminded us a good deal of Wilson, and we think that, except in power, he is fully equal to that artiste. He was accompanied by Mr. Butterworth who fairly entranced his auditors by the delicious sounds he produced on the Franklonian, an instrument invented by the great Franklin, but very much improved by this gentleman, who has added two octaves to its original construction. We will not attempt to describe the tones of this instrument which can only be compared to the softest tones of musical bells. We were perfectly amazed at the fullness and richness of the sounds produced, and at Mr. Butterworth's wonderful execution. Legato, or Staccato, it is all the same to him, and the playing of "Rory O'More" or "Still so gently o'er me stealing" is equally beautiful. Jenny Lind's Echo Song, "The light of other days," "The last Rose of Summer," are also given on this instrument with very fine effect. We advise all, who can, to hear this instrument and to judge for themselves of its power and beauty.

NEW YORK.

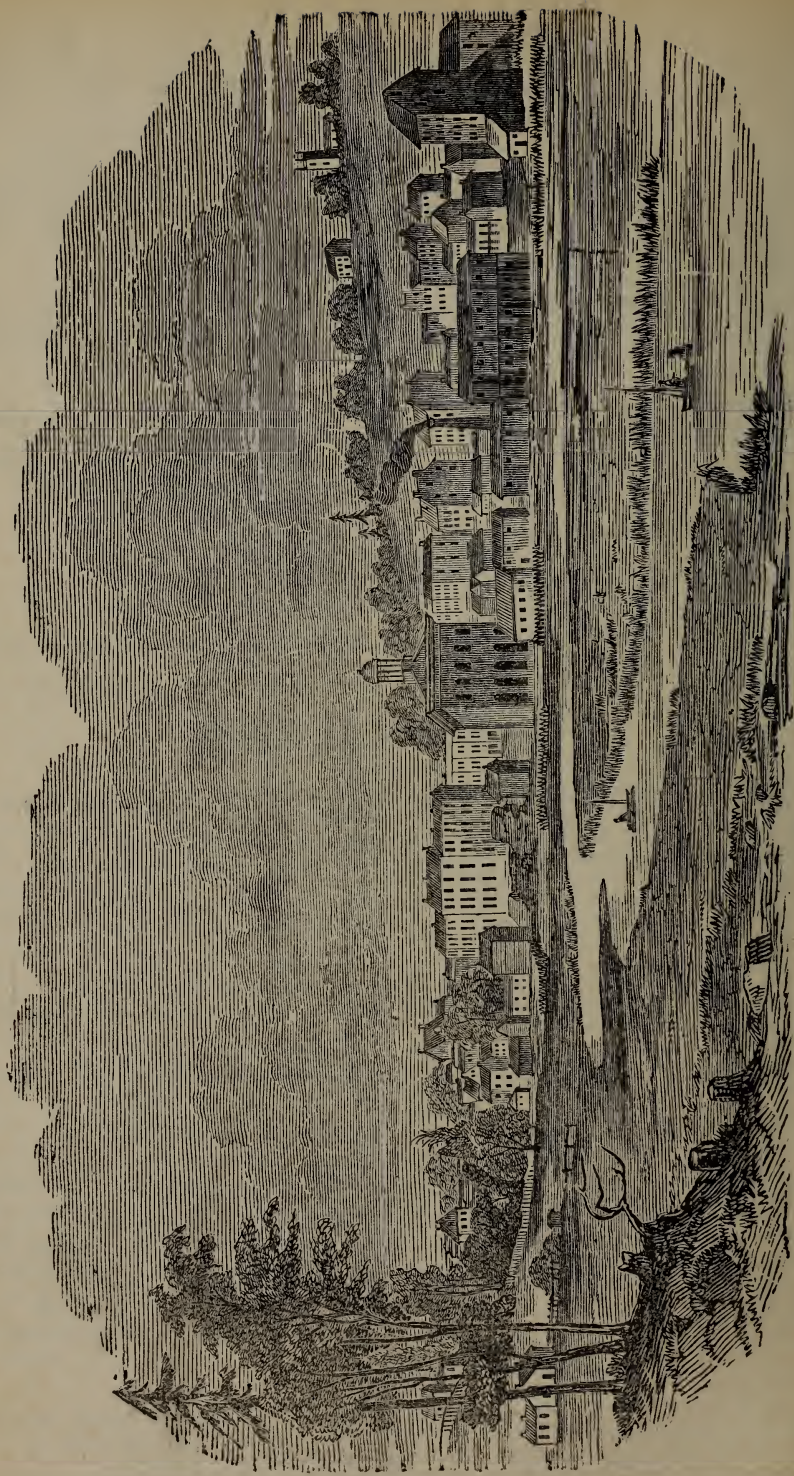
MADAME ALBONI.—By universal acknowledgment, no singer has ever succeeded in more effectually awakening the enthusiasm of an audience, than did Madame Alboni at her concert of Tuesday evening last. Expectation had been

on tiptoe for her "Casta Diva." Our expectations, however, fell very far short of the reality; for Alboni's voice speaks directly to the heart, and if ever that inborn soul of music which she possesses were fully given out to the admiration and delight of her audience, it must have been here. Each pause and the termination of every strain, were marked by a burst of applause, but quickly hushed, as if the audience could not afford to lose a single note. We could dwell with delight on each separate portion of this *cavatina*; but "Casta Diva" is so familiar now to require such a dissection, and we therefore only say that Alboni's voice and style lent the whole a rich and gorgeous colouring, and a newness of effect, which will be long remembered by those who had the good fortune to hear it. She was also as successful as heretofore in the beautiful *rondo* from "Sonnambula," "Ah non credea," and sang again "Rhode's Variations" and the "Brindisi."

MADAME SONTAG.—The concert series in which Madame Sontag has been so ably supported and so remarkably successful, and which has proved such a rich treat to the lovers of music, is, for the present, suspended. She has gone to Philadelphia, where her countrymen have exhibited much enthusiasm in receiving her, in the way of music, addresses, and presentations. Madame Sontag's last two concerts, on Friday evening of last week, and on Monday last, were attended by great concourses. Both were on the same grand scale as their predecessors, and both appeared to give much satisfaction.







VIEW OF PORT HOPE, C. W.

THE

# ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.—TORONTO: DECEMBER, 1852.—No. 6.

## CITIES AND TOWNS OF CANADA.

### PORT HOPE; WITH DESCRIPTION OF PLATE.

PORT HOPE, in the Township of Hope, in the Newcastle District, is pleasantly situated on Lake Ontario, and commands from the upper part of the town a fine view of the lake and the adjacent country. An inconsiderable, but rapid stream runs through it, forming at its embouchure a natural harbour, which requires only to be cleaned out to be one of the safest and best protected on Ontario, as it is of considerable size and is well sheltered from the east, west, and north. This stream was formerly styled Smith's Creek, and the town was for some time known by the same name. Two piers have been erected near the mouth of the stream, but the continual deposit of alluvial matter brought down, and the wash of the lake have formed a bar which will render it necessary for the citizens to avail themselves of the hitherto neglected advantages of their natural basin, and it is now in contemplation to erect, lakeward, two outer piers which will thus form a commodious harbour.

The town is prettily laid out and is rapidly improving; the business part is principally in a valley sloping gently to the north, while on the east and west the ground rises more abruptly and is studded with the residences of the citizens. On the hill to the right may

be distinguished the English Church, a plain and unpretending wooden structure.

A great part of the town was destroyed by fire a few years ago, and substantial three story brick buildings are rapidly rising on the site of the former unsightly wooden piles which then lined the principal streets.

Directly in the foreground is the new Town Hall, of red brick, a large and convenient building, with a good market in the lower part of it, and a little to the right are some extensive grist mills, of stone, newly erected and capable of turning out very large quantities of our present staple.

Port Hope can boast of a full proportion of the usual manufactories found in other improving towns in the Province and reckons amongst them, saw-mills, breweries and foundries, distilleries (Port Hope is famous for the spirits produced there,) carding and fulling mills, tanneries, asheries, soap and candle factories, with many other manufactories for various purposes.

The Banks and Insurance Companies are all fully represented, while there are churches for the members of the Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist persuasions. The Catholic Church was destroyed a short time ago by fire, but another is in progress of erection. Port Hope, in short, from its pretty situation, its thriving state, the energy of its citizens, and its fine back country, forms a very desirable location for the emigrant. The



society is on an easy footing, and a Mechanic's Institute has been formed, which must tend still further to add to the many advantages offered to the intending settler.

The scenery about is pretty and romantic, the land in the vicinity (*vide* Smith's Canada,) "particularly on the west side of the town, being composed of a succession of little hills or knolls, rising one above another to a considerable height; the highest called 'Fort Orton,' commands a fine view over both land and lake." The formation of the ground, however, renders the situation of many of the residences more picturesque than convenient, the proportion of level ground being small. On the left of the plate may be distinguished the commencement of some rather high table land, prettily wooded, a favorite resort for the inhabitants in the pic-nic season. The well laid out nursery grounds, called the "Hamilton Gardens," about two miles from the town form also another attraction to the citizens. The Toronto and Kingston stages pass through the town, and during the navigation season, steamboats call daily on their respective routes to Toronto, Kingston, and Rochester. The town is incorporated and contains about 2500 inhabitants according to the last census. As an instance of the rapid rise in the value of property, we quote from Smith's Canada the following:—"To the east of the town is a block of land, containing about 250 acres, which was formerly held in lease from the Crown, by one of the first settlers; on the expiration of the lease, five pounds per acre was the price set upon the land, this he refused to pay, thinking it too much, and the lot eventually became the property of the University; part of it is now laid out in town lots, and is worth probably not less than a hundred pounds per acre." In the town itself, building lots fetch readily four times that amount, even in no very eligible localities. Good roads lead in every direction from Port Hope, and afford great facilities to the farmers to bring their produce to market, and very large quantities of lumber, butter, wheat and flour are annually exported to the United States.

The Township of Hope is well settled, and contains some good farms; the soil is generally a sandy loam, and there is considerable pine mixed with the hardwood. In 1842, the

township including Port Hope only contained 4432 inhabitants. In 1852, the township alone numbered over 5000.

The shipping, properly belonging to and owned at Port Hope, is as yet but inconsiderable, but the enterprising citizens have repeatedly avowed their intention, as soon as the new harbour is completed, to increase this branch of business, and place this thriving little town on an equality with any other of similar importance on the lake.

## THE CHRONICLES OF DREEPDAILY.

### No. VI.

#### WHAT BECAME OF THE QUAKER'S WARD.

At our last confabulation, gentle reader, we informed you that the fair precisian, Bathsheba Buddicombe, had fallen into the snares of that incorrigible poacher, Cupid, and it now devolves upon us to put you in possession of the full facts of the case.

The person who had smitten Bathsheba with the disorder, for which, as Dr. Scougall used often to say, there was no legitimate cure but a plain gold ring, was the last man in creation you would have evened to a douce, sober, Quakeress.

Walter (or as he was more commonly called Wattie,) Ogilvie was a rattling, thoughtless chap, with more wit than siller, who was Laird of a small property in the neighbourhood of Kilmarnock. Once upon a time it had been one of the best estates in that part of the United Kingdom, but gradually it had dwindled down to a sapless skeleton, in consequence of the improvidence of his ancestors. They were a drunken, roistering, feckless race, that had sold acre after acre, as the wine-cask and beef-barrel got empty, being too proud to sully the purity of their ancient blood with the ignoble mud of commerce or trade.

Though neither a sot nor a spendthrift, in the grosser acceptation of the term, Wattie was nearly as improvident as his predecessors. He had never been brought up to follow a regular calling;—he was on the wrong side of the political blanket to get a commission in the army, or a post in the Excise;—and though his acquaintance with the heritors of Dreepdaily might have secured him a hoist into the Kirk, (the *Veto* not being then in

fashion) he was too honest to think of a profession for which he felt himself so scantily qualified. As he himself used to observe when the subject chanced to be broached:—"You might as weel expect to see a moudie-wart threading a sma'-headed needle, or a cow climbing up a fir-tree, to herrie a crow's nest, as to behold me looking mim and grave in a gown and bands!"

How it came to pass that the sober Quaker maiden, and the rattling Kilmarnock laird got so thick, I must leave to wiser heads than mine to expiscate. I can only state the simple, undoubted fact that they loved, devolving upon philosophers and phrenzyologists to fathom the reason,—though I daresay such gentry would make as little of the matter as their more rational neighbours. The lassie, possibly, accustomed to a quiet and demure life, was captivated with Wattie's mirth and fun—women always having had a notion of novelty from that limmer Pandora, downwards. And as for the lad, he, perchance, was taken with the maiden's simplicity and artlessness, so different from the wiles and airs of the females he had been in the habit of coming in contact with. According to the same rule, a confirmed snuffer generally comes, in the long-run, to prefer sober brown or black, to high scented mixtures. This fact in natural history can be certiorated by any respectable merchant in the retail tobacco trade!

Malachi Sampson was not so deeply engrossed in his phrenology as to be blind to what was going on in his household; and to tell the plain unvarnished truth, he was not overly pleased at the aspect of affairs.

He had a genuine liking for the lassie entrusted to his care; and feeling the importance of his curatorial office, he was anxious to provide her with a suitable helpmate, according to his notions of such a part of speech. Having taken the whole matter into consideration, Malachi discovered sundry stern and weighty objections to a verdict in favour of the laird in his suit matrimonial.

The Quaker had set out in the race of life with no other capital than what was supplied by nature's bank, viz., a liberal allowance of prudence and mother wit. Sore was the wrestle which he had in climbing the Hill Difficulty of fortune. When copper was his most plentiful metal, his study was to make a pen-

ny do the work of a sixpence; and when he progressed to silver, a shilling, for many a day, mounted guard in the room of a guinea. The natural upshot of such a state of things was, that, without being what the world would call a miser, he gained the habit of looking, even when his corn and wine most abounded, at both sides of a groat, before expatriating it from his treasury. Having, likewise, experienced in his own case the necessity of economy and retrenchment, he came to the conclusion, that such qualifications were indispensable in all others.

Entertaining such feelings, it is not to be wondered at that friend Sampson looked upon poor Wattie with a suspicious and unfriendly eye, as a nephew-in-law, and set his brain to work, to prevent the dissipating of his niece's patrimony, which he predicted would, as a matter of necessity, result from the incongruous conjunction.

A bright thought struck the anxious Quaker! The new doctrine, to which he had become a heart and soul convert, suggested a test for a husband, superior, in his opinion, to what anything else could supply; and the idea no sooner found a lodgment in his scone than he determined to act upon it.

Here I must observe, in passing, the frenzyologists affirm, that on a certain region of the human skull is situated a bump, called *acquisitiveness*. I am sure of the word, seeing that I was at the pains to question one of the craft upon the subject. The dimensions, be they great or small, of this same *organ* (that's one of their cant phrases!) demonstrate whether a man is likely, or the reverse, to keep a firm clutch of the *siller*, and add and eke to the same.

"This," quoth Sampson, "this shall be the test and qualification of my niece's husband;" and forthwith he took care to promulgate that without such a testimonial to character, written, so to speak, in Mother Nature's own hand, no one could hope to win his consent to wed with Bathsheba.

You may safely swear that young Laird Ogilvie was not the last to get tidings of this resolution, and as he knew literally nothing about the matter of bumps, he opined that he had as good a chance of succeeding in the new-fangled ordeal as another. Accordingly, having dressed himself in his newest red hunting-



coat, he called at the huxtery, and having demanded an audience of the Quaker, submitted his cranium (that's one of Dr. Scougall's words) to his consideration.

The trial was granted, with an incredulous grunt as to the probable result. Malachi fumbled about Wattie's ears for the better portion of half an hour; and the suitor was at length dismissed with the consolatory assurance that so far from his boasting anything of the bump in question, there was a hollow, like a coal pit in the very place where it should have been!

Never was a poor lover in such a predicament! Wattie absconded from the shop as if his nose had been bleeding;—and I doubt not but that he would have submitted even to the decoration of a pair of bumps as big as Arthur's seat, so be that they were in the proper quarter.

Though a thoughtless creature, Wattie had not a grain of selfishness in his composition. His love for Bathsheba was pure as virgin honey and genuine as unadulterated Glenlivet whiskey, and he made up his mind to demand her hand even though he should get it empty. Accordingly he sought and compassed an interview with the maiden—stated fairly the *pros* and the *cons* of the whole matter—and the upshot was that the lass was much of the same mind with the lad, accepting the half of a broken sixpence as the *erles* of her engagement.

There are some combustibles—as Dr. Scougall tells me—that only burn when they are under water, and in like manner there are minds whose energies are mainly called forth in seasons of trouble and difficulty. Bathsheba Buddicombe was one of this description. She bethought her of an old adage “two heads are better than one,” and started the idea to her betrothed that perchance Malachi had been mistaken in his survey, and that haply a more skilful hunter might find out the nest of the miserly bump in the wilderness of Wattie's cranium. The lover grasped at the suggestion like a drowning man at a straw; and got a man of business, Mr. Caption the lawyer, to write a formal letter to the Quaker, demanding an inspection of his client's skull by a competent authority with a view to the implement of the conditions which had been publicly promulgated.

As the Quaker, in the course of his feud

with Miss Nettles, had tasted somewhat of the wormwood of the law, and had no stomach for a second draught from that grewsome cup, he had not courage to refuse the challenge. He granted the trial, the more easily, I opine, because he had complete confidence in the correctness of his own manipulation, to borrow again the paganish jargon of the craft.

A day was accordingly fixed for the inspection, and the notorious Master Kame, the leading high-priest of the denomination, was engaged to come from Edinburgh to officiate on the occasion.

On the night preceding the momentous epoch, the lovers had made a paction to meet behind the hay-stack, in Malachi's kail-yard, in order to concert their future plans, in case the verdict should prove unfavourable to their hopes, as they could not help fearing it would. As the man in the play says, “*the course of true love never yet ran smooth*,” and truly the course it took on this occasion was as crooked, so far as human eye could see, as a corkscrew, or the conscience of a usurer!

Wattie was punctual to his appointment, being at the place of meeting a full half-hour before the time, which was eleven o'clock. Every minute that absconded appeared an age in duration, so great were his anxiety and impatience, and when at last he heard the sound of footsteps approaching, his over-burdened heart beat as if driven by a ten-horse power engine.

The night was pitch dark. It seemed as if reform had mounted to the heavens, causing a penurious retrenchment in the lights, as not even a solitary star was to be seen like a speck of silver foil on a sable escutcheon!

Lovers, however, have no need of candles to read each other's hearts, and Wattie, when the object of his desires came up, felt as independent as if he had been in an illuminated ball-room. So soon as she arrived he grasped her hand, and began pouring forth the usual *alpha beta* of folk in such a predicament, enlarging upon hearts, and darts, and supreme felicity, and so forth,—as the same is to be found more particularly and at greater length in the “Universal Letter Writer.” Modesty, of course, forbade the maiden to give any response to this preposterous paternoster, and the swain having exhausted his bead-roll of endearments at last began to speak of business.

He enlarged on the disinterested devotedness of his affection—touched on the felicitous sweets of love in a cottage, and quoted a text to the effect that contentment with a handful of oatmeal is better than turtle soup and roast beef without it. As he progressed (to use the barbarous lingo of the Yankee's) he warmed in his speech, even as silver brightens by scouring, and forgetting the near relationship of the parties, he likened and compared the Quaker to a huge, long-shanked spider, weaving the meshes of the abominable web of persecution around two forlorn loving hearts.

The latter words had no sooner issued from Laird Ogilvie's mouth, than a gush of light flashed upon his face, and when his eyes recovered from their bewilderment they beheld an object which constrained them to stand stiff in his head like the motionless optics of a doll.

In place of the shrinking, blushing Bathsheba there stood as large as life, the tremendous Quaker, grasping a dark *booit* lanthorn in one hand, and a merciless potato beetle in the other, reminding you of Giant Despair and his club in the Pilgrims Progress!

How he came there, I never could properly expiscate, but so was the fact, that for the larger dividend of half an hour he had enacted the part intended for his niece, and, as is frequently the case with listeners, had heard but scanty good of himself. At his pristine advent he had discovered the root of the matter, and in order to learn the full bearing of affairs had remained so long quiet, answering only by a *yea* or a *nay* when obligated to make a response, which his chirping, feckless voice enabled him to do without risk of discovery. When the barm of Wattie's heat had worked to a climax, however, even a Quaker's flesh and blood could stand it no longer. The unsavoury similitude of the spider clean stuck in his throat, and turning round the light side of the *booit*, he flashed it, as aforesaid, on the defamer, and, without waiting to say grace, rained a perfect water spout of blows on his scone with the bloody and homicidal beetle.

Wattie conjecturing it was the enemy of mankind, who had assumed a broad-brimmed hat, to play him this plisky, emitted yell after yell of pain and horror. Off he set at full

speed, and clearing the hedge at a single jump, landed up to the oxters in Luckie Grainer, the Howdie's middenstead; in which delectable Egypt he remained near an hour, before he compassed his exodus therefrom.

Next day the doors of the Town Council Chamber were besieged by a countless host of men, women, children, and tailors, all anxious to hear the result of the novel and unprecedented trial. Gentle and simple elbowed one another without ceremony in the crowd, and even the halt and the maimed were to be found in the battalion of quidnuncs; I mind as well as if it had happened but yesterday, of seeing that feckless object Ebenezer Embleton, who had been bed-ridden with an income in his back for twenty years, carried down on a shutter to the place of judgment, in order to get ocular demonstration of the upshot of the plea. The school children got the play on the occasion, and the whole town wore as great an air of bustle and excitement as if there had been a hanging, or some such like merry making.

I chanced to be busy at the time, manufacturing a wig for Bailie Bellyband, who being on the eve of marriage with Barbara Brass, a maiden some fifty years his junior, was naturally anxious to put his moulded hairs under a bushel. Though thus engaged, however, I could no more resist the infection than my neighbours. Accordingly *steeking* the door of my shop, I proceeded to the Town Hall, and in virtue of my office of Dean of Guild, procured a seat on the bench to witness the proceedings.

At one side of the clerk's table sat the "braw wooer," with rather a misanthropical visage, his head resting on his loof, and every now and then emitting a sigh like a blast from Thomas Anvil the blacksmith's bellows. Opposite him was the cruel Quaker, his mouth screwed down as if a ten pound weight had been tied to each corner of his upper lip, and his hat, according to the fashion of such conceited idolators, planted firmly on his head, in sacriligious defiance, as it were, of the powers that be. Hamish McTurk, the court officer, scandalised at this heathenish disrespect, essayed to lift the beaver from the wearer's poll, but was rebuked by a sharp admonishment on the official's shins, which made him bellow forth in Gaelic what, if translated into



a civilized tongue, would doubtless be found pretty near akin to an oath. The huxter listened to this maledictory out-pouring, with the most profound composure, merely remarking, when the left-handed benediction had ceased for pure want of breath; "Friend McTurk, mind thine own affairs, or perchance thou mayest run thy face against my fist!"

Bathsheba Buddicombe accompanied her grim guardian, and verily a more interesting creature I never beheld, except perchance in Mungo McGraw's wax-work show. Her wee bit face hung round with fringes of raven curls, was better set off by the plain, sad-coloured silken bonnet than it would have been by the gayest, gaudiest headgear. Even Miss Nettles herself, who, of course, was among the on-lookers, was compelled to admit that considering the lassie never had been christened she was not so overly ill-favoured! Sitting, as Bathsheba was, beside the dour, grim-like Quaker, she reminded me for all the world of a snow-drop blossoming in the neighbourhood of a puddock stool!

On a sudden an extra-particular bustle got up in the court, and the word was passed in audible whispers, that the great Master Kame had arrived. Every eye was turned to the door to catch an early look of the illustrious personage, who presently entered the chamber, Hamish McTurk clearing the road before him with his baton. He was a decent looking black-a-vised man, not unlike, so far as externalities were concerned, to a sober Old Light ruling elder, and, in fact, few would have suspected that such a grave-like tyke could have his noddle filled with the idiotical whims and crotchets of phrenology.

Now came the moment of intense excitement, as Dominie Paumie expressed it, and when the sitting Magistrate, Baillie Peacod, desired Wattie to arise and stand forth, you might have heard a pin fall, or a wood-cricket chirp. The patient who was to undergo the operation, tried to look as valorous as possible—his sweet-heart turned red and white by turns, like the revolving beacon in the clock light-house, and as for Malachi he sat as motionless as the image of Dagon, as if he were busy in counting the spots and cracks in the ceiling.

Hamish having, according to legal use and wont, proclaimed silence, a very superfluous

procedure as matters stood, master Kame proceeded to business. He took out of a green bag, an instrument resembling, for all the world, a pair of reaper's heuks joined together at the handles thereof, with which he encircled Wattie's head, pressing the two ends till the machine met like a ring.

Having worked and powdered away for a minute or two, the operator suddenly dropped the outlandish instrument, and uplifting his two hands, like the minister when pronouncing the dismissal, he exclaimed, "My stars and garters, what a mighty development! As I am an honest man and a phrenologist, I never met with such a monstrous specimen of Acquisitiveness! it beats old Daniel Dancer's all to sticks. Why the lad would live on one farthing per diem, and out of the residuum lay past money into the bargain!"

But preserve me! what a scene got up so soon as this most unequivocal verdict was returned. The Quaker sat with his mouth wide open, as dumfounded like, as if he had been smitten by a fit of the palsy. Laird Ogilvie sprang across the table like a lamp-lighter, and folded the blushing trembling Bathsheba in his eager arms; and the spectators broke out into a mighty and universal shout of satisfaction and triumph. The young bachelors cheered, because their feelings naturally prompted them so to do; and the married men, if perchance, less hearty in their congratulations, added their mites, as they did not like to be supposed that they were worse off than their neighbours. Even Miss Nettles and Hamish McTurk, joined in the festive slogan, though their motives, most probably, were none of the purest. The one, doubtless remembered the murder of her lap-dog, and the latter the martyrdom of his shins; and assuredly an energy was added to their applause because they saw that the bowls of fortune had not rolled exactly as their common foe had calculated or wished.

To make a long story short, the Town Clerk engrossed a minute in the records of the Burgh, to the effect that the parties might lawfully wed, seeing that the condition imposed by Bathsheba's curator had been fully implemented, Master Kame signing the same as witness-in-chief. Finally, the lieges of Dleepdaily having borrowed a couple of arm-chairs from the Clayslap Arms, carried the

happy couple home, shoulder high, the town drummer beating the fire-call before the procession, being the only anthem he had by heart!

Laird Ogilvie and his beloved did not long remain in the ranks of single-blessedness. The next Sunday they were proclaimed three times running in the kirk, and the Tuesday following beheld them wedded and bedded, Beau Balderstone officiating as best-man and master of the ceremonies.

A decently reasonable time after the happy consummation (to borrow once more from the Dominie's lexicon,) Master Kame called on the happy bridegroom, to request permission to take a cast from his head, which favour was granted as a matter of course. But who can paint the dismay and bewilderment of the philosopher, when, instead of the prodigious bumps which had so amazed him at his first inspection, he found nothing but the deep and thriftless hiatus, indicated and proclaimed in the first instance by the Quaker. He could not help communicating the perplexing marvel to Wattie, who got into a cold perspiration at the intelligence, fearing that if, perchance, it came to the knowledge of Malachi, that personage might insist upon a new trial, and reduce the transaction, as Lawyer Caption would say.

His fears, however, were groundless as Loch Leven, which, it is well known, has no bottom. The phrenzyologist was as nervous as the Laird himself, at the idea of the affair getting wind, as his craft would thereby run a risk of being pestilently damaged,—and Malachi Sampson was gathered to his fathers without having ever learnt how matters stood. It is true that often when he saw how young Ogilvie made the money fly, he would shake his caput in perplexity, but the fact had only the effect of staggering his faith in a science, which, in his nephew-in-law's case, had turned out so signally deceptive.

Some years after the above recited passages, and when the words *Hic Jacet* had been carved upon the huxter's head-stone, it chanced that Walter Ogilvie was at an electioneering dinner in the town, given by Sir John Sumph, on the occasion of his being returned Member for the Burgh. When called upon, in his turn, to propound a toast, he stood up and gave success to "POTATO BEETLES." In ex-

planation of the seeming *outréness* of his sentiment, he stated that a thump with a beetle had proved the most fortunate *hit* he had ever met with in his life, seeing that he had gained ten thousand sterling pounds and a "winsome marrow" by that lucky *stroke*! "True," speaks the proverb," concluded Wattie, with a sly and humourous wink:—"Fell a dog with a bone, and he will not howl!"

## EIGHT YEAR'S RESIDENCE IN THE UNITED STATES,

WITH OCCASIONAL GLIMPSES OF THE BRITISH PROVINCES.

### No. II.

It is very customary in the British Provinces, to allude to the apparently economical mode, by which the General and State Governments are conducted, and the moderate salaries of their officials; but if we consider the time and money that are spent preparatory to every election, from that of the President of the Republic and Governors of States, down to the humblest constable of a district; the republican form of government, as carried out by our neighbours, will be found to be the most extravagant upon earth; and the people to be more heavily taxed, than are those in the British Colonies.

Allusion has already been made, to the high duties that are imposed, to bolster up a protective system, in order that a monied few may derive greater gains from the investment of their capital in manufactories, and which bear heavily on the less wealthy portion of the community. Then, again, local taxes are excessively onerous,—throughout the Northern and Western States in particular. I was once present, during a conversation between a collector of taxes, residing near the Tobique, in the Province of New Brunswick, and a farmer, upon whom the former had called for his annual rate. "How much is it?" enquired the first. "Eighteen pence," was the reply. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "eighteen pence!" "why it was only a shilling last year. The same man, had he lived three miles from where he stood, across the boundary line, would, with the farm which he possessed, have been taxed at least four or five dollars.

In the county of Westmoreland, in the same Province, a very fertile, and correspondingly wealthy section of the country, I understood when there, that the taxes are so trivial, that they are not worth collecting, oftener than once in two or three years. The fact is, in the Eastern Provinces, with the exception of what is required for the support of the poor, and, partially, for that of education, in the rural districts, everything is ordinarily



provided for out of the public revenue, derived from the sale of lands, and duties that are levied upon imports; while in the United States, the proceeds of these are paid over, to meet the expenses of the General Government; and the inhabitants of the different States, are taxed directly for all local purposes and internal improvements, which it is contended, cannot be provided for out of the national treasury. Hence we find, that a bill which has been introduced during several sessions of Congress, to defray the estimated expense of certain harbour and river improvements, on the lakes, and clearing out "snags" in the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, by which an annual sacrifice of life would be prevented, and for other beneficial public objects—general in their effects, but local in their operation, although supported strenuously, by the members representing those sections of the Union more immediately interested, and by the Whigs upon principle, has hitherto been rejected by Congress; or if by chance it has been carried, has received the veto of the President.

Then, again, the taxation in cities is enormous and oppressive. Only think of the resident inhabitants of New York, being taxed at the rate of seven or eight dollars annually, for every man, woman and child; to enable the city government to meet its local expenses, incurred by a corporation, the members of which owe their election to universal suffrage, by which all the rogues, rowdies and vagabonds in the place, are enabled to control the elections, and thus secure the return of candidates, who will not be rigid in the enforcement of the laws, to which they have professional and personal objections.

Were the taxes in the cities levied directly, the public mind would be concentrated on the subject, and some reform might be effected, but with the exception of that for the supply of water, they are, generally speaking, merged in the house-rent; and the landlord incurs the odium, that attaches to the high rates which are exacted. Besides this local taxation, it will be perceived, that the population have to pay excessive duties on all the necessities of life which they consume, and the clothes they wear, owing to a protective tariff, with which those paid in the British Colonies, will bear no comparison—with the exception of flour and wheat, which Nova Scotia and New Brunswick ought to produce themselves—Canada raising a large surplus.

In connection with this subject, I trust a few remarks may not be deemed irrelevant or out of place, in relation to that of reciprocity with the United States, by which the Canadian farmer and lumberer is persuaded he is to be benefitted. There seems to be a prevailing opinion, that were the products of Canada admitted into the United States, free of duty, they would continue to command the present

high prices there—than which nothing could be more erroneous; as were the protective duty removed, the price would receive a corresponding reduction. It is an admitted axiom in political economy, that the consumers of an article pay the duty; but in the present instance, with the exception of lumber, the curious anomaly is presented, of the consumer paying the amount of a duty that is never levied; because when the produce is shipped the duty is withdrawn.

The effect of this unnatural state of things, is highly advantageous to the American farmer, by creating a fictitious price in the market, as the duty, as will be seen, cannot be exacted, unless the Canadian produce is disposed of for home consumption—consequently he obtains an advanced price; and home agricultural produce is cheaper in England, than it is in New York, whence it is shipped; the merchant purchasing it at the short price, and the difference of duty more than paying freight and other expenses. Reduce the duty to-morrow; and the market price to the consumer would be reduced in precisely the same ratio. The same result would follow, if the Canadas formed an integral part of the United States; of which, however, there is but little probability.

To evade the duty on timber as much as possible, which from its bulky nature cannot be transported to the sea-board of the United States, and which the buildings which are annually in course of erection require should remain in the country; we find the Americans towing over logs and spars from the British side of Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence, and afterwards manufacturing the former into boards and planks to such an extent, that the Canadian government has authorised the levying a duty upon their exportation.

It is truly wonderful, that the Congress of the United States, which in reality constitutes the government there, does not perceive its true interests in this matter. On the one hand, we find the bulk of the community—particularly those residing in towns, paying an unnecessarily exorbitant price for the necessities of life, that the western farmers may obtain an extravagant price; and on the other, the ship-builders residing on the shores of the Lakes and the St. Lawrence, prevented from using the wood they require, at as cheap a rate nearly as does his competitor in Canada.

In New Brunswick—and I presume it is the same in Lower Canada, at the present moment, ship-building is being carried on to a greater extent, than was ever before known: the operation of free trade, and the repeal of the navigation act, having produced results entirely different from what short sighted people expected and predicted. Had the Americans the right to navigate the St. Lawrence to the ocean, who does not perceive, that they would extensively engage in ship-building, and with

their peculiar tact, and their industry and enterprise, would successfully compete with their Canadian rivals.

And, although I look upon lumbering as an evil, individually and collectively, particularly in a young and sparsely settled country, where the rural population can be more profitably, and with reference to their morals, more beneficially employed in agricultural pursuits, and have witnessed no practical and permanent good, resulting to a community from ship-building; yet such are the seductive influences attending both, by which the unthinking and speculative are induced to follow those occupations, that while trees fit for felling, remain within convenient distance to the rivers connected with the sea-board, it will doubtless be followed to a considerable extent, in Canada and New Brunswick.

But to return; it is a mistake to suppose that "the people" of the United States, to whom so much affected deference is paid, exercise any real control, beyond the range of their own local affairs of a political nature, similar to that which is exercised in choosing the members of municipal bodies in Canada. The following paragraph, which is taken from a late number of a leading paper published in Baltimore, in the State of Maryland, very truthfully describes the position of what is termed "the people" in the neighbouring Republic; and shews the manner in which affairs are managed there. "The most aristocratic in disposition," says the writer, "are frequently the most servile flatterers of the people, they caress the 'bone and sinew,' when they want favors, or to carry any particular point; but they *acknowledge no equality in social life*. In fact, the masses permit themselves to be led by designing demagogues for selfish purposes; and to be thrust forward to toil and sweat for party, that a few privileged individuals may reap the honours, profits and rewards."

True it is, that the old and leading families in the United States, "acknowledge no equality in social life." In all the original States, they stand aloof, and mix but little in private intercourse with those who are not within their more immediate sphere; and where a seat of government is established in the different States, the same artificial society exists as in the colonies, where there is a similar incubus—the same extravagance and incentives to induce persons to live beyond their incomes and their means; and those individuals in the Provinces, who are not satisfied with that state of life, in which God in his good providence has placed them, and which they might improve and adorn, need not expect to find in the United States, the recognition of the principle, that "all men are equal," however they may have been born; and they may rest assured, that integrity, virtue, ability and perseverance, will enable a man to achieve for

himself, if of an ambitious turn of mind, the same distinction in the colonies, to which an American citizen may aspire in the United States, with a solitary exception; by which in all probability the public tranquility, happiness and welfare are probably best consulted and preserved.

That the description in the Baltimore paper, as to the state of society in that country, with reference to the political organizations is not exaggerated, the proceedings of the two national Conventions, recently held in that city, for the nomination of candidates for the Presidency, will abundantly prove; where the affair was managed by the wire pullers of the two great parties, as it will be at the elections that are subsequently to be held, by which an individual has been selected by the democratic convention, of whose qualifications to fill that high office, the people generally are utterly ignorant, and as to which they will not be much enlightened, by the conflicting and unfeeling statements, that have been published, because neither of the other prominent candidates could command a two-thirds vote; while the whig convention nominated General Scott, to whom the southern delegates were determinedly opposed, until it was found impossible to unite, to a certain extent, upon any other individual; who is only known as a military man—of whose competency to act as a civil ruler there is considerable doubt, and who by no means seems to be a universal favorite, even at the north, with the party to which he belongs.

At that convention, the great body of votes, with the exception of about thirty, which were thrown for Mr. Webster, were pretty equally divided between General Scott and Mr. Fillmore, who after the death of General Taylor became President, and who has conducted the government to the evident satisfaction of the nation; but whose name had to be withdrawn, on account of the obstinacy of Mr. Webster's supporters, to enable two-thirds of the members of the convention to unite upon the only available candidate.

When we perceive the public thus divided into great political parties, and these again split into separate and opposing sections, it is not surprising that we find the same writer asserting, that there are persons in the country, who "desire the substitution of a hereditary monarchy in the United States, with its attendant nobility," rather than the continuance of a state of things, which, while it is productive of endless expense, and an inconceivable amount of excitement and corruption, does not secure as the head of the government, and consequently for the members of his cabinet, individuals of the highest order of integrity, talents and ability.

It is, however, an extreme assertion of the Baltimore writer, penned probably in a moment of excitement; but whoever has con-



versed freely with persons in the better walks of life, in the United States, and particularly those who have visited England, and there seen the workings of constitutional monarchy, must be satisfied that there is a wide-spread dissatisfaction prevailing among that class of Americans, who perceive that a mere popular government has neither the stability nor security for life, person or property, which exists under the better regulated government of Great Britain.

Lord Brougham, a short time since, expressed his surprise, that so many Americans, with whom he had an opportunity of conversing, had expressed themselves in a similar manner; of the correctness of which statements some doubts were expressed by the press of the country. The cause of this credulity is obvious, as individuals have to be very careful how and where they make such disclosures; still I have been surprised at the freedom with which gentlemen will converse on the subject with a foreigner, whom they may casually meet with on board a steamer, and when alone in a hotel. The people, they observe, are too democratic.

The members who composed the Convention of the Confederacy, which assembled in 1787, committed, it is to be feared, an irretrievable error, when they rejected the proposition of Mr. Hamilton, that the President and Members of the Senate should be elected for life; the effect of which would have been, to have given stability to the Union, and insured the efficient exercise of power by the Executive. It would also have been equally conducive to the tranquillity and happiness of the country, had the suggestion of Mr. Jefferson prevailed, to make all the territory free soil, and expressly limiting slavery to the States in which it at that time existed; by which a source of increasing discord would have been promptly dealt with, and Congress would not have been compelled to pass laws embracing what are called the "Compromise measures;" one of which makes it optional with any State that may hereafter enter the Union, to introduce slavery or not; and another authorises the officers of the General Government to apprehend, and requires the citizens everywhere at the North, to aid and assist them in apprehending, slaves who may have escaped from their masters.

But even were the choice of President left entirely to the people, and it were possible to remove from their minds all extraneous influences, it becomes a question whether, after all, they would select the best candidate, as the masses in the United States are not distinguished from those of every other country for the possession of information, as to the requisite qualifications for a ruler; and would be just as likely to make a wrong selection as a right one. Public opinion was more concentrated upon General Taylor, who had sur-

rounded himself with a halo of military renown, than it had been upon any one individual since the days of Washington; and yet, although he was an excellent man in private life, and a brave soldier, he chose the worst cabinet, probably, that the country has ever known; and, after a short time, sank under the cares, annoyances, and responsibilities of an office, to the duties of which he was a stranger, and which he was utterly powerless to control.

Nor, with reference to the choice of State Governors, do the people of the United States possess any advantage over those of the Provinces. Having occupied a rather prominent position in three of the Colonies, I have had ample opportunities for forming a correct judgment upon the subject; and, with very rare exception, have found those who have been appointed to administer the government where I resided, to be men who understood the interests of the communities over which they presided,—whose minds were free from local prejudices,—who could be actuated by no sinister motives, who could have no selfish purpose to accomplish; and who being selected from the higher walks of life, and most of them distinguished for their military services, were guided by a high sense of honour; and would, had they been properly supported by those whose duty it was, have introduced improvements, the beneficial effects of which would have been felt, long after they had ceased to govern,—or perhaps to exist. Sir James Kempt, when in Nova Scotia, used to console himself under the disappointments he experienced in this way, by saying that he could only recommend what he considered desirable measures; and as he would not have to spend the remainder of his life in the Province, he felt less regret at their rejection.

A good deal has been said about what is popularly considered the exorbitant salaries that are paid the Colonial Governors, which were fixed at the time the Provinces deliberately agreed to defray the civil expenses of the Government, in return for the surrender of the Crown lands, which, particularly in Canada, have been an abundant source of revenue; and which, after all, are not extravagant, when we consider the dignity of the office,—the position its incumbents occupy, and which they must retain in society,—the hospitalities they are called upon profusely to extend, and the numerous applications that are continually and successfully made for their aid in the promotion of objects of charity, benevolence, or usefulness.

As for the election of Governors, what I have to say on that subject must be reserved for my next communication, lest the length of this paper might weary the patience of those who shall peruse it; and more especially, as I do not wish to remain "sleepless myself to give my readers sleep."

OCCASIONAL SAYINGS AND DOINGS  
OF THE BLINKS.

## CHAPTER V.

"Lo! God's likeness the ground plan  
Neither modelled, glazed nor framed—  
Bless me, thou rough sketch of man,  
Far too naked to be shamed!"

*Tennyson.*

"You young scamp," exclaimed Tom, looking viciously at his friend when he had in some measure recovered his composure after the shock which his nerves had received, as detailed in the conclusion of the last chapter.—"You mischievous young beggar;—this is one of your tricks upon travellers, I suppose—and you call this sarcophagus your bedroom, do you?"

"O! by no means," replied John, "this is my private study; the bed room as you will perceive is behind this screen."

Tom looked incredulous. "And do you really mean to say that you sleep in the same apartment with that horrible effigy of a condemned highwayman grinning at you out of the darkness, and rattling its dry bones with every whistle of the wind through the key-hole?"

"Horrible effigy!—you ill-mannered son of a sea-snake,—why you never saw a more perfect skeleton in your life;—he's worth his weight in Australian 'nuggets;' look at the development of that chest, the short compact pelvis, and powerful femur; why the fellow must have been no less a Hercules in strength than an Antinous in beauty;—even the head of itself is a perfect gem. What a breadth of brow it displays, and how well set on it is. He has had an iron will, that fellow too, when alive. Just look at the high dome-like vertex and the massive jaw—horrible effigy indeed," he continued striding up to it as if he was going to embrace it, "why I never saw its equal; I paid fifteen pounds for that skeleton."

"Ah! I see," said Tom, who during the foregoing speech had been intently watching the speaker and not the object referred to, "very fine, I dare say."

"Of course it is," continued John, somewhat mollified, "just put your hand up to that inferior maxillary bone, and tell me if you ever saw anything more perfect than the mechanism of the joint."

"Thank you, I'd rather not," replied Tom, hastily putting his hand beneath his coat-tails at the bare supposition, "the sound with which it closed just now when you pulled it, was very convincing and satisfactory and requires no confirmation."

"Why, you are not in reality afraid of it, are you?"—enquired John, turning suddenly and abruptly towards him, with something very like contempt on his lips; "true it is bones, but, as Tennyson says—

"What of that?  
Every face, however full,  
Padded round with flesh and fat,  
Is but modelled on a skull!"

"So I suppose; but I think you will admit, that the flesh and fat you allude to, with a little of what Sartor calls 'snow and rose-bloom' makes the subject a little more engaging. For my part, not being such an enthusiast as you, I prefer confining my studies of anatomy to the contemplation of a well rounded neck or neatly turned ankle; and as I am tolerably peckish, perhaps you will allow me to attend to my own anatomy at present, and defer the remainder of the subject for another opportunity."

"By Jove, yes!—My dear fellow, I had entirely forgotten the small matter of supper," and leading his way across the apartment, John and his companion disappeared behind the screen.

"They're kicking up the devils own row down stairs," suddenly exclaimed John, stopping in the act of pulling on a rather tight boot, and addressing his companion, who having filled one of the large basins with water and inserted his head into it, was just rising like Neptune from the deep, dripping freely and blowing like a diminutive whale, as he scrubbed his face and head with his hands.

"So it seems; there's evidently something gone wrong below. The cook must have trod in the tea-kettle, or that piece of ebony you called Mike, has been getting into a scrape with the horses. Surely the house is not on fire," he continued, with more animation, and turning to the door as a scream accompanied by a noise between a growl and a howl, and followed by the sound of many feet running about in confusion was borne up the stair-way.

He had scarcely spoken before a loud scrambling was heard upon the stairs, and a heavy body falling against the door, which burst open at the shock, bounded into the room, steaming as if just arrived all hot from the infernal regions.

"Why Boreas!" shouted Tom, recognising at once in the intruder a huge Esquimaux dog which had accompanied him to the gate, and which in the hurry of arrival, he had until that moment forgotten. "What the mischief have you been up to, and what the devil," he continued warning, "do you mean by this disorderly conduct?"

The arrival, whose whim appeared satisfied now that he had found his master, crouched submissively at his feet, and turned a wistful eye towards the door by which he had entered, as if with an uneasy consciousness that he was being pursued.

At the same time the noise below did not abate, and confused sounds of a number of voices speaking hurriedly together, amongst which the words Mike—Wolf—Cook—up stairs, were alone distinguishable, followed by a loud pshaw from old Blinks, who at the



same time was heard enquiring for his pistols, at once explained to the two friends the cause of all the uproar. At the next moment old Blinks entered the room, pistol in hand, and was received by a suppressed whining growl from Boreas.

"I am afraid, my dear sir, that this clumsy brute of mine has been deranging your domestic economy," said Tom, who was the first to speak. "Oh! he's yours, is he? Why, yes, he seems to have caused a little commotion among the servants; he certainly is very like a wolf," he continued, walking up to the beast, which retreated behind his master at his approach. "I remember shooting one, not many miles from here, soon after my arrival in the country, and that fellow is as like his brother as anything I ever set my eyes on; is he half wolf, whole wolf, or what is he?"

"To save telling the story twice, I will defer answering your question for five minutes till I put on my coat. In the meantime pray tell me what damage he has done, he brought a strong flavour of the kitchen into the room with him."

"Beyond frightening the maids, treeing Mike up the elm in the yard, and making a general scattering as he came along, I believe he has not much to answer for; but his looks are so suspicious, that had I seen him before he reached your room, I should probably have shot him for a wolf, without for a moment reflecting on the improbability of such an animal existing at present in the neighbourhood; but come, we must go and enlighten them a little down stairs, or your supper is not likely to make much progress."

So saying, the old gentleman led the way out of the room followed by the rest of the party, Boreas still sticking closely to the heels of his master.

#### CHAPTER VI.

"This our life exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones and good in every thing."

*As You Like It.*

Two hours have elapsed since the occurrences detailed in the last chapter took place. A good supper, got up in true Canadian fashion, has been disposed of as hungry young men alone know how to dispose of it. The cook, who it seems had scalded both herself and Boreas in the fright occasioned by his sudden appearance in the kitchen, has been pacified; and the housemaid, Bridget, a good natured Irish girl, has been so far conciliated, as to be induced to give the object of her alarm a very plentiful supper in the back kitchen. Boreas, who seemed to feel that without his master's introduction, he was unsafe in barbarous civilized society, has become reconciled to his new acquaintances, and contents himself quietly in the kitchen, without venturing again to intrude his presence up stairs; and general

peace and harmony has taken the place of confusion and uproar. Old Blinks has reserved the contents of his pistol for a more dangerous foe; and restored to his equanimity and easy chair, surrounded by the members of his family and their friend Tom, the party are drawing cosily round a small cheerful wood-fire, lighted for the first time this season in the parlour grate, as the nights are beginning to feel chilly.

The apartment in which they are now assembled is in its appearance as different from the one we have already tried to describe as it is possible to conceive. No man on earth knows better how to make himself comfortable, than the owner of that snug little parlour. For what has he wandered homeless and an outcast over this fair earth, braving the chilly breezes of Cape Horn, and the scorching beams of a torrid sky? For what, leaving the home of his childhood, the haunts of his affection, and the land of his nativity, its healthful breezes, and much-loved reminiscences, did he, young, joyous, and full of hope, consign himself cheerfully, even in the glowing period of budding manhood, to the steady, persevering toil and hardships incident to a campaign against poverty and the ills of life? For what, rending from his heart every softer emotion, did he voluntarily drive from him the warm and enticing allurements of his passions and inclination? Was it that his heart was cold? or that a base love and desire for gain had supplanted in his bosom, all those nobler feelings of his nature? No!—a warmer heart than that of John Blinks did not beat in the breast of man, nor one more eminently constituted for social enjoyment. To him, all that the hand of God had made was pure and lovely as an infant's dream. The beautiful, aye, and the ideal also, possessed for him a deep and powerful attraction. He saw all that was bright and glorious in nature not through that narrow-minded and distorted medium, which only represented it as the property of others, to which he had no right or just claim, but as the overflowing bounty of a wise and merciful Creator to his children. The world, so far as a full enjoyment of its beauties went, was all his own. And long before he could call himself master of one rood of land, he felt himself, in spirit at least—

"The monarch of all he surveyed."

But he felt while standing amongst men, that he, too, was a man: he felt that while others around him claimed of those fair prospects some small portion which they could call individually and particularly their heritage,—that he had none. But the world, with all its hidden mysteries,—the untold future was before him, and "rejoicing as a young man to run a race," he had gone forth, resolved to bend, so far as the power was given him, that hidden future to his will; and who shall place a limit to the accomplishments of

one energetic and well-directed human mind? Some score years had passed, and the summit of his moderate ambition was achieved,—competence, contentment, and a home, in a wilderness though it might be, had been granted him, and he was a proud and a happy man. How many a less resolute mind has looked upon him, sitting as he now sits in his old arm-chair; his daughter, lovely as an angel, sitting upon a stool at his feet, resting her fair head upon his knee, while the old man's wrinkled fingers play delightedly and affectionately with the long loose tresses of her hair; and surrounded by all that easy air of comfort and contentment which a consciousness of uprightness and rectitude of conduct alone can inspire. How many an one, I say, feeling in the decline of years, that dreary loneliness and want of all that makes the close of life cheerful and serene, has, looking upon the picture we have painted, inwardly shed bitter tears of unavailing regret, as they reflected, when too late,—thus also might it have been with me! And old Blinks had often fancied he could read such thoughts in the saddened brow and moistened eye of his visitors, and had felt with them, indeed, it was too late; but for the young and hopeful how much might yet be done!

The apartment, as we have said, is the picture of comfort and repose,—not idle, sleepy, indolent repose. Blinks, old as he was, was fiery and energetic as a boy. His mind was as active as a long career of healthy and invigorating exercise of mind and body could make it: and as we all know, or ought to know, exercise of any faculty begets power,—in this, also, the demand governs the supply. The arm of the blacksmith grows with every stroke of his ponderous hammer; the legs of the opera dancer fashion themselves to the purposes required of them; and the mind of man enlarges with his requirements and mental exercises, even as the roots of a tree growing in an exposed situation, are thrown out the firmest and strongest in the direction from which most support is needed. The room is amply furnished with good, substantial walnut furniture. Old Blinks is sitting, as we have described him, before the fire, and a portable reading-desk or stand, with lights affixed to it, is at his elbow, and on it are laid invitingly the newly-arrived magazines, which he still delights to con. There are, of course, newspapers lying about the house; but Frank, who has arranged that stand for him this evening, according to custom, knows that it would be but little use placing them there; he cares but little for them at any time, and at the present least of all. Occasionally when he takes one of them up, and meets the usual account of the polite, refined and complimentary greetings passing between members in the "House," you see him throw away the paper in disgust, with some such indignant

exclamation as—"I wonder why they send me all this trash; these gentlemen are only telling each other what every sensible man in the country knew long ago." And such outbursts always disturbing his serenity, his dutiful daughter, as often as possible, forgets to place the cause of them on the table at his side. He is now sitting with his back to the two French windows opening upon the verandah. We will describe the room as it now appears to him, making him as it were the relative centre of the whole.

Directly in front of him over the mantelpiece, upon which are resting a variety of curiosities picked up in his travels, hangs a half-length portrait of his father, by an eminent English portrait-painter, Philips. It represents that venerable gentleman in his robes, and bears unmistakable evidence that it is a faithful likeness. Old Blinks' eyes not unfrequently wander from the upturned features of his child, to the soft and tender look of benignity with which the patriarch upon the canvass regards him. Upon the right side of the fire-place, built as it were into the wall, is a standing book-case, well stocked it would seem with a variety of light and solid literature. The shining backs of a long row of "Spectators," "Idlers," "Tattlers," &c., &c., which occupy a position about half-way up, particularly arrest the eye; but books increasing in weight, not only as regards size, but matter, may be traced in widening rows beneath them as the eye glances downwards, until, forming as it were the plinth of the pile, a long dark row of the quarto *Encyclopædia Britannica* closed the scene. Having spoken of the plinth, we can only refer to the upper shelves as the capital and entablature; and here, as the room was high, it must be confessed, there resided some authors, who, having soared as much beyond their own reach as the comprehension of their unhappy readers, it became a matter of question, whether, unless assisted by some convulsion of nature, they would ever get down to earth again. To say the truth, Blinks, who was fond of abstruse reading, had once or twice dipped into them, but finding them impracticable, had, in the refined and expressive language of a learned debating body, given them a "hoist," which in this case would probably be of even more than six months duration.

Such hollow commodities forming the summit of the pile, and the work we have alluded to, confessedly heavy enough, composing the base, the whole taken together might be considered in more ways than one, a good standard library, and so in reality it is. The corresponding place upon the left side of him, is occupied with a rosewood piano by "Chickering," now standing open, through whose ivory keys, the delicate fingers of Frances are wont to knock at the hearts of those who sit around her, rousing in them feelings as various



and often as tumultuous, as the sounds which ring responsive to her thrilling touch.

Upon the wall traversing the left side of the room, hangs a very fine painting in oil, by De Louthenberg, representing a storm on land. It is a picture that will bear looking at. You almost fancy that you hear the crashing of the branches, as the first rude gust of the approaching thunder-storm sweeps them towards you. The dark cloud in the back-ground appears rising rapidly as you look upon it, and the animals, upon which the hail is just beginning to patter, are in their well-conceived attitudes of surprise and alarm—the very pictures of life. The swollen mill-stream, telling of the violence of the approaching shower, actually foams up before your eye; and you almost involuntarily put forth your hand to help the unfortunate countryman, who, sitting upon the front edge of his cart, bending forward against the blast, is endeavouring with one hand to accomplish the double duty of keeping on his hat and buttoning his coat; while with the other, which wields a stout cudgel, he belabors his horse,—which, with tail tightly pressed between his haunches, his back bent upwards and his mane streaming in the wind, seems for the moment hesitating whether to face it out bravely, or to turn and fly. The management of the light is admirable and the colouring just, and in keeping with the scene. While upon the opposite side of the room, and consequently directly facing this one, hangs another painting, corresponding in size with the one already described, but of a nature so diametrically opposite, that the eye, startled by the wild grandeur of conception displayed in the former, rests involuntarily as it turns upon this latter, feeling, in escaping from the tumult of elements behind it, that here it has found refuge and peace. The subject is one belonging to this continent, in its earlier, and perhaps palmier days. At least you cannot help feeling, while gazing upon it, that nothing so lovely, so silent, and so lonely, in its unstudied and uncultivated beauty, can be found at the present day. Its author is an American artist, whose name we have forgotten: he has called it "Solitude." Blinks became its fortunate possessor, through holding a prize-ticket in the American Art Union. We are too little acquainted with the scientific jargon of a picture-gallery, to attempt to do justice to its beauties with a pen. We think we know what we admire, in the shape of a painting, when we see it, and this one takes our fancy amazingly. It is a rocky chasm, with high precipitous sides, crowned with primeval forests, save where some hoary, crumbling rock, lifts its bold head on high; and feathered occasionally to the edge of the water, which rests motionless at its base, with cedars which the lapse of centuries of unbroken repose has fastened into the crevices of the rock.

Through this chasm, down into which, as it extends away into distance, you look,—the pale, cold moon is gazing placidly as she rises upon the distant, liquid sky; and a single birchen canoe, guided by two natives, which seems to move noiselessly and without a ripple, like thistle-down upon the silvery waters, is the only object partaking of animated life which is visible. The subject has been handled by a master, and it leaves a quiet, soothing impression upon the mind after regarding it, well calculated to balance the emotions which have been aroused by contemplation of its fellow upon the opposite wall.

A neat little old-fashioned work-table is drawn forward near the fire, upon the side next the book-shelf, and here Mrs. Blinks sits industriously knitting. John and his friend, who have just entered, are examining together the picture we have last attempted to describe. The rest of the furniture we need not particularize, nor, though we have spent hours at a time in the room, do we think we could do so if we tried. It may be that we are careless in such matters: it may be, that whenever we have sat in that room, we have had other objects, better worth regarding, to engage us,—certain it is, however, that with an eye tolerably acute for particular things, there are many of which we take no heed, to which others direct especial attention. We shall talk and walk with a lady for hours, and perhaps gather from what we have heard and seen a tolerable insight into her character: but put us on oath, the moment after bidding her adieu at the corner, and we can no more tell the colour or pattern of an article of her dress, nor the nature of her bonnet or its trimmings, than we could say whether she wore a bustle, (which, of course, is a profound riddle) false fronts, or any other incomprehensible ornament which modern civilized women have adopted for improving upon nature.

We present the group we have described to our readers, just at the particular moment when old Blinks is about to——, but what he is going to say or do, deserves another chapter, and shall have it.

ERRO.

#### THE CHRISTIAN'S REQUIEM.

Blest are the dead in the Lord who repose,  
For their labours are ended, they rest from their  
woes,—

"Yea," saith the spirit, "they rest from their  
strife,

They have 'scaped from the cares and tempta-  
tions of life."

Their days of probation and sorrow are done,  
Their warfare is o'er, and the battle is won;  
Through the portals of death they in triumph  
have trod,  
And have entered their joy, in the presence of God

AGNES STRICKLAND.

## THE STUDENT'S VISION.

A FANCY FOR CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY M. N. T.

It being my last winter's session as a student in medicine, I determined to spend the Christmas vacation in town, and not, as usual go to my country home. The unenviable feeling of not being very well up decided me. Lectures broke up a few days before Christmas and nearly all my fellow-students leaving, I soon found myself alone, not one remaining with whom I cared to associate. For the first day or two I managed tolerably well, studying with praiseworthy energy, but at last, it was on Christmas-Eve, I gave in; I could stand the monotonous work no longer: so wrapping myself up I sallied forth for a walk; it was snowing fast, yet the streets were thronged with happy mortals, no doubt intent on making their purchases for the morrow's feast; the shops, many of them tastefully decorated with evergreens, all of them displaying to the best advantage their respective goods, and nearly all crowded with eager buyers.

It was a pleasant sight and one I enjoyed, though a painful thought now and then passed through my brain, that on the morrow I should feast alone. I wandered for more than an hour, then tired, sought my solitary room. A cheerful fire blazed on the hearth and things now appeared to be more comfortable and pleasant than usual; so throwing aside my snow covered coat, I drew before the fire an easy-chair, arranging myself in a most luxurious position I picked up a Physiology and soon forgot time, place and situation; in fact, I was deeply interested and felt unaccountably happy.

I know not how long I had been reading when all pleasurable sensations yielded to a most disagreeable torpor, I could no longer fix my attention on the page before me, but my eye wandered to the fire which still burned brightly. My book dropped to my knee and at last fell to the floor without my making an effort to save it; at the same time a peculiar bright coal, which I had been observing, hopped with a loud report into the room. I partially started with the intention of throwing it back, but on looking towards the spot, where I supposed it to be, I saw, not the coal, but the most extraordinary specimen of the *genus homo* it ever fell to the lot of man to behold. There he sat, cross-legged, in comical guise, tossing three balls in the air, alternately catching them as they fell back to his hand. I watched him without moving for the space of several minutes, when suddenly my strange visitor, pitching the balls higher than usual, threw a summer-

set, landing on this feet, again caught he balls; then turning towards me, made a most polite bow, raising his scarlet cap by its golden tassel from his bald head.

"Ugh!" thought I, "the wretch is old as well as ug——"

"Come, come, my dear sir," interrupted the monster, "no personalities."

"Confound it," I muttered, "the imp can read my thoughts."

"What again?" he cried, "I would like you to give me your authority for the use of the word 'imp.'"

"I really beg your pardon, most illustrious stranger, but your visit was so unexpected that you must pardon me, if surprise betrayed me into using discourteous thoughts towards your highness."

"Come, no flattery, I am not quite eighteen inches yet."

"I assure you I did not intend,——"

"Well, well, no matter," and I remained silent, at last, I thought I would ask him the cause of his visit.

"Your folly," he replied.

"My folly: how?"

"You are studying medicine—you will never practice."

"What, shall I not pass?"

"Yes."

"Then why? perhaps I shall not live," and I shuddered.

"If you live, you will not; I cannot say when you will die."

"It's strange, I shall pass and not practice."

"Even so," and he nodded.

"Why?"

"You are too cautious and too conscientious."

"They are not bad qualities in a practitioner."

"In you they will cause such fear of doing wrong, that you would shun a patient; and if perchance, one was fastened on you, you would do nothing lest he should die and the world would say, you killed him.

I was silenced: I inwardly felt that there was truth in what he said.

"A being," he continued, in a sarcastic tone, "idle, aimless, is a fearful object: and, alas! how many are there. Know you not," said he, with sudden energy, "that all created things have their use? the simple flower that exhales its perfume heavenward, performs its allotted task. The whole vegetable creation act as purifiers of the air for animal life. And of all animals, man alone, man endowed with reason, can so pervert the natural design of creation, as to be useless; and



it is in this effect, perhaps you will say, that man shews his superiority to the brute creation."

"You astonish me,—I know not what to say."

"Take comfort, you have the power of making your profession useful to your fellow-men without practising it. But I have something else to shew you."

I felt relieved, and was glad that he proposed changing the conversation: yet I could not help thinking of that "strange anomaly," a *useless man*. Looking towards him, I saw that he had again seated himself on the floor and was busy tossing his balls to and fro, catching them: at the same time, chanting in a low tone, with an exquisitely sweet voice, an old Christmas carol. I watched in silence. My feelings towards him had changed, I now regarded him with pleasure, I fancied him one of those good fairies, my mother told me of when but a child. Suddenly, he ceased, then throwing towards me one of the balls, said, "examine it."

I caught it, and looking at it for a few moments, balancing it in my hand, replied "that it appeared to be gold, but very light."

"Yes, it is hollow; that ball represents childhood, that golden period of man's existence."

"But why hollow?"

"The pleasures of the child, are in reality, as hollow as that ball; most easily amused, his amusement being caused by the veriest trifle: he has no care, no thought, he avoids nothing. Were he given the most deadly viper he'd fondle it. Happy childhood! well would it be for thee, could thy innocence continue, for then thou would'st continue happy, but alas! in the acquirement of knowledge or rather of what the world falsely styles knowledge, too often is that innocence destroyed. Oh! knowledge thou art powerful, but painful."

"You astonish me: why then knowledge——"

"I know what you would say, yet man, in his wisdom, cannot separate good from evil, hence the pain, mental or physical, he endures. This second ball is of silver, take it, it is much heavier than the golden one, but far lighter than this, which is of lead," and he handed me the leaden one.

"These, I suppose, like the golden one, represent life at different stages."

"Right, in the silver one we see man in the noon of life; and——"

"And the leaden one," I interrupted, "shews his declining days."

"You understand the tale these balls would tell, now prepare to read it."

Advancing towards me, he took the balls from my hand, then facing the fire, threw them, first

the golden one, then the silver and last the leaden one, forcibly towards it. I started; the whole wall, fireplace, fire, everything disappeared; before me was spread out as in a picture, the most beautiful scene in the power of man to imagine, 'twas, I believe, a glimpse of fairy land. Castles and palaces, as if wrought in solid gold, numerous fountains throwing out their crystal showers, the air filled with songs sung by birds with gorgeous plumage, the earth covered with flowers of the rarest beauty, the trees laden with fruits of the most tempting description, and the sun shining brightly o'er all, lent additional beauty to the scene. All appeared so quiet, yet so happy and joyous, that I murmured "surely this is the Garden of Peace." I longed to rush from my seat and revel among these new delights unfolded to my view, but my strange companion withheld me.

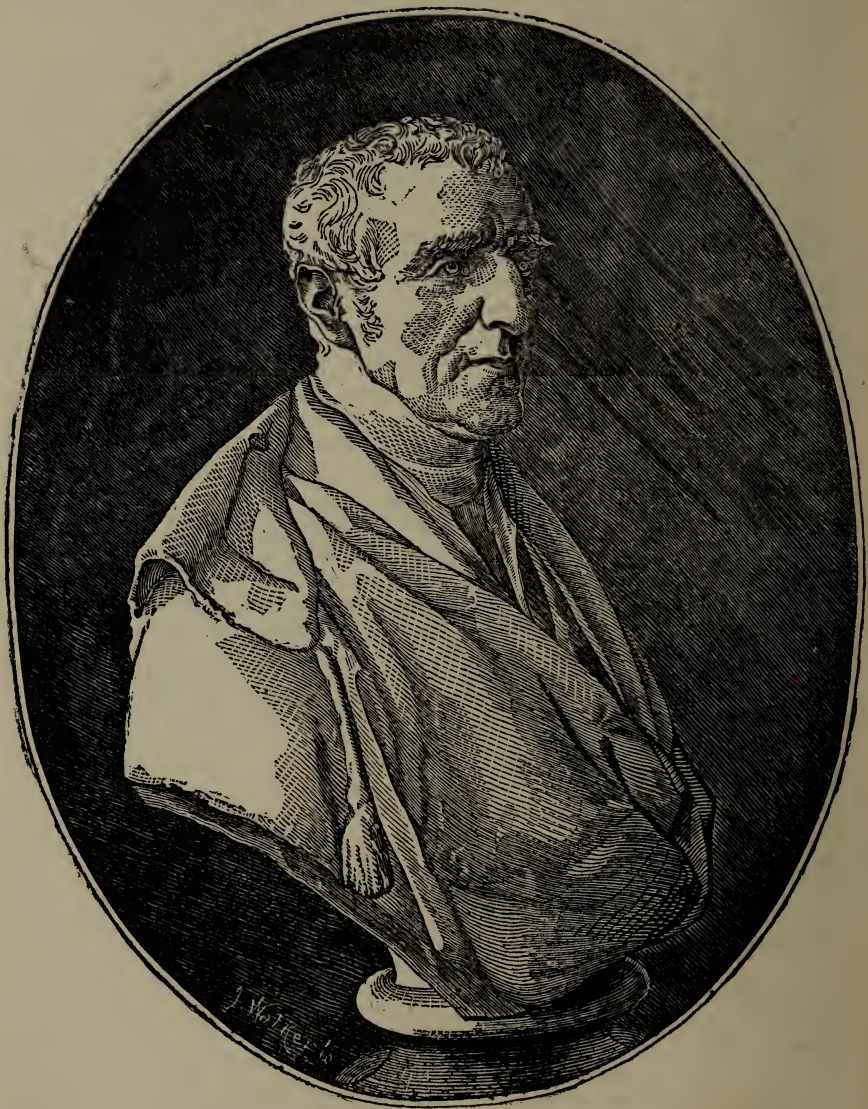
Unnoticed by me appeared on the scene, children like unto angels in beauty and innocence, each one carrying at their girdle a lighted lamp; they were few, but imperceptibly they multiplied, at last, they became innumerable. Hither and thither they ran, sporting with each other, laughing merrily. Oh! how happy they appeared; I would I were a child. Occasionally one of them would lose the light from their lamp, and they vanished. It seemed as though their existence, at least their visibility depended on this light. As I watched, they increased in stature, they grew older, and their beauty seemed to diminish, here and there might be seen some actually ugly, these speedily grew frightful; the countenances of many of the beautiful ones now so changed, that I feared to look on them. And, ah horror! many of these deformed wretches went about seeking to destroy the light of others. They had now attained the size of men, nearly all deformed and ugly. It was as difficult now to find a fair face, as it was to see a foul one at the first. Still, their habitation was unchanged.

Many of those who desired to extinguish the light of their companions, went boldly to work and broke the lamps: and many attained the same end by indirect means; while some few took upon themselves the task of extinguishing their own lamps, but by far the majority of the lights went out, as if it were from want of oil.

Among the now wretched inhabitants of this beautiful place, I saw a few going among the many, seeking to prevent them from destroying each other; these few retained traces of their former beauty. At last, they all had disappeared, and I felt relieved. The enchanting picture remained,—the flowers, the fruits, the singing birds,







THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—See page 497.

the fountains and the palaces in undiminished beauty still adorned the scene.

"That is the earth you inhabit," said my companion, "you have seen the career of one generation thereon; would you see *the end*?"

"No, no!" I exclaimed, "no more!"

"Oh! but there is much more to be seen, the shadows without the lamps."

"Enough! I'll look no more! Alas! for man."

"You must! a single glance."

"I will not!" I cried in an agony, and tightly closed my eyes.

"Ha! ha! ha! I'll make you see in your brain. Look, look down, down the pit. What's that? A flash of lightning! Hear that terrific peal of thunder; thunder! No, it is the agonizing wail of tortured—; see above a ray of light, a soul-penetrating ray—and hark! angels in chorus are chanting heavenly songs. The tortured shades below hear their sweet voices, and their torments are augmented ten-fold. Approach the pit, let us descend, we'll judge their sufferings better." In terror, I drew back, he seized hold of me. I struggled, I endeavoured to call out, 'twas useless; at last, I fell to the floor. Starting up, my candle was flickering in the socket—my book lay at my feet,—my fire,—naught remained save dust and ashes.

#### SOI-DISANT PHILANTHROPISTS.

We wot of an honest mulatto man named Jack; he lived very quietly and as happily as falls to the lot of most mortals, for about two score years, in the state of Onesimus. Jack is a preacher of moderate abilities among his coloured brethren. In the last year or two he was seized with the progressive spirit of the age. Not finding a rise corresponding to his new relations, Jack concluded last spring to take a trip to the "Norud." And to the north he went. He had never seen any of his friends there, but had heard a great deal of their love and sympathy for the black man and the free! man, and he looked for a reception very cordial—almost amounting to an ovation. Jack has returned quite chop-fallen. His account of his trip to "Norud" is doleful. Those from whom he expected greetings and hospitalities, and a great shaking of hands "didn't come a-nigh." He couldn't find the folks that had done all that beautiful talking. He did edge his way into one or two pulpits. "But then," says he, "they wouldn't allow me to take up a collection." As for caste and cold shoulders and all that, Jack found it to increase pretty much in proportion with the ascent in latitude. We give, in his own words, the whole history of his reception by his Northern friends. "They charged me like a white man, and treated me like a nigger, and that way o' doing aint fair."—*American paper.*

#### MEMOIR OF FIELD-MARSHALL THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

In our last number, we discharged the melancholy duty of recording the death of England's mightiest son. The venerable hero who, after a career so protracted, has thus been snatched from amongst us, by a summons as prompt as he could have received on the field of battle, was descended from an ancient English family named Colley, or Cowley, originally seated in Rutlandshire, but of which a branch was established at an early date in Ireland, where, in the reign of Henry VIII., they possessed considerable grants of land. At the commencement of the last century, Richard, son of Henry Colley, assumed the name of Wesley, on succeeding to the estates of his first cousin, Garrat Wesley, of Dangan, who was also related, in the same degree, to the celebrated John Wesley, the founder of the sect of Methodists, whose brother Charles, he at one time proposed to make his heir. The name was afterwards elongated into Wellesley, and Richard Colley Wesley, after holding several important public offices, was raised to the peerage by George II., as Baron Mornington. His eldest son Garrat, created Viscount Wesley and Earl of Mornington, married Anne, daughter of the Right Honorable Arthur Hill, Viscount Dungannon, and had issue,—1. Richard, second Earl of Mornington, created Marquis Wesley; 2. Arthur Gerald, died 1768; 3. William, afterwards created Baron Maryborough; 4. ARTHUR, DUKE OF WELLINGTON; 5. Gerard Valerian, D.D.; 6. Henry, created Baron Cowley; 7. Anne, married first to the Hon. Henry Fitzroy, and secondly to Culling C. Smith, Esq.; 8. Mary Elizabeth; 9. Francis Seymour, who died in infancy.

According to Mr. Burke, neither the exact date nor the place of Arthur Wesley's birth is known, though it has commonly been believed that he was born at Dangan Castle, on the 1st of May, 1769, the same year that gave birth to Napoleon. That he was born in that year no one can doubt, but an entry of his baptism occurring in the registry of St. Peter's Church, Dublin, with the date of the 30th of April, a controversy seems likely to arise as to his actual birthday. It has even been urged, on the authority of a witness before a Committee of the Irish House of Commons, touching the validity of his election to serve in Parliament, that he was born in March, but a letter has appeared in the *Times*, addressed by his mother, the Countess of Mornington, to a Mr. Curthbertson, which states him to have been born on the 1st of May, and this must set the matter at rest. The probability is that, by an Irish blunder, April was inserted in the baptismal entry instead of May.

At the age of eleven, the death of his father left Arthur Wesley to the sole tutelage of his mother, a lady of great talents, who lived to



witness his extraordinary achievements, and to see four of her sons peers of the realm. By her he was sent to Eton, whence after a career never rising above the ordinary level, he was removed to the military seminary of Angiers, in France, where he acquired the rudiments of military knowledge. On the 1st of March, 1787, when in his eighteenth year, he received his first commission as ensign in the 73rd regiment, and before the year closed was promoted to a lieutenancy in the 79th. After a short period of service in the 12th Light Dragoons, he obtained a company in the 58th, on the 30th of June, 1791; but in the course of the next year, again entered the cavalry, exchanging into the 18th Light Dragoons. Thus by a succession of changes, which at the time seemed capricious, but which were probably deliberately weighed and considered, with a view of acquiring a mastery of all the details of his profession, he became versed in the field duties of both infantry and cavalry.

Arthur Wesley obtained his promotion to a majority in 1793, when he was gazetted to the 33rd, a corps with which he was memorably associated, and in which he subsequently succeeded to the grades of both Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel. With this regiment he embarked, in May, 1794, for the Low Countries, where the army under the Duke of York, after long contending against the imbecility of the Government at home, and the weakness and folly of the allies, was sustaining a succession of disasters, which even now are remembered with humiliation and pain. Colonel Wesley was placed with the 33rd in garrison at Ostend, where he had disembarked; but Lord Moira, who commanded in this portion of the territory, found it necessary to abandon the post, and in this evacuation Colonel Wesley first came in presence of the enemy. He succeeded, however, in safely embarking his regiment, with which he proceeded to Antwerp, and moved rapidly forward to the Duke of York's head quarters at Malines. Much misrepresentation attaches to the events that followed, in consequence of their disastrous termination; but it may boldly be affirmed, that the courage, discipline, and endurance of the British soldier, which Wellington made the instruments of so many triumphs, were never more conspicuously exhibited than in this fatal campaign. Nothing, however, could arrest the tide of mismanagement, treachery, imbecility, and wilfulness in which our impotent allies continually involved us, while, on the other hand, we had to contend with the fertile genius of Pichegru, backed by a powerful and victorious army, an indifferent or hostile population, and all the resources of France. In the sad, though often brilliant affairs in which our army was engaged in the course of this struggle, Lieut. Colonel Wellesley repeatedly distinguished himself, especially at the village of Geldermalsen, from which he expelled the

enemy with great slaughter; and in the retreat under General Walmoden, the successor of the Duke of York, his conduct won the highest encomiums. The army at length reached Bremerleche, where the greater part, including Colonel Wellesley and the 33rd, embarked for England, leaving only a small force under General Dundas and Lord Cathcart, to occupy the town.

On reaching England, the 33rd encamped at Warley, but soon received orders for foreign service, and actually embarked in the fleet of Admiral Christian, at Southampton, for the West Indies, but was driven back by the tempestuous weather, when the despatch of the 33rd was countermanded, and disembarking, they were quartered for some months at Poole. In the spring of 1796, Lieut. Colonel Wellesley was promoted to the rank of Colonel, and the regiment, instead of proceeding to the West Indies, as originally intended, was ordered to the East. Colonel Wellesley was unable, at the time, to accompany the corps, being confined to his bed by illness; but his vigorous constitution soon rallied, and he immediately set sail, and overtook his regiment at the Cape of Good Hope. On the voyage to India, it was remarked by his brother officers, that though he never held himself aloof from society, he passed a great part of the day in his cabin, and it has since transpired that he was then sedulously engaged in studying works on India, and endeavouring to qualify himself for the new and manifold duties which would probably devolve upon him in that country. Nor did he confine his researches to books. In order to extend his knowledge of the East, its people, and its institutions, and acquire a practical acquaintance with Oriental warfare, he eagerly joined an expedition destined for Manila, under the command of General St. Leger; and, on this project being abandoned, in consequence of apprehensions of hostilities with Tippoo Sultan, he paid a visit with the same views to Lord Hobart, the governor of Fort St. George; from whom, during a sojourn of two months, he obtained a mass of information relative to the native governments of the Peninsula, and their relations with the Company. By such methods did he train himself for that career yet veiled in futurity, though its mighty incidents already flung their shadows on the hearts of statesmen.

In May, 1798, the Virginia frigate brought to Calcutta a new Governor-General, possessing a capacity not less brilliant than that of Clive, or Hastings; while it was governed by moderation and forbearance, qualities wholly unknown to those great men. The new Viceroy was the Earl of Mornington, the eldest brother of Colonel Wellesley, whose eminent worth we may well suppose him to have been perfectly sensible of. An opportunity soon presented itself for bringing the rising officer forward, and displaying in a more prominent

manner that aptitude for command and great administrative capacity of which he had given unequivocal indications. This was not lost sight of by the Earl of Mornington, and it was fortunate for the country, as well as his illustrious relative, that patriotism no less than affection influenced his choice.

The Earl arrived in India with the most pacific intentions, and neither the Company nor the nation was disposed at the time to imperil the peace of the Peninsula. But, with all its aspirations for peace, the Indian Government was aware that its empire, though apparently enjoying profound repose, was really resting on a mine, which a spark might at any moment explode. It was the calm in the midst of the hurricane, ere the elements resume their awful conflict. Tippoo Sultan, the son and successor of Hyder Ali, burned to avenge the defeat of his father, and the humiliation it entailed on himself; and French emissaries were ever active in fomenting his resentment, and instigating him to new hostilities. Again and again the warning voice of the Earl of Mornington addressed him in a tone of paternal remonstrance, and besought him to desist. "It is impossible," his lordship writes, "that you should suppose me ignorant of the intercourse which subsists between you and the French, whom you know to be the enemies of the country, and to be now engaged in an unjust war with the British nation."

Tippoo replied that his "friendly heart was disposed to pay every regard to truth and justice, and to strengthen the foundations of concord between the two nations;" at the same time that, with characteristic treachery, he was actually engaged in negotiating an alliance with France, in the hope of obtaining assistance from that power in his meditated hostilities with the Company. Two of his emissaries were received publicly in the Isle of France, as his envoys to the French Government, and the Governor of the island issued a proclamation, with their cognizance and authority, stating that the Sultan would subsidize any French troops who would enter his service, and that he was fully prepared to declare war against England. This proclamation was forwarded to Calcutta, but though the evidence of Tippoo's treachery was now complete, and though a body of French troops had actually landed at Mangalore, and joined the Sultan's army, Lord Mornington still endeavoured to avert the impending rupture, and exhausted every persuasion to induce the Sultan to forbear. His magnanimity, however, was only regarded as weakness, and the moment at length arrived when negotiation became idle, and could no longer be carried on either with honour or profit.

The enemy about to be attacked was perhaps the most formidable that we have ever encountered in the East. His army was not a mere rabble, composed of undisciplined and

effeminate natives, but a well-disciplined force, trained in European tactics, formed of a warlike and intrepid people, and headed by experienced French officers. With these were joined an auxiliary force of French, and a powerful artillery, also directed by French officers, and well supplied with expert and practised gunners.

The force destined to oppose Tippoo was placed under the command of General, afterwards Lord Harris, and consisted of 30,000 men, of whom 4300 were Europeans, and 6500, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Dalrymple, the British auxiliaries in the service of the Nizam. This latter force was, with the addition of the 33rd Regiment, placed by desire of General Harris and the Nizam minister, under the command of Colonel Wellesley, and, pending active operations, that officer busied himself in improving its discipline and organization, and practising the men in all the manœuvres requisite in an Indian campaign. So successful were his efforts, that they excited universal admiration, and elicited from the Commander-in-Chief a general order, publicly expressing his approbation of Colonel Wellesley's arrangements.

On the 8th of March, 1799, General Harris passed the frontier, and encamped in the territories of the Sultan, who not slow to commence hostilities, crossed at another point into the dominions of the Company, and endeavoured to cut off the army of Bombay. The country was well adapted for operations of this character, inasmuch that, from the difficulties of the way, the eastern and western divisions of the British army could only communicate in an interval of several weeks. The roads were mere tracks, crossing vast plains, frequently impassable, or piercing narrow defiles, through which the baggage and heavy artillery were conveyed with prodigious labour, while the greatest caution was requisite in traversing the rocky mountain passes and dense jungles, which afforded such cover for a stealthy and treacherous enemy. Strong forts, constructed of solid stone, and surrounded by massive and lofty walls, commanded the line of march, and were reduced with great difficulty, while the rivers, swollen with rains, swept with the fury of torrents over the low country, and opposed additional barriers to an advance. Scorching suns, dews as copious as rains, incessant changes of temperature, and all the privations incident to protracted and fatiguing marches in a hostile and devastated territory, added to the difficulties of the undertaking, and rendered this the most trying of our Indian campaigns.

It is unnecessary to dwell on all the incidents of the war. Suffice it to say, that the Mysore Sultan, after vainly throwing every impediment in the way of the invaders, was driven into his stronghold of Seringapatam, where he stood at bay, like a tiger in his lair. While



the siege was in progress, Colonel Wellesley was appointed to command a night attack, having for its object the capture of an important outpost, crowned by a tope of trees. The enterprise failed, owing to the darkness of the night, and Colonel Wellesley, thrown down by a spent ball, nearly fell into the hands of the enemy, but by good fortune escaped, and carried the post next morning.

The siege was now pressed on with vigour, but Tippoo, with a resolution worthy of a better cause, made repeated sorties, and was only driven in after considerable loss.

On the evening of the 26th April, Colonel Wellesley dislodged the enemy from some intrenchments, behind the bank of a water-course, within 400 yards of the fort. The city was now closely invested, and it was decided to carry the place by storm, but as fast as breaches were made, they were filled up by gabions, and all other defects repaired. At length, on the 3rd of May, a practicable breach was effected, and on the morning of the 4th, the city was carried. Tippoo, determined to the last, was found by Colonel Wellesley under a heap of slain, retaining on his features an expression of stern and fearless calm.

Colonel Wellesley was appointed Commandant of Seringapatam, in which capacity he rendered the most important services to the Company, by establishing order and economy in the disorganized state. He was afterwards appointed to the command of Trincomalee, but soon accepted a subordinate command under General Baird, in the expedition to Egypt, which, however, an attack of fever prevented him from accompanying, and on his recovery, he returned to his Mysore government. From this he was called to take part in the Mahratta war, and the brilliant victory of Assaye, won against overwhelming numbers, was the death-blow to that long-dreaded power, and terminated the war at a blow.

In acknowledgement of his services in this campaign, Major-General Wellesley was created an extra Knight Companion of the Bath. Many addresses were presented to him by various public bodies in India, a splendid gold vase, valued at 2000 guineas, was given to him by the officers of his division of the Indian army, and a sword, worth £1000, was presented to him by the inhabitants of Calcutta. Sir Arthur embarked for England on the 10th of March.

On his arrival he was appointed to the command of the troops at Hastings; and on the death of the Marquis of Cornwallis, on the 5th of October, 1805, to the colonelcy of the 33rd. On the 8th of April, he was sworn of his Majesty's Privy Council; and on the 10th of April, 1806, he married Catherine, third daughter of the second Earl of Longford. He had previously, when only Captain Wellesley,

made proposals for the hand of this lady, and been refused, but his now brilliant position secured his second overtures a ready acceptance.

About the time he contracted this matrimonial alliance, he was returned to the House of Commons, then discussing the merits of his brother's Indian administration. The result, however, was a vote of the house, approving of the Marquis of Wellesley's government.

In 1807, Sir Arthur accepted, in the Portland administration, the situation of Chief Secretary for Ireland, under the Duke of Richmond.

The English government having determined to aid the patriot cause in the Peninsula, the command of the expedition was intrusted in the first instance to Sir Arthur, who went forward in a fast frigate, to ascertain the best points to commence operations, and immediately recognized the military capabilities of Portugal. He commenced landing his troops at the river Mondego on the 1st of August. Major General Spencer's division arrived three days afterwards; and the whole process of debarkation being completed, on the 5th, Sir Arthur found himself at the head of 13,000 men. After the brilliant affair of Torres Vedras, he was reinforced by Gen. Anstruther, and Sir Arthur now having a force amounting to 16,000 men and 18 pieces of cannon, gave the order to march on Lisbon. As Junot's army was in the gross only 18,000 men, and deducting garrisons only 14,000, there is no reason to doubt that this prompt step would have been attended with the most entire success. Unluckily, however, Sir Harry Burrard, by whom Sir Arthur had been superseded in the chief command, had reached Portugal, and he prohibited the scheme, expressing his determination to wait for Sir Hugh Dalrymple, to whom he was in turn to yield the direction of the British Army. Fortunately for the fame of Sir Arthur, Junot himself, who with Loison's corps had joined Laborde, commenced the attack at Vimiera before Sir Harry had landed. The strength of the two armies was nearly the same, and the defeat of the French, notwithstanding that not more than half the British force was engaged, was a most signal one. But, to the chagrin of all, Sir Harry Burrard arrived at the moment of victory, and in spite of Sir Arthur's representations ordered a halt. Sir Harry announced his intention to await the arrival of Sir Hugh Dalrymple before carrying out any further operations, and a delay of twenty-four hours intervened, when Sir Hugh, who assumed the chief command, made his appearance, and gave orders to advance. Junot, however, was already vanquished, though he knew how to make terms with the victors, and the disgraceful treaty of Cintra followed, to the infinite disgust of Sir Arthur and the army, and the disappointment of the nation.

Sir Arthur now returned to England, and for a short time sat once more in the House of Commons, which, as well as the House of Lords and the King, acknowledged in the most flattering terms, the importance of his services.

The fatal campaign under Sir John Moore, with the general ill success of our military expeditions, had almost determined the ministry to desist from further operations in the Peninsula, when the famous memorandum of Sir Arthur Wellesley, on the Defence of Portugal, induced a change of policy, and a strong force was dispatched under Sir Arthur's command to carry out the project.

Sir Arthur arrived in the Tagus on the 22nd of April, and leaving a Portuguese corps, amounting to 7,000 men, and four British regiments to defend the capital, and placing bands of soldiers to intercept the march of Victor, in case he should make an attempt on Lisbon, he removed his head-quarters on the 1st of May to Pombal, and on the following day to Coimbra. Soult displayed a truly courageous firmness, as well as talents of the highest order, and in spite of the able manner in which Wellesley turned his positions, he was enabled, after smart skirmishes at Albergaria, Grijon, and Cavalhos, in all of which he was worsted, to escape to Oporto, having been assisted in his flight by a number of fortunate accidents, which saved him from destruction. As soon as he had reached the city, he commenced destroying the floating bridge over the Douro, and completed his task just before the British came up on the 12th of May. The celebrated passage of the Douro, and the complete defeat of Soult which followed, are among the most masterly exploits of the campaign. Soult made a precipitate retreat, with loss of artillery, baggage, plunder, and a fourth of his army.

Sir Arthur was now brought into contact with Cuesta, the Spanish general, a man of mediocre capacity, raised by accident to a position he was wholly incompetent to fill. No reliance could be placed on such a man, and, in fact, he declined to attack Victor at Talavera under circumstances of advantage. Sir Arthur, however, insisted on advancing, and threw himself on the French army, consisting of 50,000 men, led by Joseph Buonaparte in person, while the Spaniards disgracefully fled from the scene of action. During the fight Sir Arthur narrowly escaped being made prisoner. Happening to be in a house which was attacked by a party of French, he had barely time to mount his horse and ride away. This was the second narrow escape he had met with; for on the preceding day, a three-pound shot passed just over his head and struck a tree, under which he was standing. The sudden attack of the French surprised and threw into some confusion the 87th and 88th regiments, the retreat of which Wellesley

directed in person. General Hill, assuming the command of the 29th, charged bravely on the foe, and after a sanguinary and confused conflict (for the night was quite dark), drove the French from their dearly-bought vantage ground. Night brought about a suspension of the combat, but it was renewed in the morning, by an attack on the heights at five o'clock, continued without intermission till nine, when the French retired, and for the three hours succeeding, both armies, by a sort of tacit understanding, suspended hostilities. Between them ran a small stream, to which, overpowered by thirst and fatigue, the troops on both sides repaired to refresh themselves. Courtesies were interchanged and hands pressed in friendship that in a few minutes afterwards wielded weapons against each other in deadly feud. The next attack was on the British centre. It was repulsed with great slaughter, and ten guns were captured; but the French rallied and renewed the assault, though with the same ill-success. The carnage was fearful, and the dry grass accidentally igniting, many of the wounded perished in the flames. At length the French were driven back to Malines, with the loss of twenty pieces of cannon and four standards.

On the 29th, the light brigade, consisting of the 43rd, 52nd, and 95th Rifles, arrived at Talavera, having travelled in 26 hours, in heavy marching order, the astonishing distance of 62 miles, under a burning sun, and through a district where water was scarce. This feat, quite unparalleled in military annals, was performed with the loss of only 17 stragglers left behind. General Crawford's standing orders for the light division, so effective on this occasion, and throughout the war, are well known.

Powerful reinforcements from France, which augmented the French army under Joseph to 65,000 men, headed by the most experienced of Napoleon's generals, compelled Sir Arthur, now created Viscount Wellington of Talavera, and of Wellington, in the County of Somerset, and Baron Douro of Wellesley, to retire into Portugal, the military defences of which were already arranged for such a contingency. Massena followed, and after reducing Ciudad Rodrigo, the French overtook the crippled but undaunted English army on the ridge of Busaco, where was fought that famous battle, which added another laurel to the wreath of Wellington.

This great victory did not induce the English general to pause in his retreat, and Massena, strong in his superior force, continued to advance, but after a pursuit of 200 miles found himself opposed by the stupendous lines of Torres Vedras, acknowledged to be the most amazing defences that military science ever constructed. Behind these lines the English army enjoyed every comfort, while the French were famishing before them. At



length Massena grew weary of watching the lines of Torres Vedras, and on the 15th of November, having previously made his preliminary arrangements with extraordinary skill, commenced a movement on Santarem. On the 19th, Lord Wellington had determined to attack him; but, on discovering the strength of his position, he gave up the idea, and determined to let the French marshal take the initiative. Massena's position soon became untenable, and on the night of the 5th he commenced his retreat, having, as he had previously done in quitting his position before the lines of Lisbon, made a number of masterly manoeuvres, to conceal his intended movement. On the 6th Lord Wellington advanced in pursuit, and hung closely on the rear of the French, who had chosen the route of the Mondego. On the 5th of April the evacuation of Portugal was completed. Massena's losses had been nearly 40,000 men, of whom two-thirds were old and well-tried soldiers.

On the 26th Lord Wellington received the thanks of Parliament for the liberation of Portugal. On the 3rd of May, he gained a brilliant victory at Fuentes d'Onore. By this time he had also triumphed over his English opponents. Many of the leading members of the lower house repudiated, without hesitation, their previously expressed sentiments; and Mr. Whitbread had the magnanimity to write a recantation of his former errors to Lord Wellington himself.

The great general now made an attempt on Badajos, which failed, but on the 10th of January he carried by storm the important city of Ciudad Rodrigo, though not without great loss. For this brilliant achievement he was rewarded by the Spanish government by being raised to the rank of a grandee of the first order, with the title of Duque de Ciudad Rodrigo; by the Portuguese he was created Marquez of Torres Vedras, and soon afterwards Duque de Vittoria. By the English he was raised to the Earldom of Wellington, with an increased grant of £2,000 a-year.

Badajos was now doomed, but was not captured till after tremendous carnage, which drew from the Iron General a burst of passionate grief for the loss of his brave soldiers.

Wellington crossed the Agueda on the 13th of June, and advanced on Salamanca, in his way reducing the strongly-fortified posts of San Vicente, Des Cayatenos, and Le Merced. In the following month Marmont fell on the English left, which he succeeded in turning. A collision was thus brought on, in the course of which Wellington was again nearly taken prisoner. Accompanied by Marshal Beresford, he had ridden to the scene of action, and was carried away in the midst of a group of about forty horsemen who were hastily retreating, and from whom he and his colleagues found great difficulty in extricating themselves, sword in hand.

The next day the two armies, each numbering about 45,000 men, took the field, and Salamanca was added to the catalogue of British victories. In pursuing the retreating columns of the enemy, Wellington was struck by a spent ball, which inflicted a severe wound. This battle led to the flight of Joseph Buonaparte, and the English general marched in triumph to Madrid.

Wellington was now appointed by the Cortes to the post of Generalissimo of the Spanish armies. On the 18th of August he was advanced in the peerage by the title of Marquis of Wellington. On the 3rd of the following December he received the thanks of Parliament for the battle of Salamanca; and on the 7th. £100,000, to be laid out in the purchase of lands to that value, was voted to him as a reward for his services, and to enable him to support the dignity of his peerage.

The junction of Soult and Suchet with Joseph Buonaparte was an object which Wellington was resolved to oppose at all hazards, but he first marched to attack Clausel. The failure at St. Michael's Hill need not be dwelt upon here, as it has long been well-known that it was owing, not to any faulty dispositions of the great General, but to the discovery of the place of attack by the French, on the body of Major Laurie. The disaster caused great dissatisfaction at home, but the Government, confident in the genius and military skill of their General, were not deterred from sending out reinforcements, and Wellington commenced a new campaign with a more powerful army.

It is unnecessary to detail the series of brilliant and masterly operations by which the English commander cut up and divided the various French armies, rendering their vastly superior force of no avail, and finally driving them in the utmost confusion towards the Pyrenees. Enough to say, that they rank among the most splendid achievements of modern warfare, and probably will never be surpassed. In the short space of six weeks Wellington marched 600 miles, crossed six great rivers, won several engagements, and drove an immense army, far outnumbering his own, and headed by the most experienced generals of the day, from a country they had conquered, in ignominy and disgrace. In reward for these great services he was appointed to the Colonelcy of the Horse Guards, and received the ribbon of the Garter.

Obliged to break up the siege of San Sebastian, Wellington, with a force of only 10,000 men, gave battle to Soult at Sorauren, though the French army was of incredible strength, and strongly posted. Soult lost several thousand killed, but reinforced by 18,000 men, he next made an attack on the allied left. Wellington, while defending that part of the field, ordered the Earl of Dalhousie to advance on the village of Sorauren. The allies were again

successful. The French lost 2,000 in killed and wounded, besides 3,000 prisoners. This was the first of the battles of the Pyrenees, and was followed by the reduction of San Sebastian, and a succession of engagements in the mountain passes, in which the French disputed every inch of ground, but were uniformly worsted. At length the English army entered France, and Wellington issued his memorable proclamation, prohibiting all reprisals on the inhabitants, and commanding that their persons and property should be respected. Such was his magnanimity towards a cruel and perfidious enemy.

The brilliant attacks on the enemy's position at the Nivelle, and Ville Franque, and the passage of the Adour, led the way to the battle of Orthez. The firing commenced at day-break. Lord Wellington ordered Sir Thomas Picton and Sir Henry Clinton with the 3rd and 6th divisions, and Somerset's cavalry brigade, under Sir Stapleton Cotton, to attack the heights on which the enemy's centre and left were strongly posted. At the same time Sir Lowry Cole and General Walker with the 4th and 7th divisions, with Colonel Vivian's cavalry, were directed, to attack the village of St. Boës on the right, General Alten with the light division being in reserve between the two attacks. Sir Rowland Hill was to attack the extreme left. The 4th division soon carried St. Boës, but as often as it attempted to rush upon the heights behind, it was met with so heavy a cannonade, that the troops were unable to advance on the narrow ground on which the movements had to be made. Five times was the effort made, and failed. General Ross, the commanding officer, was seriously wounded, and before a Caçadore battalion which Wellington had despatched to clear the division's right flank from the crowd of skirmishers with which Taupin had overwhelmed it, could reach the spot, the village was again in the possession of the French. The centre attack had likewise failed. Here also local difficulties prevented more than a few men from being employed at once, and they were unable to force their way. Picton had detached one small corps against a little hill jutting out from the centre height; but just as it had reached the summit, Foy fiercely charged, and repulsing it in disorder, took some prisoners. Soult, who stood on an eminence from which he commanded a view of the battle, thought that at last he had beaten his invincible opponent. Smiting his thigh, he uttered the exclamation his master afterwards made on a yet more fatal field, "At last I have him." He was about to commence the attack in his turn, but suddenly the state of affairs was changed. Wellington, riding at full speed into the heaviest fire, took the personal direction of the left wing's movements. In an instant he had substituted for his first plan a still more brilliant conception. The 7th division

and Colonel Barnard's brigade of the light division were ordered to attack the height on which the enemy stood, and the 3rd and 6th, which till now had been unengaged, advanced to support it. Barnard's troops, with an impetuosity which could not be withstood, gained the summit of the hill, while the 52nd, the manœuvres of which had been almost unperceived, charged suddenly and unexpectedly a battalion connecting Foy's division with D'Armenac's, Picton and Clinton were simultaneously marching on their flanks, and forming a combination of attacks, which in a very short time threw the whole into confusion. Reille, who commanded the right wing, was forced to retreat to re-form in a new position, and Wellington instantly took advantage of the circumstance to hurry the 7th and 4th divisions with Vivian's cavalry and two batteries through the pass of St. Boës. One of the latter immediately opened on D'Armenac's columns, and the 42nd delivered so deadly a fusillade on the cavalry that advanced to attack it, that they were compelled to retreat. A hand-to-hand fight ensued, but the French positions being turned, the enemy was soon dislodged from the mountains; and Soult seeing that he could not restore the day, commenced a retrogressive movement. At first this was executed with admirable steadiness; but Wellington had made a disposition that completely check-mated his opponent. Hill had, at his request, forced the bridge of Orthez, and had commenced a rapid advance along a ridge parallel to that on which the defeated army had to retire to Sault de Navailles. The fear of being cut off at Salespice quickened their pace, and soon made the French get into confusion. Hill also accelerated his movements until it became a downright race. Sir Stapleton Cotton charged the flying troops with the 7th Hussars, and succeeded in cutting off about 2000 in an inclosed field. They threw down their arms; but by some mismanagement the greater part were enabled to recover their weapons, and to escape. The chase was continued till dark, but Lord Wellington receiving a painful concussion from his sword pommel, which had been struck by a spent shot, was unable to urge the pursuit with his accustomed vigour, which would, in all probability have inflicted a very serious loss on the enemy. As it was, their casualties in killed, wounded and prisoners, amounted to at least 5000 men, and nearly twice as many more conscripts threw down their arms as soon as the battle was lost, and fled to their own homes. The English losses were 234 killed, 1700 wounded, and 64 missing.

Toulouse was yet to be fought, and so obstinately was this battle contested, that the French, with ludicrous audacity, claim it as a victory. Soult's position was a most formidable one, being defended by the river, the Languedoc canal, and several marshes and hills,



Beresford with his wing commenced operations by marching over some most difficult ground to the attack, and by carrying the village of Montblanc. Freyre then moved forward with his Spaniards under a very heavy fire of both musketry and cannon, and soon gained the heights of Pugade, where his men lodged themselves under some banks, close to the enemy's entrenchments. They then attempted the heights of Calvinct, but were driven back with great loss. They rallied, but as soon as they approached a hollow road which lay in their path, the French opened upon them such a tremendous fire that they fled in the utmost panic. Lord Wellington immediately covered them with Ponsonby's cavalry, and a heavy fire of reserve artillery, which, joined to a threatened movement of the light division, soon compelled their pursuers to retire. Meanwhile Picton had been ordered to make a false attack on the bridge of Jumeau, but rashly leading his men across ground on which they were exposed to a most awful fire, to reach works which could only be taken by escalade, he suffered a loss of 400 men, and a decisive repulse. Soult had now only to improve the advantage thrown in his way, to have secured a brilliant victory. In the interim, however, Beresford having left his artillery at Montblanc, had been making with the fourth and sixth divisions a flank movement of two miles over marshy ground, never out of cannon range, and often within musket shot; and having now completed his dangerous and difficult march, he formed at the foot of the French position, a height crowned by 14,000 infantry. Scarcely were his preliminaries arranged when he was furiously attacked, but a shower of rockets threw the French troops into disorder; a gallant charge, and the hill was mounted, and two redoubts carried at the bayonet's point. The combat was now suspended; and, during the truce, Soult reinforced his right with his reserves, and Beresford received his artillery. About two o'clock, a Highland and a Portuguese brigade, which in the failure of Freyre's opening attack had maintained their ground under cover of a hill, suddenly assaulted and won the redoubts of Colombette and Calvinct, with the other defences there. The French retorted by a murderous fire and a tremendous onslaught, but though they regained Colombette, they could not drive the Highlanders from the hill. The sixth division now advanced, and forced the enemy back, so that the whole hill was once more in the hands of the allies. Beresford had also gained the greatest part of Mont Rave, and the battle was won—for Soult the next night abandoned the town, now open to fire from the heights, and made a forced march of twenty-two miles to Ville Franche. The losses on both sides were very great. On the English 595 were killed, 4,046 (including Generals Pack, Mendizabel, and Espelette) wounded, and eighteen

missing. Soult's loss might be a thousand less; but he left in the hands of the allies three generals (Harrispe, St. Hilaire, and Baurét), 1600 prisoners, eight cannons (one of which was taken in the fight), and an immense magazine of stores of every description. He had, in all, five generals disabled.

With this battle terminated the Peninsular war—for the fatal sortie from Bayonne cannot be included in the struggle; and Lord Wellington had now only to reap the rewards of his glorious and unequalled services. From all the powers of Europe he received the most gratifying marks of respect. The King of Spain addressed a letter to him, couched in the warmest terms of gratitude. The Emperor of Austria conferred on him the order of Maria Theresa; the King of Prussia, that of the Black Eagle; the Crown Prince of Sweden, the military order of the Sword. He was raised to a Dukedom in England, and received the thanks of Parliament; and on the 10th of May the House of Commons, in compliance with a message from the Prince Regent, voted him the interest of £400,000 consols, to be at any time commuted for that sum, and invested in the purchase of an estate to support his rank. His Grace took his seat in the House of Lords, and received the thanks of the assembled Peers in an eulogistic speech from the Lord Chancellor. On the 1st of July, the Duke personally thanked the House of Commons for the liberal provision they had made for him, and was received with the greatest honour and respect. In fact, the whole kingdom regarded him with the deepest feelings of veneration and gratitude.

The escape of Napoleon from Elba once more called the Duke into the field, and led to the crowning victory of Waterloo. That battle has been so often described that it is unnecessary to enter upon it here. We all know that it was, perhaps, the most signal battle that was ever fought, and made England the arbitress of the destinies of the world.

The loss of the British and German legion alone was computed at 11,000 and 700 officers in killed and wounded, and almost every officer of the Duke's staff had been struck down. The entire loss of the allied army was estimated at the lowest at 15,000 men, and might, with killed, wounded, and missing, be even reckoned at 20,000. The French loss was so enormous as almost to defy calculation.

The Duke himself has described the battle in a few words, in a letter to Marshal Beresford, dated 2nd July, 1815:—

"You will have heard of our battle of the 18th. Never did I see such a pounding match. Both were what the boxers call 'gluttons.' Napoleon did not manoeuvre at all. He just moved forward in the old style, in columns, and was driven off in the old style. The only difference was, that he mixed cavalry with his

infantry, and supported both with an enormous quantity of artillery.

"I had the infantry for some time in squares, and we had the French cavalry walking about us as if they had been our own. I never saw the British infantry behave so well."

The Duke of Wellington was exceedingly simple in his manners, and temperate in his habits. He was remarkable for the pith and epigrammatic point of his sayings, many of which have become proverbs; and, though not pretending to the character of a wit, no man, perhaps, has ever said so many good things. He was generous and charitable in an extraordinary degree, though these were qualities never associated with his character, and it was only in his last years, and by mere accident, that his munificence in this respect became known to the public. He slept little, and, whether from old military associations or for health sake, used a hard mattress and a camp bed. He even denied himself the luxury of a feather pillow, his head rested on a pillow of hair, covered with chamois leather, which was always carried for his use wherever he went from home. He appeared to avoid display in his dress, equipage, and attendants, preferring horse exercise to the state and luxury of a carriage; and even when increasing weakness rendered it a task of some difficulty to sit erect upon horseback, day after day he was still to be seen ambling slowly down to the House of Lords, touching his hat to the crowds assembled round the entrance to catch a glimpse of the veteran warrior. His household was a model of good order and good management. He incurred no debts, and his bills were discharged every week, with unflinching punctuality. He was assiduous in the management of Strathfieldsaye—a very bad investment of the public money, being so unproductive that he used to say it would have ruined any man but himself. He was a good and generous landlord, and universally beloved by his tenantry. His Waterloo banquets, which for many years drew around him all his surviving companions in arms in this his last glorious field, were the only exceptions to his usual indifference to display. On these occasions only the massive services of plate and priceless china, pictures, statues, and all the other favours, honors, and presents which had been conferred upon him by the Sovereigns of Europe, were not inappropriately displayed.

The Duke was called at half-past six, his usual hour for rising, on the morning of his death, but refused to get up, and on his valet coming to call him again at seven, he desired him to send for the apothecary. Mr. — of Walmer, his usual medical attendant, was accordingly summoned, and his Grace complained of a pain in his stomach, but as he had eaten a hearty dinner of venison on the previous evening, he was considered to be suffering

only from an attack of indigestion, and the practitioner merely ordered him a slight repast of dry toast and tea, without prescribing any medicine. Soon afterwards, however, the Duke was seized with an epileptic fit, and a succession of fits ensued, carrying the great soldier from the stage on which he had played so prominent a part, without affording him time to bid it adieu. Lord Charles Wellesley, his second son, was present at this last sad scene, but the Marquis of Douro had not this satisfaction, though he has since arrived from Baden Baden to discharge the last duties to the remains of his illustrious parent.

The titles of the deceased are perhaps the most numerous and varied ever bestowed on an individual. Duke of Wellington, and of Ciudad Rodrigo, and de Vittoria, Prince of Waterloo, Marquis of Torres Vedras, Conde de Vimiera, and Field Marshal of England (date 1817); also a Field Marshal in the armies of Russia, Prussia, Portugal, and the Netherlands; Captain General of Spain, and Grandee of the First Class; Colonel-in-Chief of the Rifle Brigade; Constable of the Tower and Dover Castle; Lord-Lieutenant of Hampshire and of the Tower Hamlets; Chancellor of the University of Oxford; Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports; Master of the Trinity House; President of the Military Academy; Governor of King's College, &c., &c.; Commander or Knight of seventeen foreign orders, and D.C.L. His Grace completed his 83rd year on the first of May last.

Tha Duke is succeeded by his son Arthur, Marquis of Douro, who was born in 1807. He is a Colonel in the army, and married in 1839 a daughter of the Marquis of Tweeddale.

#### THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S DESCENT FROM EDWARD I.

ONE of the most interesting facts connected with the Duke of Wellington's ancestry is, that his Grace descended, in an unbroken line, from the Royal House of Plantagenet, and was consequently of kin, though remotely, to Queen Victoria. This Royal descent may be thus explained:—

Edward I., King of England, had by his Queen, Eleanor of Castile, several children, of whom the eldest son was King Edward II., and the youngest daughter, the Lady Elizabeth Plantagenet, wife of Humphrey De Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, Constable of England. King Edward II., as is of course well known, was direct ancestor of the subsequent Royal Plantagenets, whose eventual heiress, the Princess Elizabeth of York, daughter of King Edward IV., married King Henry VII., and was mother of Margaret, Queen of Scotland, from whom Queen Victoria is eleventh in descent.

Reverting to the Lady Elizabeth Plantagenet, daughter of King Edward I., and wife of Humphrey De Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, we find that she was mother of a daughter, Lady Eleanor de Bohun, who married James, Earl of Ormonde, and was ancestress of the subsequent Peers of that illustrious house. Pierce, the 8th Earl of Ormonde (6th in descent from the Lady Elizabeth Plantag-



enet), left with other issue, daughter, Lady Helen Butler, who married Donogh, 2d Earl of Thomond, and was mother of Lady Margaret O'Brien, wife of Dermod, Lord Inchiquin, and ancestress of the latter Barons of that title. The Hon. Mary O'Brien, daughter of Dermod, 5th Lord Inchiquin, married Michael Boyle, Archbishop of Armagh, and Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and had by him a daughter, Eleanor Boyle, who became the wife of the Right Hon. William Hill, M.P., and grandmother of Arthur Hill, 1st Viscount Dungannon, whose daughter, Anne, Countess of Mornington, was mother of Arthur, 1st Duke of Wellington, who was, through these descents, 19th in a direct unbroken line from King Edward I.

EDWARD I., King of England—ELEANOR, dau. of Ferdinand of Castile.

Edward II., King of England=Isabel of France	Lady Elizabeth Plantagenet, dau. of King Edward } = { Humphrey Earl of Hereford
Edward III., King of England=Philippa of Haynault	Lady Eleanor de Bohun, 2d dau. of Humphrey Earl of Hereford } = { James Earl of Ormonde
Lionel of Antwerp, Duke of Clarence } = { Lady Elizabeth de Burgh	James, 2nd Earl of Ormonde=Elizabeth Darcey
Philippa, dau. and heir. of Lionel Duke of Clarence } = { Edmund, Earl of March	James, 3d Earl of Ormonde=Anne Welles
Roger Mortimer, Earl of March } = { Eleanor, dau. of Thomas, Earl of Kent	Sir Richard Butler, of Polestown, youngest son of James, 3d Earl of Ormonde } = { Catherine O'Reilly, of Cavan
Anne Mortimer, dau. and heir. } = { Richard Earl of Cambridge.	Sir Edward Butler, died 1464=Catherine O'Carroll
Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York } = { Cicely, dau. of Ralph, Earl of Westmoreland	Sir James Butler, died 1487=Sabina Cavanagh
Edward IV., King of England=Elizabeth Woodville	Pierce, 8th Earl of Ormonde= { Lady Margaret Fitzgerald
Lady Elizabeth Plantagenet, dau. and heir. } = { Henry VII., King of England	Lady Helen Butler, dau. of the Earl of Ormonde } = { Donogh, 2d Earl of Thomond
Lady Margaret Tudor, dau. and eventual co-heir. } = { James IV. King of Scotland	Lady Margaret O'Bryen, dau. of the Earl of Thomond } = { Dermod Lord Inchiquin
James V., King of Scotland=Magdalen of France	Murrough, Lord Inchiquin=Mabel Nugent
Mary, Queen of Scots=Henry, Lord Darnley	Murragh, Lord Inchiquin=Margaret Cusack
James VI. King of Scotland, and James I., of England } = { Anne of Denmark	Dermod, 5th Lord Inchiquin=Ellen Fitzgerald
The Princess Elizabeth dau. of King James I. } = { Frederick, King of Bohemia	Hon. Mary O'Bryen, dau. of Dermod, Lord Inchiquin } = { Michael Boyle, Archbishop of Armagh
The Princess Sophia, youngest dau. } = { Ernest Augustus, Elector of Hanover	Eleanor Boyle, dau. of the Archbishop } = { Right Hon. William Hill, M.P.
George I., King of England } = { Sophia Dorothea, of Zell	Right Hon. Michael Hill, M.P. } = { Anne Trevor, of Byrnkinalt
George II., King of England= { Caroline of Brandenburg	Arthur Hill, 1st Viscount Dungannon } = { Anne Stafford
Frederick Lewis, Prince of Wales } = { Augusta of Saxegotha	Hon. Ann Hill Trevor, eldest dau. } = { Garrett, 1st Earl of Mornington
George III., King of England } = { Charlotte of Mecklenburg	ARTHUR, Duke of Wellington, Field-Marshal, K.G. } = { 19th in a direct descent from King Edward I. }
Edward, Duke of Kent } = { Victoria Mary of Saxecoburg-Saalfeldt	
VICTORIA, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, 21st in a direct descent from King Edward I. }	

The curious in matters of pedigree may be still further pleased to learn that His Grace was 32nd in a direct descent from Alfred the Great, and 25th from William the Conqueror, His Grace's lineage from those famous warriors coming to him through King Edward I., who was great-great-great-great grandson of the latter, and a descendant in the 13th degree of the former.

SELECTIONS FROM THE ODES OF  
"HAFIZ," THE PERSIAN POET;

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH VERSE BY "ERRO,"

From an original translation by his father, with a short preliminary sketch.

In offering a few original translations from some of the odes of Hafiz, one of the principal poets of Persia, for the first time to the notice of the Canadian reader, we cannot help feeling that we are venturing upon what very many who have never even heard of his name, may consider dry and uninteresting ground. The era in which we live is, moreover, one in which verse has, as it were, outrun poetry—the mechanical has absorbed and overwhelmed the ideal. The great poets who shed such dazzling radiance upon the earlier part of the present century, have, for the most part, gone to their last long home; and they who were wont to listen to their strains, find few, if any, in these degenerate days, who can minister acceptable aliment to souls accustomed to such luscious food.

Not yet has the rugged yet tender spirit of old Scotia found a poet to stand before her upon whom she can gaze complacently, when in thought she turns to weep over the cold inanimate clay of Burns and Scott. And Erin, her twin-sister in sorrow, even yet veils her tearful eyes, bending over the broken lyre of Moore. For—

"The harp that once through Tara's halls  
The soul of music shed,  
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls  
As if that soul were fled."

In England, from whose bosom arose, almost at the same period, the genius of a Shelley, a Wordsworth, a Byron, a Coleridge, and a Southey,—how, in the luminous rays still shed upwards by that bright though departed constellation, shall the light of any newly-risen star, unless of the first magnitude, hope to render itself visible?

Not that I believe, as many are fond of proclaiming, that for the present poetry lies dead. Any one who looks much at the monthly literature of the day, will occasionally meet, amongst much that is heavy and lifeless as a December fog, indications, few and rare though they be, which, like the lightning's fitfully flashing athwart the darkened heavens, tell that the spirit there brooding may indeed slumber, but is not yet extinct. There is no want of talent which might be nurtured into genius; but the world is yet mourning over the still warm graves of her departed loved ones, and, like Rachel weeping for her children, refuses to be comforted, because they are not.

Nor is this the only disadvantage under which a writer of the present day labours. If poetry be, indeed, as some suppose, on the decline, surely there is no lack of verse. The press teems with it, and—

"Printer's devils shake their weary bones,"

But to what end? We have poems, (so called) of every size and sort, upon every subject, known and unknown. The social soil would even appear to be too rank for the crop, which rushing to maturity before its due time, presents truly to the grasp of the reaper abundance of straw, but containeth only here and there a stray sickly ear of grain, which, when winnowed and sifted from the rubbish with which it is encumbered, will rarely repay the toil necessary for obtaining it.

Another difficulty presents itself in the spirit and tendency of the age in which we live. This, as a clever living writer truly remarks, is essentially a mechanical age:—"Poetry, the workings of genius itself, which in all times, with one or another meaning, has been called inspiration, and held to be mysterious and inscrutable, is no longer without its scientific exposition. The building of the lofty rhyme is like any other masonry or bricklaying. We have theories of its rise, height, decline and fall; which latter, it would seem, is now near among all people." "Of natural talent there is no deficiency; one or two richly endowed individuals even give us a superiority in this respect. But what is the song they sing? Is it a tone of the Memnon statue breathing music as the *light* first touches it?—A 'liquid wisdom,' disclosing to our sense the deep, infinite harmonies of nature and man's soul? Alas! no. It is not a matin or vesper hymn to the spirit of all beauty,—but a fierce clashing of cymbals and shouting of multitudes, as children pass through the fire to Moloch! Poetry, itself, has no eye for the invisible. Beauty is no longer the god it worships, but some brute image of strength, which we may well call an idol,—for true strength is one and the same with beauty,—and its worship also is a hymn. The meek, silent light, can mould, create and purify all nature; but the loud whirlwind, the sign and product of disunion, of weakness, passes on and is forgotten."

The great, and indeed almost the only question now asked by the world is—will it Pay?—What is the amount of tangible, computable profit to be derived from it? The world no longer is a world worshipping in faith. Whatever cannot be handled, measured and demonstrated, is no longer believed or followed; and the worshippers of the ideal and inspired, a few poor, houseless, homeless, and despised wanderers, must either brood sorrowfully and silently over the ruins of departed glory, or preach in low wailings to insensate ears, truths which are only regarded as the ravings of insanity, or the mutterings of delirium or idiocy. The age of Poetry, of faith, has indeed, for a time, departed, but not, assuredly, for ever. Though her prophets, for a while, may be driven by the din of the laborers working at the new Babel, to the caves and wildernesses, yet shall the latent spark



not die, but eventually, when what is now thought light, hath been discovered to be but mental delusion,—shall burst forth with renewed splendour, shedding a purer fairer ray through the clouds which obscured it,—as the rising moon dissipates with its mild and enduring beams, the storms and thick darkness of night.

We cannot help feeling that in dealing with any subject not of the practical, mechanical nature of which we have spoken, we are, in a great measure wasting our labour; but we would fain hope that even here amidst the almost untrodden western wilds, there are some few in whose breasts a love of the ideal, still, like an echo of childhood, lingers; who, while they calmly admit that the mine is one which can never yield the metal for which all are striving, are yet willing to take it for what it is worth, and to believe even yet farther, that the time may come when these despised pursuits shall yield them a higher and purer enjoyment—

"Than all Bokhara's vaunted gold,  
Or all the gems of Samarcand,"

And who would join their tears with those of the weeping poet, while he exclaims:—

"And thou sweet Poesy, thou loveliest maid,  
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;  
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame  
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame.  
Dear charming nymph! neglected and derided,  
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride:  
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,  
That found me poor at first and keep'st me so:  
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel.  
Thou nurse of every virtue—fare thee well!"

Mahomed Schemseddin Hafiz, who has been called, we cannot help thinking from a mistaken view of his writings, "the Anacreon of Persia," was born at Shirauz, probably about the beginning of the fourteenth century; as we hear of him at that place, at the period of its subjection by Timour, better known to Europeans as Tamerlane, which word is a corruption of Timour-lung, signifying Timour the lame, he having been lame from his youth. The occasion to which we refer was as follows:—In one of his odes, which has been beautifully, though rather freely paraphrased by Sir W. Jones, the poet, speaking of some youthful beauty, exclaims:—

"If that lovely girl of Shirauz would accept of my heart, I would give for the mole upon her cheek the cities of Samarcand and Bokhara."

The Tartar conqueror, upon taking possession of the city, commanded Hafiz to appear before him, and with real or apparent displeasure, demanded of him by what right he had disposed of his two finest cities for the mole upon the cheek of his mistress.

"Can the gifts of Hafiz ever impoverish Timour?" was the reply which changed the displeasure of the monarch into admiration, and produced reward instead of punishment.\*

It is related of him that he knew the Koran by heart, and for this reason received the surname of Hafiz. He died at Shirauz in 1377, and a magnificent tomb was erected over his remains by Kurreem Khan, one of the kings of Persia, who died, A.D., 1779. This tomb, with many other monuments in the neighbourhood of Shirauz, including that of the no less celebrated Saadi, was destroyed by the earthquake of 1825.

As one of the many proofs of the estimation in which the poet's memory is held by his countrymen, we are told by Sir J. Malcolm, that this pious act of Kurreem Khan's was one of the most popular of his reign, with the inhabitants of a city whose highest boast is that of being the birth-place of him whose memory he so greatly honoured.

"The natives of Persia, says the same author, "are enthusiastically devoted to poetry; the meanest artisan of the principal cities of that kingdom, can read or recite some of the finest passages of their most admired authors; and even the rude and unlettered soldier leaves his tent to listen with rapture to the strain of the minstrel who sings a mystic song of divine love. I was forcibly struck with this fact during my residence in Persia. I found several of my servants well acquainted with the poetry of their country, and when at Isfahan, in 1800, I was surprised to hear a common tailor, who was at work repairing one of my tents, entertain his companions by repeating some of the finest of the mystical odes of Hafiz."

The following sketch of this celebrated tomb, as it appeared in 1810, taken on the spot by the father of the writer of this paper, may not be considered altogether misplaced:—

"At the distance of half a mile from the city of Shirauz, to the right of the road leading towards Isfahan, is the tomb of the celebrated Persian poet, Hafiz. It is pleasantly situated upon a gently rising ground, near the foot of the mountains that form the north and north-east boundary of the plain of Shirauz, and within two hundred yards of the "rosy bowers," as Hafiz described them, "of Mosulla." I ought to remark, by the way, that at the present time there is not even the shadow of a tree nor the vestige of a rose-bush to be seen. A small ruin is all that now remains of that spot which the Persian poets have so luxuriantly described, and which through them has deceived all the moderns of Europe. It is rather a singular thing, that every European who visits Persia, expects to find it all that is beautiful, and Shirauz, "Jennet Turrau," charming as Paradise, as the Persian poets wantonly call it, whereas the strongest feeling experienced by travellers on visiting this celebrated place, is one of deep disappointment.

When we read of a "*Bang e dil Goosha*,"

\* Vide Malcolm's History of Persia.

or a garden whose beauties dilate and expand the heart, and that even—

"Eden cannot show  
A stream so clear as Rocknabad,  
A bower so sweet as Mosellay."

We are naturally led to expect something at least equal, if not superior, to what we have been accustomed to behold in our native land. He, however, who expects to find in modern Persia, scenery that can bear to be compared with the commonest picturesque views of England, will be miserably disappointed. The "heart-expanding" garden has not in reality, at the present day, the smallest claim to the high-sounding title they have conferred upon it. The days of chivalry are past, and those of avarice, pride, and tyranny, have succeeded. The once rosy bowers of Mosellay are no more,—a little insignificant ruin is all that now remains of that spot which Hafiz has immortalized; and the classic stream of Rocknabad is now but an insignificant little rill that would be stepped over an hundred times in Europe, without being regarded.

The building which at present stands near the tomb of this poet, was built by Kurreem Khan, one of the late Kings of Persia, and is one among the many specimens yet remaining of the care that monarch bestowed to preserve and do honour to whatever he thought was an ornament to the nation. Within this enclosure, which is formed of yellow bricks, there is a small garden and several lofty cypress trees: the one at whose foot the remains of Hafiz are laid, is a particularly fine tree, proud, as it were, of overshadowing his rest. Four years ago, there were three or four of these old and stately cypress trees, but a late minister of Shirauz cut one of them down, as he wanted a little timber!

Within the enclosure is a building where the people of the city retire to drink coffee and smoke calliaces; and those who are less rigid Mahomedans, to drink wine and make merry. A Derbeesh always resides here, and subsists on the donations of those who visit the place, either for the purposes above mentioned, or to consult the "Dewan," or book of his odes, which is kept here, and deemed oracular.

The tomb of Hafiz is placed at the foot of the large cypress before mentioned, about the centre of the square enclosure. It is covered with a large slab of white marble, which they say was brought from Tabreez, upon which two of his odes are very beautifully cut, in relief, with some Arabic sentences, of which the following are a translation:—"Thou alone art permanent, while everything else is perishable." Beneath this is one of his odes, as follows:—

Oh tell me love, in words divine,  
That fate ordains thee to be mine;  
Haste, breathe it quick, in strains that glow,  
And let me quit this life of woe.

A Bird of Paradise am I,  
My home, the mansions of the sky;  
I sigh to quit this nether sphere,  
For nought but snares and toils are here.

By the true faith in thee I have.  
Would'st thou but deign to call me slave,  
I would not hope nor wish to be  
Reserved for greater dignity.

When the cold earth shall shroud this breast,  
Do thou but pass above my rest,  
And from the grave, with ardour sweet,  
My soul shall bound to kiss thy feet.

Oh God! from clouds of mercy pour  
The life-renewing rain, before  
I from this mortal pathway spring,  
Like dust upon the breeze's wing.

Sit on my grave, dear friend, rejoice,  
Call for the wine and minstrel's voice;  
'Twill cheer me in the sacred gloom,  
And bring me dancing from the tomb!

If age has quelled my warm desire;  
If time hath dimmed my youthful fire;  
Press me one night to thy warm breast,  
And morn, with youth shall see me blest!

Fair idol of my soul, arise,—  
Display thy graces to our eyes;  
That Hafiz-like,\* with heartfelt glee  
I may resign the world for thee.

Written round the preceding ode is another from his own works, of which the following is an imitation:—

Be thou the slave of Hlm, my soul,  
Who formed this wondrous, mighty whole;  
And be thyself a little king,  
Protected by his favoring wing.

How insignificant, how vain,  
A thousand of the Kharij† train:  
Proclaim it far in every land,  
How low in servile ranks they stand.

Allah, to-day thy mercies shed  
Life's fragrant incense o'er my head;  
Oh say that thou when time shall end  
Wilt be my advocate and friend.

Those who confess not Allah pure,  
Nor in his goodness rest secure;  
Tho' in the garb of virtue drest,  
Are infidels within the breast.

The sacred tomb where Reza lies  
Chief of religion, good and wise,  
Kiss with a fervent, pious breath,  
And on his threshold rest till death.

\* In writing an ode, it is customary amongst the Persians to introduce the name of the author, into the last couplet or stanza. I have endeavoured to accomplish this in the English renderings I have given.—ERRO.

† A sect of Soofees. The Kharijah are a sect of Soofees, who are accused of being gross sensualists.



Hafiz! thy faithful zeal bestow  
On him who placed thee here below;  
Bold in the path of Virtue tread,  
Tho' dangers thicken round thy head.

At the upper corners of the tombstone is the following verse from another of his odes:

When near my tomb your footsteps measure,  
Ask of my shade some blessing dear;  
For all who've sipped the goblets treasure,  
On pilgrimage will hasten here.

In the lower left-hand corner. "The lamp of Wisdom, Khaja Hafiz."

In the lower right-hand corner. "Seek the era of his death in the words ——" here some Persian letters follow, which, calculating the numbers they contain, and adding them together, correspond to 791 of the Hejira.\* Now† 475 years ago.

We had scarcely reached his tomb, before the Dervish who always resides here, brought out the large book of his odes before mentioned, and placed it upon the tombstone. This copy of Hafiz is supposed to be the most correct of any; it is written in a large legible hand, and every stranger consults it to know his destiny.

The manner in which this is done I copy from the work of one who visited the tomb with my father.

"The person desiring to know his fortune, first invokes Hafiz, by the ringlets of his mistress, to speak the truth; then shutting his eyes, he opens the book, and the first stanza at the seventh page, is deemed oracular. His countrymen are fond of relating the first occasion when this was done."

"Hafiz had, when he died, many disciples who conceived him to be a pattern of virtue. These contended he was a Sooffee, or Philosophical devotee, and that all his poems were mystical, but his enemies, at the head of whom were the Moulahs, or orthodox priests of the Mahomedans, said he was an infidel, and that his works were seductive and wicked. These latter insisted that he was not entitled to the religious rites of burial. It was at last agreed that the dispute should be terminated by consulting his Dewan, or Book of Odes in the manner described. The Heaven-directed finger fell on the following distich:—

"O! turn not your steps from the obsequies of Hafiz;  
Tho' immersed in sin, he will rise into Paradise."

The triumph of the friends of Hafiz was complete, and his remains were deposited with all due honours in the tomb."

Many other examples are related of very appropriate passages presenting themselves upon these odes being consulted. I shall only mention one or two more.

When Shah Ismael of the Safivean race, commanded that the tombs of his adversaries should be destroyed, it happened that Moolla

Muggus,\* the Kings High Priest, came to the tomb of Hafiz, and was actively assisting in erasing it, agreeably to the orders he had received from his Sovereign, his readiness to perform the command, however, seemed more to be instigated by private animosity, than by any principle of religious difference. Upon taking a "Paul" from the Odes of the Poet, this couplet presented itself.

"Thou Fly! the abode of the Simurgh† is not thy sporting place. Thou art blasting thine own reputation, and giving me trouble."

I will only mention one more, tho' many others are equally appropriate.

Shah Tamash one day in play lost a signet-ring from his finger, which he estimated very highly. The carpets of the room were all removed, and every search made to recover it, but in vain. It happened that a copy of the odes of Hafiz was in the room, and the King resolved to consult it upon the subject. The book being opened the following couplet presented itself.

"He who possesses Jemshud's Goblet‡ knows that which is concealed.

What cause of grief is there, though a seal should be lost for a moment!"

The King in astonishment at the aptitude of the couplet to the subject, struck his hand violently upon his knee, and the ring which had become entangled in the lining of his garment, being liberated by the blow, rolled upon the floor, and was picked up and restored to the monarch.

Having said so much concerning his tomb, which may be considered the more interesting, as it has since been utterly destroyed; we propose before offering a few specimens to our readers, to say a few words upon his writings in general.

The most opposite views on this point are entertained both by his own countrymen and Europeans. This difference of opinion did not terminate when his body was laid in the tomb. Europeans who have studied the subject have been led to form conflicting opinions; some deeming them licentious and immoral, while others conceive that a hidden and mystical meaning lies in his wildest flights; and that while speaking apparently of the delights of women and wine, his thought were dwelling upon far higher subjects, and, he was in fact, moralizing in a lofty strain of allegory. This latter view, certainly, corresponds with our

\* "Muggus" in the Persian language signifies "a fly," and is the very word used in the couplet of Hafiz referred to.

† The Simurgh is a fabulous bird corresponding to the Roc of the Arabian Nights Entertainments; the word is also sometimes used when speaking of an Eagle.

‡ Jemshud is one of the fabulous kings of Persia, and founder of Persepolis, which is called "Tukht-e-Jemshud," or "the Throne of Jemshud." He possessed a resplendent cup or rather mirror, in which he saw at one glance everything in creation. He tried to make his throne Celestial, and proclaimed himself a God, but was punished by the loss of power and life, and the destruction of Persepolis, the mansion of his pride."

\* Heigra or Hejirah, the Mahomedan era.

† Viz. in 1852—475 years ago, making the period of his death 1377, A.D.

own, and one of the verses taken from his odes which we give below, so clearly seems to express his own opinion on this subject, that we think it ought to stand foremost as a motto to all translations of his works.

"I hide in the words which my fancy inspires,  
Like the odour which dwells in the dew-sprinkled rose;  
And he, who to see me now burns with desires,  
Must view me in thoughts which my writings disclose."

Even in Persia, however, these odes are used for the most opposite purposes, being chanted as songs to excite the young and dissipated to pleasure, and recited as hymns to remind the old and devout of the rapture of Divine love. It must be remembered, however, that Hafiz was a Sooffee, or Philosophical and religious devotee; and "among many classes of Sooffees the natural feelings which man has on earth, and the immortal longings of the soul after its Creator, are deemed inseparable; and with a poet of this persuasion, it was likely that the subjects should be so blended as to render it impossible to distinguish when he meant to sing of earthly and when of heavenly joys."\*

The morality of Hafiz is most doubted by foreigners, and his descriptions of the pleasurable effects of wine, &c., are certainly such as incline us to believe he was not altogether writing from hearsay. His commentators, however, defend the morality of his writings.

We close these prefatory remarks, which have extended already far beyond the limits we had originally assigned them, by a few remarks from the pen of the translator of the manuscript odes before us. If a thorough knowledge of the language, and a long residence among the people, entitle his opinions to respect, these qualifications, united to an earnest study of the subject under consideration, have not been wanting:—

"When the odes of Hafiz come to be better understood, I have no doubt but their mystical meaning will be found to allude to the Supreme Being; and that *He* is allegorically represented by everything that is lovely in nature. Thus—the "moon-faced beauties," "cupbearers," &c., of Hafiz, are for the most part, I suspect, allusions to the Deity; and "curling locks," "sweet odors," &c., his attributes,—inasmuch as they are the appendages of beauty.

"The sun and the moon are constantly introduced, allegorically, as objects of praise and adoration; and warmth, light, &c., as their attributes. The more I read of Hafiz, indeed, the more he brings conviction to my mind that,

"The love which fills his reed is love divine."

"The allusion to worldly objects is, in many of his odes, indeed remarkably strong; and there are few readers (I mean European) who would be disposed to give him credit for more

than this; and yet I feel convinced, that most, if not all, educated Persians, as Sir Wm. Jones remarked of the Turks at Constantinople, understand the odes in no other way than as allusions to the Deity in the highest, and as it certainly sometimes is, the sublimest strain of metaphor.

"I remember a Moonshee\* I once had, when reading these odes with me, bursting into the wildest exclamations of praise, at one or two passages, which, I am sure, nine Europeans out of ten, would have considered actually indecent, and whose allegorical meaning, at all events, I found it impossible to render decently into intelligible English."

It is a peculiarity in all Persian odes that the writer introduces his name into the last stanza. This I have retained in the English versification.

Having already attempted to show that the odes of Hafiz are not, in all cases, to be literally understood. I shall, in the first few which I propose to include in this sketch, choose some of those in which even an ordinary reader may readily trace the mystical meaning referred to. If my efforts to interest a few Canadian readers in the subject, shall prove successful, I may, at a future day, contribute another leaf from the manuscript.

#### ODE 1.

Where the wine-streams daily flow,  
Where the drinkers nightly lie;  
Where the golden goblets glow,  
And the care-worn, grief-defy;  
Wonderful that I should know  
Here, thy light Divinity! †

Pilgrim old, upbraid no more,  
Sight is mine beyond thine own;  
Let my spirit higher soar  
Than thy thoughts have ever flown—  
Thou the mansion may'st adore,  
I, the master on his throne!

Fain would I through ether blue,  
Follow thee my soul's delight,  
Fain thy odorous locks undo,  
And behold thee in thy night;  
Vain the phantom I pursue—  
Thou art far beyond my sight.

All the griefs my heart hath known,  
All the tears mine eyes have wept,  
Morning sigh and nightly moan,  
Floods of war that o'er me swept;  
Springing from thy love alone,  
Bowed the head thy kindness kept.

Many a wild mysterious tale  
Fancy speaks of thee and thine;  
Could she paint thee, and not fail  
To pourtray thy form divine;  
Who would step behind her veil,  
Who to listen would incline?

\* Moonshee is the name given to a Persian teacher of the language,—literally, I believe, a secretary.

† "The Sooffees," says Aga-Mahomet-Ali, "deems everything in the world a type of the beauty and power of the Divinity."

\* For a full account of the views and tenets of the Sooffees, see "Malcolm's Persia."



Let the balmy East bestow  
All her fragrance.—Let the pale  
Fainting flowers of evening throw  
All their fragrance down the gale;  
None such sweetness ere may know  
As from Zephyr I inhale.

Hafiz writes in wanton mood,  
Let him not thine ear offend;  
Little is he understood  
Could his words such meaning lend.  
Blame him not—here may be good,  
Since he calleth God his friend.

## ODE 2.

Thou hast dwelt in my heart, I have nurtured  
thee there,  
Have fed thee with kisses, and fanned thee with  
sighs,

Till nought that is lovely on earth can compare  
With the glorious image my fancy supplies!  
I longed to be great—and I made me thy slave—  
For sovereignty sighed, and thy service I chose;  
I questioned the wind, and importuned the wave,  
But Nature would nowhere thy dwelling disclose.  
I quaffed the rich goblet,\* and dreams ever sweet  
I purchased for thee—I reclined in thine arms.  
Oh bear me kind breezes, the dust from her feet,  
And fan me with odors exhaled from her charms.

Oh loved and long-sought one, no longer depart,  
For thou art the moon to the tide of my woes;  
The breath of whose kisses expandeth my heart,  
As the south-wind of summer unfoldeth the rose!  
Thine arrows have pierced me, ah do not despise  
Thy Hafiz, who swears by the Heavens above,  
That no other ray shall illumine his eyes,  
Than that which proceeds from the light of thy  
love.

## ODE 3.

From thy musky curls of jet,  
From thy eyes serenely blue,  
Doth the fainting violet,  
All her borrowed sweets renew:  
From thy lips with kisses wet,  
Roses gather fragrant dew.

Oh my rosebud of delight,  
Do thy Nightingale no wrong;  
Still for thee he wakes the night  
With his sweet melodious song;  
Wafting to the starry height,  
Prayers for thee and pleadings strong.

I, who when the Angels speak,  
Deemed their voices cold and tame,  
Longing wearily to make  
Closer mention of thy name,  
Unrepining for thy sake,  
Bear the world's reproach and shame.

Love for thee is my delight:  
Yea, threshold of thy door  
Is the Heaven of my sight,  
Of my shipwrecked soul, the shore.  
Destiny with iron might,†  
Made me love thee and adore.

\* The goblet which Hafiz here speaks of was surely not wine, but knowledge, wisdom, or something analogous is to be understood.—EABO.

† The Soofies are all predestinarians, and Hafiz frequently speaks of "Tyrant Fate," "Iron Destiny," &c.

Tho' a beggar's robe me holds,  
If within it Love should lie;  
That old battered garb enfolds,  
What may laugh at poverty;  
He who becomes poor for thee,  
Shall arrive at sovereignty.

Fancy paints thy form divine,  
And my yearning bosom knows  
In its depths a holy shrine,  
where the image finds repose;  
May the mansion of my breast,  
Never be without its guest.

Like a garden full of flowers.  
Fanned by everlasting spring,  
Is thy cheer,—Times wasting hours  
Spare its graceful blossoming.  
Hafiz is a singing bird  
In the shady valleys heard.

A Wesleyan clergyman, it appears, advertised a barbecue, with better *liquors* than are generally furnished. When all were assembled, a desperado cried out, "Mr. Denton, you have deceived us. You promised not only a good barbecue, but better liquor. "Where's the liquor?"—"THERE!" answered the missionary, in tones of thunder, and, pointing his motionless finger at the matchless double spring gushing up in two strong columns, from the earth.—"There!" he replied, with a look terrible as lightning, while his enemy actually trembled at his feet; "there is the liquor which God, the eternal, brews for all his children. Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires choked with poisonous gasses, surrounded with the stench of sickening odours and corruptions, doth your Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life—the pure cold water; but in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play, there God brews it; and down, low down in the deepest valleys, where the fountain murmurs and the rills sing, and high upon the mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm cloud broods and the thunder storms crash, and away far out on the wide wild sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big wave rolls the chorus, sweeping the march of God, there he brews, that beverage of life, health-giving water. And every where it is a thing of life and beauty—gleaming in the dew-drop; singing in the summer rain; shining in the ice gem, till the trees all seem turned to living jewels, spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the cataract; dancing in the hail shower; sleeping in the glacier; folding its bright snow curtains softly about the wintry world, and weaving in the many colored sky, that seraph's zone of the syren, whose warp is the rain drops of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all checked over with celestial flowers, by the mystic hand of refraction. Still always it is beautiful—that blessed life water! no poisonous bubbles on its brink: its foam brings not madness and murder;—no blood stains its liquid glass;—pale widows and starving orphans weep not burning tears in its depths; Speak out, my friends, would you exchange it for the demon's drink, alcohol?" A shout like the roar of a tempest, answered, "NO!"

## FOREST GLEANINGS.

BY MRS. TRAIL,

*Authoress of the "Backwoods of Canada."*

## THE BLOCK-HOUSE.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE FATHER AND SON.

IN a wild and secluded portion of the hilly and romantic neighbourhood of the village of — there is still to be seen, in the very heart of the forest, the remains of a log-cabin. The naked stones that once formed the chimney, mark its exact site, but a new and vigorous growth of underwood has usurped the place once occupied by the garden, and hidden the fallen logs beneath its umbrageous foliage. The road still used by the lumberers passes through what was once a flourishing orchard: the fruit-laden branches of the mossy old apple trees form a source of wealth to the children of the neighbouring settlers, who come to gather the unclaimed spoils as soon as they are in an eatable condition,—sharing the ripe plum and wild cherry with many a saucy blue jay, red-headed wood-pecker, and blue-bird. Not far onwards the road winds till it reaches the head of a wild, deep glen, through which dashes at a rapid rate, a beautiful brawling stream, which, if you might form any judgment from the steep banks and lofty rounded capes and headlands that rise so boldly from its edge, forming a ridge of rounded hills, stretching far back on either side, clothed with pine, balsam, and hemlock, with here and there an oak or maple, to relieve the sombre shade, you would readily suppose had once been a mighty river of breadth and volume. Here and there its course is interrupted by mimic islands, on which are rough wild plums, high bush cranberries and hawthorns. On the banks of the creek there is a saw-mill, which is worked by the water; and high above the mill, not less than a hundred feet, stands an old block-house: it seems as if built against the face of the steep hill, and the rude zig-zag fence of rough rail that encloses the field beyond, forms in the distance a sort of balcony as you look upward. The site of the house is peculiarly picturesque, as it looks down from its airy height through the glen, and it is warm, for it faces the south, and is sheltered by the higher ground behind its walls. The building is in the style of the old Dutch houses of squared pine logs, with a double verandah, one forming an additional summer-room, into which the two apartments on the basement story open; the other a broad balcony above, to which access is given by a flight of steps from the outer part of the building at the gable end. A road had been cut in front of the house, which gave access to the valley below, and branches off to the distant settlements. A painter would delight in the

sylvan wildness of the scene: the lights and shades are so bold, the dancing bubbling waters so bright; those masses of evergreens, the rocky bluffs with those wild tangled creepers, that festoon the hanging roots which jut out above the waters; those far-off pine-clad heights, that fade away in the hazy horizon,—are subjects worthy of his study. In spring or summer, when the leaves are greenest and the blossoms fairest, the spot is lovely, and not less so when dressed in the gorgeous tints of the fading year; and even when winter has stripped the trees, there is beauty in the frozen cascades,—the clustered icicles that hang from the mill-wheels and slides. Those light, bowery trees, that overhang the frozen stream, are converted, as by the wand of a magician, into plumes of diamonded feathers. But it is a summer afternoon: we will look within the mill. Two men are there—a father and son. The brow of the elder of the two is deeply furrowed, and there are lines written by passion and care, as well as by age. There is something sensual in the lip, and the eye looks cold and gloomy. There is the stamp of something above the common artisan or farmer—the figure and carriage are those of a gentleman. The younger is a youth not exceeding nineteen: the outline of the head is fine; the eye of that dark mixed grey, something resembling the hue of the onyx-stone; the brows are dark, the lashes long and black; the eye is thoughtful, but at times flashes out with hasty brightness; the nose is high and aquiline in form; the lips full, red, and proudly curved; the face indicates passion and determination and determination of will; his hair is black, glossy, and slightly waving.

There seems to be little inclination to converse between the father and son. A few casual remarks about the work of the mill pass: the tone of the father is stern and harsh; the answers of the son are cold and laconic.

"Look to the mill, Philip; bring me the key when you have posted the books; see to the cattle, and come in to your supper."

"There is nothing to steal here," muttered the young man, "and as to supper, I want none."

"Ungracious boy, do not bandy words with me. Your part is to obey and do my bidding, or it may be the worse for you."

Philip muttered something in an under tone, but if meant for his father's ears, the words were lost in the ceaseless clash of the mill-wheels.

Folding his arms, the young man watched with a gloomy countenance, his father's retreating figure, as he wound his way slowly up the steep path that led to the dwelling-house.

"Nineteen, to-day; nineteen years old to-day, so says Sarah; and treated like a boy—a boy, did I say!—a hireling without wages,—a slave! Well, this cannot last. My father's



temper becomes worse and worse every day ; and then my mother !—what a home is mine ! I am very miserable,—but it must come to an end. Did he not, this very day, threaten to set me adrift in the world ? Well, be it so. And who will be the loser by that ?” And he laughed bitterly.

“ Philip, Philip !” said a low sweet voice near him, and a young girl, apparently about seventeen years of age, stepped lightly along the open timbers, and across a pile of slanting boards, and in another minute was at his side. “ Is your father here, Philip,” she said, casting a furtive glance round.

“ He left the mill just now, Alice, and is gone up to the house, not in the most amiable of moods.”

The girl looked at Philip ; a shade of sorrow was in her fair sweet face, but she sighed and was silent ; perhaps she read the trace of discontent and sorrow in the expressive face of her companion, and was grieved. After a silence of a few minutes, she looked up, and said,—“ Philip, will you come over to the cottage, to-day ? My father has gone out for a ride, but said he would be glad to find you when he returned. He said,” and she dropped her blue eyes towards the ground, “ that if you found it dull, you could get the key of the book-case, where you would find some of your sort of books, you know,—those dull books, full of lines, and triangles, and circles.”

Philip half smiled as he replied—“ Thank you, Alice, I may be glad of the books, which I find everything but dull.”

There was a half-checked smile on Alice Sackville's little rosy mouth, but it was unheeded by Philip, who added, “ but I cannot come yet. I have the cattle to look to, and the books—that is the account of lumber sold to-day—to post up.”

“ Philip, I can feed the cattle for you,” said Alice.

“ Nonsense, I can do it myself,” he replied, a smile curving his red lip as he stole a half glance at the young girl from beneath his long black lashes.

“ I could post the books for you, I am sure. I can write very nicely, better than you can ; for your's is a stiff black hand, and takes up a great deal of room, and mine is neat and small, besides I can cast up sums quite well ; only just try me for once.”

“ You know nothing about book-keeping, or measurements of timber. A pretty rage my father would be in if he saw your little scribbling hand in his books.”

“ It is a sad pity your father is so cross,” said Alice. “ I wish he were as kind to you, Philip, as mine is to me.”

“ Or as your father is to me, Alice,” said Philip, sighing, “ but gossiping with you will not do my work.”

“ Philip, shall you be soon done ? I can

wait half an hour,” and Alice seated herself on the butt end of a saw log.

“ You had better not wait for me, Alice. I may be detained more than half an hour, and I know my way to Woodlands, I should think without a guide,” was the ungallant reply ; “ besides, I must speak to Sarah. Do you know, Alice, that this is my birth-day ?”

“ Your birth-day, Philip ! Then I should not have asked you to come to see my father. Your mother will be vexed if you go out this evening.”

“ Not she ! She never notices my birth-day. You are quite mistaken if you think she cares where I spend my birth day. She never notices it, or even mentions it. Sarah is the only one who speaks of it to me.”

“ How old is Sarah ?” asked Alice.

“ I do not know her exact age, but I think she is only just turned of thirty. She says she was only a girl of twelve years of age when we left England. I was a babe of a year old.”

“ I do not like that woman, Sarah, Philip ; she is a strange creature, but she is very fond of you, I believe.”

“ Indeed she is,” said Philip, laughing ; “ she is as jealous of me as if she were my wife. She would not speak civilly to you, Alice, if she saw you here with me, or knew how often you came through the glen in search of your cow.”

There was something that jarred on the ears of Alice strangely at this, to her, disagreeable remark : she felt the warm blood mount to her cheek. “ Did she come too often through the glen ?—and did Philip think so as well as Sarah !” Alice started from the end of the log, and bidding Philip a hasty good-bye, in a few minutes was hidden among the shrubs that skirted the winding path that led among the hills towards her father's cottage.

Why did Philip linger on the entrance of the mill, to watch the waving of Alice's dress, as she passed among the bushes, and the fluttering of the ribbons that floated loosely from her wide coarse straw hat on the light summer breeze ? Perhaps my readers can guess : we will not try. Nor why he felt his spirit calmed and soothed since the young girl had been talking with him ; for there was nothing in what she had said to drive away the angry brooding spirit. Perhaps it was the frank, confiding manner, and the bright sunny smile, that had stolen over him. At any rate, it was pleasant to know there was one house into which he could enter, and feel that he was cared for and welcomed with cordial good-will, and that was the cottage at Woodlands. At home his father was irritable, or sunk in gloomy silence ; his mother was old and forbidding ; and Sarah, of late, was ever ready to blow the coals of dissension, and now, more than ever, lost no opportunity of advising him

to quit his father's roof. There was something in her manner that was distasteful to him. He would finish his business, and walk over the hills to Mr. Sackville's cottage.

## CHAPTER II.

## SARAH.

"WHAT ails you, Sarah?" said Philip, as he came up the steps of the broad stoop (verandah.) "Are you sick?"

Sarah was sitting on the uppermost step, her apron thrown over her head and face, which was bent to her knees. The person thus addressed made no reply, but by an impatient movement of the head.

"Are you sick?" again asked Philip. "What are you crying for? You are always crying now," and Philip essayed to pass her. Sarah now removed the covering from her face, and hastily dashing away the tears from her eyes, said in a mournful tone.

"I always feel dull, Philip, when this day comes round. It is eighteen years, to-day, since I left England."

"So long that I wonder you ever think about it. You say you were only a girl of ten or twelve years old; at that age, one soon forgets places and people."

"Some do; but I am like no one else, I think."

"I must have been a babe in arms, for I have no remembrance of my native country."

"You! How should you, Philip? You were only a year old,—yes, a year old the day you left England. A lovely babe you were, and how your poor mother idolized you!"

"Precious little she has cared for me since," said Philip, scornfully. "It appears to me that she exhausted all her love on me, when I was too young to know much about it."

A strange expression passed over Sarah's face, as Philip said this. "Mothers alter as well as children," she replied carelessly.

"You were a loving child to me once, Philip, but now that years have stamped the token of manhood on your lip and cheek, you care little enough for the best friend you have in the world—the only true, faithful friend you ever had."

"Well!" ejaculated Philip, impatiently.

"Well!—I am not as young or as well looking as I was, when you used to call me 'pretty nurse,'"

"How old are you?" abruptly asked Philip, fixing his penetrating eyes on the face of the speaker, till a scarlet tint suffused her cheek and lips.

"I am not more than eleven years older than yourself—I may be twelve. But what matters a few years? Am I not still young—still comely? Paul Breton, the young lumberer, the handsome Paul, said I looked not more than twenty."

"Poh! Sarah,—Paul only said that to flat-

ter you. Frenchmen know how to please vain women."

A glance of fire shot from the dark eyes of Sarah as Philip said this; the jeering tone roused her womanly indignation.

"Had I not loved you, ungrateful boy! too well to leave you alone, without one creature to care for you in health, or nurse you in sickness, I had long before this been a wife and mother."

Philip saw the tigress was roused, and he added a few softening words, to soothe her irritated spirit."

"I wonder what induced you to come out to this country so young as you were?"

"They bribed me, Philip," she said, speaking slowly through her shut teeth. "They promised me gifts and gold,—and more than that, Philip—I could not leave you. I loved you passionately. You, babe as you were, were the only creature I loved in life. God alone knows how dear you were—and are still. Nay, do not curl your lip, and look so jeeringly upon me," and she covered her face again with her apron, while she continued,—  
"O! Philip Harding, you know not what I have borne for your sake. Do you think that she," and she waved her hand with contemptuous gesture towards the windows of the sitting-room, "would have cared whether you had lived or died?"

"What is it that you mean, Sarah, what are these strange insinuations?" and Philip snatched the wrist of his companion's hand that shaded her face. "My mother is not kind to me, and never has been; but surely she could not be so utterly bereft of natural affection as to care so little for her child—her only child."

"She adored *her* child, Philip, that is your brother, the only child she called hers.—You she hated, you were an outcast from her affections, you had none to love you but poor Sarah!"  
"And yet you said even now that she, my mother, doted upon me in my infancy." Again that strange smile, if such it could be termed, flitted over her averted face, and she quickly changed the subject by asking in a petulant tone, who was the young girl she had seen leave the mill and go up the glen. "What matters it to you," was the cold reply "you have been at your old tricks, Sarah, watching from the gallery. You had better have a care how you interfere with me and my concerns, I am not bound to put up with your impertinent curiosity;" and so saying, with one of those stern looks he so well knew how to assume, he swung himself past her, heedless of the imploring accents of the now weeping Sarah, and ran up the outer flight of steps that led to his own bedchamber. When he reappeared his dress had undergone some alterations for the better, the stains of labor had been carefully effaced from his hands and face, the rich masses of his black hair had



been combed off from his broad white forehead, the coarse linen blouse had been exchanged for a jacket of fine dark cloth; a shirt of snowy whiteness was set off by a broad black ribbon, carefully knotted about his neck. There was an air of vivacity and content in his fine face, an elasticity in his step that shewed that the last glance he had given to his face in the little mirror that hung on the wall of his chamber, had not been one of entire dissatisfaction. He even lingered a moment after he had tossed the key of the counting-house into Sarah's lap, wondering that she did not look up as she generally did, to commend his looks and give the last little finish to the bow of his cravat, or remove some speck of dust or thread that might have gathered on the dark surface of his jacket—but Sarah took the key in silence, raised not her eyes from the ground, and suffered him to pass her in silence. Philip's heart smote him for the ingratitude he had evinced towards her, but he was too proud to tell her so, and merely saying, "Good-bye Sarah, tell my father if he asks for me, that I shall not be in till late, and I can let myself in," he took the road through the glen and over the hills towards Woodlands.

"There he goes, ungracious boy that he is, little does he care for me—yet till Alice Sackville came hither there was no one to think of him, no one to care for him but me, the poor despised Sarah.—*They* wish me dead I know, and perhaps Philip wishes me out of the way, and that young girl too,—and I wish I were out of this weary, weary world," she added sighing bitterly, "what a life has mine been—what is it—what will it be. Yet why should I not love Philip Harding, what is the difference of a few years—I am still young, still handsome. It is not his father's will that would prevent Philip from marrying me, and she, she would buy my silence by forwarding my wishes. Did she not hint that she would not raise her voice against us?—but then, his pride, Philip is proud. Nay," and she laughed scornfully, "the world suspects that he is base-born,—well, let him think so too! it breaks down one barrier between us,—he will be the more grateful for my devoted love. Alice's father will despise him, and Alice.—Yes, we will go away from this place together, I will be to him what I have ever been, the friend, the companion, the nurse, the wife! Aye," she added smiling to herself, "his pride must yield to that!" So reasoned this strange being, this mixture of weakness and determination, of passion and softness, of vanity and self-denial.

She was right in one point, she possessed much personal beauty, and looked young, for her figure was light and elastic, and formed with great symmetry; her jetty hair, black and glossy as the raven's wing, was braided above her brow with care and taste. Her eyes were

full and dark, but, when not brightened by passion, were soft and expressive of deep tenderness; the nose was straight, and her mouth small and closely compressed; her clear olive complexion was set off by a bright vermilion tint. She might have been a native of Spain or Italy, had not the eye rather reminded you of that of the Gipsy, in its restless wandering expression, which seems to shun observation, while it observes everything that passes—watchful, yet shy. Such was the outward resemblance of the female whom we have introduced to our readers under the name of Sarah.

#### CHAPTER III.

##### AN EVENING AT WOODLANDS—ALICE AND PHILIP.

MR. SACKVILLE, the father of Alice, was by birth and education an Englishman, of good family but slender fortune, and a soldier by profession. During the American war of Independence, he formed an attachment to the daughter of a Boston merchant. After the Declaration he married, and in spite of holding a commission under George the Third, was much esteemed by his father-in-law, whose prejudices had at heart leaned towards the mother country.

It was not long before Mr. Sackville was induced to retire from the service, and embark what property he possessed with the exception of a small portion which he had invested in wild land, and settled upon his young wife, in a promising mercantile speculation. But when Alice was yet an infant, her mother died, and ere the unhappy father had recovered this shock, a failure in the business in which his money was invested reduced him to comparative poverty—all that remained to him being the hitherto little-valued lot of wild land that now fell by inheritance upon the infant Alice. Sad at heart and wearied of this world and its vanities, to this uncultivated spot the widowed father brought his child and her nurse. The wild romantic seclusion of the place suited his mood, and having been pointed out the advantages that might be derived from the water power in the valley, he soon busied himself with erecting the mill and block-house. Here he found scope for certain mechanical talent that till now had been only called forth as a military engineer; and for some years he lived in peace and cheerful activity, but his health declining, and his desire to devote more of his leisure to the education of his little daughter, induced him to advertise the mill for sale. It was bought by Philip's father—and Mr. Sackville retired to a small log-house about a mile above the mill, where he planted an orchard and garden, and with the help of a servant, cleared some fifty acres of land adjoining, and thus passed his time in peace, remote from the busy strife of men and cities.

He had seen so much of the struggles an

trials of those brave spirits who had fearlessly stood forth in behalf of the rights of their fellow men, and sacrificed their all of worldly possessions, for the establishment of freedom, that to pine and fret over his losses, and his present lot, circumscribed as it was, seemed folly and weakness. He had learned lessons of philosophy by witnessing the constancy of men, women, and children, during the great national struggle in times of real calamity; before these things, his own individual losses and privations seemed to sink into insignificance. It was thus that this wise man drew consolation, and fortified his mind to bear the reverses that had fallen upon him.

On the Harding's first settlement in the neighbourhood, an intimacy, as was natural, had sprung up between the families, but this had soon faded away from dissimilarity of character between Mr. Sackville and his new neighbours. It was irksome to one whose conduct was in all things guided by the precepts of the gospel of Christ, to witness scenes of violence and bitter recrimination between the husband and wife, and of undue harshness to their only child, whose quick temper and keen perception of injustice, tempted him to resent with indignation, his father's harshness and his mother's tyranny. It was in vain, that Mr. Sackville strove by the gentlest remonstrances, and in the most delicate manner to point out the error of those things, totally unavailing were his kindest efforts; and the cold forbidding aspect of the mistress of the house and haughty disdain of the master, left him little excuse or inclination, to break in upon their privacy. As Philip grew up to manhood, however, a close degree of intimacy and warm friendship, sprung up between himself and the inmates of the log-house. There he found himself a cherished guest, allowed to come in and go out as he liked, soothed in trouble, and cherished and encouraged to pursue studies ungenial to his taste and abilities; neither was Mr. Sackville backward in reproving and counselling the young man when he saw fitting opportunity, for he loved and pitied him even as a father pitieth his own son. One kind, quiet, reproving look from that calm deep-seeing eye, was enough to tame the roused lion at any time. Sometimes Philip felt half inclined to be angry with himself for yielding so readily to this mild influence, he thought it was weak to shew so little firmness of character, till he learned that it was a proof of greatness of mind to be convinced of error.

As Philip slowly pursued his way over the hills to the cottage of his friend, his mind became fully engrossed by the mysterious conversation that had passed between himself and Sarah; in vain he revolved over in his mind the strange hints she had thrown out, he could come to no definite conclusion as to her meaning. This woman was to him a perfect enigma, a riddle that he could not read. She

occupied a menial capacity in his father's house; for years she had been his nurse and only instructress, his guardian and protector from the out-bursts of his mother's rage or his father's oppression, she often treated the former with insolence, that to him seemed most daring, yet, this violent woman would quail and shrink beneath that girl's eye, as the serpent beneath the power of the charmer. That there was some singular mystery about her, about his parents, about his own birth, he could not help thinking, but what it consisted in, he knew not; sometimes he was on the point of insisting on Sarah telling him all she knew, but then, his proud soul rose at the probability of hearing any secret that might connect his name with shame and disgrace. He loitered and lingered long as he drew near the homestead of his friend. In his present frame of mind, he cared not to be seen or even to be forced to speak, and it was not till he saw Alice take her way to the dairy, that he ventured to enter the house. "She will be busy with her household matters," he said to himself, "and I can take a book and then she never speaks but lets me be as silent as I like." This evening, instead of selecting some mathematical book, as was his custom, he chose a volume of Shakespeare's plays, and was soon deeply engaged with Hamlet's woes and injuries; Alice passed to and fro unheeded, once only she spoke, a word or two of welcome, and seeing him absorbed in his book she took no further notice of him but busied herself with preparing the evening meal. Once or twice, she paused from her occupation, to steal a look at Philip, as he sat with his hand supporting his head, his elbow resting on the little table of red cedar on which his book was layed, his broad straw hat carelessly flung on the floor beside him. Suddenly he looked up, and met the soft blue eyes of Alice, intently regarding him. A bright blush kindled on her cheek at being thus detected. Philip's eye flashed brightly, it might be with pleasure, it might be with surprise, as extending his hand towards her, he said, you were not long in going home Alice for I see you have milked your cow and set your tea-table since your return, you are fleet of foot and nimble of finger."

"I have done more than that, Mr. Philip: see the basket of strawberries that I gathered on the side of the glen. Though I must tell you that I hardly think that you deserve any of them for tarrying so long on the road, for one thing, and then sitting still reading, without so much as once speaking to me."

"Indeed, Alice, I am very bad company—a dull, gloomy, unsociable fellow," he said.

"Why should you be dull, Philip," asked the young girl raising her eyes to his face, kindly regarding him. "You are too young Philip, to know much of the cares and sorrows of life. You know my dear father chides me



if I look grave; he says it is not natural at my age. And you, Philip, are only three years older, not quite."

"Alice, it is not my nature to be gay like you. Mine has not been a home of love and peace like yours."

"Dear Philip, is not this partly your own fault. Are you not often hasty and rash in your temper to your parents. Remember, God has commanded us to love, honor and obey our parents."

"True, Alice; but have I ever been treated with love and kindness by them—that is by her, by my mother? My father used to spoil me and let me have my own way, but ever since we came here, even he has changed, and now, since he has indulged in intoxicating draughts, he has become harsh and tyrannical to a degree that I know not how to bear. Oh! Alice, I am greatly to be pitied."

"This is sad, very sad, Philip, but still——"

"Alice these things are hard to bear. I know you will say it is my duty to be patient under reproof, to love my father and mother. How can I? I reason with myself in vain,—I strive to love my mother,—but, Alice, I cannot. There is something in her very look that seems to repel all sympathy, to wither every feeling of tenderness within me. Is it not dreadful?" And he took the young girl's hands between his own. "Am I not a wretch, a hateful unnatural wretch?"

But Alice's soft, glistening eyes were overflowing with sympathy for the sufferings of one whom she loved with more than a sister's affection. "Hateful, Philip Harding, hateful. No, that he was not, in her eyes."

There was something sweet and soothing in the artless words with which the gentle Alice strove to calm the agitation of Philip's mind. Her firm, yet gentle remonstrance against the indulgence of resentful feelings towards his parents, made him listen to her with deeper respect than if she had flattered his faults and encouraged him in what she tried to convince him was an error in the sight of God.

Philip thought it strange that this young girl who was so soft and mild, could look so grave and even reprovably, when her nice sense of right and wrong was violated. She had been carefully brought up by a kind and pious father, and had early been taught to hold in deep reverence these words, "Honor thy father and thy mother." With her there was no compromise of conscience, no mental reservation, which premised. If your parents be good and kind and well to do in the world, honor and love them; if not, honor them only as it pleases you or as the world thinks they deserve it at your hands.

Philip humbled his haughty spirit to listen to the great truths taught by the lips of the young and simple-minded maiden, whom he loved and admired for her moral courage.

Till this evening, Philip had never thought

of Alice as anything dearer to him than a friend and a pleasant companion, and now for the first time he beheld her with feelings of deep interest, and felt the soothing influence of woman's gentler nature, as balm upon his wounded spirit, and he could not help thinking how much happier and better he would have been if he had had a kind and loving sister like Alice. Sarah was passionate, jealous and capricious, sometimes making him turn with impatience from her caresses and with distaste from her vehement expressions of love, which now became more than ever intolerable, he scarce knew why, but Alice was so different, she was never intrusive, but mild and modest and feminine in all she said or did.

Reader, did you ever love? If you have, you will easily understand Philip's feeling; if not, wait till you have communed with your own feelings, and then, the working of his heart will need no interpreter.

As they stood together before the open window, his eye rested with admiring fondness upon his companion's fair face; her's were raised towards the serene sky where the young moon shone in great beauty, shedding her mild light upon the young girl's features and gilding the flowing curls of pale brown that shaded her brow and bosom: Why did Philip sigh, and why did tears unbidden fill the blue eyes of Alice, as she felt the silent pressure of the arm that had stolen round her waist? At that moment a deep sob startled the lovers, it sounded close beside the window, and then there was a dull sound, like the fall of some heavy body.

"My father!" burst from the lips of Alice, for he was her first thought, and starting from Philip's encircling arm, she hurried to the door. Extended in a deep swoon, on the threshold, lay a female figure.

"Philip, Philip! dear Philip!" cried Alice, in accents of wonder and alarm, "come hither!" Philip hastened at her summons, and with feelings of infinite annoyance, as well as surprise, recognized by the dim light, the face of Sarah. "What in the world could have brought her here!" he exclaimed, with much irritation of manner, as he raised her prostrate form in his arms, and placed her on a seat that stood within the porch, while Alice knelt at her feet, chafing the ice-cold hand in her's, and striving with gentlest care to restore animation to the senseless form. At length, large tears forced themselves from beneath the closed damp eye-lids, and fell in heavy drops on the hands of Philip. In a few minutes she raised herself impatiently from his supporting arm, and with a convulsive shudder, pushed back the kneeling Alice, and rose to her feet.

"Sarah, what brings you hither at this hour?" said Philip, sternly. There was something harsh and discordant in the tones of his voice as he addressed her.—(To be continued.)

## THE DAYS OF BRUCE :

A STORY FROM SCOTTISH HISTORY,—BY GRACE  
AGUILAR.

THAT what is popularly termed the "light literature" of the present day, is exercising more than a passing influence on the spirit of the age, nay, appears, if we may so speak, to be bound up with its wants, its aims, its tendencies,—is a fact that few will now be prepared to dispute. Despite the attempts that have been made to bring the torrent of popular opinion to bear against such publications, and the efforts of some, who, we fear, scarcely perceive the difference between religion and the cant of religion, or recognize the distinction between an humble reverence for the great truths of Scripture, and that coarse familiarity with sacred things, which is busy on the lip, and idle at the heart. Works of fiction, having, indeed, for their aim, the highest and noblest objects, are rapidly and wonderfully increasing. Again and again, it has been rumoured that philosophy was about to extirpate those productions of so-called frivolous writers; but we have ever thought her too conversant with the features of her sister, wisdom, to venture on such a crusade; or fail to recognize her and acknowledge her influences, even under the subtlest disguises she may sometimes see fit to assume,—ay, in the very disguises, too, from which the ignorant and superficial have disdainfully turned; albeit, had they received her, veiled as she was, they might, unawares, have entertained an angel of truth!

Of course, by the term fiction, we understand simply the illustration, by example and graphic description, of the truths or qualities, feeling, sentiments or circumstances which the author intends to represent; and consider it thus, not only as not opposed to truth, but as one of the best *media* for its communication. And that this reasoning is not mere assumption, the early impressions of each one of us will prove; for, who is there that cannot retrace a long-growing dislike and fear of some particular fault, or a still-strengthening approval of an opposite virtue, to the vivid effect produced by a well-written tale? Both virtue and fault, perhaps, had been set before us a hundred times; but it was not till we saw the one exemplified in the conduct of a good girl, or the consequences of the other pictured in the misery of a naughty boy, that either wrought upon us any degree of that influential impression which has since grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength. To our nursery, and its oft-told tales, some of our strongest impressions of right and wrong may be traced; and

for our first lessons on the advantages of patience, industry, and all sorts of virtues, we shall find ourselves indebted to many a delicious fairy tale, read while nestling under the sunny trees of our childhood's garden, or in a snug corner by the winter hearth of our early days. And not even in maturer years does fiction lose its influence. Have we not often found the moral truth, or the moral quality, which, in its abstract nature, has scarcely been apprehended by us, startling us into attention, fixing itself with powerful grasp on all our faculties, when clothed in its developed attributes,—when embodied in a real character? If, indeed, it be true, that "a verse may sometimes win him who a sermon flies," just as true is it, that a well-conceived, and well-executed fiction may win over, at least to the approval of excellence, many who would shrink from studying precept in the abstract, or duty in detail.

It is doubtless to be regretted that, like most other agencies which are all under man's control, fiction has been perverted to base and ignoble purposes. Vices, which in themselves are very fiends of darkness, decked in fiction's robes, have walked the world as angels of light. Fiction has thereby been made a minister to evil passions, and her works have been constructed as a vestibule leading through deception to wickedness. Still, to repeat the trite maxim, the abuse of anything is no argument against its right use. The greater the power, and the more extensive the capabilities of an instrument, the more cogent are the reasons for rescuing it from the service of evil, and employing it as an agent of good. It can surely be no unworthy task to follow the precept of one of the ancient wise, and "join both profit and delight in one," and that it can be accomplished, the works of Scott, Cooper, Maryatt, and Dickens abundantly prove. These, though each the type of a peculiar style, and bringing before us scenes and characters, as widely different and distinct as can be imagined, have one and the same end in view,—to exalt our conceptions of human nature, to strengthen our love for the good, the beautiful, and the true, and teach us practically that nobility of soul, and purity, honour, and truth, do not of right, or alone, pertain to the proud and haughty, but are to be found in the cottage of the peasant, shining often more resplendently than in the palace of the prince. And in the wake of these and other great names, have followed, though it may be but at an humble distance, many a talented and gifted writer; until the novel has become one of the highest efforts, and most popular vehicles of thought, feeling, and observation.



The novel or tale which heads this notice, is certainly an admirable attempt to blend instruction with amusement, and conveys to us an accurate portraiture of the stirring scenes and domestic trials of the eventful days of which it treats, in language at once more truthful, glowing, and beautiful, than we have for a long time perused. Abounding in dramatic situations, and perfect poetical pictures, it is written with a vigour of which the most masculine intellect might be proud, yet touches with a delicacy and refinement, to which only womanly feeling could be competent. Introducing us to the Bruce when nobly, though as many thought rashly and madly, he spurned the tyrant's yoke, and sent ringing into the ears of England's Edward, the astounding shout that Scotland had dared to be free; that all of patriotism and warrior-fire had not died in her sons, with the murder of Wallace, nor hope vanished with the usurper's abstraction of her ancient stone and sacred regalia, to grace his haughty court, and show how completely not only Scotland's sovereignty, but the very image of it had departed. We are carried on with an interest increasing as the tale progresses, through all the adventures, vicissitudes, and wanderings of the Bruce and his small but devoted band, until England's pride is humbled, the field of Bannockburn won, the victor seated on the throne of his ancestors, and Scotland, as of yore, free and independent, united in herself, and glorying in her king. Strangely diversified, and wondrously hard, as from boyhood we had read, was the fortune of the Bruce, we had no conception, until we dived into the volume before us, of the difficulties and disasters he had to sustain,—the hairbreadth escapes and perilous adventures he had to encounter;—and brave indeed must have been the heart that bore up so nobly under them, and overcame and triumphed at the last. Now we find him in the regal palace of Scone, surrounded by those loyal barons, whose patriotism the gold of Edward could not touch, nor his titles and honors, so lavishly bestowed, tempt from their allegiance; receiving the crown for which he had to conquer or die, at the hands of a woman; then he is on the field at Methven, again and again unhorsed, but rescued, and fighting, though vainly, still; now he is wandering with a few chosen companions among the inaccessible paths and mountain fastnesses of the Grampian Hills,—and at last, like a stricken deer, compelled to leave his country, he seeks shelter and protection on a foreign soil. His deep and constant remorse for having stabbed in a fit of passion, the traitor Comyn, and his belief that the Almighty had

decreed the marvellous reverses he sustained as a punishment for this deed of blood, are beautifully told by our author, who appears to be profoundly skilled in the mysteries of the human heart, and most accurate in her perception and delineation of the varied phases of human character. Nor is there an incident, however trifling, that we ever remember to have read or heard of in the Bruce's life, that she has not worked up into her story, depicting them in accurate tracery, but in glowing colours; in proof of which we cannot do better than mention her account of the surprise and taking of Edinburgh Castle; premising simply, that the Sir Amiot spoken of, is a follower of the Bruce who was there imprisoned, and that the daring adventure of scaling the crags of this, until then inaccessible fortress, was suggested by his favorite page, to rescue his master. (See vol. II. pp. 57–61.)

The description given, in the novel, of the court of King Edward, and the contrast drawn between the chivalrous Earl of Gloucester, and the cowardly Duncan of Fife—the lofty aims, the noble impulses, and generous deeds of the one; and the craft, cruelty, and cunning of the other, is graphically detailed; nor is her picture of Edward the First in his former days, and the cruel hard-hearted monster he became towards the end of his reign less full of interest, or less fraught with lessons of true wisdom and moral worth. But it is not the merit of the work as a literary composition, nor the detached descriptions and dramatic pictures, that constitute its principal charm. This arises from the deep under-current which bears us along in full yet mournful interest with the fateful history of the young and lovely Agnes of Buchan; the heroism and devotion of her noble mother; and the sunshine and shade that are so mingled and interwoven with the trials and sorrows of Isoline. Never for one moment can we forget the high-souled Agnes, among all the varied scenes through which we are conducted, and characters to whom we are introduced. The whole work, indeed, seems skilfully constructed for this purpose; and wherever we turn she is the centre of all interest, she is one of those beings of the mind who compel assent to their reality; and never was a lovelier, more womanly creation. Dignity, gentleness, deep and mournful feelings, an unwearied readiness to think, and act, and suffer for others; high, pure principles, generosity, patient endurance, and fearless fortitude, are the elements of her character, and are admirably developed by circumstances. Betrothed to Lord Nigel Bruce, when very young, she loves him with all the confiding affection of a young and guileless heart, and her love is fondly returned. With her mother,

and a few other ladies of rank, she follows the Bruce and his Queen in all their wanderings; and is left desolate and alone, when through the machinations of Edward, the Countess of Buchan and her son are betrayed, and taken away captives to await the doom that their loyalty and daring could not fail to bring down upon them. When the little band is driven from their mountain fastness by the cold, she is one of those who seek an asylum in the old castle of Kildrummie, the only keep that was then left in the hands of an adherent of the Bruce. But it was soon besieged by the English; and though bravely and for a long time defended, famine had begun to tell upon the stout hearts that formed its garrison; murmurs and treasonable speeches would be heard; and it was evident that upon the result of a hazardous battle, the fate of the besieged must depend. Under these circumstances, Lord Nigel seeks his betrothed; and to show that we have neither over-estimated the character of Agnes, or the talents of the author, we refer the reader to vol. I. pp. 230-239.

They are married: but before they leave the altar, treachery has done its work; the castle is set on fire, and the enemy like a flood pour upon the devoted band. Agnes manages to make her escape, but her husband is overpowered by numbers, and taken a prisoner. We must refer our readers to the work itself, for an account of what she endured afterwards to save her husband; how in the disguise of a page, she ministered to him in his affliction, and like one of Scott's heroines journeyed to England when his life was forfeited, to beseech the intercession of the Princess Joan of Gloucester with her father, and have the sentence recalled. As may be imagined, it was all in vain; Edward's hatred was relentless to all who bore the name of Bruce; and spurning his once favorite daughter in her act of mercy and kindness; the fiat was issued, and Lord Nigel must die. Through the kindness of Gloucester, Agnes visited her husband in prison; by an accident that no foresight could have prevented, Stephanian like she beholds his death, and then—

"Then sinks the mind, a blighted flower,  
Dead to the sunbeam and the shower;  
A broken gem, whose inborn light  
Is scattered—ne'er to reunite."

She finds her way, however, to the camp of King Robert, and there is indeed loved and cherished as she deserves. She is spared until his arms are victorious, and her mother and brother released from captivity; and having regained her lost reason long enough to recognise and bless them, her gentle spirit is taken to its rest. For her early death we are left to rejoice, rather

than regret; we must feel that it was far happier for the broken spirit to find its home of rest, where the loved had gone before—far away from what to her must have been the heart-withering realities of a wearying world.

To the sufferings of the Countess of Buchan, the brave descendant of Malcolm Cean Mohr,—whose only fault was claiming and exercising the right inherent in her race of placing the crown on the head of her sovereign—and how nobly and heroically they were endured—we have scarcely space to allude. The iron cage on the battlements of Berwick castle, and its occupant, are matters of history, and show how furious must have been the wrath of the King, and how low he had fallen, ere he could thus wreak his rage on the head of a defenceless woman. But when he too slept with his fathers; and the tide of fortune changed; and his weak and imbecile successor, ignobly chased from the field, was glad to recognise the sovereignty of Robert, the veneration in which she was held, and the laurels won by her son, must in some degree have compensated for the bitterness of former days. And of Isoline, the good and gentle niece of the conqueror, whose purity and loftiness of character was formed amid hardships of no ordinary kind, we can say but a few words. Loving, where she thought she was not beloved, her nobleness of character forsakes her not. But happily her fate is brighter, and her lot happier, than those to whom we have referred. She is not doomed to be the victim of unrequited love, but becomes by marriage, a daughter to the Countess of Buchan, and ends her days in repose and happiness.

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### SONNET.

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[From the Italian of Petrocchi.]

TRANSLATED BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

I asked of Time, "Who raised the structure fair,  
Which your stern power has crumbled to decay?"  
He answered not, but fiercely turned away,  
And fled on swifter pinnions through the air.  
I said to Fame, "O, thou, who dost declare,  
With lofty voice the glories of the past,  
Reveal the tale!" Her eyes on earth she cast,  
Confused, and sad, and silent in despair.  
Then turned I wondering, where with ruthless stride  
I saw Oblivion stalk from stone to stone,  
O'er the fall'n towers—"O, answer me!" I cried,  
"Dark power! unveil the fact!"—but in dread tone—  
"Whose it *was once*." He suddenly replied,  
"I know not, reck not—*now* it is my own!"



## THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

WE all know that there are certain conventional laws by which our social doings and seemings are regulated; but what is the power which compels the observance of these laws? There is no company police to keep people moving on, no fines or other penalties; nobody but the very outrageous need fear being turned out of the room; we have every one of us strong inclinations and strong will; then, how comes it that we get on so smoothly? Why are there no outbreaks of individual character? How is it that we seem dovetailed into each other, as if we formed a homogeneous mass? What is the influence which keeps up the weak and keeps down the strong, and spreads itself like oil upon the boiling sea of human passion? We have a notion of our own, that all this is the work of an individual of the female sex; and, indeed, even the most unconscious and unreflecting would appear to assign to that individual her true position and authority, in naming her the Woman of the World.

Society could never exist in a state of civilisation without the woman of the world. The man of the world has his own department, his own *métier*; but she it is who keeps up the general equilibrium. She is a calm, quiet, lady-like person, not obtrusive, and not easily put out of the way. You do not know by external observation that she is in the room; you feel it instinctively. The atmosphere she brings with her is peculiar, you cannot tell how. It is neither warm nor chill, neither moist nor dry; but it is repressive. You do not move in it with natural freedom, although you feel nothing that could be called *gêne*. Her manner is generally sweet, sometimes even ear-aching, and you feel flattered and elevated as you meet her approving eye. But you cannot get into it. There is a glassy surface, beautiful but hard, of which you can make nothing, and presently you feel a kind of strangeness come over you, as if you were not looking into the eye of a creature of your own kind. What you miss is sympathy.

It is to her want of sympathy the woman of the world owes her position. The same deficiency is indispensable in the other individuals—such as a great monarch, or a great general—who rule the fate of mankind; but with this difference, that in them it is partial and limited, and in her universal. In them, it bears relation to their trade or mission; in her, it is a peculiarity of her general nature. She is accused of inhumanity; of sporting with the feelings of those about her, and rending, when they interfere with her plans, the strings of the heart as ruthlessly as if they were fiddlestrings. But all that is nonsense. She does not, it is true, ignore the existence of strings and feelings; on the contrary, they are in her eyes a great fact, without which she could do nothing. But her theory is, that they are merely a superficial net-work surrounding the character, the growth of education and other circumstances, and that they may be twisted, broken and fastened anew at pleasure by skilful fingers. No, she is not inhumane. She works for others' good and her own greatness. Sighs and tears may be the result of her opera-

tions; but so are they of the operations of the beneficent surgeon. She dislikes giving pain, and comforts and sustains the patient to the best of her power; but at the most, she knows sighs are but wind, and tears but water, and so she does her duty.

Although without sympathy, the woman of the world has great sensitiveness. She sits in the room like a spider, with her web fitting as closely to the whole area as the carpet; and she feels the slightest touch upon the slightest filament. So do the company; not understandingly like her, but instinctively and unconsciously, like a fly who only knows that somehow or other he is not at freedom. The thing that holds him is as soft and glossy and thin and small as silk; but even while dallying with its smoothness and pleasantness, a misty, indefinite sensation of impending danger creeps over him. Be quiet, little fly! Gently—gently; slip away if you can—but no defiance, no tugging, no floundering, or you are lost!

A mythic story is told of the woman of the world; how in early life she was crossed in love; how she lost faith in feelings that seemed to exist exceptionally only in her own solitary bosom; and how a certain glassy hardness gathered upon her heart, as she sat waiting and waiting for a response to the inner voices she had suffered to burst forth—

The long-lost ventures of the heart,  
That said no answers back again!

But this is a fable. The woman of the world was never young—not while playing with her doll. She grew just as you see her, and will suffer no change till the dissolution of the elements of her body. Love-passages she has indeed had like other women; but the love was all on one side, and that side not hers. It is curious to observe the passion thus lavished in vain. It reminds one of the German story of the Cave of Mirrors, where a fairy damsel, with beekoning hand and beseeching eyes, was reflected from a thousand angles. The pursuing lover, endeavouring to clasp his mistress, flung himself from one illusory image to another, finding only the sharp, polished, glittering glass in his embrace, till faint, breathless, and bleeding, he sank upon the ground.

The woman of the world, though a dangerous mistress, is an agreeable friend. She is partial to the everyday married lady, when presentable in point of dress and manners, and overwhelms her with little condescending kindnesses and caresses. This good lady, on her part, thinks her patroness a remarkably clever woman; not that she understands her, or knows exactly what she is about; but somehow or other she is *sure* she is prodigiously clever. As for the everyday young lady, who has a genius for reverence, she reveres her; and these two, with their male congeners, are the dress-figures the woman of the world places about her rooms like ivory pieces on a chess-board.

This admirable lady is sometimes a mother, and she is devotedly fond of her children, in their future. She may be seen gazing in their faces by the hour; but the picture that is before her mind's eye is the fulfilment of their present promise. An ordinary woman would dawdle

away her time in admiring their soft eyes, and curly hair, and full warm cheeks; but the woman of the world sees the bud grown into the expanded flower, and the small cradle is metamorphosed into the boudoir by the magic of her maternal love. And verily, she has her reward; for death sometimes comes, to wither the bud, and disperse the dream into empty air. On such an occasion, her grief, as we may readily suppose, is neither deep nor lasting, for its object is twined round her imagination, not her heart. She regrets her wasted hopes and fruitless speculations; but the baby having never been present in its own entity, is now as that which has never been. The unthinking call her an unnatural mother, for they make no distinction. They do not know that death is with her a perfectly arranged funeral, a marble tablet, a darkened room, an attitude of woe, a perfumed handkerchief. They do not consider that when she lies down to rest, her eyes, in consequence of over-mental exertion, are too heavy with sleep to have room for tears. They do not reflect that in the morning she breaks into a new consciousness of reality from the clinging dreams of her maternal ambition, and not from the small visionary arms, the fragrant kiss, the angel whisper of her lost babe. They do not feel that in opening upon the light, her eyes part with the fading gleam of gems and satin, and kneeling coronets, and red right hands extending wedding-rings, and not with a winged and baby form, soaring into the light by which it is gradually absorbed, while distant hymns melt and die upon her ear.

The woman of the world is sometimes prosperous in her reign over society, and sometimes otherwise. Even she submits, although usually with sweetness and dignity, to the caprices of fortune. Occasionally, the threads of her management break in such a way, that, with all her dexterity, she is unable to reunite them; occasionally, the strings and feelings are too strong to rend; and occasionally, in rending, the whole system falls to pieces. Her daughter elopes, her son marries the governess, her husband loses his seat in parliament; but there are other daughters to marry, other sons to direct, other honours to win; and so this excellent woman runs her busy and meritorious career. But years come on at last, although she lingers as long as she can in middle life; and, with her usual graceful dignity, she settles down into the reward the world bestows on its veterans, an old age of cards.

Even now, she sometimes turns round her head to look at the things and persons around her, and to exult in the reputation she has earned, and the passive influence her name still exercises over society; but, as a rule, the kings and queens and knaves take the place of human beings with this woman of genius; the deepest arcana of her art are brought into play for the odd trick, and her pride and ambition are abundantly gratified by the circumvention of a half-crown.

The woman of the world at length dies; and what then? Why, then, nothing—nothing but a funeral, a tablet, dust, and oblivion. This is reasonable, for, great as she was, she had to do only with the external forms of life. Her existence was only a material game, and her men and women were only court and common cards;

diamonds and hearts were alike to her, their value depending on what was trumps. She saw keenly and far, but not deeper than the superficial net-work of the heart, not higher than the ceiling of the drawing-room. Her enjoyments, therefore, were limited in their range; her nature, though perfect in its kind, was small and narrow; and her occupation, though so interesting to those concerned, was in itself mean and frivolous. This is always her misfortune, the misfortune of this envied woman. She lives in a material world, blind and deaf to the influences that thrill the bosoms of others. No noble thought ever fires her soul, no generous sympathy ever melts her heart. Her share of that current of human nature which has welled forth from its fountain in the earthly paradise is dammed up, and cut off from the general stream that overflows the world. None of those minute and visible ducts connects it with the common waters which make one feel instinctively, lovingly, yearningly, that he is not alone upon the earth, but a member of the great human family. And so, having played her part, she dies, this woman of the world, leaving no sign to tell that an immortal spirit has passed; nothing above the ground but a tablet, and below, only a handful of rotting bones and crumbling dust.—*Chambers's Journal*.

WOMEN IN SAVAGE LIFE.—The division of labour between the man and wife in Indian life is not so unequal, while they live in the pure hunter state, as many suppose. The large part of a hunter's time, which is spent in seeking game, leaves the wife in the wigwam, with a great deal of time on her hands; for it must be remembered that there is no spinning, weaving, or preparing children for school—no butter or cheese making, or a thousand other cares which are inseparable from the agricultural state, to occupy her skill and industry. Even the art of the seamstress is only practised by the Indian woman on a few things. She devotes much of her time to making moccasins and quill-work. Her husband's leggings are carefully ornamented with beads; his shot-pouch and knife-sheath are worked with quills; the hunting-cap is garnished with ribbons; his garters of cloth are adorned with a profusion of small white beads, and coloured worsted tassels are prepared for his leggings. In the spring, the corn-field is planted by her and the youngsters, in a vein of gaiety and frolic. It is done in a few hours, and taken care of in the same spirit. It is perfectly voluntary labour, and she would not be scolded for omitting it; for all labour with Indians is voluntary.—*Schoolcraft's Indian Tribes*.

#### MARIE DE LA TOUR.

THE basement front of No. 12, Rue St. Antoine, a narrow street in Rouen, leading from the Place de la Pucelle, was opened by Madame de la Tour, in the millinery business, in 1817, and tastefully arranged, so far as scant materials permitted the exercise of decorative genius. She was the widow of a once flourishing *courtier maritime* (ship-broker,) who, in consequence of some unfortunate speculations, had recently died



in insolvent circumstances. At about the same time, Clément Derville, her late husband's confidential clerk, a steady, persevering, clever person, took possession of the deceased ship-broker's business premises on the quay, the precious savings of fifteen years of industrious frugality enabling him to install himself in the vacant commercial niche before the considerable connection attached to the well-known establishment was broken up and distributed amongst rival courtiers. Such vicissitudes, frequent in all trading communities, excite but a passing interest; and after the customary commonplaces commiserative of the fallen fortunes of the still youthful widow, and gratulatory good-wishes for the prosperity of the *ex-départ* clerk, the matter gradually faded from the minds of the sympathisers, save when the rapidly rising fortunes of Derville, in contrast with the daily lowlier ones of Madame de la Tour, suggested some tritely sentimental reflection upon the precariousness and instability of all mundane things. For a time, it was surmised by some of the fair widow's friends, if not by herself, that the considerable services Derville had rendered her were prompted by a warmer feeling than the ostensible one of respect for the relief of his old and liberal employer; and there is no doubt that the gentle, graceful manners, the mild starlit face of Madame de la Tour, had made a deep impression upon Derville, although the hope or expectation founded thereon vanished with the passing time. Close, money-loving, business-absorbed as he might be, Clément Derville was a man of vehement impulse and extreme susceptibility of female charm—weaknesses over which he had again and again resolved to maintain vigilant control, as else fatal obstacles to his hopes of realizing a large competence, if not a handsome fortune. He succeeded in doing so; and as year after year glided away, leaving him richer and richer, Madame de la Tour poorer and poorer, as well as less and less personally attractive, he grew to marvel that the bent form, the clouded eyes, the sorrow-sharpened features of the woman he occasionally met hastening along the streets, could be those by which he had been once so powerfully agitated and impressed.

He did not, however, form any new attachment, was still a bachelor at forty-five; and had for some years almost lost sight of, and forgotten; Madame de la Tour, when a communication from Jeanne Favart, an old servant who had lived with the De la Tours in the days of their prosperity, vividly recalled old and fading memories. She announced that Madame de la Tour had been for many weeks confined to her bed by illness, and was, moreover, in great pecuniary distress.

"*Diantre!*" exclaimed Derville, a quicker and stronger pulse than usual tingling his sallow cheek as he spoke. "That is a pity. Who, then, has been minding the business for her?"

"Her daughter Marie, a gentle, pious child, who seldom goes out except to church, and," added Jeanne, with a keen look in her master's countenance, "the very image of the Madame de la Tour we knew some twenty years ago."

"Ha!" M. Derville was evidently disturbed, but not so much so as to forget to ask with some asperity if "dinner was not ready?"

"In five minutes," said Jeanne, but still hold-

ing the half-opened door in her hand. "They are very, very badly off, monsieur, those unfortunate De la Tours," she persisted. "A *huissier* this morning seized their furniture and trade-stock for rent, and if the sun is not made up by sunset, they will be utterly ruined."

M. Clément Derville took several hasty turns about the room, and the audible play of his fingers amongst the Napoleons in his pockets inspired Jeanne with a hope that he was about to draw forth a sufficient number for the relief of the cruel necessities of her former mistress. She was mistaken. Perhaps the touch of his beloved gold stilled for a time the agitation that had momentarily stirred his heart.

"It is a pity," he murmured; and then briskly drawing out his watch, added sharply: "But pray let us have dinner. Do you know that it is full seven minutes past the time that it should be served?"

Jeanne disappeared, and M. Derville was very soon seated at table. But although the sad tidings he had just heard had not been able to effectually loosen his purse-strings, they had at least power utterly to destroy his appetite, albeit the *poulet* was done to a turn. Jeanne made no remark on this, as she removed the almost untasted meal, nor on the quite as unusual fact, that the wine *carafe* was already half emptied, and her master himself restless, dreamy, and preoccupied. Concluding, however, from these symptoms, that a fierce struggle between generosity and avarice was going on in M. Derville's breast, she quietly determined on bringing an auxiliary to the aid of generosity, that would, her woman's instinct taught her, at once decide the conflict.

No doubt the prosperous ship-broker *was* unusually agitated. The old woman's news had touched a chord which, though dulled and slackened by the heat and dust of seventeen years of busy, anxious life, still vibrated strongly, and awakened memories that had long slept in the chambers of his brain, especially one pale Madonna face, with its soft, tear-trembling eyes that—

"*Ciel!*" he suddenly exclaimed, as the door opened and gave to view the very form his fancy had conjured up: "*Ciel!* can it be—Pshaw!" he added, as he fell back into the chair from which he had leaped up; "you must suppose me crazed, Mademoiselle—Mademoiselle de la Tour, I am quite certain."

It was indeed Marie de la Tour whom Jeanne Favart had, with much difficulty, persuaded to make a personal appeal to M. Derville. She was a good deal agitated, and gladly accepted that gentleman's gestured invitation to be seated, and take a glass of wine. Her errand was briefly, yet touchingly told, but not apparently listened to by Derville, so abstracted and intense was the burning gaze with which he regarded the confused and blushing petitioner. Jeanne, however, knew whom he recognised in those flushed and interesting features, and had no doubt of the successful result of the application.

M. Clément Derville *had* heard and comprehended what was said, for he broke an embarrassing silence of some duration by saying, in a pleased and respectful tone: "Twelve Napoleons, you say, mademoiselle. It is nothing: here are twenty. No thanks, I beg of you. I hope to

have an opportunity of rendering you—of rendering Madame de la Tour, I mean, some real and lasting service."

Poor Marie was profoundly affected by this generosity, and the charming blusfulness, the sweet-toned trembling words that expressed her modest gratitude, were, it should seem, strangely interpreted by the excited ship-broker. The interview was not prolonged, and Marie de la Tour hastened with joy-lightened steps to her home.

Four days afterwards, M. Derville called at the Rue St. Antoine, only to hear that Madame de la Tour had died a few hours previously. He seemed much shocked; and after a confused offer of further pecuniary assistance, respectfully declined by the weeping daughter, took a hurried leave.

There is no question that, from the moment of his first interview with her, M. Derville had conceived an ardent passion for Mademoiselle de la Tour—so ardent and bewildering as not only to blind him to the great disparity of age between himself and her—which he might have thought the much greater disparity of fortune in his favor would balance and reconcile—but to the very important fact, that Hector Bertrand, a young *menuisier* (carpenter), who had recently commenced business on his own account, and whom he so frequently met at the charming *modiste's* shop, was her accepted, affianced lover. An *éclaircissement*, accompanied by mortifying circumstances, was not, however, long delayed.

It occurred one fine evening in July. M. Derville, in passing through the *marché aux fleurs*, had selected a brilliant bouquet for presentation to Mademoiselle de la Tour; and never to him had she appeared more attractive, more fascinating, than when accepting, with hesitating, blushing reluctance, the proffered flowers. She stepped with them into the little sitting-room behind the shop; M. Derville followed; and the last remnant of discretion and common-sense that had hitherto restrained him giving way at once, he burst out with a vehement declaration of the passion which was, he said, consuming him, accompanied, of course, by the offer of his hand and fortune in marriage. Marie de la Tour's first impulse was to laugh in the face of a man who, old enough to be her father, addressed her in such terms; but one glance at the pale face and burning eyes of the speaker, convinced her that levity would be ill-timed—possibly dangerous. Even the few civil and serious words of discouragement and refusal with which she replied to his ardent protestations, were oil cast upon flame. He threw himself at the young girl's feet, and clasped her knees in passionate entreaty, at the very moment that Hector Bertrand, with one De Beaune entered the room. Marie de la Tour's exclamation of alarm, and effort to disengage her dress from Derville's grasp, in order to interpose between him and the new-comers, were simultaneous with several heavy blows from Bertrand's cane across the shoulders of the kneeling man, who instantly leaped to his feet, and sprang upon his assailant with the yell and spring of a madman. Fortunately for Bertrand, who was no match in personal strength for the man he had assaulted, his friend De Beaune promptly took part in the encounter; and after a desperate scuffle, during which Mademoiselle de la Tour's remonstrances and entreaties were un-

heard or disregarded, M. Derville was thrust with inexcusable violence into the street.

According to Jeanne Favart, her master reached home with his face all bloody and discolored, his clothes nearly torn from his back, and in a state of frenzied excitement. He rushed past her up stairs, shut himself into his bedroom, and there remained unseen by any one for several days, partially opening the door only to receive food and other necessaries from her hands. When he did at last leave his room, the impassive calmness of manner habitual to him was quite restored, and he wrote a note in answer to one that had been sent by Mademoiselle de la Tour, expressive of her extreme regret for what had occurred, and enclosing a very respectful apology from Hector Bertrand. M. Derville said, that he was grateful for her sympathy and kind wishes; and as to M. Bertrand, he frankly accepted his excuses, and should think no more of the matter.

This mask of philosophic indifference or resignation was not so carefully worn but that it slipped occasionally aside, and revealed glimpses of the volcanic passion that raged beneath. Jeanne was not for a moment deceived; and Marie de la Tour, the first time she again saw him, perceived with woman's intuitive quickness through all his assumed frigidity of speech and demeanor, that his sentiments towards her, so far from being subdued by the mortifying repulse they had met with, were more vehemently passionate than ever! He was a man, she felt, to be feared and shunned; and very earnestly did she warn Bertrand to avoid meeting, or, at all events, all possible chance of collision with his exasperated, and, she was sure, merciless and vindictive rival.

Bertrand said he would do so; and kept his promise as long as there was no temptation to break it. About six weeks after his encounter with M. Derville, he obtained a considerable contract for the carpentry work of a large house belonging to a M. Mangier—a fantastic, Gothic-looking place, as persons acquainted with Rouen will remember, next door but one to Blaise's banking house. Bertrand had but little capital, and he was terribly puzzled for means to purchase the requisite materials, of which the principal item was Baltic timber. He essayed his credit with a person of the name of Dufour, on the quay, and was refused. Two hours afterwards, he again sought the merchant, for the purpose of proposing his friend De Beaune as security. Dufour and Derville were talking together in front of the office; and when they separated on Bertrand's approach, the young man fancied that Derville saluted him with unusual friendliness. De Beaune's security was declined by the cautious trader; and as Bertrand was leaving, Dufour said half-jestingly no doubt: "Why don't you apply to your friend Derville? He has timber on commission that will suit you, I know; and he seemed very friendly just now." Bertrand made no reply, and walked off, thinking probably that he might as well ask the statue of the "Pucelle" for assistance as M. Derville. He was, naturally enough, exceedingly put out, and vexed; and unhappily betook himself to a neighbouring tavern for "spirituous" solacement—a very rare thing, let me add, for him to do. He remained there till about eight o'clock, and by that time was in such a state of confused



elation from the unusual potations he had imbibed, that Dufour's suggestion assumed a sort of drunken likelihood; and he resolved on applying—there could not, he thought, be any wonderful harm, if no good, in that—to the ship-broker. M. Derville was not at home, and the office was closed; but Jeanne Favart, understanding Bertrand to say that he had important business to transact with her master—she supposed by appointment—shewed him into M. Derville's private business-rooms, and left him there. Bertrand seated himself, fell asleep after awhile, woke up about ten o'clock considerably sobered, and quite alive to the absurd impropriety of the application he had tipsily determined on, was about to leave the place, when M. Derville arrived. The ship-broker's surprise and anger at finding Hector Bertrand in his house were extreme, and his only reply to the intruder's stammering explanation, was a contemptuous order to leave the place immediately. Bertrand slunk away sheepishly enough; and slowly as he sauntered along, had nearly reached home, when M. Derville overtook him.

"One word, Monsieur Bertrand," said Derville. "This way, if you please."

Bertrand, greatly surprised, followed the ship-broker to a lane close by—a dark, solitary locality, which suggested an unpleasant misgiving, very pleasantly relieved by Derville's first words.

"Monsieur Bertrand," he said, "I was hasty and ill-tempered just now; but I am not a man to cherish malice, and for the sake of—of Marie—of Mademoiselle de la Tour, I am disposed to assist you, although I should not, as you will easily understand, like to have any public or known dealings with you. Seven or eight hundred francs, I understood you to say, the timber you required would amount to?"

"Certainly not more than that, monsieur," Bertrand contrived to answer, taken away as his breath nearly was by astonishment.

"Here, then, is a note of the Bank of France for one thousand francs."

"Monsieur!—monsieur!" gasped the astounded recipient.

"You will repay me," continued Derville, "when your contract is completed; and you will please to bear strictly in mind, that the condition of any future favor of a like kind is, that you keep this one scrupulously secret." He then hurried off, leaving Bertrand in a state of utter amazement. This feeling, however, slowly subsided, especially after assuring himself, by the aid of his chamber-lamp, that the note was a genuine one, and not, as he had half feared, a valueless deception. "This Monsieur Derville," drowsily murmured Bertrand as he esconced himself in the bed-clothes, "is a *bon enfant*, after all—a generous, magnanimous prince, if ever there was one. But then, to be sure, he wishes to do Marie a service by secretly assisting her *futur* on in life. *Sacristie!* It is quite simple, after all, this generosity; for undoubtedly Marie is the most charming—charm—cha!"

Hector Bertrand went to Dufour's timber-yard at about noon the next day, selected what he required, and pompously tendered the thousand-franc note in payment. "Whe-e-e-e-w!" whistled Dufour, "the deuce!" at the same time looking with keen scrutiny in his customer's face.

"I received it from Monsieur Mangier in advance," said Hector in hasty reply to that look, blurring out in some degree inadvertently the assertion which he had been thinking would be the most feasible solution of his sudden riches, since he had been so peremptorily forbidden to mention M. Derville's name.

"It is very generous of Monsieur Mangier," said Dufour; "and he is not famous for that virtue either. But let us go to Blaise's bank: I have not sufficient change in the house, and I daresay we shall get silver for it there."

As often happens in France, a daughter of the banker was the cashier of the establishment; and it was with an accent of womanly commiseration that she said, after minutely examining the note: "From whom, Monsieur Bertrand, did you obtain possession of this note?"

Bertrand hesitated. A vague feeling of alarm was beating at his heart, and he confusedly bethought him, that it might be better not to repeat the falsehood he had told M. Dufour. Before, however, he could decide what to say, Dufour answered for him: "He *says* from Monsieur Mangier, just by."

"Strange!" said Mademoiselle Blaise. "A clerk of Monsieur Derville's has been taken in to custody this very morning on suspicion of having stolen this very note."

Poor Bertrand! He felt as if seized with vertigo; and a stunned, chaotic sense of mortal peril shot through his brain, as Marie's solemn warning with respect to Derville rose up like a spectre before him.

"I have heard of that circumstance," said Dufour. And then, as Bertrand did not, or could not speak, he added: "You had better, perhaps, mademoiselle, send for Monsieur Derville."

This proposition elicited a wild, desperate cry from the bewildered young man, who rushed distractedly out of the banking-house, and hastened with frantic speed towards the Rue St. Antoine—for the moment unpursued.

Half an hour afterwards, Dufour and a bank-clerk arrived at Mademoiselle de la Tour's. They found Bertrand and Marie together, and both in a state of high nervous excitement. "Monsieur Derville," said the clerk, "is now at the bank; and Monsieur Blaise requests your presence there, so that whatever misapprehension exists may be cleared up without the intervention of the agents of the public force."

"And pray monsieur," said Marie, in a much firmer tone than, from her pale aspect, one would have expected, "what does Monsieur Derville himself say of this strange affair?"

"That the note in question, mademoiselle, must have been stolen from his desk last evening. He was absent from home from half-past seven till ten, and unfortunately left the key in the lock."

"I was sure he would say so," gasped Bertrand. "He is a demon, and I am lost."

A bright, almost disdainful expression shone in Marie's fine eyes. "Go with these gentlemen, Hector," she said; "I will follow almost immediately; and remember—— What else she said was delivered in a quick, low whisper; and the only words she permitted to be heard were: *Pas*

*un mot, si tu m'aimes.*" (Not a word if thou lovest me).

Bertrand found Messieurs Derville, Blaise, and Mangier in a private room; and he remarked, with a nervous shudder, that two gendarmes were stationed in the passage. Derville, though very pale, sustained Bertrand's glance of rage and astonishment without flinching. It was plain that he had steeled himself to carry through the diabolical device his revenge had planned, and the fluttering hope with which Marie had inspired Bertrand died within him. Derville repeated slowly and firmly what the clerk had previously stated; adding, that no one save Bertrand, Jeanne Favart, and the clerk whom he first suspected, had been in the room after he left it. The note now produced was the one that had been stolen, and was safe in his desk at half-past seven the previous evening. M. Mangier said: "The assertion of Bertrand, that I advanced him this note, or any other, is entirely false."

"What have you to say in reply to these grave suspicions?" said M. Blaise. "Your father was an honest man; and you, I hear, have hitherto borne an irreproachable character," he added, on finding that the accused did not speak. "Explain to us, then, how you came into possession of this note; if you do not, and satisfactorily—though, after what we have heard, that seems scarcely possible—we have no alternative but to give you into custody."

"I have nothing to say at present—nothing," muttered Bertrand, whose impatient furtive looks were every instant turned towards the door.

"Nothing to say!" exclaimed the banker; "why, this is a tacit admission of guilt. We had better call in the gendarmes at once."

"I think," said Dufour, "the young man's refusal to speak is owing to the entreaties of Mademoiselle de la Tour, whom we overheard implore him, for her sake, or as he loved her, not to say a word."

"What do you say?" exclaimed Derville, with quick interrogation, "for the sake of Mademoiselle de la Tour! Bah! you could not have heard aright."

"Pardon, monsieur," said the clerk who had accompanied Dufour: "I also distinctly heard her so express herself—but here is the lady herself."

The entrance of Marie, accompanied by Jeanne Favart, greatly surprised and started M. Derville; he glanced sharply in her face, but unable to encounter the indignant expression he met there, quickly averted his look, whilst a hot flush glowed perceptibly out of his pale features. At her request, seconded by M. Blaise, Derville repeated his previous story; but his voice had lost its firmness, his manner its cold impassibility.

"I wish Monsieur Derville would look me in the face," said Marie, when Derville had ceased speaking. "I am here as a suppliant to him for mercy."

"A suppliant for mercy!" murmured Derville, partially confronting her.

"Yes; if only for the sake of the orphan daughter of the Monsieur de la Tour who first helped you on in life, and for whom you not long since professed regard."

Derville seemed to recover his firmness at these

words: "No," he said; "not even for your sake, Marie, will I consent to the escape of such a daring criminal from justice."

"If that be your final resolve, monsieur," continued Marie, with kindling, impressive earnestness, "it becomes necessary that, at whatever sacrifice, the true criminal—whom assuredly Hector Bertrand is not—should be denounced."

Various exclamations of surprise and interest greeted these words, and the agitation of Derville, was again plainly visible.

"You have been surprised, messieurs," she went on, "at Hector's refusal to afford any explanation as to how he became possessed of the purloined note. You will presently comprehend the generous motive of that silence. Monsieur Derville has said, that he left the note safe in his desk at half-past seven last evening. Hector it is recognised, did not enter the house till nearly an hour afterwards; and now, Jeanne Favart will inform you *who* it was that called on her in the interim, and remained in the room where the desk was placed for upwards of a quarter of an hour, and part of that time alone."

As the young girl spoke, Derville's dilated gaze rested with fascinated intensity upon her excited countenance, and he hardly seemed to breathe.

"It was you, mademoiselle," said Jeanne, "who called on me, and remained as you describe."

A fierce exclamation partially escaped Derville, forcibly suppressed as Marie resumed: "Yes; and now, messieurs, hear me solemnly declare, that as truly as the note was stolen, I, not Hector, was the thief."

"Tis false!" shrieked Derville, surprised out of all self-possession; "a lie! It was not then the note was taken. . . not till—not till—"

"Not till when, Monsieur Derville?" said the excited girl, stepping close to the shrinking, guilty man, and still holding him with her flashing, triumphant eyes, as she placed her hand upon his shoulder; "not till *when* was the note taken from the desk, monsieur?"

He did not, could not reply, and presently sank utterly subdued, nerveless, panic-stricken, into a chair, with his white face buried in his hands.

"This is indeed a painful affair," said M. Blaise, after an expectant silence of some minutes, "If it be, as this young person appeared to admit; and almost equally so, Monsieur Derville, if, as I more than suspect, the conclusion indicated by the expression that has escaped you should be the true one."

The banker's voice appeared to break the spell that enchained the faculties of Derville. He rose up, encountered the stern looks of the men by one as fierce as theirs, and said hoarsely: I withdraw the accusation! The young woman's story is a fabrication. I—I lent, gave the fellow the note myself."

A storm of execration—"Coquin! voleur! scélérat!" burst forth at this confession, received by Derville with a defiant scowl, as he stalked out of the apartment.

I do not know that any law proceedings were afterwards taken against him for defamation of character. Hector kept the note, as indeed he had a good right to do, and Monsieur and Madame Bertrand are still prosperous and respect-



ed inhabitants of Rouen, from which city Derville disappeared very soon after the incidents just related.—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.*

### THE MOTHER'S PICTURE.

The sunset shed its parting glow,  
O'er hill and valley fair;  
And sweetly in its radiant beams,  
An English home stood there.

They fell upon a loving child,  
Whose waving locks so bright  
Were tinged by them with paly gold,  
As of a scraph's light!

He bounded onwards, till at length  
All silently he stood;  
What is there in that picture boy,  
To change thy gladsome mood?

See, see, the sunny smile has flown,  
The bright young head is bowed;  
What o'er thy spirit's joyousness,  
Has cast so dark a cloud?

All gazed in silence on the boy,  
In the bright sunlight there;  
And hush'd each breath to catch the words  
That fell from one so fair.

The rosy lips were parted—  
Yet, no sound from them was heard,  
Till the full spirit pour'd its love  
Into one thrilling word.

That word was—Mother! and the name  
In touching accents fell  
From the young heart, whose deep, deep tone,  
That Mother knew so well.

He thought him of his happy home,  
Far on that western shore  
His Mother, dear—his brother, fair—  
Should he not see them more?

E'en there, amid the loved ones there,  
And in her early home,  
A shade was o'er his spirit cast—  
He felt himself alone.

Alone, without her loving smile,  
Which ever yet had shone  
As a bright halo round his path,  
And with his growth had grown.

O, ever in thy memory be  
Treasured her care, sweet boy;  
Fond love and watchfulness unchang'd,  
Alike through tears and joy.

CAROLINE HAYWARD.

### AN OPIUM FACTORY

At Ghazcepoore, one hot and windy day, I went down to the "opium go-downs" or stores. The atmosphere of a hot and windy day at Ghazcepoore, if it should ever be thought suitable for invalids or others, may be inhaled in England by any one who will stand at the open door of an oven and breathe a fog of fried sand cunningly blown therefrom. After a two miles drive through heat, and wind, and sand, and odiferous bazar, we—I and two friends—found our way to a practicable breach or gateway in a high railing by which the storehouse is surrounded. A faint scent as of decaying vegetable matter assailed our noses as we entered the court of the go-down; as for the go-down itself, it was a group of long buildings fashioned in the common Indian style, Venetian-doored, and having a great deal more door than wall. In and out and about these doors there was a movement of scantily clad coolies (porters) bearing on their heads large earthen vessels; these vessels, carefully sealed, contained opium fresh out of the poppy district. Poppy-headed—I mean red-turbaned—accountants bustled about, while Burkunday (or policemen) whose brains appeared as full of drowsiness as any jar in the go-down, were lazily lounging about, with their swords beside them, or else fastened in sleep beside their swords.

The doorway was shown to us through which we should get at the "Sahib," or officer on duty. Entering the doorway, we pushed through a crowd of natives into an atmosphere drugged powerfully with the scent of opium. The members of the crowd were all carrying tin vessels; each vessel was half full of opium, in the form of a black, sticky dough, and contained also a ticket showing the name of the grower, a specimen of whose opium was therein presented, with the names of the village and district in which it was grown.

The can-bearers, eager as canibals, all crowded round a desk at which their victim, the gentleman on duty, sat. Cans were flowing in from all sides. On the right hand of the Sahib stood a native Mephistopheles, sleeves tucked up, who darted his hand into the middle of each can as it came near, pawed the contents with a mysterious rapidity, extracted a bit of the black dough, carried it briskly to his nose, and instantly pronounced in English a number which the Sahib, who has faith in his familiar, inscribed at once in red ink on the ticket. As I approached, Mephistopheles was good enough to hold a dainty morsel to my nose, and call upon me to express the satisfaction of a gourmand. It was a lump of the finest, I was told. So readily can this native tell by the feel of opium whether foreign substance has been added, and so readily can he distinguish by the smell its quality, that this test by Mephistopheles is rarely found to differ much in its result from the more elaborate tests presently to be described. The European official, who was working with the thermometer at a hundred, would be unable to remain longer than four hours at his desk; at the end of that time another would come to release him, and assume his place.

Out of each can, when it was presented for the first rough test, a small portion of the dough was taken to be carried off into another room. Into

this room we were introduced, and found the thermometer working its way up from a hundred and ten degrees to a hundred and twenty. On our left, as we entered, was a table, whereat about half-a-dozen natives sat, weighing out, in measured portions of one hundred grains, the specimens that had been just sent to them out of the chamber of cans. Each portion of a hundred grains was placed, as it was weighed, upon a small plate by itself, with its own proper ticket by its side. The plates were in the next place carried to another part of the chamber, fitted up with steam baths—not unlike tables in appearance—and about these baths or tables boys were sitting, who, with spatulas, industriously spread the opium over each plate, as though the plate were bread, and the opium upon it were a piece of butter. This being done over the steam-bath, caused the water to depart out of the drug, and left upon the plate a dry powder, which, being weighed, and found to be about twenty-three grains lighter by the loss of moisture, is called standard opium. If the hundred grains after evaporation leave a residue of more than seventy-seven, the manufacturer is paid a higher price for his more valuable sample; if the water be found in excess the price paid for the opium dough is, of course, lower than the standard. I thought it a quaint sight when I watched the chattering young chemists naked to the waist, at work over their heated tables, grinding vigorously with their blunt knife-blades over what appeared to be a very dirty set of cheese-plates. But the heat of this room was so great that we felt in our own bodies what was taking place about us, and before there had been time for the reduction of each hundred grains of our own flesh to the standard seventy-seven, we beat a retreat from the chamber of evaporations.

With the curiosity of Bluebeard's wives we proceeded to inspect the mysteries of the next chamber. It was full of vats, and in the vats was opium, and over the vats were ropes depending from the ceiling, and depending from the ropes were naked men—natives—themselves somewhat opium-colored, kicking and stamping lustily within the vats upon the opium; each vat was in fact a mortar, and each man a living pestle, and in this room a quantity of opium—worth more lacs of rupees than I have ever had between my fingers—was being mixed and kneaded by the legs of men, preparatory to being made up into pills. From the chamber of pestles, with curiosity unsated, we went forward to peep into the chamber of the pills.

A rush of imps, in the tight brown dresses furnished to them gratuitously by their mother Nature each imp carrying a bolus in his hand of about the size of a forty two pound shot, encountered us, and almost laid us prostrate as we entered. This—the fourth—chamber was a long and narrow room quite full of busy natives, every tongue industriously talking, and every finger nimble over work. Around the walls of this room there are low stools placed at even distances, and upon each stool a workman rather squats than sits, having before him a brass cup, of which the interior would fit one half of a bolus. Before each man upon a stool there stands a man without a stool, and a boy with a saucer. The man without a

stool has by his side a number of dried poppy leaves, of which he takes a few, and having moistened them in a dark gummy liquid, which is simply composed of the washings of the various vessels used in the establishment, he hands the moistened poppy leaves to the man upon the stool who sits before the cup. The man upon the stool, who has been rubbing the same liquid gum with his fingers over the inner surface of the cup—as housekeepers, I suppose, butter their jelly moulds—proceeds to fit in two or three leaves; then, with his fingers spreads over them more gum; then adds a few leaves more, and fits them neatly with his closed hand round the bottom of the cup, until he has made a good lining to it. His companion without the stool has, in the meantime, brought to his hand a fixed quantity of opium, a mass weighing two pounds, and this the genius of the stool puts into the cup; leaves are then added on the top of it, and by a series of those dexterous and inscrutably rapid twists of the hand with which all cunning workmen are familiar, he rapidly twists out of his cup a ball of opium, within a yellowish brown coat of leaves, resembling, as I have already said, a forty-two pound shot. He shoots it suddenly into the earthen saucer held out by the boy, and instantly the boy takes to heels and scampers off with his big pill of opium, which is to be taken into the yard and there exposed to the air until it shall have dried. These pills are called cakes, but they belong, evidently, to the class of unwholesome confectionary. A workman of average dexterity makes seventy such cakes in a day. During the manufacturing season, this factory turns out daily from six thousand five hundred to seven thousand cakes; the number of cakes made in the same factory in one season being altogether about twenty-seven thousand. A large proportion of these cakes are made for the Chinese, but they do not at all agree with the Chinese digestion. The manufacture of the opium is not hurtful to the health of those who are engaged in the factory.

The key of a fifth chamber being in our power, we continued steadfast in our enterprise, and boldly looked into the chemical test-room of a small laboratory, of which the genius appeared before us suddenly with a benign expression on his countenance, and offered chairs. His clothes are greatly splashed, and he is busy among opium tins, of which the contents have been pronounced suspicious by the Mephistopheles in the first chamber. From the contents of one of these cans an assistant takes a portion, and having made with it a solution in a test tube, hands it to the chemist. The chemist, from bottles in which potent and mysterious spirits are locked up, selecting one, bids it, by the mysterious name of iodine, depart into the solution and declare whether he finds starch to be there. The iodine spirit does its bidding, goes among the opium, and promptly there flashes through the glass a change of colour, the appointed signal, by which the magic spirit of the bottle telegraphs to the benign genius of the laboratory, that "The grower who sent this opium fraudulently added flour to it, in order to increase its weight." The fraud having been exposed, the adulterated drug has a little red ink mark made upon its ticket. The consequence of that mark will be confiscation, and great disappointment to



the dealer who attempted a dishonest increase of his gain.

We have nothing more to see, but we have something more to hear, and the very kind chemist will be our informant. There are two opium agencies, one at Patna, and one at Ghazee-pore. I know nothing whatever about Patna. For the Ghazee-pore agency, the opium is grown in a district lying between its head quarters, Ghazee-pore and Agra. Its cultivation gives employment to one hundred and twenty-seven thousand labourers. The final preparation of the ground takes place in the months of October and November. Under the most favourable circumstances of soil and season, twenty-four or twenty-six pounds weight of standard opium is got from one biggah of land; one biggah being a little more than three-fifths of an acre. Under unfavourable circumstances, the yield may be as little as six or eight pounds to the biggah, the average produce being from twelve pounds to sixteen.

To obtain the opium, as is well known, the capsule of the poppy is scored or cut; the scoring is effected with a peculiar tool that makes three or four (vertical and parallel) wounds at a single stroke. This wounding of the hearts of the poppies is commonly the work of women. The wounds having been made, the quantity of juice exuding seems to depend very much upon conditions of the atmosphere. Dews increase the flow, but while they make it more abundant, they cause it also to be darker and more liquid. East winds lessen the exudation. A moderate westerly wind, with dews at night, is the condition most favourable to the opium harvest, both as regards quantity and quality of produce.

The average per centage of morphia in this opium is from one and three quarters to three and a half; of narcotine, from three quarters to three and a half. These are the valuable principles of the drug. In some opium, the per centage of morphia runs up to ten and three quarters per cent. of morphia, and six per cent. of narcotine.

The income drawn from its opium by the East India Company amounts to some two and a half crores of rupees—two and a half millions of pounds sterling.—*Household Words.*

### THE HEROES OF CHILLIANWALLAH.

Night fell on the Indian battle-plain,  
Where the blood of the brave had pour'd like  
rain,

And the horse and its rider lay stiffen'd there,  
By the jungle that shadow'd the tiger's lair!  
But a foe, more fierce than the tiger bold,  
Had made of that jungle his dark strong-hold;  
For the guns of the Sikhs, in silence dread,\*  
Had number'd our bravest among the dead!

Now, o'er the tents that are scatter'd round,  
Is brooding a silence, still, deep, profound—

\* It is stated that in the opening canonade the Sikhs were so effectually concealed behind the thick jungles that the only guide to the British Artillerymen in taking aim was the smoke of the enemy's guns.

Save the groans of those who are dying there,  
On the damp ground, chill'd by the midnight air—  
Where Jhelum's waters roll o'er the brave,  
With a crimson tinge on its ruffled wave—  
And floating plumes which the sun at morn,  
Had seen on many a proud head worn—  
All tell of the direful work of strife,  
Of which that battle-field was rife.

Who are these standing in silence there?  
What do they gaze on in sad despair?  
As the fitful gleams of the twilight show,  
The warrior who lies in his glory low!  
Sadly they gaze on that noble brow,  
Where slowly the death-damps are gathering  
now;

For the radiant glance of that eagle eye,  
They seek, but in vain—there is no reply!  
Yet the smile on that proud lip seems to tell,  
That he dies for the banner he lov'd so well—  
Whose folds with a rigid clasp are prest,  
With his life-blood stained to his heaving breast.

Ah! vainly they try to stem the tide,  
Which flows so fast from his heaving side;  
He heeds them not, for away, away,  
From the stormy conflict of that day  
There has come o'er his spirit a sudden change,  
And he turned from the scene so dark and  
strange,  
And thoughts of that home o'er his memory  
swept,

Which soft in the rays of the moonlight slept,  
In fair England's isle, where the love of years  
Must soon be turned to a fount of tears.

Strive not with heaven, 'twere vain, 'twere vain,  
His spirit is call'd from its earth-bound chain;  
He has gone with his glorious feelings bright,  
With a name that no earthly breath can blight,  
In the summer-tide of his glorious fame,  
Crown'd with the laurel he well may claim!

\* \* \* \* \*

By Jhelum's stream how many an eye,  
Has look'd its last on the sunny sky?  
How many a crested head lies low,  
The warrior, grey, who had met the foe,  
And hew'd out victory; by his side,  
Rejoicing in his gallant pride,  
The youthful warrior waves his sword,  
Bidding defiance to the horde  
Of fiery Sikhs—in vain, in vain,  
Brave souls ye strew the battle plain,  
As hundreds of our warriors bleed,  
Thousands of foemen still succeed;  
Yet, pointing to the foe, they stand,

Breathless, with sword in crimson hand,  
 There Pennycuick, with lion heart,  
 To all fresh vigour to impart,  
 Waves o'er his head his reeking blade :  
 Again they charge—but fate forbade—  
 Still, from the jungle, murderous fire  
 Compels the heroes to retire.  
 Alas! alas! a fatal wound,  
 Has dash'd their leader to the ground ;  
 His faithful followers in the fray,  
 While yet he breathes, in vain essay,  
 To bear him off the slippery ground,  
 Goerschurras with fierce yells surround !  
 But, hark ! what means that fearful cry ?  
 'Tis not a note of victory.  
 Regardless\* of the havoc there,  
 Naught seeing but his silver hair,  
 The boy of proud heroic blood,  
 Who calmly in the fight had stood,  
 Unwavering 'midst the storm of fire,  
 The son so worthy of the sire.  
 Now forward bounds, his life to save,  
 Or share with him a soldier's grave !  
 One moment he that form bestrode,  
 The next, his own young life-blood flowed ;  
 And sinking on that faithful breast,  
 There sire and son have sunk to rest !

Fiercer,† still fiercer grew the fight,  
 Mountain's brigade, and to the right  
 Godby's, with Gilbert at its head,  
 Undaunted to the jungle led ;  
 Front, flank, and rear, they are assailed,  
 Still fight they on with hearts unquail'd ;  
 Though from thick ambush, lurking foes,  
 Armed to the teeth, all freshened rose !  
 Now Thackwell, bid thy squadron's speed,  
 Impatient is each fiery steed ;  
 And every sword is flashing high,  
 As round them England's banners fly ;

\* The devoted and gallant conduct of this noble youth was fully detailed in the public papers, and must be remembered by those who read the heartstirring accounts of this battle.

† As soon as it was known that these two brigades were engaged, the 5th was sent against the centre of what was supposed to be the enemy's line, and advanced, under their gallant leader, Brigadier Mountain, in the most undaunted manner, through the jungle in the face of a fire (a storm), first of round shot, then grape, and lastly musketry, which mowed down the officers and men by dozens. Still they advanced, and on reaching the guns spiked every one in front, and two others on the left, which had subsequently opened a flank fire on them ; but the Sikhs no sooner saw they were deprived of the use of their guns than they renewed such a fire with musketry, not only on the flank, but in the rear of the brigade, that common prudence dictated a retreat, and it was effected with the same determination that had distinguished the three brigades on the left throughout. The conduct of the European and native infantry, who were, it appears, not supported as they should have been by artillery or cavalry, for want of due and proper arrangements, was, to use the emphatic word of several correspondents, "magnificent."

The gallant Unett waves them on,  
 Another moment, they are gone !

That little band, can it avail  
 'Gainst musketry which pours like hail  
 From the Sikh wedge ?\*—yet on they dash  
 Into the midst—with fearful crash  
 Their weapons meet—the sable smoke  
 Of direful slaughter plainly spoke ;—  
 Still o'er the ranks the standard flies,  
 Though round it England's bravest dies ;  
 It wavers, sinks, in vain the eye  
 Strains, that proud banner to descry ;  
 Enveloped in a cloud so dense,  
 They wait with agony intense,  
 The moment when shall be reveal'd,  
 Which party has been forced to yield.  
 Emerging from the strife of war,  
 Again its colours float afar ;  
 The valiant, but diminished corps,  
 Its shot-torn folds in triumph bore,  
 As crown'd with glory in the fray,  
 They speed, still in compact array ;  
 And shouts of welcome rend the sky,  
 For those who come victoriously !

'Tis midnight, and in tent apart,  
 Restless, in anguish of the heart,  
 Walks one, the chieftain of that day,  
 Who feels, as none but brave souls may,  
 That they, who on that field had died,  
 Brethren in arms, who by his side  
 Had fought, victorious, in Spain,  
 And through that long and fierce campaign,  
 Were gone, and maddening came the thought,  
 Was it by his own rashness wrought ?  
 O, Gough ! we'll not deny thy meed,  
 Of praise for many a valiant deed ;  
 In prowess thou'rt excelled by none,  
 Well-earned the laurels thou hast won.  
 Yet mourn we, though we would suppress,  
 The thoughts that on our spirits press,  
 That had'st thou check'd thy fiery pride,  
 When by the taunting foe defied,  
 Allow'd thy judgment calmer sway,  
 Ere thou commenced the fearful fray,  
 There fewer would have been to mourn,  
 O'er those who now from earth are gone.

\* Bodies of Sikh cavalry made demonstrations on our left. General Thackwell directed a squadron of the 3rd Dragoons and 5th Light Cavalry to charge them. The Dragoons willingly obeyed the order, and, under their gallant leader, Captain Unett, dashed through the Sikh wedge, and cut their way back. The 5th Cavalry, in spite of their officers, came back in confusion, and intense was our anxiety about the fate of the 3rd squadron. At length they emerged, covered with glory ! Two officers of this squadron were wounded, the gallant Unett and Stisted ; and the loss among the men amounted to forty-six killed and wounded. Such gallantry deserves to be handed down to posterity.



Yes, Ghelum, by thy fatal stream,  
Has ended many a blissful dream,  
Of happiness and love to come,  
Awaiting in their distant home,  
Those who may never more enfold,  
All that on earth they dearest hold!  
But though the grass thy waters lave,  
O'er British valour now must wave;  
Though manhood there in noblest bloom,  
Has fought, and found a hero's tomb,  
Yet shall the memory of that day,  
Shine brightly forth in glory's ray—  
And valiant hearts be ever stirr'd,  
By Chillianwallah's fatal word!

CAROLINE HAYWARD.

### A TRUE STORY OF TOULOUSE.

THE countries in which the season of the carnival is celebrated with the greatest license and rejoicing, are usually those in which the ordinances of the Roman Catholic religion are most strictly observed. But although France has for many years past, been daily becoming a less religious or at any rate, a less professing country; although she has considerably abandoned the sackcloth and ashes, and entertains but a limited amount of respect for religious observances, she has not on that account abated much of her annual merry-makings. In few of the provincial towns is the carnival celebrated with greater glee than at Toulouse. The public *redoutes*, as masked balls are called in the south of France, a gallicising of the Italian *ridotto*, are of great splendour and frequent occurrence; the private *fêtes* and parties innumerable; the consumption of racy wines and rich viands not to be calculated. Towards the close of the carnival the fun grows "fast and furious"; troupes of masks parade the streets, and processions of various kinds take place. One of the latter is of a very peculiar nature. It is composed of fifty or sixty young men from certain parishes of the town, in various masquerading costumes, according to the fancy of the wearers, who mount on horseback and escort a huge car through the streets and suburbs. This car, which is drawn by eight horses, supports a sort of stage, raised about ten feet from the ground, and capable of containing twenty or thirty persons. Here is represented a court of justice, consisting of judges, counsellors, constables, witnesses, and prisoners. And woe betide the unfortunate individual who, during the preceding year, has rendered him or herself obnoxious to the Toulousians! The car stops before their houses, the tribunal sits in judgment upon them for the faults of which they have rendered themselves guilty, and amidst the shouts and laughter of the surrounding crowd, condemns them to some absurd and humiliating punishment. Intriguing wives, faithless husbands, scolds, coquettes, and scots, stand in special awe of the mock tribunal, which thus holds them up to the ridicule of their fellow-citizens. In some instances the offence itself, if of a burlesque or laughable nature, is represented upon the car previously to its being brought before the con-

sideration of the court. Much harmless license, fun and merriment, and usually great good humour, prevails upon these occasions.

It once happened, however, that the annual procession of the judges was applied by some of the actors to a graver purpose, and made the means of bringing to light a real crime. The circumstances under which this occurred are not without interest, and we will endeavour to relate them, as nearly as may be in the terms in which they were told to us by an old inhabitant of Toulouse.

Towards the commencement of the present century, the Count Hector de Larolles, a Languedocian gentleman of ancient family, returned to Toulouse from the south of Italy, where he had been for some time a resident, and took up his abode at his hotel in the Rue St. Marc. The count, who two years previously had left France as a widower, re-entered it as the husband of a young and beautiful woman, the daughter of a poor but honorable Neapolitan family. It was probably more her straitened circumstances and the brilliant position offered her by a union with the count, than any very strong attachment to that nobleman, which had induced Donna Olivia to accept the hand of a man whose age tripled hers; and very shortly after their arrival at Toulouse, it became reported among the more observant and scandal-loving portion of the society in which they mixed, that the count had already begun to taste the bitter of an ill-assorted union. His wife was affirmed to show him marked coldness and repugnance, and there were also some malicious persons who did not scruple to say that Monsieur de Larolles had cause for jealousy in the attentions paid to the countess by an officer of the garrison, who was a frequent visitor at his house. This was a Swiss, from the Italian canton of Tesino, who had entered the French army at an early age, and was now a major in the service. His reputation was that of a soldier of fortune, brave as steel, but tolerably unscrupulous; his person was strikingly handsome, his age about thirty years. A friend of the count's with whom Major Ruoli was intimate, had introduced him at the hotel Larolles, where he had gradually become a constant visitor. For a long time his attentions to the countess, and the evident willingness with which she received them, escaped the notice of the unsuspecting count, who at last, however, had his attention directed to them by some more observant friend. A violent scene between Monsieur de Larolles and his wife was the consequence, and although the lady managed to exculpate herself to a certain extent, the result was that orders were given to the domestics not to admit Major Ruoli when he presented himself at the house. Ruoli called there repeatedly, but, as according to the statement of the porter, no one was ever at home, he at last seemed to take the hint as it was meant, and his visits entirely ceased.

This occurred towards the close of summer. About a month afterwards the Count de Larolles suddenly disappeared, and no tidings could be obtained of him. He had left his hotel at dusk one evening, and had never returned. The countess had gone out to call upon a friend, and the count on leaving the house, had not, as was sometimes his habit, mentioned to his valet-de-chambre where he was going. No one had observed what direc-

tion he had taken, nor had he been anywhere seen. Inquiry and search were alike in vain. The count was not to be found.

Madame de Larolles was apparently in despair at this sudden disappearance of her husband. Messengers were despatched in every direction; friends, to whose houses he might possibly have betaken himself, were written to, pains and expense were lavished in order to discover him. For nearly two months the countess seemed to entertain hopes, and for nearly as long a time was the public interest kept alive concerning this singular and mysterious disappearance; but then the affair began to be thought less of, the countess seemed disheartened by the fruitlessness of her search, and relaxed its activity, or it should rather be said, nothing more remained to be done. The good people of Toulouse found something else to talk about, and before the new year arrived the occurrence seemed entirely forgotten.

The month of February commenced, and with it the Carnival, which passed with its customary gaiety and bustle. Towards its close there were, as usual, various processions and pageants, and at last came the closing day, the Mardi Gras, upon which the old numner Carnival was to play his final gambols, before yielding up the field to Dame Carême and her austerities. According to custom, the peregrinations of the judges drew together a mob which was kept continually on the grin by the farcical trials that took place in this peripatetic *lit de justice*, and by the comical verdicts rendered by the wigged and black-robed judges. Laughter, however, although said to fatten, does not keep off the attacks of hunger, and towards the close of the afternoon, the car was turned into a court-yard, and judges, counsellors, and witnesses, repaired to a neighbouring hotel to refresh themselves. Of the crowd that had been following, one portion dispersed through the adjacent streets, and another lingered about in groups, waiting the re-appearance of the pageant that had afforded them so much amusement.

This re-appearance took place much sooner than was expected. Less than half an hour had elapsed since the car had entered the stable-yard, when the gates were again thrown open, the vehicle drove out and turned down a neighbouring street. There was a considerable change, however, in the manner in which it was occupied. The masked postilions were upon their horses, but no one appeared upon the car itself, which instead of being occupied by the tribunal, desks, and other apparatus of a court of justice, was now covered over by an ample green cloth, with the exception of one end, where a kind of small canvass tent or pavilion had been erected. The curiosity of the spectators was strongly stimulated by this unusual change, and they eagerly followed the vehicle as it proceeded through various streets, and finally entered the spacious Rue St. Marc.

Although only in the middle of March, spring had fully set in at Toulouse; the trees were bursting into leaf, and the air was mild and balmy. As the car passed by, people leaned out of their open windows and gazed at the huge machine that lumbered along and seemed to shake the very ground under its wheels.

On arriving near the middle of the Rue St. Marc, the postilions pulled up their horses oppo-

site a house of stately appearance, along the ample façade of which ran long ranges of deep balconies, composed of iron work fancifully designed and richly gilt and overshadowed by festooned awnings of striped linen. The tall windows of the first floor were open, and from the opposite side of the street a glimpse might be obtained of the interior of a drawing-room, the inmates of which now approached the balcony, seemingly disposed to gratify their curiosity by a view of the car, at the same time that, to avoid the gaze of the throng, they kept themselves in some measure concealed behind the costly exotics that partially filled the balcony.

A minute or two elapsed without any change taking place in the appearance of the car. The crowd remained in mute expectation. Suddenly however, by some invisible hand or machinery, the green covering was rolled aside, and a sort of mimic stage appeared, on which was represented a river and its bank. The water, skilfully imitated by painted paper or linen, seemed to flow tranquilly along, while the bank itself was covered by artificial turf and flowers and backed by a low hedge of shrubs and brushwood. This hedge which was composed of pasteboard, arose suddenly out of the cart, in the manner that such things are frequently managed upon a theatre, and at the same time there appeared a small stone chapel, containing an image of the Virgin Mary, and surmounted by a cross. The effect of the whole representation was highly natural; and, to judge, from the exclamations audible amongst the surrounding crowd, apparently recalled to their recollection some familiar scene. It was, in fact a miniature but exact copy of a secluded and remarkably lovely spot on the banks of the Garonne and at the distance of a short half-league from Toulouse. This part of the river-side had once been a favourite resort of the towns-people, but a fatal and particularly savage duel, that had been fought there some years previously, and in memory of which the cross and chapel had been placed there, had attached unpleasant associations to it, and caused it, since that time, to be rather avoided than otherwise.

Scarcely had this scene been disclosed, when, from the small tent at one end of the cart, two actors appeared upon it. They were both masked and one of them wore a blue military cloak and cap, while the other, a woman, was closely muffled in a dark silk cardinal which nevertheless allowed the outline of a young and graceful figure to be distinguishable. At the slowest possible pace they walked along the bank of the simulated stream, apparently in earnest conversation, the female hanging familiarly on the arm of her companion, on whose face her eyes were rivetted. Before they had proceeded half the length of the truly Thespian stage on which they were exhibiting, they were followed out of the tent by a third figure, who approached them with stealthy step. This was a man whose hair was silvered and form slightly bowed, by age, and on beholding whom a movement of surprise took place in the crowd, while the name "Count de Larolles!" passed from mouth to mouth. At the same time a half-stifled shriek was heard proceeding from the balcony of the magnificent hotel opposite to which the pageant was enacting.



The old man upon the cart arrived close to the figures of the officer and the lady, without their observing him. He seemed to listen for a moment: then fiercely grasped an arm of each. In the dumb show that ensued, it was evident that a violent discussion was going on between these three persons. The old man seemed much agitated, and was the most violent in his gesticulations. Once he grasped the officer by the collar, but the latter disengaged himself, and then seemed to turn his anger upon the lady.—Then, and as if moved to sudden anger by something the old man said, the officer seized him in his turn. There was a struggle, but the antagonists were too unequally matched for it to be a long one, and in a moment the gray-haired old man was hurled backwards into the river. The fetitious waters opened to receive him. Once only he arose, and seemed about to gain the bank, but the officer advanced closer to the water's edge, and, as the swimmer approached, drew his sword from under his cloak and dealt him a heavy blow upon the head. The next instant the old man disappeared, and the river flowed on, tranquil as before. The murderer and the lady gazed for an instant at the water, then at each other, and hurried off the stage. The postilions lashed their horses, and the car drove away at a smart pace. This time, however, none of the spectators followed it. The attention of all was riveted on the house before which this scene had passed, and which was no other than the hotel Larolles.

On the balcony of that mansion a young and lovely woman now showed herself, uttering those thrilling and quick-repeated shrieks that, even in women, are only elicited by the most extreme agony of mind or body. She was attired in mourning garments, but of the most tasteful and coquettish materials and arrangement of which that description of apparel will admit, although her dress was now disordered by the violence with which she had pushed through the plants and thrown herself against the front of the balcony. Her beautiful features were convulsed and deadly pale, and she clutched the railings with both hands, while she struggled violently to extricate herself from the grasp of a very handsome man in rich uniform, who strove by mingled force and entreaty to get her back into the house. The lady was the Countess de Larolles, the officer was Major Ruoli.

The broken sentences uttered, or rather screamed, by the Countess, who was apparently in a paroxysm of insanity, were distinctly audible to the persons in the street. She accused herself as the murderess of her husband, and Ruoli as her accomplice. The latter at last succeeded in dragging her into the room, of which the windows were immediately shut. It was only then that some of the crowd thought of following the moveable theatre upon which had been enacted the drama that had been followed by such an extraordinary scene of real life. Car and horses were found a short distance off, standing in a solitary corner behind a fragment of the old city wall; but the car was empty, and there was nobody with it. Even the postilions had disappeared.

The same evening Major Ruoli and the Countess de Larolles were arrested by order of the

authorities, on suspicion of the murder of the Count.—The Countess was in a raging fever, unable to be moved, and for a long time her life was in danger; but on her recovery, she made a full avowal of the crime to which she had been an accessory.

The truth of her confession, had there been any reason to doubt it, was confirmed by the discovery of the Count's body, which had floated down into a solitary nook of the river, several hundred yards below the spot where he had lost his life, and had remained concealed amongst rushes and alder trees. His features were unrecognisable, but his dress and various other particulars were abundant evidence to prove his identity. His skull was indented by the blow of Ruoli's sabre.

Finally, Ruoli was sent to the galleys, and the Countess sentenced to imprisonment for a term of years. Fever and remorse, however, had played havoc with her constitution, and she died a few months afterwards.

Previously to the trial, which excited immense interest at the time, and of which we are informed that a curious account is to be found in the French papers of the year 1802 or 1803, every effort was made, but in vain, to discover the devisers and actors of the masquerade which had led to the detection of this crime. It appears that the car had been left in the stable-yard by the postilions while they went to dine, and that when they returned, it had already disappeared; all that remained of it being the chairs, tables, and other apparatus of the judges, which had been thrown out upon the ground. An ostler had seen several persons busied about the car, but, from their being in masquerading attire, had concluded they were some of the party to whom it belonged. It was suspected, but could not be proved, that this man had been bribed to see as little as possible.

No plausible conjecture could be formed as to the motives of the person who had become acquainted with the commission of the murder, for not sooner, and in a more direct and open manner, bringing forward his evidence concerning it. Some supposed that having been a hidden eyewitness of the deed, he apprehended being himself liable to punishment for not having made an effort to prevent it; others supposed that he feared Major Ruoli, who was known to be violent and reckless; and a third conjecture was, that it was some person of indifferer character, who thought his unsupported testimony would not find credence when brought against people of rank and influence. Whatever the motives may have been, and although there were evidently at least five persons connected with the masquerade, the secret was well kept, and to this day the affair remains shrouded in mystery.

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THE BEST LEATHER FOR SHOES.—Matthew Lansberg used to say, "if you wish to have a shoe made of durable materials, you should make the upper leather of the mouth of a hard drinker, for that never lets in water."

## A TALE OF THE OLD SPANISH WARS.

FOUNDED ON HISTORY.

BY WILLIAM SMITH, AUTHOR OF "ALAZON AND OTHER POEMS."

## CHAPTER I.

It was in the month of April, 1655. A violent storm from the northwest, of more than two days continuance, had suddenly set into a fresh breeze from the S.S.W. The mariners on board the *Æneas* of London, a stout merchant ship of 150 tons, were anxiously looking for Cape Clear, the point from which they were driven three days before. The *Æneas* was on a voyage to Galway, whither she had been sent by her owners on the breaking of the peace with Spain, instead of Cadiz, her original destination. The captain, Master John Kempthorne, was below arranging some papers, and thinking ever and anon of this "vile Biscayan expedition," as he termed the mishap of being driven so far southward of his course. He was the more annoyed, as, besides deranging his plans several days, for he was a very methodical person, it had brought him into imminent danger of falling into the hands of some of his Catholic Majesty's ships of force which were known to be at sea; a contingency not at all tasteful to our captain, who was a part owner of the vessel. He was startled from his desultory occupation by the cry of "A strange sail on the larboard tack!" Master Kempthorne was soon upon the elevated quarter deck common in those days, and spoke not a word for several minutes. He turned, disappeared below, snatched his slouched hat from a locker, tucked up a flap of the rim, clapped it on his head, tumbled his papers into a secretary, the key of which he flung into a small drawer with a prodigious noise, and hurried to the deck, tugging as he went at the belt of his sword he had snatched up in passing. "A strange sail, and a Spaniard!" he shouted, "make ready for action!"

Master Robert Lincoln, his mate, and two or three of the mariners rather advised tacking and endeavouring to make toward Cork. "We will tack assuredly," said Master Kempthorne, "and if we can make Waterford we will have saved loss, albeit we may not have gained credit for our valor; but Master Lincoln, while you do attend our sailing, which agreeth more with your views than fighting," and then noticing Lincoln's start of vexation at the unthinking taunt, added by way of softening "and which no man knoweth better, I will myself make all possible dispositions for fight; for surely we cannot let the Spaniard have our well-gotten gains without dispute."

Master Kempthorne was esteemed a thorough sailor, a brave man, and an upright and prudent commander. It was not every man who was trusted in those days with a merchant ship on a voyage which might soon be terminated much to the owners' loss by the privateers and single war ships of the enemy; and thus it was that he was often induced to take the command of a vessel on a distant or dangerous voyage, the owners being satisfied that their interests were in good hands; and now, but for Cromwell's rupture with Spain, he would have been in the harbour of Cadiz, whither he had been the year before in the same ship, and returned with much profit to himself.

He was originally of an old family in Devonshire, strongly prepossessed in the royal cause, and had been apprenticed to a merchantman in very early youth. After many voyages and various adventures, he had risen into notice and favor with the merchants, as well as some of those lately in power, who would have procured him the command of a King's ship at the breaking out of the civil war, had he not decided against it by saying that a war of Englishmen with Englishmen should never be entered by him. The vessel he now commanded was furnished with eight guns and thirty-five men, scarcely half the number of men on board the Protector's ships of equal force, but considered a large complement for an armed merchant vessel of such tonnage.

Meanwhile, notwithstanding the skill of the mate, the Spaniard was fast gaining on the *Æneas*; now coming down before the wind with a prodigious breadth of sail, and anon anticipating every manœuvre of the *Æneas* with an alacrity unexpected in a vessel of such bulk, proving her to be under skilful command. She was indeed a vessel of double the size of the *Æneas*, carrying twenty guns and about two hundred men; commanded by a Knight of Malta known by the name of Don Manuel Guilmas, and called the *St. Jago* of Cadiz.

Two or three shots from the enemy had passed harmlessly through or near the rigging, which as signals to surrender were disregarded by Kempthorne, and as a bravado were unrequited, as he shrewdly determined to husband his ammunition, of which at his sailing he had been unable to obtain as much as he wished, owing to the war with Spain. Another shot aimed evidently at the hull, struck the water some distance in advance, followed by a partial discharge, some of which struck the *Æneas*. Still reserving his fire, and everything being in the utmost readiness, Kempthorne stood watching the enemy, and giving directions to the men. Presently the Spaniard with the intention of boarding, bore



down within musket shot, when a well-directed broadside from the *Æneas*, with some good musketry following, rather checked their advance; which Kempthorne perceiving, plied them so warmly that considerable havoc was made on board the *St. Jago*. The immense projecting beak supporting a short bowsprit, in the fashion of those days, was so much disabled by the fire of the *Æneas*, that the Spaniard, owing to the skilful tacking of Kempthorne, was barely able to keep within range of the *Æneas* for some time. This disaster being in some degree repaired, the battle was soon renewed at close quarters. After many effective broadsides given and received, Kempthorne was informed by Lincoln that no more shot remained than for two or three broadsides, but that there was still some powder in the hold. "Send four men for the money!" said the captain. Lincoln stood bewildered for only a second, till the invention of the captain struck him. An irrepressible grim of satisfaction lightened up his face, serious and earnest as their present business was, with his white and somewhat even teeth and piercing eyes giving point to a countenance rather dusky it must be confessed, what with black hair and beard, *minus* the morning's toilet, and the blackening effect of the smoke of bad powder—and the large bags of silver were soon at hand. Now, this same coin had lately been released from the coffers of a rich Spanish ship; and had been, in part, destined for the freighting of the *Æneas* at Galway; the owners rightly judging that those who claimed Milesian consanguinity, would not object to a second advent from the same country in a more undoubted form.

Kempthorne directed his men to load their guns with pieces of eight, and direct their fire at the enemy's rigging. It was curious to observe the men at the first and second rounds of this novel warfare, how daintily they handled the shining coin, and how inclined to be saving in their expenditure. But the determined actions of Kempthorne and his mate Lincoln changed the rate of disbursement, and never did a hailstorm make more howling and rattling through the rigging of the *St. Jago* than did the silver shot of the *Æneas*. The spars, indeed, were scarcely injured, but almost every rope and sail was torn and cut in pieces. Every man that could be spared from the guns was sent aloft in an instant; but the first sail was hardly shaken to the breeze when one half of the mainyard fell crashing over the bulwark, and the other part hung uselessly at the mast, which was itself hopelessly shattered by a heavy shot from the enemy.

Rendered completely helpless for the moment,

Kempthorne, whose only chance of success was in a running fight, now made sure of being boarded by the enemy; nor was the opportunity unimproved. Though once repulsed with considerable loss, the Spaniards scrambled over his bulworks in such numbers that his crew were hemmed into corners and driven below, and his ship in possession of the enemy in nearly as short time as I have written of it; and as a wanton waste of blood is condemned by a rightly *brave* man, Kempthorne gave up his sword to the Spanish commander, and a general surrender took place.

On board the *Æneas*, two men were killed outright, and eight more or less wounded, one of whom afterwards died: the loss of the Spaniard we cannot accurately state, but not fewer than thirty were disabled, whilst those killed must have amounted to near half that number.

Master Kempthorne was conducted with all possible respect to the cabin of the Spaniard, and introduced, rather than delivered, to Don Manuel Guilmas. He found the Knight of Malta a man of middle height, slender in his proportions but extremely elegant in form and action. He was clad in a coat of proof, on the left breast or rather shoulder of which was the white cross of the Order of St. John on a red field, and from his belt hung a Toledo blade of great length and singular construction, the handle being fully a foot long; resembling in some degree the sword of Sir Philip Sydney preserved at the family seat of Penshurst; which however, exceeds this length of handle by four inches. Nothing could exceed the politeness and respect with which Kempthorne was treated. His men, too, were well quartered in the *St. Jago*; and although disarmed and strictly guarded, and only allowed to appear on deck at certain hours, four at a time, yet were free from all those insults and petty annoyances, which some, who have prisoners in charge, know so well to inflict.

#### CHAPTER II.

A sincere regard, a feeling of brotherly kindness which one brave and generous man has to another, was beginning to spring up between the two commanders, the captured and the capturer, when on the fourteenth day the spires of Malaga were discerned. Guilmas sailed majestically into the harbour, saluting the outer fort and the Admiral Perez as he passed, and anchored close beside the long mole. His presence on deck was indispensable; and Kempthorne, with instinctive delicacy, too polite to be in the way, and too considerate to assume a liberty which belonged not to him, kept below. In little more than one

hour Guilmas entered. "Senor" said he, "if you object not, we will take a walk to my poor residence, (which is at your service,) and having refreshed ourselves, for our amusement stroll upon the Prado."

The two commanders arm in arm, pursued their way through the good town of Malaga. The knight was dressed with scrupulous care. His usual habit was set off by a short Spanish cloak of crimson cloth embroidered in silver, which he wore loosely hanging by its throat clasp of emeralds in the shape of a cross. His hat was somewhat broader in the rim, higher and more pointed in the crown, and altogether lighter in appearance than the hats worn by the English at that period. His long handed Toledo was at its usual place by his side, and a pair of elegant trunk hose completed the more noticeable parts of his equipment. Master Kempthorne was, it may be, an inch or so taller than the knight, and appeared bulkier in *contour*, and much more florid in complexion. He, too, wore trunk hose, and by the express desire of the knight, his own sword; which by the way was a very rich one, presented to him by some merchants of London, for whom he had made a perilous and successful voyage. His doublet was of soft black velvet, and so full chested and upright-gaited was he, that it was as smooth upon his breast as a plate of mail. A white silk scarf of peculiar appearance occupied the place of the usual sword belt, and served as such, for his sword fastenings depended from it.

There was something striking in the *tout ensemble* of the gallant pair that could not fail to call forth curiosity and admiration. The one was the very personification of cavalierly urbanity and perfect breeding, and the other so noble in his upright bearing and calm dignity.

They met few in their short walk to Guilmas' mansion, as it was the hour for the national *siesta*. Two thirds of the chivalry of Malaga were fast in the arms of sleep; and the remainder, if not troubled with indigestion, gout, rheumatism, or love, were sedulously courting the same repose. They soon arrived at the knight's residence, showing to the street little else than a dead wall; for the few windows that appeared, were high from the ground, very narrow, and stoutly barred with iron.

A porter admitted them at the master's summons, and showed such unfeigned delight, at his unexpected arrival, that Kempthorne was at once prepossessed in his favor. He conducted them to an inner apartment overlooking the court, well lighted with highly finished windows, and profusely furnished and decorated.

"I have spent many a pleasant hour in this same room," said the knight, "and even now it sometimes seems as gay as ever at Marie's presence—but what of Marie?" he said suddenly, addressing the servant who had admitted him. "Senor," said the servant, "Jose brings me word that she is well and happy, and will be in Malaga, on Ascension day." The knight explained to Kempthorne that Marie was the orphan child of his best loved brother, who had in his youth gone on a Quixotic expedition to England, charged with some secret letters to the Prince Charles from some agent of his in Spain, and that while there he had fallen in love with a young lady about the court, and their private marriage having transpired, to save the lady from the wrath of her relations, he had returned to Spain, bringing her with him, where she shortly afterwards died; and he, having left his infant daughter to the care of his mother, went to the east in search of adventures, was at Venice, and at Rhodes in the times of its trouble, and at last fell in the attack made by De Charolt on Ibrahim Rais, the Ottoman, which resulted so gloriously for the Knights of St. John, in the year 1638.

Fernando, the attentive servant of the knight, was meanwhile superintending the preparation of a repast peculiarly grateful to our captains, as consisting largely of fruits and delicacies of the garden, especially welcomed by those who have been sometime at sea. Kempthorne was conducted to another apartment, spacious and elegant, which the knight informed him should be his sleeping apartment; adding that the whole house was at his disposal for a residence as long as he chose to remain, and took from him his simple word of honor that he would not leave Spain without his knowledge. After Don Manuel had taken his *siesta*, a performance a sailor has no mind to curtail, he waited on Kempthorne, who had passed the interval in endeavoring to imitate the Spanish custom, though without success.

A slight refreshment by Fernando again disposed of, and our friends sallied forth. A considerable number of persons were already on the promenade, and Kempthorne was very much struck by the splendid appearance of many of the military personages and grandees they met. To all whom Don Manuel knew, he introduced Kempthorne, and enforced his praises with all the *prestige* of his own name and valor, declaring that not in all Christendom, nor even under the banners of the order, was there to be found a warrior braver or more honorable than he. The courtly bearing of the Spanish grandee was conciliated by the noble part of the English captain, and the



two commanders were invited in flattering terms to the town residences and family castles of several nobles of rank and distinction. They were particularly pressed by the Marquis D'Amaral, whose progenitor had been Chancellor of the Order of St. John, to pay him a visit at his own castle, which Don Manuel, for himself and his friend, promised.

### CHAPTER III.

EARLY next morning the knight entered Kempthorne's room, whom he found up and dressed, and telling him that he had thought of going that day to Ronda to bring his niece to the city, craved his company on the journey; and as it was a pretty long one, he had instructed Jose to have horses at the door at the hour of six. Kempthorne thankfully accepted the offer, and descended to the dining hall where a pleasant meal awaited them. Precisely at the time appointed, Jose appeared to inform his master that the horses were ready. Two superb horses of the purest Barbary race, were ready for their mounting; and, with curvetted necks, and ears playing at the slightest word; thin and almost transparent nostrils, chests like the broad bows of an ancient galley, and tails a sea of jet sweeping the ground, were fit objects for the stride of warrior knight. Jose had another horse for himself, and a beautiful jennet of snowy whiteness, splendidly caparisoned, was standing in the court untied.

The knight and the captain mounted, Fernando opened the portal, and stood uncovered to make his adieu, Jose strapped a portmanteau to the saddle, and then mounted himself; called the jennet by name, which instantly came to his hand, and having attached its bridle by a long cord to the saddle on which he rode, trotted off at a brisk rate to keep in sight of our two cavaliers, who were already speeding along the Prado or public promenade, and gradually commencing to ascend the long slope that led to the table land immediately behind the city. They were soon upon the high grounds, and never before had Kempthorne seen so beautiful a sight. Behind them, and far to their left, lay the blue Mediterranean bathed in mellow sunlight, with a slight haze resting on its horizon. Before them the Sierra Nevada stretched in the distance its long irregular line of blue, seeming scarce more substantial than a cloud; and between were vineyards of the brightest green long slopes and hollows covered with verdure and dotted with groves and cottages; while between them and the sea lay the city and the harbor, the descent toward the city studded with the suburban mansions of the wealthy, the spires of the many

churches standing up amid the houses with their leaden sheathing and spiky angles, like sentinels in armour keeping guard amid a camp of sleepers; while the road before them stretched away for miles, hard, smooth and level. Peasants, with their donkey carts and picturesque costume, coming to the city with provisions, took off their *shakos* as they passed, with the air of a grandee,—verses of rural songs were heard at times from vineyard and cottage, and a feathered choir, which Kempthorne had not heard since the previous summer, filled the morning air with their song.

Meanwhile the sun was getting high in the heavens, and riding became exhausting from the heat. Towards mid-day they came to a small river winding along between precipices of rock, and over which a bridge of great height carried the road. A path at the left, however, led down to the water by following an immense fissure in the rock, and a shallow ford conducted the traveller to the foot of another steep path which led up to the main road. Our travellers turned off here, and having watered their horses, tied them to some trees on a small spot of green sod in the bottom of the dell, and partook of some refreshments which Jose produced from his wallet. Mounting again, they continued their course, enlivened by pleasant conversation, while the lofty Sierra Nevada was growing nearer and more distinct, and the country began to partake of a somewhat mountainous character; long parallel ridges of steep bare rock, with green well-watered valleys between; springs gushing from amid rocks at the roadside, and flocks of goats under the keeping of some swarthy herd, with sheepskin jerkin, and great wolf-dog at his heels, were objects of frequent occurrence.

When it was wearing toward evening, they came to a little roadside chapel. Two brothers in passing this spot unfortunately got into a dispute, quarrelled,—drew their swords,—and one fell, pierced to the heart by the sword of his own brother. The deed was no sooner done than repented; but a life-long repentance and remorse could not recall the dead. After his first horror had subsided, the brother returned to the spot, and founded a chapel, in which the monks of a neighbouring convent, in consideration of an endowment for that purpose, engaged to say mass for the repose of the brother's soul, daily, forever. Don Manuel, after mentioning these circumstances, ended by saying, "I, too, have the repose of a brother's soul to pray for;" and turned off to the little chapel. "I will soon overtake you, señor," said he, turning to Kempthorne, who seemed un-

decided whether to go on; and then entered meekly into the chapel.

Kemphthorne rode on, and soon came into a fine open country, with the town of Ronda in the distance, and the sun hanging over the top of one of the lofty mountain peaks behind it. It was not long before he saw a horse, apparently running away, coming at a great speed towards him, hotly pursued by a man on horseback. While making preparations to stop him, the runaway turned off sharply down a rocky descent and disappeared among bushes, still pursued; and when Kemphthorne came to the place, as there was nothing to be seen or heard of them, he went on his way. He presently saw a lady in the riding habit of those times, sitting beneath a tree at the roadside; her beautiful features wearing a very disconcerted look. He immediately dismounted and walking up to the lady with hat in hand, who rose with some difficulty at his approach, begged her, in the best Spanish he could command, since she had so evidently been deprived of her horse, to accept the use of his to wherever she might be travelling. What was his surprise, when the lady thanked him in English for his kind intentions, and stated, that as her servant would doubtless soon overtake her horse, which had thrown her, she would only trouble him for his assistance to the next *ranch*o or farm house, as indeed she had sprained her foot in falling, and could with difficulty stand.

As the *ranch*o was at some distance, and neither the Knight nor Jose to be seen, Kemphthorne began to tighten the girths and arrange the saddle of his horse in the best possible manner as an extempore side-saddle, when he caught sight of a priest coming riding on a mule.

"Sir Priest," said he, stepping out into the road, and in his defective Spanish speaking much less politely than he intended, "I want your saddle!"

"So does my mule!" said the priest, as he gave his beast a round stroke with a cudgel. The mule however, as if wishing to hear the end, refused to move, and the priest urged it with stick and voice without effect.

"Balaam and his ass!" said Kemphthorne involuntarily.

The priest looked up in surprise at the sound of a foreign language; and the lady, despite the pain of her foot, laughed heartily at the conceit.

"This lady wants your saddle."

"She has no horse!" said the priest.

"But I have one," said Kemphthorne.

"You have also a saddle."

"You may have it, if you will let me have yours."

"My dear son" exclaims the priest, in his excess of liberality, "you can have it, and my mule under it." "Nay," said Kemphthorne "you know very well I want not your mule, but your saddle."

"Then take it, and Father Luis will ride bare-backed to his Convent, even as he left it;" replied the priest.

"What? had you no saddle when you started?"

"Nay, I went forth with but my cloak spread under me," said Father Luis, "and chancing to see this hanging on a tree, my mule would not pass it, and I was obliged to put it on him, small gain indeed" said he, pulling at a rent, "but Senor you shall have it!"

Kemphthorne pulled off his own saddle and strapped on the priest's, which indeed answered admirably for a side-saddle. It was made without a tree, softly wadded, and the stirrups were merely continuations of a stuffed ridge that ran round the edges, and hung down in a large loop below the flaps on each side. While he was doing this, Father Luis with the utmost diffidence and meekness took up the other saddle and put it on his mule, which turned its head several times to sniff at its brilliant accoutrements.

"My mule has more pride than Mustapha of Grenada," exclaimed the priest.

"How was that?" inquired Kemphthorne.

"Why Mustapha thought that he was too good to walk on the ground, so Boabdil the king to cure him of his pride sent him up into a tree. The acorns being near ripe, instead of dying he got fat on them, and as he affected to have been fed from Heaven, nobody would give him food any more, and he was obliged to live on them ever after. Pride goeth before a fall—" hoisting himself into Kemphthorne's saddle as he spoke.

"If you will leave my saddle at the convent, I will send yours there, and get it," said Kemphthorne.

"You may do so;" said Father Luis, and ambled off in high state.

Kemphthorne assisted the lady to her place on the saddle, giving her his hard weather-beaten hand for a step, and both holding the horse and balancing her ascent with the other arm. He walked for a little time leading the horse, until convinced of his gentleness and the fair rider's security, he strode on, with his hat under his arm, and the setting sun beaming full in his manly face.

(To be continued.)

Eat little to-day, and you will have a better appetite to-morrow,—more for to-morrow, and more to-morrows to indulge it.

Things should be estimated by their utility, and persons by their usefulness.



## THE ADVENT OF PEACE.

Rejoice, ye heavens! and thou, O earth, give ear!  
The Lord hath spoken—yea, our God reveals  
The glorious message of redeeming grace,  
Which bids the heathen world look up and live.  
Nations that sat within the gloomy shade  
Of death's dark vale, have seen the day-spring  
dawn,

And brighten from on high. Salvation's light  
Hath risen on tribes long wandering in the mists  
Of pagan errors, wild, perplexed, and dear.  
Their feet are on the mountains who declare  
The news of peace. Envoys from distant lands  
Resigning all the social joys of home,  
And tender ties of kindred and of love,  
They come through perils of the land and sea—  
Braving toil, hardship, and the deadly blight  
Of pale disease upon a foreign shore;  
And count all sufferings light for his dear sake  
Who sends them forth as his ambassadors.

Break into songs, ye isles! now taught to hymn  
His hallowed name; who, while ye knew Him  
not,

Bore on the cross the burden of your guilt,  
And paid your ransom with his precious blood.  
Ye who have slept so long in errors thrall—  
Africa and Hindostan—awake and throw  
Your hideous idols to the moles and bats,  
And with one voice proclaim—Jehovah reigns!  
Islam, thy turbaned hordes shall hear the call,  
Which bids them from the strong delusion turn,  
With which the False One's subtlety beguiled  
Immortal souls with promise of a heaven,  
Whose grossness should excite the shame of  
earth.

The crescent shall be trampled to the dust,  
And the cross rise triumphantly once more  
Through the wide East, and in Sophia's fane  
The long, long silenced anthems shall resound;  
While Greek and Turk in sweet communion join,  
To sing "Hosanna"—to the Lamb of God.  
Israel's long wandering thousands shall return  
To Him who hath redeemed them with a price,  
And made His mortal nature of their seed:  
He wills them not to perish, but extends  
The everlasting arms of grace and love,  
To fold them with the chosen of his flock.  
O, come, blest advent of celestial peace!  
When the pure faith of Christ alone shall reign,  
Unite the jarring nations in one bond  
Of brotherly accord; and calm the storms  
Of war and faction, that so long have shook  
The troubled world.

Those days already dawn,  
Which kings and martyrs of the olden time,  
Through the dim veil of coming ages saw  
While yet far off, with faith's prophetic eye,  
And sighed to witness their accomplishment.

AGNES STRICKLAND.

## GILFILLAN AND HIS "LITERARY PORTRAITS."

THE times offer, if our judgment do not deceive, in respect to piles of books, new and old, that are daily advertised, a fair prospect of Canada being soon the land of an intelligent and reading people. Not that at present we may be said to be *not* intelligent, but our intelligence is chiefly practical, of an unpretending, or at least homespun order. We think this is on the path to improvement, the object of the men designated as teachers in our day, appears, mainly, to be the inducement of a taste for intellectual habits. Apart from the higher scholastic attainments, such a result may be most reasonably expected. By a careful selection from the shelves of our own book-stores, and close reading, a man may become, granting native capacity, intellectually great. The man who wisely directs the uninformed, helping them in their choice, we may call intellectually good; of such a man we will briefly speak.

Gilfillan, in presenting to the reading public his "Literary Portraits," has been, it may be said, in all that an author aspires to, successful. These reviews are written and finished in a style both talented, and for the subject, appropriate. His object in bringing to our notice some of the most distinguished literary men of our race, (Anglo-Saxon), deserves our gratitude and esteem, while his own reflections with such a view, must be highly pleasing. In the task he has imposed upon himself, and in the selection of his characters, his really nice discrimination of their qualities and powers of mind, his just perception of their tendencies and of their general effect and usefulness, demand our assertion, that he is surpassed by few British reviewers. There is no work better calculated to make a reader than Gilfillan's "Gallery of Literary Portraits." They contain, though in a slight degree, the interest of biography; throughout they are attractive, often fascinating, and precisely so, when he wishes or designs it; we, too, must rise with the sublimities of Milton, sympathise or shudder at his description of Crabbe's pictures, and laugh if we can, with the light laughing, but most feeling-hearted Hood. In frequent passages,

our thoughts do kindly and gratefully assimilate with those of Gilfillan.

He does not say so, but his wish is evident, to diffuse a taste for the lighter and higher enjoyments to be derived from communion with the poets and philosophers of his pages. And, in that, he deserves our attention, for, in truth, his suggestions are worthy of adoption, and his recommendation of an author no slight praise. Of a warm imaginative cast of mind, though possessing sound judgment, strictly conscientious, albeit he is a critic, with a copiousness of language suited to every variety of his subjects, and a view, ever indicative of his calling, to the question of eternal import; he, at once, wins our love, respect, and approbation: our approbation for his candor, our respect for the worthiness of his object, and our love for his warm-heartedness to man. For example, the manner in which he reprobates its want in John Foster, elsewhere admitted an amiable man. "How he prowls like a hyena around the deathbeds of dying skeptics, \* \* \* to drink in their last groans, and insult, whether the calm, or the horror of their closing hours." And we can fancy a flush of outraged Christian benevolence stirs his blood, in the study of such an unnatural trait. By such a sentiment, Gilfillan wins our confidence and love.

Displaying great ability in all, (his portraits we mean) he is especially great in his delineation of Crabbe. You never suspect, while he is enumerating the poet's works, here admiring them, there regarding with regret and sympathy; in a style now brilliant, and again soft and almost sad, that the object is other than mere relaxation, or for your entertainment; till the critic flashes upon you in the development of a character, drawn from the last flowing paragraph. In that he at once displays his talent and proves his usefulness, not only to see with such correctness, and with such judgment of their capability, but to possess the rare gift of so admirably describing them, that we are satisfied when we have read, we know as much of the individual as Gilfillan. It may be his will, or mayhap his nature; in the beneficial result it is of not much consequence which, but he cannot leave his subject until he is assured there is no point in the character, notable either of good or evil, that is not presented to the reader. When it is his duty to extoll he does it in terms that might gratify even a Milton; when in truth he must blame, untainted by a shade of pique, he never presumes to be harsh or severe. In his picture of George Dawson, in whose delineation he manifests some bad feeling, it is attributable perhaps, paradoxical as it may seem, to their being

both clergymen. But, even then, it is not of that blighting kind that would concentrate its venom into a single word and wish "that word were lightning." Among the minor failings of Dawson's character, he notices a sort of apostleship to Carlyle, with whom, by the way, in a certain peculiar phrasology, Gilfillan himself is frequently identical. It evidently, however, gives him more pleasure to laud and elevate a worthy character, than to reprimand even the reprehensible Dawson. But the one vital question, the position of the church, with, we may suppose, Dawson's relation to it, he would have passed him by unnoticed; or at most with a smile at such a second edition of Johnson's *Boszy*.

In his strictures on Macaulay, while we admire the execution, which is perhaps, in this article the most elaborate, we do not so fully agree with him. His characters are admirably drawn, and his object more worthy of our commendation than Gilfillan would admit.

In instituting a parallel between Gilfillan and Hazlitt, we may with more distinctness display our author's qualifications as a critic. In truth, a genuine specimen of that genus, such as either of these we have mentioned, is certainly a singularity. Without the high power of arranging or creating, which we designate genius, they possess the tact, talent perhaps, to fish out all the sentences in a book of any size, a poem of any length, that have been contributed by that subtle nondescript. We of course premise, that neither of these we named have shown genius. Hazlitt was pointed and often powerful; happier in illustration, without seeing his subject better, in invective far keener, increasing at times to spite, the result evidently of personal feeling; fluent always, copious when he is much interested, and in style at least, if not otherwise, nearly original, he handles his patients with all the ease and confidence of a first-rate practitioner. Some of his expressions, short, emphatic and powerful, we have rarely seen equalled; you might see the character in a single one of them. Gilfillan, on the other hand, is particular rather than pointed, correct merely in what he does say without being powerful. Though his conclusions are not without weight, we sometimes weary ere, the facts in form of argument, be gone over. It is indicative of ingenuity in a person, to see him piling up a flight of stones or rubbish, to help him over a high wall; but we do more admire the Athlete, who, confidently measuring his distance, clears it at a bound. In illustration, though generally bearable, he is sometimes exceedingly common-place and weak. He seems as though he will not be indebted to any other,



even remotely, for a simile or illustration, and he has not in his labor, found the rich plot of flowery expletives of thought, which a future genius will one day, in his careless mood, trample amongst. In the following instance, settling Byron's rank as a poet, and comparing him with Homer, Milton, Shakespeare, &c., he proceeds thus: "He seems to rush into their company, and to stand among them, like a daring boy, proudly measuring himself with their superior stature." Which as an illustration is quite homely, at the same time it contains an assertion as daring in its way as are some of the conversations in "Cain." His heart is sufficiently human to feel at times as Junius did ever, and it should certainly be far from our thought, to censure a man for a want of an infernal, or at least, a very bad spirit; but a slight tinge of such, when the strain is reprobative, greatly adds to the effect.

In concentration he is rarely successful, and his *effective sentences* too frequently fail to convince. He is too evident; from its very plainness we see its weakness. His ease and fluency are like the forced calm of a person of highly nervous temperament; if we examine either closely, we will find it the result of a mighty effort. In this profuseness of language too, there is an evident straining after originality in figurative expression and the general construction. Indeed, he often supplies, with an abundance of really beautiful language, an omission of something of weight or worth in his relation, which would only be the more apparent without it. His delineations, at the same time they are such as few might hope to equal, are too lengthy for all the matter contained, with an accumulation of illustrative "talk" equally tedious; serving to beguile, we suppose, while he authenticates the point of character in question.

In our opinion he is no where happier than in describing Hood. There is a certain undefinableness about the character which Gilfillan apparently comprehends, and of which his exposition in that article is clever. Hood is of a class, who, generally speaking, do not know their "attributes" so well as Gilfillan describes them. He talks of Hood's "genial kind-heartedness" which, with Gilfillan, covers many venialities; and where, to a common observer the poet is no ways noticeable, he turns, examines and notes down, until we find the character to be a real, natural, and loveable "Thomas Hood." Contrasting, though quite appreciable in his "Milton," "John Foster," "Sterling," &c.; we like him better with late poets. In these last there is a labouring to be great in the "sublime," and the "highly intellectual" that wearies. Too many words, with too little meaning; but that it

is impossible, we would suppose at times that he was caricaturing them.

Though ardently admiring poetry, we most conscientiously transcribe our opinion of his reviews of some of the minor poets. As it were reproving a quadrille party on the folly of such a pastime, we find him forgetting the presence, and, even himself, in the tempting sounds proceeding from the orchestra, and cutting a caper "on the light fantastic toe."

The most remarkable feature in a reviewer, after fairness and candour, is the faculty of discovering what of the noticeable he has distinguished in the object of his criticism, in plain, intelligible language; language which will convey a correct picture, so far as that is possible, language which may not admit of two constructions, and no more of it than is necessary. It is an excellent, if it be not the only, mode of communicating knowledge, that of comparison; but, preserve us from such comparisons! and, in the working out of the delineations such expressions as; "Severe charms," "A bee wreathing round you in the warm summer morn her singing circle," "A silver lining of cloudy feelings," are exuberances as palpable, as the humps on the back of a dromedary. Such a preparation *may* be needed by weak intellects, which, like weak stomachs, cannot bear, unmixed with light ingredients, much strong food, but it is downright chaffronery to present it to the public indiscriminately. It is, however, as necessary perhaps, to this order of composition, as the sand, which, of itself has no adhesive qualities, is in cement; it is all reading, and fills up the intervals between the great facts, which, in some instances are scanty.

Gilfillan's works of this order (Sketches of the minor poets) unquestionably contain a vast amount of stuff, that is fit only for novels. The exploits of a mountebank are never mixed up in detail with rhapsodies on flowers, and the music of bees, then why, in the name of common sense, should they, with sights and sounds, incongruous and senseless, darken the speech and actions of a "Minstrel Prophet," may be a saviour of our kind. In a single paragraph in his notice of Thomas Moore, may be found as many leaves and flowers with dew on them, as would make a half a dozen of the poetical bouquets of the diminutive, and in his eyes, rather contemptible poet.

There is more pleasure in perusing his sketches of straight forward men, his real actualities. Of these we may mention Cobbett, William Anderson, and perhaps, Leigh Hunt and Professor Nichol. In his character of Cobbett, he is completely successful; in this, that he there talks sensibly, after

the manner we premise, of the worthy he so well describes. To use a phrase of his own, and which is just now appropriate; what pleases us most in this, as contrasted with other of his productions; is to see that, instead of "wasting time trying on spectacles that belonged to others, he was using his own piercing pair of eyes." And Gilfillan has eyes, (intellectual we mean), and strong sight, but while we trust to his faithfulness in speaking of a man, we cannot be patient for hours at a stretch, while he is painting a flower with a butterfly on it. We only know of one, who in all his sketches of nature, and his illustrations from that source, was successful in all, the man Shakespeare. Concentration is as essential in criticism, as its opposite is in the development of a visionary scheme. In his portrait of Cobbett, Gilfillan is good, nay, clever, in the following, "There were the brawny form, the swagger, the dogmatic prejudice, the gullosity and the pugnacity of as genuine an Englishman as ever drank beer, bolted bacon, or flourished quarter-staff." Now that we can understand. It is the picture of a true, sensible, practical man, without any of the namby-pambyism which is to perpetuate and foster that class, whose *fine feelings* fit them specially for novel reading. It is one thing to see, and understand, and love nature, and the beautiful in everything; and another to dote, or talk feebly, and we fear it would incur Cobbett's ire, if, as his own description tells us: "Mawkish sentimentalism in all its shapes is to be abhorred." He admires Cobbett for his clear head and faculty of seeing, and for his *common sense*. That he has it himself in no common degree is testified by this; as whoever can rightly estimate the power of another, is himself nearly equal. We admire his judgment in parting the worthless from the substantial, even in this most substantial Englishman; but to find him winnowing the rubbish of the garden for a few tawdry flowers is sorry work. As a gardener he would be a god among the cabbages, carrots, and mangal wurtzel; but, he always begins to make faces, and talk of Flora at the sight of a bunch of sweet-williams, or bachelors' buttons.

Poets are admitted to be creators, as they must be also who talk poetically of them, like Gilfillan. Now, all cavilling apart, at the misapplication of the word *creator*, (for we much doubt whether *genius* be not a ready namer for intellectual *dexterity*) we have one word ere we part, for "Gilfillan and his Poets." It is enough that the muse inspired are allowed to break through all rules, (save those of Murray, which even by them are inviolable), in their flights, and "grand conceptions," but! save us from the efforts, in like, of

their reviewers. Notwithstanding the much that our writer has done well, he is culpable for what is ill done; and, not that we would seek or wish that he should be deprived of any species of relaxation, it is a hazardous and somewhat presumptuous act, thus to thrust himself, when he inclines to be milk-and-waterish, upon his thousands of readers. The argument may be urged, that light reading, like light food is required by many minds; but it must not be forgotten, that *whatever* may be its specific gravity, the material consumed must contain some definite amount of sustenance or it is totally worthless, even injurious. And this, with his strong sense, Gilfillan must see, that a pretty playing upon words is false, insomuch that it captivates with sound. Strike upon a cymbal and you produce a sweeter sound, than the smith at his anvil, fashioning a ploughshare. These apparent creations are, often, therefore, not true, but false. What must the poetical, or false description of such a thing be; *a lie*, though it were veiled in the essence of flowers and rainbows. It may be said that it is merely light trifling. There can be no trifling without one one party being deceived, the trifler if his drift is apparent.

Our remarks must of necessity be short. Gilfillan is unknown to us entirely, save by his "Literary Portraits." He has many good properties, plainly distinguishable through failings, and the conclusion unhesitatingly is, that the general effects of his writings will be good. It is true, that to be brilliant, or to be praised is, by many made the chief object of life; but the time will come to all, when to have done good even a little, they would sacrifice all that they made of all other. This feeling, this reward, Gilfillan has surely earned.

B.

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## SONGS AND BALLADS.

BY A BACKWOODSMAN.

No. 4.

### YULE E'EN.

In the early settlement of this section of the Canadian forest, Yule, or Christmas, was looked forward to, both by old and young, with much greater interest than now.

Amongst other observances, customary at that season of merriment and good cheer, was the selecting of, cutting and drawing home from the forest, the Yule Back Log, invariably of no ordinary dimensions, and always a matter of grave importance to those who cherished recollections of their fatherland. The custom was associated in



their minds with happy hours, that even the rough file of the world could not altogether efface; and to help in with it here in Canada, one of the enlivening neighbourly turns of the year. I have frequently known six or seven miles, aye and more, too, travelled for that very purpose, and though, "from the march of intellect, or some other good reason, doubtless," the usage is fast falling away,—I am not sure that the heart is bettered for it. No advantage, gained by the cold, selfish maxims of the world, can ever compensate for the want of the kindly intercourse and warm generous feeling, that will always exist where society is in a healthy state, and which such observances are so well calculated to keep alive. For the curious in these matters, who may not have had an opportunity of informing themselves satisfactorily thereanent, the following from Brands' Popular Antiquities, will be interesting:

"Christmas-day, in the primitive church, was always observed as the Sabbath-day, and like that, preceded by an eve or vigil. Hence our present Christmas-Eve. On the night of this eve our ancestors were wont to light up candles, and lay a log of wood upon the fire, called a Yule-clog, or Christmas-block, to illuminate the house, and, as it were, turn night into day. The custom is, in some measure, kept up in the North of England; and Grose, in his Provincial Glossary, tells us that in farm houses there, the servants lay by a large knotty block for their Christmas-fire, and during the time it lasts, they are entitled, by custom, to ale at their meals.

"Some idea of the size of these logs of wood, which were in fact great trees, may be formed from the circumstance, that in the time of the civil wars of the last century, Captain Hosier burnt the house of Mr. Baker, of Haymond Abbey, near Shrewsbury, by setting fire to the Yule-log."

Christmas-day, says Blount, was called the Feast of Lights, hence the Christmas Candle, and what was perhaps only a succedanium, the Yule-block or clog, before candles were in general use. Herrick, in his Hesperides, thus notices the ceremonies for Christmas:—

"Come bring with a noise,  
My merrie, merrie boys,  
The Christmas log to the firing,  
While my good dame, she  
Bids ye all be free,  
And drink to your heart's desiring."

I may just add, that it was for an occasion of this kind, and in compliment to four respected friends, who had often helped me to thaw the frozen mel-drap from winter's nose, and after be-

guiling him out of his ill nature, made him "haud his sides and hotch and laugh," till the cocks crew, that the following verses were written:—

"Come busk up our fire, my ain bonnie woman,  
Mak' a' in the biggin look tidy and clean,  
For kenna ye Tam and the Doctoor are comin'  
Across at the gloamin to haud their Yule  
E'en?

Get Charlie his slip, then, and Andrew his jazey,  
To see them a' buskit aye maks my heart  
fain;

And put on the newest yoursel', just to please  
me,

As ye hae done often sin' ye were my ain.

"The west wi' the clud o' the gloamin a' chickit,  
The kye at the stake standing cozy and dry,  
The soople laid up and the stable-door stickit,  
The sheep in a bield and the day's-wark a-by.  
To meet wi' a friend, then, aye makes my heart  
tingle,

To share our bit supper and join in our sang,  
And thaw aff the cares o' the world round our  
ingle,

And mak' him forget that the winter night's  
lang.

"It's this that has oft made me deem toil a pleasure,

And laugh at the spite o' the carlin auld care,  
Has doubled my comforts and still been a  
treasure,

When wardly misfortune e'er fell to my share.  
And though that auld age o'er our heads now  
is stealing,

Though hamely our cot be, and dainties but  
few,

I still wadna barter or bargain the feeling

For a' the braid mailins o' bonnie Buccleugh.

"Be sure, then, ye spare na' the best o' the  
melder,

And see that the scones be weel butter'd and  
fine,

And I'll awa' doun and get Rab and the Elder,  
Ye ken they like ill a bit splore for to tinc.

Wi' sang and wi' clatter, and cannie-tim'd  
daffin,

Aince mair in our life, hwe, we'll mak' our  
hearts fain,

Turn care to the door, and set winter a laughin',  
As we hae done often sin' ye were my ain.

When we aim at being too natural, or too exquisite, we fall into one or other of two defects—insipidity or over-straining.

The excess of the young is in the sweet; of the old in the strong.

## THE DOGE'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF VENICE.

*By the Authoress of "The Backwoods of Canada."*

"O! how this spring of love resembleth,  
The uncertain glories of an April day  
Which now sheds all the beauty of the sun,  
And by and by, a cloud takes all away."  
*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

It was night—midnight! The toil and hurry of the day were over. A glorious day it had been for Venice, and pealing bells, and rolling drums and clang of martial instruments, and shouts of an excited multitude had borne witness to the triumphs of the merchant princes of the all powerful republic; she was then in the zenith of her power and greatness. Now how changed, oh how changed!

In the garden of the Palazzo di San Marco all sounds were hushed or mingled together, and mellowed by distance, came like the gush of far-off waters; now clear and full, now dying on the ear, swelling again, now sinking into silence.

The full moon was rising high up in the azure heavens flooding the velvet turf, the orange grove, and sparkling fountain, with her radiant light. There is dancing and revelry within the Ducal palace—the gilded balconies and marble floors resound with joyous voices and bounding footsteps—but here all is softness, silence and repose. A light step treads that turfy slope. It is not the ivory whiteness of the orange flowers that glances amid the shining foliage, it is not the gleaming stars upon that marble form that sparkle so brightly in the moon-beam.

It is the white veil and snowy robe of a young girl that flits to and fro among the branches, it is the jewels on her bare and beautiful arms that catch the glancing rays, as she lifts them to strip the blossoms from among the dewy leaves to weave a coronal of nature's own gems to place among her ebon ringlets.

Look at that form of grace, those eyes of love so softly dark, so childlike, so pure, so tender, so truthful in their expression. Mark her well, it is the young Ginevra, the lovely daughter of the Doge. She stands on tiptoe, turns her head in the attitude of a listener—how swan-like is her throat—one would have thought she was studying how best to shew the marble fairness of her shoulder, its graceful moulding, but we will absolve her of such vanity. Is it to the distant murmur of the city that she bends her ear? Is it to catch those rich tones of floating melody that the soft night breeze brings with it from the saloons of her father's palace—or with rapt ear does the

young girl drink in the song of yonder nightingale that pours her thrilling notes upon the solitude of night?

It is not the distant murmurs of the crowded streets, the sounds of music or the song of the nightingale that charms her listening ear. There is a sound for which she listens, sweeter far to her than tones of sweetest music. It is the voice of her lover. What melody is to her so rich! Is not one deep impassioned glance from his dark searching eye more precious than all the costly gems that deck her fair arms and bosom.

What cares she that to others he is cold and proud, to her he is all love, all warmth; cannot one word, one look of her's, woo his haughty spirit to more than woman's tenderness; she would not have her Angelo the darling of the crowd, the loved and lover of every courtly dame,—is he not her's? yes, her's alone, her eagle, her towering falcon, her lordly lion of St. Mark! Is not his eloquence, his prudence, and his boldness in the senate the theme of every tongue? and does not her young ardent heart swell with delight and joy to hear his praise, from the lips of sages and senators? What to her are rank or wealth or power weighed in the balance against her love?

Does she not prize one simple orange blossom placed in her girdle by his hand to all the treasures proffered by the magnates of the land. One burst of song from his lips, to all the flattery of kings and princes, poured on her unwilling ear. One fond passionate kiss upon the snowy whiteness of her brow, to all the world can give or offer to her acceptance. It is thus Ginevra loves—if not wisely, too well.

She has stolen from the dancers to pass one quiet hour among the dewy flowers with her lover in this soft, moonlight scene; she has heard the dip of the oar that brings his gondola to the trysting place, the tinkling of the guitar with which he accompanies his voice, and now the secret door is unlocked that leads from the water gate to the palazzo gardens, and he is at her side, and the first rapturous meeting is over, and they are seated on the turf beside the fountain. In that dream of love he forgets the cares and crosses that vex his haughty soul; she, that grief and sorrow, anger or revenge, can exist in her world of happiness.

He tunes her lute, and with one of those rare but winning smiles gazes on the face of the young girl, while he whispers, "Anima mia," sing me that sweet song you sung last night,—*"The Persian girl to her Minstrel love."* Then while she sang his hand kept time to the music, and his deep melodious voice accompanied her's:—



## SONG OF THE PERSIAN GIRL.

I stood in my gay and lighted hall,  
 My person decked with gold and gems,  
 Vows were breathed by my lovers all,  
 I turned my wearied ear from them ;  
 Music poured sweet breath around,  
 Voices came from the dome above,  
 I saw no sight, I heard no sound,  
 But the look and the tone of my minstrel love.

I sat in my calm and noontide bower,  
 The leaves were waved by the breath of morn ;  
 Dew-drops wept o'er the passion flower,  
 Sunbeams smiled o'er the blossom'd thorn ;  
 Gay was the woodlark's song of glee,  
 Soft the coo of the mournful dove,  
 Their tuneful notes were dull to me,  
 Till I heard the voice of my minstrel love.

I left that bower in rosy bloom,  
 I left that hall in noontide blaze,  
 A wand'ring life has been my doom,  
 Far from the friends of my summer days :  
 The hour I bent at love's fair shrine  
 Gave me a bliss all wealth above,  
 The choicest gifts of life are mine—  
 The look and the tone of my minstrel love.\*

She ceased, but still his lips repeated the last lines of the air, as he fondly folded the small white hands in his, and pressed them devotedly to his lips and brow. Yes, she too would leave all—all for him, like the Persian maiden.

The distant sound of music on the water startled the lovers—the signal for parting, and with many a tender vow to meet on that hallowed spot at midnight's starry hour, they tore themselves asunder.

Among the proudest of the Venetian nobles, there were not two more accomplished cavaliers than Angelo and Annibale di Carracci, only sons of two brothers, equally gifted with personal beauty, talent and rank; with fortune at command, bound in one holy tie of kindred, it might naturally be supposed that their love for each other would have been as that of brother. But it was not so. A fierce hatred began in childhood, and increasing as they advanced towards manhood, divided the cousins: in all things they were rivals, and to hate like Annibale and Angelo di Carracci, became a by-word among the youths of Venice.

As they advanced in life, they chose for themselves different paths to fame. Angelo's ambitious temper led him to the senate, as the surest road to power, for gifted with rare talent and deep insight into the minds of his fellow-men, he possessed eloquence that enchained all listeners. There were those who saw his advancement to honour as a thing of certainty, when age and experience should have given more weight to his counsels.

Full of chivalric ardour, Annibale entered the Venetian navy then in the zenith of its glory. Like a modern Tyre, Venice sat, a queen upon the waters sending her merchant ships afar, taming the haughty spirit of the Ottoman, and planting the cross above the crescent. She needed not a bolder or a braver spirit to lead her to conquest on the wave, than Annibale di Carracci, the nephew and friend of the bravest admiral of the day, Andrea Doria.

It was with a glow of honest pride that amidst the long sustained vivas of the exulting citizens of the glorious old republic, Annibale sprang from the deck of the vessel that bore him to the marble quay of his native city and made his way through the enthusiastic crowd to the palazzo di San Marco, there to lay before the assembled senate the dispatches it had been his proud reward to bear from the victorious admiral of the Venetian force.

A burst of mingled admiration and congratulation met the ears of the young cavalier, and eager hands were outstretched towards him as he approached. Among that assembled throng there was but one eye that glanced coldly upon the youthful captain, but one hand haughtily withheld from his warm greeting. The scornful glance of his cousin Angelo fell for a moment with withering blight upon the warm, gay heart of Annibale. It was but for a brief space that he suffered that chill feeling to rest upon his spirits. "Well, be it so; hate for hate, and scorn," he inwardly exclaimed. The dark red flush of high disdain fired his brow and curled his full lip as he gave back his answering look of defiance. That night the cousins met, in the stately halls of the ducal palace, but they met as strangers.

The evil demon of envy and hatred ruled the heart of Angelo, as he listened to the murmurs of applause that followed his cousin wherever he appeared.

The news of the victory was followed by fêtes and festivals; the nobles, the senators, the princely merchants vied with each other, who most should shew honour to the victorious hero, and Angelo was forced to listen with gall and bitterness, to the praises bestowed on his hated rival, and be expected to add his commendation to the applauding throng, while he concealed within his secret heart the hatred that rankled there: and his eloquence must shake the senate, the theme—his rival's merits! yet to this he could school himself, and smile in derision at the thunders of applause that followed his all-powerful eloquence. Harder, however, was the task that awaited him within the ducal palace, when he was forced to witness the

\*The words of this song are translated by a friend, from the Persian air, "Taza bi taza no bi no."

smiles and caresses, bestowed upon his fortunate cousin, by the Dogé himself, and the courtiers that surrounded him. Nay, he now began to feel the pangs of jealousy within his breast. Had he not beheld her, his own, his beautiful Ginevra, listen with charmed ear and downcast eye to Annibale, as leading her from among the dancers, he drew her to the balcony, and there, in low and whispered accents, he spoke long and earnestly, while she listened with soft and tearful glance, to his words.

They were too deeply engrossed with each other, to note the anxious, agitated watcher. That night Angelo fled from the palazzo, with a crushed spirit, and a bursting heart. "And thou, thou too, false," he cried, as he flung his wearied form beneath the tilt of the gondola, and burying his face within the folds of his mantle, wept tears of bitter anguish. Irritated by the sounds of festive mirth that came borne across the water, to his ear, he querulously commanded his gondolier to ply the oar, and hasten his return.

"The Signor is sated with mirth and revelry," observed Giulio. "Venice has yet joyful days in store for her, rare days for gallant cavaliers, and fair young ladies, brave days for gondoliers, too, I faith. A brave gallant is the Signor Annibale, your most noble cousin, eccellenza. 'Tis said he grows in favour with his highness, every hour, and that the Dogé's daughter is to be the reward of his services to the state. 'Tis an easier way of paying the first captain in the state, methinks, than giving broad lands, or princely honor."

"I guessed that such would be the case. The Signor long has loved the Doge's daughter," observed Pietro, his comrade, "and I know the lady long favoured his suit."

"Liar, 'tis false," shouted Angelo, starting to his feet, like a roused lion from his lair, while his lightning glance, glared fearfully upon the terrified speaker, and caused him to crouch in silence before his master. "'Tis false, she dare not so deceive me," he muttered to himself. "Poor fools, what should they know of love like her's." The humble, deprecating tone of Pietro, recalled him to himself. He would not for the world have angered his highness, but it was the talk of the city, all the gondoliers were speaking of it, and had so often had the honor of serenading the Signora, that he had regarded it as a matter of course, that he should seek her hand on his return from Candia, whither it was rumoured he had been sent, because his love had been suspected for the noble lady, and the Dogé had other and more distinguished

suitors, for his daughter. Perhaps they thought that death or absence might part the lovers.

"Does she still love the count?" in deep half smothered accents, asked his tortured auditor, striving to appear composed, while his voice, his look, his fixed and glassy eye, shewed the deep passion that worked within.

"Aye, my lord, I warrant that six month's absence will hardly have changed the Signora's heart; she is young, and the young love more ardently than the old and prudent. Gold will not buy true love, 'tis said, and now that the Count Annibale has returned in such high favour with the admiral, his noble uncle, and the senate have voted him public thanks, they say, *vostra eccellenza*, that your voice alone went far to turn the scale in his favour with his highness, there seems no doubt that his suit will be granted.

"Fool!—Idiot!—Accursed fool that I was," burst from the lips of the miserable Angelo; "but she shall not be his bride; and his hand grasped his sword with deadly energy. "Deceived, deluded wretch! Now am I, of all men, the most miserable. But no; it cannot be; she cannot have thus beguiled me—cannot thus have feigned to love me, while her heart was devoted to another." It could not be; he would not thus condemn the beloved, the idolized one. She was still his own, his beautiful, his good Ginevra. The pure, the tender, the true,—the star whose light had shed lustre upon his path,—the one green spot in the desert of his existence. He had been a being, unloving and unloved, till he knew her: and then as hours of past happiness passed before memory's mirror—the thought of all her love and gentleness subdued his fiery spirit, and shading his face in the folds of his mantle, he wept and prayed that this dark hour might pass away, and in silence breathed anew vows of trusting and devoted love. Alas! how soon to be dissipated by the dark passion of jealousy. Alone, in the silence of his chamber, the image of Ginevra leaning on his cousin's arm, listening with that look of deep engrossing interest to his words, haunted him, and changed his softened humour to distrust and indignation. Sick at heart, he shunned his fellow-men, and in solitude brooded over his miseries.

Alas! Ginevra, how often didst thou steal away to listen from thy balcony for the serenade that was wont to charm thy listening! how oft did thy heart beat, as the sound of the gondola that was to have borne thy lover to thy feet, passed away! Thy small feet have traced the dewy grass, reckless of the night breeze that damped thy ebon ringlets; and thou hast sadly marvelled



that days and nights have passed, and yet he came not. Yet didst thou never doubt his love, for thine was that love which casteth out fear.

In torturing doubts and fears passed days and nights, till rousing himself from the fatal dream into which his jealousy had plunged him, Angelo resolved to seek Ginevra, and hear from her own lips a refutation of the fears that consumed him. It was with this view that the unhappy Count sought the gardens of the Palazzo, by means of the private key that had so often admitted him to the presence of his beloved. As he left the piazza of his mansion, a twisted billet was cast at his feet by a person muffled in a cloak. It contained only a few words, but these were sufficient to arrest his attention:—

"The Count Angelo sleeps whilst his rival aspires to pluck the fairest jewel from the ducal bonnet to adorn his heart. If the Count Angelo doubts the truth of the assertion, let him visit the Orange-walk, in the gardens of San Marco, to-night."

There was no signature, but the characters traced on the paper were of feminine delicacy, and Angelo recognized the hand-writing of one he had loved years ere he knew Ginevra. Long did Angelo pore over the scroll, the contents of which seemed to engrave themselves, with fearful distinctness upon his disordered brain.

"'Tis well, 'tis well!" he muttered; "I will go, prove her falsehood,—and then—" he crushed the paper fiercely in his clenched hand, raised his eyes to heaven, as if to register there some fearful vow; then with hurried step entered the gondola.

"To the second gate," he whispered through his shut teeth. Giulio's eye, for an instant, scanned the face of his master, but was quickly averted: he almost shuddered as he marked that look of concentrated agony. The gondolier secretly crossed his breast; for all the wealth of Venice, he would not have owned the burden of woe that look betrayed; but conjecture as to the cause of the agitation betrayed by the Count, was soon forgotten, and with the long sweep of the oars, rose the measured cadence of some wild poetic chaunt, with which the gondoliers were wont to measure the time, as they urged their vessels along the watery ways of their native city.

The meeting-place was gained, and with hurried steps Angelo entered the garden. No bounding step was there, hastening with joyous tread to meet him,—no fond sweet voice fell upon his ear, whispering a loving welcome. The quivering of the laurels—the tinkling of the silvery

drops, as they fell within the basin of the marble fountain alone broke the stillness, till the long-sustained notes of the nightingale, wooing her absent mate from a distant cypress, poured on the silent air a flood of tender melody. The mournful notes seemed in sad unison with the anguish of the lover. Was he not also forsaken? Poor, lonely, stricken heart!

Ha!—a sound of footsteps approaches. Dark shadows steal along the grass: two figures advance from amidst the foliage. The moon has hardly yet risen, but the blue sky is gemmed with all her radiant host of stars, and by their light he can descry two persons,—the height and form of the manly figure are those of his cousin; the slight graceful female, that hangs so trustingly upon his arm,—who may it be? The black mantilla that shades her face, conceals its contour, but the height, the graceful movements, and tender accents of the voice, are those of his Ginevra. And now she lifts her white hand to receive the flowers that her companion has torn from the dewy branches above their heads, and places them in her bosom. Angelo saw no more, but striking his breast in all the fury of despair, he cursed the unconscious pair, and fled from the garden. In vain he strove to still the wild anguish that maddened him, to say to his heart—"Peace, be still!" There was no peace within. Dark, tumultuous thoughts chased each other through his mind. He had trusted and had been deceived,—nay, more, he had been made the sport of a faithless, heartless woman,—the victim of a vain delusion,—and for whom?—The man he hated. O! monstrous perfidy. Could such things be? Yet, had he not seen?—had he not heard?—could he be deceived? And thoughts of fearful vengeance arose—his hour of retribution was at hand. Was there no angel of pity, of mercy, breathing better things into that ruthless breast? There was; and many pleadings held he in the still hours of night with that sweet spirit; that still small voice of holy love; but it was quenched by dark and deadly foes within.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was the bridal-eve. Annibale di Carracci, the highly-favoured, the victorious Annibale, led to the altar the Doge's daughter. The magnificent procession that accompanied the bride and bridegroom disembarked amidst a crowd of joyous citizens; and pealing of bells, and firing of guns, and flourish of martial instruments, proclaimed their entrance to the church of San Marco. The noblest youths of Venice accompanied the Count Annibale; the most distinguished ladies formed the companions of the bride. As the

bridal train entered the illuminated church, a choir of virgin voices rose in chastened melody, and showers of fragrant blossoms were scattered in the path. A sweet and heavenly melody floated along the pillared aisles. And now the solemn service is begun, and the hand of the noble bridegroom and the lovely bride have met in holy plight. A suppressed murmur is heard among the assembled crowd—and see! they part to make way for a stranger of commanding figure, who advances with rapid step. His high, pale brow, his dark fixed eye and colourless cheek, are strangely contrasted with the glad faces that surround him. Lifting one hand high above his head, he utters in startling tones:—"A message to the bridegroom!—A message to the bride!"

A cry of triumph was echoed back by a shriek of piercing agony, as springing toward the bridal group, the stranger raised a dagger on high,—another moment it descended with lightning swiftness, and was buried deep in the fair shoulder of the bride's twin-sister, whose snowy arms were suddenly interposed to shield her from the assassin's murderous blow. The blood-stained veil flung back from the dying face of Ginevra, shewed the fatal mistake to the horror-stricken Angelo. With distended eye-balls he gazed upon the ruin he had wrought. The glance of unchanged love and piteous enquiry that the dying girl fixed upon him, told the tale of love and woe; but ere the accents of her voice, that faint in death, pronounced his name, had ceased to vibrate on his paralyzed ear, he sank on the steps of the altar, pierced by many a ghastly wound from the weapons of the infuriated attendants.

The shrieks of the bride, the wailings of the bride-maidens, and the fierce tumult of the assembled throng were drowned by the deep notes of the death-dirge. Covered with a funeral pall, the body of the Doge's virgin daughter was slowly borne from the high altar: the joyous peal of marriage-bells was changed to the sonorous death-toll,—the bridal songs and hymns of the nuns, to the monks deep chaunt—

"Dies ira dies illa,  
Solvat sæculum in favillâ."

And long, in after years, did the youths and maidens of Venice speak with tearful eyes and hushed voices of the sad bridal of the Doge's daughter,—of the Count Angelo and the fair Ginevra, whom he loved so well and slew.

C. P. T.

Oaklands, Rice Lake.

Modesty conciliates and subdues opposition;  
courage defies and overcomes it.

## SELF-COMMUNINGS.

BY "ERRO."

Earth, like a mighty car,  
Rolls on its endless way;  
Now flashing like a star  
In the celestial ray;  
Now bathed in mists that darkly mar  
The sunbeams streaming from afar.

And on the outside, clings,  
Pale, shivering in the gale  
Which round him ever sings  
Its mournful wail;  
Man—the lone passenger, whose breast  
Like his fleet chariot, knows no rest.

Where doth a circle end,  
Or where begin?  
And such is life,—we tread  
We tread still in and in,  
And first and last are but in name,  
Tho' changing ever, still the same.

Time, like a circle, stands,  
Type of eternity:  
The great "I Am" commands  
All things to be;  
And at His word creations roll  
Round Him the centre and the soul.

Life emanates from Him,  
As from the central sun;  
Effulgence never dim,  
Floweth since Time begun.  
And while He *is*, all life *shall be*—  
His presence its eternity!

Can aught that liveth, die?  
The egg becomes a worm;  
The worm that yet shall fly,  
In antenatal tomb  
Sleepeth unconscious, yet 'tis rife  
With all the elements of life.

Must life be visible?  
Are not the spirits here  
Angels of good or ill  
To us to minister?  
Unseen, they die not—and all we  
Partake their immortality.

Who speaks to me of Death?  
He, who when first the light  
Beamed on me, gave me breath  
Himself ordained the night  
When I shall change these robes of clay,  
And wake no more to mortal day.



Mankind regard the grave

But as a peaceful bed ;

Where, tho' the tempests wildly rave,

Sleep the unconscious dead :

It is a fallacy ! The tomb

Holds nought that sprang not of its womb !

Ashes to ashes come—

Dust unto dust returns :

The spirit finds no home

Within sepulchral urns :

The changing clay with earth may stay ;

The heaven-born life is far away.

Who speaks of Death as rest ?

Think'st thou the soul can sleep,

Or that earth's caverned breast

Can the immortal keep ?

Or that thyself can'st cease to be

One moment of eternity ?

Doubt overwhelms mankind.

Truth ! whither art thou fled ?

Thou art eternal—we are blind,

And deem thee also dead,

Because thy form we cannot trace :

Oh ! veil no more thy angel face.

We grope amidst the night

In darkness terrible ;

Which reason's ineffectual light

Makes but more visible.

So pondered I—the answer came

Bright as tho' traced with pen of flame.

Immortal man ! whate'er

Life's changes all may be,

Thou art thy Maker's choicest care—

It shall be well with thee :

And tho' the vale of Death be dark—

The struggle fierce—thy flickering spark

Give scarcely light to see,—

On his unchanging Word recline,

And his salvation shall be thine !

A CHARMING SPECIMEN OF ORTHOGRAPHY.—The following "character" of a housemaid by her mistress has been sent to the *Dundee Advertiser* for publication. In its orthography it is certainly a scandal on the boasted accomplishments of this enlightened age.—"The Barer, Mrs. —, is of great respektability, and is a most exlent dymystick in a confident kapacity. She nose all sorts of cookary, and gets up plain linen. She has livd ate years in her last plice, and has an hunimpeachable careter. She is pierfely sobar, and never drinks nothing but what dose her good. Will be fund a grate acusion to a singel jintleman, or would shute a weddower. The lady were she livs givs her this carreter, and never would have pearted with her, but she gos to osstrailye."

## ANECDOTES OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

BY A CORRESPONDENT.

As a boy he went to Eton with his brothers, but remained there only a short time. His mother, Lady Mornington, then took him abroad ; but finding him troublesome in the carriage, dropped him at Douay. Here, luckily, there was an artillery school and arsenal, and as the town is fortified and protected by a fort on the Scarpe, and was also taken by Marlborough, those circumstances may, in some measure account for his early military studies. Lady Mornington did not see him for two years after this separation, and when he returned to England, recognized him at the Haymarket Theatre, saying, "I do believe, there is my ugly boy, Arthur."

When still at Eton, I have been told that Lord Wellesley, Lord Maryborough, and the Duke, were invited to pass their holidays with Lady Dunganon, in Shropshire, and being full of fun, they asked each other what news they should tell when they arrived. One of them proposed that they should say (a pure invention) that their sister Anne had run off with the footman, thinking it was likely to produce some sensation. This they accordingly did, and shocked Lady Dunganon most dreadfully ; they entreated, however, that she would not mention the circumstance to any one, hoping, as they said, that their sister might come back again. Lady Dunganon now excused herself, having promised to pay a visit to her neighbour, Mrs. Mytton ; and, unable to keep this secret, of course told it to her. On her return, she nearly killed them by saying, "Ah ! my dear boys, ill news travels apace. Will you believe it ?—Mrs. Mytton knew all about poor Anne !" This story is worthy of Sheridan, and if he had heard it, he would certainly have introduced it into one of his plays.

The Duke's manner in society was not as brilliant as Lord Wellesley's, and he seldom spoke except to those who were immediately about him. I can remember, however, his describing, apparently with great interest, the circumstance of a young ensign who had been embarked with troops from the Cape, and who, when the medical officer happened to die on board the ship, in which there was great sickness, had taken upon himself the duties, instructing himself, and acting to the best of his abilities. The Duke remarked that he certainly deserved his promotion, admitting, however, that it was very difficult to advance an officer out of his turn, but he hoped that it still might come under Lord Hill's notice.

Speaking of the tree under which he was said to have taken up his position at Waterloo, some one mentioned that it had nearly been all cut away, and that people would soon doubt if it had ever existed. The Duke at once said that he remembered the tree perfectly, and that a Scotch serjeant had come to him to tell him that he had observed it was a mark for the enemy's cannon, begging him to move from it. A lady said, "I hope you did, Sir ?" He replied, "I really forget but I know I thought it very good advice."

On another occasion his deafness was alluded

to by Lady A——, who asked if she was sitting on his right side, and if he had benefitted by the operations which she heard had been performed, and had been so painful to him. He said in reply, that the gentleman had been bold enough to ask him for a certificate, but that he had really been of no service to him, and that he could only answer him by saying—"I tell you what, I won't say a word about it."

He sometimes read aloud, commenting upon such works as were interesting to him, and was never seen to lounge about, or to be entirely idle. I have heard that Lord Douro one day found him reading his own early despatches, and that he said, "When in India I thought I was a very little man, but now I find that I was a very considerable man." What greatness there is even in this simplicity!

His letters after the battle of Waterloo to Lord Aberdeen, on the death of Sir Alexander Gordon, and to the Duke of Beaufort, on Lord Fitzroy Somerset losing his arm, show how much he was attached to those about him. Lord Fitzroy landed with him in Mondego Bay, and was with him in all his great actions. It was during the long fight at Talavera that the Duke, turning to him, said, "Well, Fitzroy, how do you feel?" To which the latter quietly answered, "Better than I expected."

The one-armed were among the Duke's greatest favourites. Sir Felton Harvey, who headed a charge of the 14th Light Dragoons, when the French officer was magnanimous enough not to cut him down, and Lord Hardinge, are instances that will be easily remembered.

General Alava, as an old friend, and one who had been with him constantly during the war, had always when he chose it a room at Apsley house.

The Duke took Colonel Anson, as his aide-de-camp, from the Duke of York, and re-appointed him a second time to his staff on again succeeding Lord Hill as Commander-in-Chief, saying that no difference in politics ought to separate them, and that if he thought so too, he was to come to him.

I do not think that the Duke's opinion was in favor of medals and decorations, as he said that we had always done our duty without them, and that the feeling throughout the army was that they would be given (perhaps with few exceptions) to the aides-de-camp, and relations of such general officers as were serving. He has also described the difficulty he himself experienced in distributing the orders conferred by the allied Sovereigns.

He asked for the Waterloo medal to commemorate a great period, but he was well aware that, issuing them to all, they could not confer honour upon every individual that obtained them. These medals, however, as they became rare in the ranks, give a certain *esprit* to the old soldier, and I dare say may influence his conduct for his own good towards the end of his service.

The Duke to the last often visited Lord Wellesley, who would as frequently keep him waiting; but his only remark was, "I believe my brother thinks he is still Governor-General of India, and that I am only Colonel Wellesley."

On asking Sir Charles Napier to take the com-

mand in India, I have been told that the Duke handed him a short paper of instructions, and on his returning them to him, he said, "Well, then, if you understand them, go out and execute them."

All who knew Apsley house must have seen the celebrated statue of Napoleon bearing Fortune upon a globe in the right hand, a tribute often paid to successful commanders. Lord Bristol when he first saw the statue in Canova's studio, admired it excessively; his only criticism was that the globe appeared too small for the figure. Canova, who was a great admirer of Napoleon, addressing an English nobleman, answered this very happily: "*Vous pensez bien, mi lord, que la Grande Bretagne n'y est pas comprise.*"

On the day that intelligence reached Vienna of Napoleon's escape from Elba, it happened that a great diplomatic dinner was given (I believe by Prince Metternich), and as the guests arrived, all were anxious to detect by the duke's manner if he had heard the news. His countenance, however, gave no sign, but waiting patiently till all the company had assembled, he said, "Gentlemen, have you heard of the Emperor's escape?" then approaching Prince Talleyrand, and placing his hand on his shoulder, he added, "*Quant à moi, Mons. de Talleyrand, je suis soldat du Roi de France,*" thus promptly declaring his resolution, and leading the minds of all to that alliance which proved so successful in its results.

As an old Etonian I went down to be present at Lord Wellesley's funeral in Henry VI.'s chapel at Eton, and was in the organ-loft when I saw the four brothers standing at his grave—the duke with a calm, serene, but serious look, a short black military cloak over his shoulders, and not the sign of a ribbon or star to be seen. Ten years have elapsed, and he, the last of his family, is now numbered with the dead.

THE GREAT TELESCOPE ON WANDSWORTH COMMON.—The following are the particulars of the refractive powers and focal lengths of the lenses in the great achromatic telescope at Wandsworth common, made by Mr. Thomas Slater, of Somers-place west, Euston-square:—The object glass is achromatic, consisting of plate and of flint glass. The plate glass was cast by the Thames Plate Glass Company, and is a most excellent piece, being perfectly homogeneous and free of striae. The refractive index of this glass turned out to be 1.513, and it is worked to a positive focal length of 30 feet 1½ inch. The flint glass is a very superior piece, and does great credit to the manufacturers, Messrs. Chance of Birmingham. It is of uniform density, and very transparent; its refractive index is 1.638, and it is made to a negative focus of 49 feet 10½ inches. The combined focal length of the plate and flint glass lenses is 76 feet to parallel rays; the focal length will be 85 feet only to objects at about 700 feet distance from the object glass. The diameter of the image of the full moon in this telescope is about 8 inches, and Mr. Slater has made an eye-piece of that diameter, having a magnifying power of 125; another eye-piece, which takes in about half the moon's diameter, has a magnifying power of 250; other eye-pieces are also made, the powers of which vary from 500 to 3000.





## THE EDITOR'S SHANTY.

SCENE:—*The Major's Room.*

SIDERUNT VI.

THE MAJOR.—The Laird and his friends are late.

THE DOCTOR.—Who are they?

THE MAJOR.—Two gentlemen who have been attracted by the announcement, in the last Anglo-American, of our proposed history of the war of 1812-'13 and 14, who were actively engaged throughout in it, and who naturally desire to contribute their quota of information on the subject.

THE DOCTOR.—Their names and antecedents?

THE MAJOR.—One of them, Captain Ogilvie, but a youth when he joined the 41st Regiment, a detachment of which was then stationed at Amherstburg, was in the thickest of the affair, and must have seen a great deal of active service during the campaigns. He seems, from the Laird's account, to have been so much pleased with the country that, some years after the peace, when promotion became slower, and his country had no farther call to make on him, he retired from the service on half pay, and sought the land where he had fleshed his maiden sword, and where his old regiment had acquired so much honor.

THE DOCTOR.—And who may the other be?

THE MAJOR.—Colonel, Squire or plain Mr. O'Connor, for I believe he is designated by each of these titles, is an Irishman who came to this country at a very early age, just in time also to take an active share in the occurrences of that eventful period. The Laird describes him as having been endowed with the gift of ubiquity, such was his determination to be wherever the sharpest fighting was going on, and such his anxiety to get himself

put *hors de combat* as speedily as possible. Fate, however, willed otherwise, and, after sharing in many, if not most, of the feats of arms of our gallant militia, at the termination of the war, he converted his sword into a plough-share, and has since distinguished himself as successfully in compelling mother earth to yield up her increase, as in days of yore, he essayed to drive a republican flag from the soil of his adopted country. He settled somewhere about Coburg, and is now an influential member of the community.

THE DOCTOR.—Is not that the step of our worthy agriculturist?

[*Enter Laird, Captain Ogilvie, and Mr. O'Connor.*]

THE MAJOR.—Welcome, gentlemen! thrice welcome, to these our realms. Permit me to introduce to your notice a son of the Shanty, Dr. — to whom I have already made you known by reputation. Laird, arrange chairs and let us to consultation, for despatch is the soul of business, and the moon already sails high in the heavens, while we have yet to inform our Canadian friends of the reasons why we are about to prepare, for their edification and benefit, a history of a war, in which they, or at least their fathers, were so deeply interested.

CAPTAIN OGILVIE.—I have heard but one opinion, Major, expressed on this subject, and it will be with feelings of unmixed satisfaction that an impartial and truthful account of the late war will be every where received. There is some anxiety also expressed as to what your intentions are with respect to a preliminary review of the causes from whence it originated.

THE MAJOR.—It is on this very last point

that I shall proceed to take the sense of those present. What say you, gentlemen? How far will it be judicious to go into a review such as Captain Ogilvie has spoken of? May not such an investigation be considered as involving, properly speaking, a question of European policy in which colonists possessed little or no immediate interest, and will it not be rather debatable ground for us to traverse?

MR. O'CONNOR.—Cut the matter short, skip over the palaver which preceded the declaration of hostilities, and plunge at once *in medias res*,—give us something spirited that will make the pulse quicken, when we read of days gone by, something that will restore circulation to our blood and make us fancy ourselves again enjoying the hardships of old times.

THE DOCTOR.—I do not exactly see, Major, with due submission to Mr. O'Connor, how we can, without leaving our readers pretty much in the dark, avoid entering at some length into a discussion of the jealousies and evil feelings which prompted the Americans to endeavour to play the same game with England which they had so successfully and lately done with the Spaniards in regard to Florida. Nay! I think that we shall not be able to show how signally they were mistaken in their judgment of Canadian feeling and loyalty, if we do not enter pretty fully into the debates which then occurred in the house of representatives—what say you Laird?

THE LAIRD.—Brevity, brevity for me, and just ye haud this in yer mind that when a chiel dis na write ower muckle or ower lang, he canna tell too mony lees, besides flesh and bluid canna thole a' the clasmachlavers anent orders in council and sic like fasherie.

CAPTAIN OGILVIE.—My opinion coincides with that of the worthy agriculturist, and my recommendation is, that your introduction should not be too long, but that you should proceed as soon as possible to your main object, which I take to be "the setting before Canadians, in a modest though spirited manner, the achievements of their fathers."

THE MAJOR.—Pardon me, Captain, but you must not forget that we are about to write of events respecting which there yet survive a great many who can say "*quorum magna pars fui*."

CAPTAIN OGILVIE.—Thanks for the correction, I will add, then, "and the awakening the memory of their own past struggle in defence of the loved land of their adoption:" besides, in nearly all the works on the subject which have come under my notice, I have found too much space occupied in the discussion of questions, solely, or certainly in the major part, affecting the policy of the European nations, and too little said of the gallant deeds and, I may even call them, heroic actions of the colonists, in whose untainted and unwavering patriotism the Mother Country re-

posed an implicit confidence that prompted her to entrust, to their almost unaided efforts, the defence of her honor. I think that such a review will, nay must, tend to foster in our day the same national feeling which at that time impelled every colonist to fly to arms to repel the hated invasion of their republican neighbours.

THE DOCTOR.—Do you recollect, Captain, when you use the expression "hated invasion" that it may lead to a discussion as to whether there was not in Canada a strong party of emigrants from the United States who were not animated by the same feelings with which you have been so glowingly investing those more immediately of British blood.

CAPTAIN OGILVIE.—I do recollect it, and I also recollect the eloquent speech of Mr. Sheffey, the member for Virginia, and his warning in the House of Representatives to those who were blindly advocating war measures: "You will act absurdly if you expect the people of that country to join you: Upper Canada is inhabited by emigrants from the United States! They will not come back to you; they will not, without reason desert the government to whom they have gone for protection. No, you must conquer it by force, *not by sowing the seeds of sedition and treason among the people.*" Such was the just estimate, by a high-minded man, of Canadian feeling. The same gentleman too goes on: "When the soil and the liberties of their country shall be assailed, then will their spirit be found equal to any contest with an enemy." Here was honorable testimony to Canadian patriotism, and mark well how he contrasts it with the feeling in the United States: "You have been told that you could raise volunteers to achieve the possession of Canada. Where are those volunteers? I have seen none of those patriotic men who are willing to go to Canada in the private rank; all of them must be officers. You may raise a few miserable wretches for your army, who would disgrace the service, and only serve as unprincipled minions to their officers. Will your farmer's sons enlist in your army? They will not. Look at the army of '98, it had twelve or fifteen regiments nominally; it was disbanded in eighteen months, when half the men had not been raised. Why, you had more PATRIOTISM ON PAPER THEN THAN EVEN NOW, and yet, you could not raise half the force for your army." \* \* \* \* \*

"Will you send your soldiers to Canada without blankets? or do you calculate to take it by the end of the summer, and return home to a more genial climate by the next winter. This would be well enough; BUT I THINK IT WILL REQUIRE SEVERAL CAMPAIGNS TO CONQUER CANADA."

THE MAJOR.—Your opinion, then, is that we should avoid entering into the morale of the war,—"that great first cause, least understood."



THE CAPTAIN.—I do. Let us record faithfully and succinctly the principal events of the war, after a declaration of hostilities had actually been made.

THE DOCTOR.—I trust you will not fail, for the benefit of the few (for it is just possible that such a strange anomaly may exist as an annexationist of British descent,) who may be annexationists at heart, to set forth clearly the despicable position in which the Americans placed themselves by the declaration of hostilities. If it be actually necessary, be concise; but certainly do not omit to show that every ostensible ground of complaint against Great Britain had been removed by the repeal of the orders in council, and that America but gained for herself the unenviable notoriety of lending her aid to France, then engaged in an attempt against the liberties of the world. Remember what Alison says: "Thus had America, the greatest republic in existence, and which had ever proclaimed its attachment to the cause of freedom in all nations, the disgrace of going to war with Great Britain, then the last refuge of liberty in the civilized world, when their only ground of complaint against it had been removed; and of allying their arms with those of France, at that very moment commencing its unjust crusade against Russia, and straining every nerve to crush in the old world the last vestige of continental independence."

THE LAIRD.—I think it wad na be that ill gin the Major were to set forth, noo that we have a' had our say, what he opines anent the matter.

THE MAJOR.—I agree with you, gentlemen, as to the propriety of making the introduction to the war as concise as possible, and I have been confirmed in my opinion by the sentiments just expressed by both the Dr. and Captain Ogilvie. By giving merely the alleged causes of the war, without entering into their respective merits, we shall avoid in a great measure any charge of partiality. Moreover, we shall escape the odium of accusing the Americans of unjustly seizing on Florida, a point on which you, Dr. seem to have already decided; we shall thereby avoid, also, the necessity of going into very lengthy details, to prove that America, by a declaration of hostilities, and close alliance with France, had placed herself in a despicable position, a fact, which you, Captain Ogilvie, seem to have disposed of much to your satisfaction. Now when we consider that the Americans justified the seizure of Florida as an appanage of Louisiana, and that in the British House of Commons, a party of which Messrs Brougham and Whitbread were two leaders, maintained that every principle of justice to America demanded the repeal of the obnoxious orders in council, I think you will concur with me in deciding, that, as it is not our object to give a party statement, our course should be, to

give "the grounds of complaint urged by the Americans," with "the justification set forth by the English," and to leave our readers to form their own opinions unbiassed by any comment on our part. I wish you all to understand that in what I have said respecting the occupation of Florida, and in allusion to Messrs. Brougham and Whitbread's speeches, I am expressing no opinion on these points, but that I am simply justifying the expediency of avoiding, as far as the necessary elucidation of events will permit, the *vexata questio*, THE JUSTICE OR INJUSTICE OF THE WAR. Besides, this course will preclude the necessity of bringing before our readers more than a brief sketch of the stormy discussions which took place at that time in the House of Representatives, a discussion in which, by the way, your friend, Mr. Sheffey, seems to have taken a very animated part: the honorable gentleman asserting in very unqualified terms that neither justice nor policy warranted a declaration of hostilities against Great Britain, on the part of America.

THE DOCTOR.—At the risk of being accused of prejudging the whole question, I give my decided opinion, that such a limitation must prevent our doing full justice to our undertaking, why we shall leave our readers in the dark as to the ignorance that prevailed in the States respecting Canadians and Canadian feelings, the ridiculous speeches made throughout the States, and the vain-glorious boasting respecting the easy conquest of Canada. Mr. Sheffey's was but the opinion of one rational man. Remember the violent answers made to that very speech by Mr. Williams of South Carolina, and Mr. Wright of Maryland. Remember the violent expressions of public feeling all through the States, and say whether it will be possible to do justice to our subject if we do not give more than a cursory glance at the events which preceded the war.

THE MAJOR.—I cannot agree with you, and I think that, by avoiding an analytical narration of the events preceding the declaration of war, which will be both tedious and uninteresting to many of our readers, we shall be in a better position for doing justice to the real object of our undertaking "the exposition of the loyalty, courage and energies of the brave yeomanry of Canada."

MR. O'CONNOR.—Bravo! Major, that is the topic for you to enlarge upon; that is the chord that will awaken in the hearts and feelings of every true Canadian a proper spirit; teach them, I say, how their forefathers—

THE MAJOR.—You must pardon a second correction, not forefathers only, remember that we have yet very many amongst us who, bore them most gallantly throughout all the stirring scenes we wish to describe, and who, I suspect, have no desire to be placed in the list of forefathers, but would prefer to have

their deeds chronicled while yet the actors were in the flesh.

MR. O'CONNOR.—Well, well, then, teach the generation now growing up, if that please you better, how their fathers, whether earth still numbers them amongst the living or no, evinced their attachment to the laws and institutions of the Mother Country,

THE MAJOR.—I think, Dr., that the sense of the meeting is against you as to the preliminaries of the war, and that it seems to be decided that neither policy nor time will permit any very lengthy exordium. The next point, then, to be considered is how we are to get at the mass of information so widely spread over the country.

CAPTAIN OGILVIE.—I, on my part, promise to be a diligent collector of any anecdotes and facts that may be interesting.

MR. O'CONNOR.—and I engage to do every thing I can in my own neighbourhood to rouse the slumbering recollections of past deeds.

THE LAIRD.—Weel, Major, I suppose I too maun do my best, but dinna reckon ower muckle on me, for ye maun mind that I am auld and feckless.

THE MAJOR.—Not a bit of it, my old friend; still in your ashes live the wonted fires, and I reckon mainly on your exertions for all the anecdotes that I know are rife among the Scotch in your neighbourhood.

THE DOCTOR.—I think, Major, we must endeavour to interest the public, generally, in the undertaking, if we expect to succeed in collecting the valuable and interesting incidents scattered all over the two Provinces; every anecdote that bears on the subject should be diligently sought after. Can not government assist us?

THE MAJOR.—I have very little doubt but that we shall receive every assistance in the shape of permission to examine any documents or memoranda that may be in the possession of government, and it is my intention to communicate at once with the proper parties—so that, by the time we have disposed of the causes of the war, which I believe, it is settled are not to be too lengthy, I hope we shall be in possession of a mass of materials amply sufficient for our purpose. I have not been idle, I assure you, but have intelligent agents, on whose judgment I can rely, in every quarter collecting and digesting everything that bears in any way on the subject. I reckon, besides, a great deal on the feelings of interest, which I think our prospectus has roused, generally throughout the country, and I hope to receive much valuable information that will be available for our purpose and which may also assist us should we be disposed to adopt a suggestion that I have received this morning, to the effect, that we should commence as a parallel with our present undertaking, "a succinct history of the first and early settlers of the Province." My correspondent writes: "There can be no

subject more interesting and valuable than the records of these courageous and noble-hearted people: few, very few, now remain to tell the tale of hardships, dangers, sorrows, and troubles incident to their lot. A few intelligent and agreeable men reside in this neighbourhood, who remember as but yesterday their trials and deep feelings on bidding adieu, for ever, to the homes of their youth, their journeys on foot and on horseback, with the young children in baskets, or some other primitive mode of conveyance; the difficulties encountered on reaching Canada, then the residence of the savage, and offering an undisturbed lair to the wild beast,—the subsequent trials, but feebly cheered by the rising sun of hope, obscured as her beams were by present misfortune and actual physical suffering,—the thankfulness with which their poor fare of crushed grain, moistened in water, or with hemlock leaves steeped, was eaten,—yet these they paint as happy days." Surely the records of these acts should not be suffered to die, without some attempt to save them from oblivion.

THE DOCTOR.—I think, Major, that these anecdotes, if collected, would form, in the way of appendix, a valuable item in our history, as they would serve to show still more clearly, how mistaken the Americans were in their judgment of the rude, stern material of which our population was formed. Not one of all the sufferers your correspondent describes but would have readily died for his loved native land, and when compelled by rude fate to tear himself away from his native glen, and to sever the ties "that knit him to its rugged strand," it was with a heart overflowing with sorrow and love, not indifference or discontent, that he sought in Canada a new home, establishing afresh in the wilderness his household gods, naming, perchance, his farm after some spot hallowed by memory and endeared to him by old associations, and weaving round his heart feelings of deep love for his new home, but so entwined and intimately blended with the recollections of by-gone days and scenes, as to render it impossible to love one without the other; even as a mother, when she presses her first-born to her bosom with feelings of unutterable affection, ceases not to revere and love her aged and venerable parents—but rather endeavours to trace in each tiny feature some fancied resemblance. Such were the feelings, Major, brought to this country by the first settlers and these feelings were kept alive by constant arrivals "from home," each new comer bearing some recollections of the past. Now, the Americans, of the North particularly, from whatever cause we will not now enquire, never had cultivated this almost religious feeling of veneration for the land they had left. Of a more mixed race, they could make no allowances for such feelings, and they were consequently unprepared for



the stern resistance they met with, quite astounded at the whirlwind of patriotic feeling which swept before it all their hopes and aspirations after an easy occupation of these Provinces. Then, for the first time, they learnt the truth of Mr. Sheffield's warning, "that it would take several campaigns to accomplish the conquest of Canada."

THE MAJOR.—Ah! Doctor, it is a great pity you allow your prejudices to obscure your better judgment. Why can you not do full justice to the patriotic spirit of Canadians without entering on a crusade against Americans, you forget how mixed is the population of that great country, and in common justice you should reflect that people of French and German origin could not be expected to enter into the feelings of the British or their immediate descendants. *Pour revenir à nos moutons*, however, I really think that, without pledging ourselves to the compilation of such a work as my worthy correspondent recommends, it would not be amiss to follow your suggestion, and to incorporate, either in the shape of notes or appendix, any anecdotes, that would not be irrelevant with our original plans, with the history, guarding of course against anything like prosiness or details that would compel us to spin out the history to too great a length. What say you, Captain Ogilvie, and you Mr. O'Connor?

BOTH.—Aye! Aye!

THE MAJOR.—We will, then, it is settled, bring out in the January No., which commences our second volume, the introductory chapters of the history, which you will bear in mind, Doctor, is to be impartial, and which is to comprise many new details and curious anecdotes. We also engage to make it interesting to our countrymen, by reason of certain points of difference from the generally received versions of the facts in question by which it will be marked, and we farther declare that if we cannot flatter ourselves with the certainty of getting together every detail worthy of note, on the other hand we will vouch for the correctness of all those that we may set down. Have I spoken well?

OMNES.—Like a sage.

THE LAIRD.—Your words flow just as cruds and cream slide down a thirsty palate on a hot summer's day.

THE MAJOR.—This part of our business having been so far settled, we will commence our reviews.

CAPTAIN OGILVIE AND MR. O'CONNOR.—We must plead a prior engagement, Major, and leave you, most reluctantly, believe us. We shall, however, endeavour to be with you at your next sederunt, and in the mean time we shall not be idle. *Ereunt.*

THE LAIRD.—Here is a bookie which I have just been taking a keek at during your confabulation. Have ye digested it?

THE MAJOR.—I have, and can most confidently pronounce it one of the most racy, and healthful fictions which I have fallen in with, for a twelve month at least.

THE DOCTOR.—That is high commendation, seeing that the last year has by no means been unfruitful in that class of literature.

THE LAIRD.—Will you let the honest man get in a word edgeways, and tell us the name of the work?

THE MAJOR.—It is entitled "*Reuben Medicott, or the Coming Man*," the author being M. W. Savage.

THE LAIRD.—Savage! Losh preserve us, but that's a grewsome name! It makes a body put up his hands to see whether his scalp be safe and sound!

THE MAJOR.—Mr. Savage is not unknown to fame. His "*Bachelor of the Albany*," and "*My Uncle the Curate*," have already won him golden opinions from all who could appreciate originality of conception, keen, but not ill-natured satire, and quaintness of humour.

THE DOCTOR.—You have not overstated the merits of these sterling productions. Does the present composition sustain the author's reputation?

THE MAJOR.—Most emphatically.

THE LAIRD.—Wha may this same Reuben Medicott be?

THE MAJOR.—A young man of no more than ordinary ability, but sadly lacking in power to concentrate his abilities, and in fixedness of aim. Like a bee, he skims over the garden of knowledge, tasting a morsel here, and sipping a drop there, but neglecting to lay in a substantial stock of honey to provision him for the stern campaign of life. Consequently, he beholds his less showy, but more prudent compatriots outstrip him one after another in the race of fame and fortune; and finally he yields up the ghost, a broken-hearted and prematurely aged man, sighing over wasted opportunities, and hopes conceived but to be blasted.

THE DOCTOR.—Alas! the story is not a rare one? Earth's churchyards contain but too many head-stones, upon which such a chronicle might be truthfully engraved!

THE LAIRD.—Puir Reuben! He minds me o' Peter Pettigrew o' Kelso, who could play on the bagpipes, read Hebrew books backward, write short-hand, and balance tobacco pipes on his nose, and yet had never a coat on his back that was not out of the elbows!

THE DOCTOR.—Pray give us a taste of the flavour of "*The Coming Man*."

THE MAJOR.—By all means. Here is a curious sketch of a primitive Welsh parson. Medicott, along with a company of friends, is making a tour in the land of leeks and goats:

"Reuben was not long content to be ignorant of the language of the country he was traversing. At Aberystwith he bought a Welch grammar and

vocabulary, in a neat little shop on the skirts of the town, at the door of which, overhung by an elm of great age, was a wooden bench, upon which the old bookseller, a seedy but venerable man, was taking his ease; and Mr. Medlicott got into chat with him, while his wife and son were bargaining for the grammar. He proved to be the parson of the parish as well as the librarian. The Vicar little suspecting this, had been asking him questions about the state of the clergy in Wales, of which he had heard surprising accounts, and among other enquiries had asked what might be the value of the parish they were then in.

"Twenty pounds a year," said the old man.

"A small living for a man of education and a gentleman," said the Vicar.

"There are smaller in the Principality," said the bookseller.

"Selling books must be a more profitable profession," said Mr Medlicott.

"My shop is the best part of my benefice," said the old man.

The Vicar went into the shop and communicated to his wife and Reuben the strange discovery he had made, for such it appeared to him. The purchase of the grammar had been effected, but they could not leave the reverend bookseller abruptly, and accordingly, as there was room enough on the bench, they sat down, at his courteous invitation, and passed an interesting half-hour in conversation with him. They found that he was an author and a poet, in addition to his other kindred vocations; he was too simple a man to hide any chapter of his history, and when Reuben questioned him about the bards and their lyric rhapsodies, it soon elicited a confession that in his greener days he had attempted a poetical translation of some of the wildest. Being greatly struck with Reuben, and flattered by the interest he felt in the bards, of whose sacred corporation he considered himself, he rose from the bench, when he saw his customers about to take leave, and, hobbling into his shop (for he was infirm, though not gouty), hunted out a copy of his "Cambrian garland," and, with a trembling hand and a bad pen, wrote on the title-page—

"The gift of the Reverend Hugh Evans, an old poet,—," he paused for our hero to tell him what he should add.

"To Reuben Medlicott, a lover of poetry," said Reuben; and the inscription was completed accordingly.

"Very neat and very modest," said the old man, as he laid down the pen.

"Modest on Reuben's part," said the Vicar, when they were at some distance from the shop. "I cannot say so much for the modesty of Mr. Evans, in dubbing himself a poet so confidently."

"Yet he published anonymously, you observe," said Mrs. Medlicott.

"Probably," said Reuben, "when he published this volume of poems, he dreamed of afterwards producing something very superior, and never realised his expectations. But why, sir, did you not let the poor old gentleman know that you were a clergyman, like himself?"

"Because he had told me his income, and he might have asked to know mine."

"You need not to have been ashamed of it, father."

"No," said the Vicar, smiling, "two hundred a year is nothing to be ashamed of, but the Reverend Hugh Evans would have concluded me to be a second Dives, and the report might have reached the inn, and influenced the landlord in drawing out his bill."

THE LAIRD.—What a queer heathenish country, where the Mess Johns sell sealing wax and ballads!

THE MAJOR.—There is a quaintness in the following passage which reminds one of Burton and Elia:—

"A man on first coming into the world is very much in the position of a minor whose affairs are altogether in the hands of his guardians and his lawyers; he has nothing at all to do with what he is most concerned in, but is entirely at the disposal and mercy of other people. We are not at liberty to choose our own fathers and mothers, or even our pastors and masters; and perhaps, on the whole it is so much the better—it is easy to imagine what would happen were such a privilege accorded us. Mr. Hudson, for instance, would probably have more sons than Priam of Troy; the Duke of Wellington would have a prodigious Christmas party at Strathfieldsaye; and our gracious Queen would soon find herself in the same domestic difficulty with the notorious little old woman, who, whilom, lived in the shoe. Cobblers and curates would be childless, and infants of the most moderate ambition would be born with silver spoons in their mouths. These points are settled for us; and not only are we provided with ready-made parents, but with complete sets of relations, friends, and acquaintances,—not made to any order of ours, and with respect to whom we have not so much as the melancholy choice of Hobson.

There is no help for this state of things any more than there is for our not being nearer neighbours to the sun than we are, or qualified to promenade our ceilings like the flies. It is the common law of the world as much as gravitation: we are free to grumble, but not at liberty to disobey.

Fortune is but another name for the infinite mass of circumstances in the midst of which we seem to be flung, like Bligh's boat on the Pacific, or the infant Moses in his cradle of rushes upon the flood of the Nile. An unseen Providence steers the ark; but as far as regards the little crew himself, he is absolutely at the mercy of the current and the crocodiles. Or we may be said to be as molten metal poured into the mould of ten thousand pre-existing facts and relationships, all influencing us, and more or less, determining what manner of men we shall be. We take their form and pressure most submissively. There is no option but to take it.

Circumstance is like a she-bear who licks her cubs into shape. Some are licked too roughly, some too delicately; a few receive the proper moderate licking which forms the fine animal. After a certain period we come to be old enough to take a part in the process, and lick or educate ourselves; one energetic man in a hundred will recast himself altogether; the majority will continue to the end of the story much what nurseries, schools and colleges, parents, pedagogues and



priests, conspired to make them in life's introductory chapters."

THE DOCTOR.—He who thus writes is no common man.

THE MAJOR.—One more extract, and we shall call a new cause.

"It is not the phenomenon of a few gray hairs, nor the stolen march of a wrinkle, that marks the melancholy turning of the tide of life, but the first overshadowing of the mind with despondencies and self-upbraidings, the first sense of the difficulty of hoping, and the vanity of intending and designing; when to purpose and to dream, once our easiest and most delightful occupations, have become a Sisyphean labour. Then have we begun to grow old, when the first sigh escapes us for the pledges of youth unredeemed, or when we look into the kingdom within us, and perceive how few of its abuses we have reformed in the palmy days of our power; then shuddering think that the time of the fulfilling of promises and the correction of faults has passed; that the day is far spent and the night is at hand:—

"When thoughts arise of errors past,  
Of prospects foully overcast,  
Of passion's unresisted rage,  
Of youth that thought not upon age."

These are the reflections that extinguish the "purpureum lumen," that put out the youthful fire; he that is acquainted with remorse, whether it comes of folly or of crime, is already stricken in years, as old as Priam, though he may bear himself as gallantly as Paris. But some there are to whom these dreary thoughts come late, and who uphold themselves with wondrous strength and bravery under the weight of misspent hours. Hope is often an Atlas that will bear a world of disappointments on his shoulders; and should he ever totter, Vanity is at hand, like another Hercules, to relieve him. How many men do we not see in the world more confident after a thousand failures, than others after a large measure of success? Men, who never know that they are conquered, but imagine themselves still mounting, and crow and clap their wings, as if the firmament was still their own, when with their heavy or broken pinions the height of the barley-mow is almost beyond their flight. Folly is attended by a troop of spurious merits, the apes of Wisdom's body-guard, a false fortitude which is nothing but a groundless self-assurance, a bastard industry which is only a fatiguing idleness, a magnanimity from which nothing comes that is great. Ardelio grown old, and with one foot in the grave, is Ardelio still.

"Tu secunda marmora  
Locas sub ipsum funus, et sepulcri  
Immemor struis domos."

A species of happiness follows, no doubt, in the train of the mimic virtues, which strutting Folly trails behind her in her conceited progress to the last. The man who has disappointed the world has thoroughly deceived himself, and fancies he is still the admiration and the hope of his age, when he has only earned the "monstrari digito," to be pointed at as one example more of the downcome overweening confidence, with the additional moral of many shining talents lost for the want of a few plain ones.

How benevolent is Hope, however, which, if it

betrays a man in his early hours, cleaves to him often so faithfully in his latter days—

"Hope of all ills that men endure,  
The only cheap and universal cure!  
'Thou captive's freedom, and thou sick man's health,  
'Thou loser's victory, and thou beggar's wealth,  
'Thou manna which from heaven we eat,  
To every taste a several meat!  
Thou strong retreat!—thou sure entailed estate  
Which nought has power to alienate.  
Thou pleasant, honest flatterer, for none  
Flatter unhappy men, but thou alone."

THE LAIRD.—Ye must let me copy thæ rhymes into Grizy's scrap-book, and I'll get oor Dominie to draw a figure o' Time, lying forfochen wi' his sand-glass broken at the tail o' the piece!

THE DOCTOR.—I have just concluded the perusal of the fourth and last volume of the Life of Dr. Chalmers, by his son-in-law.

THE LAIRD.—Chawmers is a man of which auld Scotland has great cause to be proud, and she owes a deep debt o' gratitude to Dr. Hanna, for the manner in which he has performed his wark and labour o' luve.

THE MAJOR.—Though I have done little more than dip into the biography, I have read enough to convince me that it is a production of no ordinary merit. I should say that the compiler has diligently avoided the sin of book-making.

THE DOCTOR.—You are perfectly correct. Dr. Hanna evinces sterling good sense as well as good taste in dwelling only upon those features of his illustrious relative's outward and spiritual portraiture in which a third party might be supposed to take an interest. Hence, everything in the shape of *prose* and twaddle is avoided, and a book, appetizing even to the most general and untheological reader, is the result.

THE LAIRD.—Thanks, Doctor! It's no every day that an Englishman is sæ liberal o' his praise to anything connected wi' the North!

THE DOCTOR.—Why, England was no niggard of her regard to Dr. Chalmers. Even old Oxford, High Church and Tory as she was, conferred the degree of LL.D. upon the eloquent Presbyterian!

THE MAJOR.—The book is full of lively and graphic *ana*.

THE DOCTOR.—It is. Permit me to read you a few of them. There is something strangely touching in the following little incidents connected with a visit which the great political economist paid to his native village of Anstruther:—

"Not a place or person familiar to him in earlier years was left unvisited. On his way to the church-yard, he went up the very road along which he had gone of old to the parish school. Slipping into a poor-looking dwelling by the way, he said to his companion, Dr. Williamson, "I would just like to see the place where Lizzy Green's water-bucket used to stand,"—the said water-bucket having been a favorite haunt of the overheated ball-players, and Lizzy a great favorite for the free access she allowed to it. He called

on two contemporaries of his boyhood, one of whom he had not seen for forty-five, the other for fifty-two years, and took the most boyish delight in recognising how the "mould of antiquity had gathered upon their features," and in recounting stories of his school-boy days. "James," said he, to the elder of the two, a tailor, now upwards of eighty, who in those days had astonished the children, and himself among the number, with displays of superior knowledge, "you were the first man that ever gave me something like a correct notion of the form of the earth. I knew that it was round, but I thought always that it was round like a shilling, till you told me that it was round like a marble." "Well, John," said he to the other, whose face, like his own, had suffered severely from small-pox in his childhood, "you and I had one advantage over folk with finer faces—theirs have been aye getting the waur, but ours have been aye getting the better o' the wear!" The dining room of his grandfather's house had a fire-place fitted up behind with Dutch tiles, adorned with various quaint devices, upon which he had used to feast his eyes in boyish wonder and delight. These he now sought out most diligently, but was grieved to find them all so blackened and begrimed by the smoke of half a century, that not one of his old windmills or burgomasters was visible. To one apartment he felt a peculiar tie, as having been appropriated exclusively to his use in his college days, when the love of solitary study was at times a passion.\* But the most interesting visit of all was to Barnsmuir, a place a few miles from Anstruther, on the way to Crail. In his schoolboy days it had been occupied by Captain R——, whose eldest daughter rode in daily on a little pony to the school at Anstruther. Dr. Chalmers was then a boy of from twelve to fourteen years of age, but he was not too young for an attachment of a singularly tenacious hold. Miss R—— was married (I believe while he was yet at college) to Mr. F——, and his opportunities of seeing her in after life were few, but that early impression never faded from his heart. At the time of this visit to Anstruther, in 1845, she had been dead for many years, but, at Dr. Chalmers's particular request, her younger sister met him at Barnsmuir. Having made the most affectionate inquiries about Mrs. F—— and her family, he inquired particularly about her death, receiving with deep emotion the intelligence that she had died in the full Christian hope, and that some of his own letters to her sister had served to soothe and comfort her latest hours. 'Mrs. W——,' said he, eagerly, 'is there a portrait of your sister anywhere in this house?' She took him to a room, and pointed to a profile which hung upon the wall. He planted himself before it,—gazed on it with intense earnestness—took down the picture, took out his card, and, by two wafers, fixed it firmly on the back of the portrait, exactly opposite to the face. Having replaced the like-

ness, he stood before it and burst into a flood of tears, accompanied by the warmest expressions of attachment. After leaving the house, he sauntered in silence round the garden, buried in old recollections, heaving a sigh occasionally, and muttering to himself—"more than forty years ago!"

THE MAJOR.—That little exclamation, "*more than forty years ago*," causes the water to stand in the eyes of an auld man like myself! How pleasing to reflect that the wear and tear of life had left the heart of Chalmers so fresh and tender!

THE DOCTOR.—He was an enthusiastic lover of fine scenery, as the following passage will prove:—

"On Sabbath, the 12th April, 1846, he preached in the small but beautifully situated Free Church, built upon the edge of St. Mary's Loch. Mr. Parker, who had been the chief agent in the erection of the church, went with him as his guide and companion, and he was accompanied besides by two of his daughters. 'I like,' said he, as they wended their way through the bare and treeless, but purely green and beautifully moulded hills of Peebles-shire—"I like these quiet hills, these sober uplands. Hills, all bare like these, are what I call the statuary of landscape." The valley of the classic Yarrow was entered, and its intense stillness and loneliness powerfully excited him. He stopped his carriage, and calling out to Mr. Parker, who was on the box of another carriage in which his two daughters were seated—"Tell them," he exclaimed, 'to look at the solitudes that are about them.' That night at Sundhope, where he was most hospitably entertained, he called his daughters into his own room, and read to them Wordsworth's exquisite description of Yarrow, repeating with great emphasis of delight the lines—

'Meek loveliness is round thee spread,  
A softness still and holy;  
The grace of forest charms decayed,  
And pastoral melancholy.' "

Here is another extract to the same purport:

"It was scarcely possible to take even one short walk with him without perceiving that his capacity of enjoyment was singularly large. He could find beauty everywhere; at least he could single out from the most ordinary scene, some feature or other on which his mind could dwell with interest and pleasure. All the points from which the scenery of this locality could be viewed to most advantage, he knew most thoroughly; and, however interesting the conversation in which he might be engaged, it was sure to be interrupted when any one of these points was reached. He would pause for a moment—his eye would wander over the landscape, and, with a smile mantling over his countenance, he would give a brief but expressive utterance to his feelings of joy and admiration. The selfishness of his delight in Nature was very noticeable. He seemed to have a positive affection for the scenes and objects from which he drew so much pure enjoyment—it was as if his heart went out to them. On a calm and bright summer day, I happened to be with him in one of his favorite haunts, the small pro-

\* A visitor of old Mr. Chalmers once noticed him coming out of this room with a singular smile upon his face. When asked what had amused him, he said, "It's Thomas there; I went in upon him and disturbed him in his studies, and what do you think he exclaimed? 'It's too bad that I can't get even a room—I just wish that I had a world to myself to study in!'"



montory called Lammerlaws, which forms the eastern portion of the peninsula on which this town is situated—the tide was full, the water rippled gently between the low ledges of rock, and laved the roots of the grass and wild flowers that skirted every little nook. 'I have a great affection for these nooks,' was the characteristic remark that fell from Dr. Chalmers; and in the tone in which it was uttered there was a warmth, and withal a certain indescribable pathos, which conveyed at once the impression that he spoke from the fullness of his heart."

THE MAJOR.—Was the doctor not a great admirer of the bard of Avon?

THE DOCTOR.—Yes. Listen:—

"The single passage of Shakspeare which he most frequently recited, was that one in Henry IV., which commences

'I saw young Harry—with his heaven on,  
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly armed,' &c.;

and the single play in which he took most pleasure was *Midsummer Night's Dream*, among the fairy pictures of which he delighted to revel. 'I look,' he would say, after laying down the book, 'I look on Shakspeare as an intellectual miracle; I would put him before Milton from his exhaustless variety.' One of his students once told him of the enthusiasm of the Germans about Shakspeare, and related the anecdote of Goethe's comparison between Tieck, Shakspeare, and himself, in which, with a singular mixture both of pride and humility, he said, 'That relation which Tieck holds to me, I hold to Shakspeare. I regard Shakspeare as a being of a superior nature.' 'Well, Sir, do you know,' said Dr. Chalmers, after hearing the anecdote, 'I like that very much. I dare say Shakspeare was the greatest man that ever lived—greater perhaps even than Sir Isaac Newton.'

THE LAIRD.—Try if ye can find a queer bit about a wedding at Buckhaven.

THE DOCTOR.—I know what you refer to. Here it is. A country minister with whom the doctor was residing is the spokesman:—

"Towards the end of our walk, a person having passed without any sign of recognition, Dr. Chalmers observed, 'I perceive your people don't all recognise you yet. This brings to mind a story connected with Buckhaven, which, you know, is a peculiar sort of place. It was long, and is yet, to some extent, behind other places in point of civilization, but some few of the inhabitants got a little in advance of the rest. The minister of the parish went one day to solemnize a marriage; he made the bridegroom, of course, promise to be a faithful, loving, and indulgent husband—at least, he put the question to that effect, but could not get him to alter his stiff, erect posture. Again and again he repeated the form, but the man remained silent and stiff as ever. A neighbor was present who knew more about the forms and footsteps of the thing, and was considered to have advanced more in civilization than the rest. Enraged at the clownishness of the bridegroom, he stepped forward, gave him a vigorous knock on the back, and said to him with corresponding energy, 'Ye brute, can ye no boo to the minister!' Dr.

Chalmers's commentary on this scene was brief but emphatic—"The heavings of incipient civilization, you know."

THE MAJOR.—Did you ever hear Chalmers preach?

THE DOCTOR.—Once only, whilst I was attending the medical classes at the University of Edinburgh. It was a great occasion, being the funeral sermon of Dr. Andrew Thompson, himself a divine of no mean powers.

THE LAIRD.—And what did ye think o' the orator?

THE DOCTOR.—My primary sensations were those of intense disappointment. He *shambled* awkwardly into the pulpit, and read out the verses of the preliminary psalm, in a drawling, hesitating manner. Matters were not much mended by his prayer, which I may mention was *written* and tacked by a pin to the cushion of the rostrum; it was solemn enough, but sufficiently common-place to damp the expectations of a stranger, who had come to church to behold a clerical *lion*.

THE LAIRD.—But the sermon! What was the main point?

THE DOCTOR.—For a season it appeared "*flat, stale, and unprofitable*." The preacher slavishly read from his manuscript, following each line with his finger, and the exordium was not calculated to produce any marked impression of greatness or originality. But anon the speaker warmed in his theme. His face assumed an intensely intellectual expression. Flashes of intelligence darted from his eyes, as if some slumbering electricity in the brain had been suddenly awakened, and ere long the whole of that great congregation were spell-bound by the mighty master! I was at that time a gay, thoughtless young fellow, but I hung upon the words of that magnificent speaker, without either the power or the inclination to withdraw my attention from him for one instant. Never have I forgotten the impression made upon me, that memorable Sunday forenoon! The elder Kean have I witnessed, in the third act of "*Othello*," and the terrific concluding scene of "*A new way to pay old debts*," a scene, I may mention, which threw Lord Byron into a convulsive fit; but the wild eloquence of Chalmers affected me with equal potency! I left St. George's Church in a species of stupor which I cannot describe, and deeply do I regret that never again had I an opportunity of enjoying a similar treat?

THE MAJOR.—What book is that Laird, which you have just taken from your pocket?

THE LAIRD.—It is "*Amelia*," by my favourite, Henry Fielding.

THE MAJOR.—I thought I recognised the effigy of the author upon the cover. Fielding, though coarse, is far from being an immoral writer, and as for genius, I rank him only second to Shakspeare and Cervantes.

THE DOCTOR.—His coarseness, however, is sufficient to taboo him from decent society.

THE LAIRD.—I dinna ken that! I wudna'; it is true, mak' his writings text-books for a Sabbath-Schuil, nor wud I like to tak hame *Amelia* or *Tam Jones* to my honest sister, but still Fielding should aye hae a place in my library. Why even the authors o' *Macbeth* and *Don Quixotte* are coarse in the same sense that he is!

THE DOCTOR.—Very true.

THE LAIRD.—I wonder if the *effigy* about which you spoke, Major, be a guid likeness?

THE MAJOR.—There is a curious little story connected with that same portrait.

THE LAIRD.—Let us hear it!

THE MAJOR.—After the decease of Fielding, his two bosom friends, Hogarth and Garrick, were sitting together one evening, talking about the departed, and lamenting that no likeness had ever been taken of him. Quoth Garrick, "*I think I could recall the features of poor Henry*," and forthwith he threw his wonderfully flexible countenance into a resemblance of that of the great fictionist. "*Stop one moment, I beseech you!*" cried Hogarth—and grasping his pencil, he sketched the living portrait, declaring that nothing could be truer or more characteristic.

THE LAIRD.—But I hae seen many engravings o' Fielding!

THE MAJOR.—True, there are several, but the sketch taken, as above mentioned, is the source of them all. They are all derived from that one solitary model.

THE DOCTOR.—The edition of Fielding at present publishing by Stringer & Townsend, New York, is cheap and apparently correct. It is illustrated with several clever designs after George Cruikshank.

THE LAIRD.—I hae some thochts o' applying to the Police for a warrant against that hardened offender, Maclear.

THE MAJOR.—Laird, Laird! take care of your hand! Do you forget that there is such a thing as the law of libel? Pray expound the meaning of your exquisitely preposterous charge!

THE LAIRD.—In plain words then, its no' safe for a puir body like me to enter the emporium of our neighbour at present. He has laid in such a tempting supply o' literary novelties for the Christmas season, that the dollars leap out of your spleuchan before you ken what you are about. If this is no pocket-picking wi' a vengeance, I dinna ken what is!

THE DOCTOR.—Of a verity, the collection of our friend is of a very diversified and attractive character. To my mind, the most interesting items thereof, are the volumes embraced in the "*Railway Library*" series.

THE LAIRD.—I quite agree wi' you. Such curiosities for cheapness, I never met wi' in a' my born days. For instance, this very forenoon, I bought twelve volumes o' choice

works, including *Bancroft's History o' the United States*, Washington Irving's *Life o' Goldsmith*, *The Dark Scenes o' History*, by Jeems, and I dinna ken what, a' for three dollars! And mind you, the works were na' stitched in feckless paper covers, like the Yankee pamphlets, but done up in fancy boards, 'maist worth the price o' the productions themselves!

THE MAJOR.—I have seen some of the series to which you refer, and marvel exceedingly how they can be vended at the prices for which they are offered. One would imagine that such thrifty penny worths would have the effect of diminishing the influx of Jonathan's cheap wares. Did I mention to you, Doctor, that for the future the Anglo-American is to be deprived of the privilege enjoyed by newspapers—A FREE EXCHANGE?

THE DOCTOR.—No; what do you mean?

THE MAJOR.—That the Toronto Post-office authorities have decided that the Anglo is, in future, to enjoy the advantages incident on paying postage on all newspapers received; but as a set-off to this, and as compensation to the proprietor, I suppose, the Magazine is to go free to newspaper exchanges. I think, if this is not left-handed encouragement to enterprise, I know not what else to call it.

THE DOCTOR.—On what grounds is the difference made?

THE MAJOR.—The Anglo not being a newspaper.

THE DOCTOR.—What steps do you intend to take?

THE MAJOR.—Advise Mr. Maclear to memorialize the Department at headquarters, and ascertain whether his praiseworthy exertions to diffuse cheap knowledge and enlighten the darkness that seems to prevail at home respecting Canada, are to go unrewarded, or are rather to entail pecuniary loss on him.

THE DOCTOR.—I think the Emigration articles alone entitle him to have this point conceded, and, now that he is about to issue his history, he has a double claim.

THE MAJOR.—I think what he asks is little enough. Mr. Christie received some patronage for his history of Lower Canada. Smith's Canada had also a few crumbs thrown to it; while the Anglo, which has done little else but attempt to Canadianize the rest of the world is suffered to pass, not unrewarded, but is positively to be punished for an attempt to increase its media of receiving information.

THE DOCTOR.—Will not the Press come forward in support of our claims?

THE MAJOR.—I reckon with much confidence in their co-operation in the matter, and have very little doubt but that, when the matter is fairly stated, we shall receive what we seek. In the meantime, we will ask our exchanges only to transmit us that copy of their journals which may contain a notice,



whether favorable or otherwise, of the Magazine. Our pockets are light, and we cannot afford to pay for the great number of papers which we at present receive.

THE LAIRD.—But I say, lads, there is the tinkle o' Mother Grundy's supper-bell!—*Exeunt omnes.*)

## COLONIAL CHIT-CHAT.

### CANADA.

MISCELLANEOUS LAND GRANTS.—Return of Lands alienated from the crown without valuable consideration, since 1st of January, 1851, for information of the Legislative Assembly :

Granted to the Wesleyan Methodists of London, lying in the township of London, N.E.  $\frac{1}{2}$  block on Great Market Street,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  acres, for Church; Free Presbyterian Church of Canada, Sydenham, lots 4, 5, 6, 7, north side Union Street, 2 acres, for Church; Council of Lanark and Darling, Lanark, Reserve block, 4 acres for Town Hall, &c.; Free Presbyterian Church, Holland, part of lot 19 in 1st concession, 2 acres, for Burying Ground and School; Trustees of Grammar Schools, County of Kent, Chatham, S.E. part of block adjoining Church of England,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  acres, for School; Council of Normanby, Normanby, part of lot 7, west of Owen Sound road, 10 acres, for Burying Ground and School; Council of Chatham, Harwich, Park lot, 18 and 1 in 2nd concession, 10 acres, for Burying Ground; Agricultural Society of Kent, Chatham, park lot, 5 acres, for Fair Ground, &c.; Wesleyan Methodists, Warwick, park lot, seven acres, Church and Burying Ground; Council of Sydenham, Sydenham, Triangular block, 51 acres, for Public Pleasure Ground; Council of Chatham, Chatham, Market block, 2 acres, for Market; Council of Norfolk, Charlottenville, block Grave Street, 4 acres, for Burying Ground; Trustees of Grammar School of the County of Frontenac, Kingston, S.  $\frac{1}{2}$  of lot 14 in 4th concession, 100 acres, for School; Council of Niagara, Niagara, lots 79, 80, 89, and 90, 4 acres, for School; Council of Harwich, Shrewsbury, block, 2 acres, for School and Master's residence; Council of York, York, part of lot 15, east of Yonge Street, 1 acre, General Burying Ground; Roman Catholics, Russell, part of lot 8 in 8th concession, 10 acres, for Chapel and School; Orphan Home and Female Aid Society, Toronto, part of the Reserve adjoining the Military Burying Ground, 1 acre, for building for the Institution and School; Council of Albert, Albert, lot 4, South West London Road, 5 acres, School and Master's residence.

JOHN ROLPH.

Crown Land Department, }  
Quebec, 5th October, 1852. }

FORGED NOTES.—The Quebec *Mercury* warns the public that forged \$10 notes of the Bank of Montreal and also forged \$4 notes of the Bank of British North America, are in circulation in Quebec, and if so, some of them may probably reach this neighborhood. It

therefore behoves people receiving money to examine it closely. Forged notes are seldom heard of in Canada. The \$4 notes alluded to, it seems are executed with a pen.

ARTILLERY IN QUEBEC.—The Artillery in Quebec, now practice ball firing frequently along the surface of the water; and it seems this will be continued, as a quantity of gunpowder has been allowed them this year, for the purpose. It is also stated that several heavy pieces of ordnance, have been lately placed on the fortifications. These preparations seem ominous, at least they are prudent, considering the portentous state of affairs in Europe.

GOLD IN CANADA.—The reported discovery of Gold in Canada, is already making some noise in the newspapers. The New York *Tribune* says:—

We met yesterday an intelligent gentleman, recently from the mines, who exhibited about two dollars' worth of coarse gold which he said was the result of the washings from two pans of dirt. Our informant is not engaged in gold digging but has visited the mines from Yankee curiosity. He states that quite a large number of persons, in the employ of the proprietor of the mines, are successfully engaged in surface washing. These mines are situated on the River Dupont, near its junction on the Chaudière, some forty-six miles from Quebec, and near the Kennebec Road. About five miles from this place, at the Rapids of the Chaudière River, there is said to be a very rich vein of gold bearing quartz. Our informant states that sixty dollars worth of gold was recently broken from the surface of a piece of rock in this vein weighing only thirty-eight pounds. He also states that some 50 or 60 years ago, a lump of pure gold, worth about \$300 was picked up in the vicinity of these discoveries, and that 2 or 3 years ago, several small lumps were found, some of which were exhibited at the World's Fair in London. It has been known for several months, that there were rich deposits of gold on the banks of the Chaudière and its tributaries, but negotiations for the sale of the mining privileges there have delayed active mining till within two or three weeks past.

### STEAM COMMUNICATION BETWEEN LIVERPOOL AND CANADA.

THE contract for the establishment of a line of Steamers, between Liverpool and the St. Lawrence, is now before the public. The contracting parties are Mr. J. Young, late Chief Commissioner of Public Works of this Province, on the part of the Liverpool Shipping firm. The *Montreal Transcript*, gives the conditions of the contract which, briefly expressed, are that Messrs. Kean and McCarty, the Shipowners, shall keep up a regular line of large and powerful screw Steamers, to leave Liverpool for the St. Lawrence, either monthly or fortnightly, while the navigation is open; and monthly, during the winter, to Portland.

The maximum of passage rates is not to exceed, for first class, twenty-one pounds, sterling; for second class, twelve pounds twelve shillings, sterling; for third class, six pounds six shillings; and, for families, by agreement. Freight, for fine goods, not to exceed sixty shillings per ton measurement; and, for coarse goods, forty shillings. Rates of freight to England not to exceed the average of sailing vessels. Time occupied from England to Canada not to exceed fourteen days, nor, on their return, thirteen. Fourteen trips from the middle of April to that of November, to be made to the St. Lawrence; and, while the St. Lawrence is closed, five to Portland. The steamers to come up to Montreal, if there be water for them; if not, to forward the cargo by lighters. The line to be in service in the spring of next year. Mails, and the officers in charge, to be carried, and days of departure to be adopted at the discretion of the Provincial Government. Books, pamphlets, and maps, for the purpose of promoting emigration, to be carried and circulated without charge. The contract to last for seven years; the steamers to pay no light or other provincial dues. On the other hand, it is contracted that the Canadian Government shall pay to Messrs. McKean, McCarty and Company, at stipulated rates for certain voyages named, the sum of nineteen thousand pounds sterling a year, and the Railway Company and the city of Portland agree to pay five thousand pounds in addition. The other stipulations are merely formal and explanatory.

**NEW NOTES.**—New notes, of various denominations, have been issued by the Bank of Montreal. They are exceedingly plain and business-like, resembling in this respect, as well as in having a water mark, the notes of the Bank of England. We may mention that they are only signed by one of the clerks.

**TORONTO AND GUELPH RAILWAY.**—The contract for the Railroad from Toronto to Guelph has been given to C. S. Gzowski & Co., for £7408 currency, per mile, or £355,600, currency for the whole distance. This does not cover land claims and stations. The amount greatly exceeds the first speculative cost, when the project was got up.

#### NEW BRUNSWICK.

**THE Railway Bills** have passed both houses of the Parliament of that Province, by decisive majorities. In the Council there appears to have been no opposition, and in the House but seven dissenting voices. The bills are two in number; the first provides for amending the Charter of the European and North American Railway Company, so as to render the provisions of that Charter in accordance with the agreement entered into by Mr. Jackson

and his associates. The other provides for the repeal of the Facility Act passed at a previous session, which contemplates the construction of the railroads of the Province on a different plan. This latter was passed through its preliminary stages in both Houses on the 27th, and it was expected that the Legislature would break up on Friday the 29th. The acts are subject to the Queen's approval. Every member of the Legislature was in his seat. The proceedings of the Legislature appear to give general satisfaction in St. John's. The *New Brunswick* says:—A new era is about to dawn on New Brunswick, and we now enter on prosperous days."

**PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION IN NEW BRUNSWICK.** We have already announced the opening of the New Brunswick Provincial Exhibition. The following circumstantial account of it we abridge from the *Fredericton Head Quarters* of the 6th instant:—

The subject of so much labor, conjecture, fear and hope, was formally and successfully inaugurated yesterday. At an early hour, the firemen of Fredericton and St. John, and the Masonic fraternity, headed by the Band and Pipers of the 72nd Highlanders, under the direction of Sheriff Wolhaupter, as Grand Marshal, marched through the principal streets of the city, and in their varied and showy costumes, with badges, banners, and insignia, made an imposing and gay appearance. Precisely at two o'clock, p.m., His Excellency Sir Edmund Head, Lieutenant Governor of the Province, and Patron of the Exhibition, was received at the Hall of the Exhibition by a Guard of Honor, of the 72nd Highlanders, and entered the building under a salvo of artillery. At the moment of His Excellency's entrance the scene and circumstances were deeply impressive. The vast area of the hall was densely crowded by men of all ranks and conditions, from localities near and remote, with a large admixture of the mothers and daughters of our country. The Band of the 72nd Highlanders, and the united choirs of all our churches, struck at once into a glorious rendering of our time honored national anthem, the full choir, accompanied by the band, sang to the venerable measure of Old Hundred, the appropriate hymn beginning

"With one consent let all the earth,  
To God their cheerful voices raise."

A complimentary address having been presented to Sir Edmund Head, His Excellency replied to it in suitable terms.

After the reply, the opening of the Exhibition was officially declared, and was received by a round of thorough old fashioned British cheers, with a genuine Bluenose one or two more.

The Exhibition in quality, quantity, and variety of specimens, both agricultural produce and manufactures, outdoes the utmost expectation of the warmest friends of the enterprise, and is at once a triumphant refutation of all the apprehensions of the timid, and the disloyal prophecies of the "ruin and decay" men.



If any New Brunswicker can stand in the presence of the industrial treasures which the soil and climate of our Province, and the labor of our agriculturists have piled up on these shelves before him, and the noble edifices which skilled, ingenious, and successful manufacturing industry have arrayed around, above, and before him, if standing thus he hesitates to "thank God and take courage," his mind and heart must be dead to the veriest possi-

bility of faith and gratitude. The trophies of mechanical skill and ingenuity in vast varieties of form, are equally abundant and demonstrative."

The Exhibition closed on the 9th instant. The cattle show is spoken of by our New Brunswick contemporaries as "a grand affair," and the cattle exhibited, as being greater in number and better in breed, than many supposed New Brunswick could produce.



In view of the immense activity prevailing in the French naval arsenals—a curious corollary on the peaceful Empire proclaimed so lately at Bordeaux—our own Admiralty, we are glad to perceive, is strengthening that great arm of our defence, that may be needed when we least expect it. A ministerial journal announces that ten line-of-battle ships, now on the stocks or ordered to be built, are to be fitted with powerful screw propellers. France under its new régime must be watched with unceasing vigilance by those to whose keeping the welfare of Great Britain is committed, since assuredly nothing on earth but apprehension of failure will prevent the self-willed Louis Napoleon from attempting, sooner or later, the project before which even the genius of his uncle recoiled. Or he may perchance, and events point that way, look to the East for the fulfilment of what he calls his mission. The position and strength of the British fleet in the Mediterranean is always perfectly well known; not so would be the character and purposes of an armament that might be assembled or fitted at Toulon. Without pursuing this vague train of thought, it may be sufficient to predict that whenever the reserved and resolute man, who now lords it over France, shall feel himself sufficiently strong to work out his destiny, we shall hear stirring news from the "French Lake."

Having already alluded to our dearly-beloved friend Louis Napoleon, we shall not waste many more words upon him, although his undoubted influence upon the policies of Europe will prevent our passing him over in silent contempt. The Empire of course, with all its contingencies, is still the prominent theme, as it will be until its proclamation; and the manner in which it is now said that the question will be submitted to the nation is entirely characteristic of the nation's master. The subjects of hereditary despotism

power may sometimes console themselves with the hope, that if their burden be heavy, a change of person may work to their advantage. If the Emperor be severe, his heirs may be kindly.—But Louis Napoleon in his intense selfishness and utter disregard of that family claim which he so ostentatiously puts forward, is it seems to have the Empire made hereditary in his own direct male line, but failing his male issue is to have the right of naming his successor! The modesty of the proposal, the fresh stimulus which it will offer to obsequiousness, and the debased condition of the people who can blindly put on such a yoke, need not be pointed out.—Again, there is talk of a large reduction of the army, even to the amount of fifty or a hundred thousand men. This would read well in the eyes of Europe; but the truth is, that his idea is to disband or reduce many regiments of the line whose recruits are easily procured, and at the same time to keep the officers in pay; strengthen, foster, and train his cavalry, artillery, and riflemen, who compose the flower of his forces; and even to organize fresh troops of the Municipal Guard, who are equally efficient as soldiers or as policemen. As usual, one thing is announced, whilst another is intended.—Amongst minor Parisian items, we observe that Abd-el-Kader has arrived in the Capital where he will probably become the lion of the moment, such as the Dey of Algiers was in 1830.—Mademoiselle Rachel, of tragic celebrity, who as the Goddess of Liberty, sang the Marseillaise on the stage of the Théâtre Français in 1848, has condescended to recite in the same place a twaddling and sycophantic ode to the Prince President; on this occasion she enacted the Muse of History! The Pope still declines going to Paris, to perform the coronation ceremonies. He is wise.

Sir Charles Grey must have resigned, or have been recalled from his post of Governor of

Jamaica, inasmuch as we find the name of his success announced in London Journals, although subsequently withdrawn. We allude to Major Beresford, M. P., the Secretary at War.—It is recorded, but not officially, that Mr. Keate, now civil commissioner of the Seychelles Islands, is promoted to the governorship of Grenada, West Indies.

#### FUNERAL OF THE DUKE.

The arrangements contemplated in connection with this solemn act of reverence for the memory of the Great Duke have undergone a slight modification. It was intended that, on the night previous to the interment, the body should be removed to the Horse Guards, and that the funeral procession should be formed at that point. In this the precedent of Nelson's interment was followed, for his remains rested on the night preceding the burial at the Admiralty. But it has been justly considered that Nelson had no town-house like the Duke, and that Apsley-house, therefore, is the proper point at which to form the procession. In accordance with this view, the body will remain at Chelsea Hospital till the morning of the 18th, and, when it reaches Apsley-house, those of whom the *cortège* is to consist will fall into their right places. The military escort of the funeral will consist of detachments from every regiment in the service—of three battalions of the Guards, 84 pensioners, representing the age to which the Duke had attained, the 33rd Foot, the Rifle Brigade, six squadrons of cavalry, and 17 guns. The artillery will head the procession, but it is intended that the firing should be at the Tower, which is sufficiently near for the purpose, and is the more appropriate from the Duke having been Constable. Deputations of 100 men, with their proper complement of officers, will also attend on the occasion from each of the five continental armies in which the Duke held the rank of field-marshal; and thus, in addition to a complete representation of the military force of this country, there will be assembled on the occasion types of those of Russia, Austria, Prussia, Spain, and Portugal. It is not believed that more than forty equipages will be required in the procession, which will be mainly conducted on foot.

Both at St. Paul's and at Chelsea Hospital the preparations for the approaching ceremonial are in rapid process of execution. The hall of the hospital has been completely cleared, preliminary to the arrangements for the lying in state, and the additional facilities required for ingress and egress are also being provided for. The fitting up of the cathedral is, as we have stated, progressing satisfactorily, and it is expected that, irrespective of the procession, at least 10,000 persons will be accommodated with seats in the interior. There is no doubt that the *coup d'œil* of the gigantic edifice, brilliantly illuminated from end to end, and with the light of day completely excluded, will be inexpressibly grand. Several imperfect trials of the effect produced have already been made, and with the most striking results.

"It is to be hoped," observes the *Times*, "that the attention which has recently been attracted among us to the subject of artistic design will not be thrown away on the approaching occasion, and that a national act of homage to departed great-

ness may not be disfigured by vulgar and tasteless devices. The funeral car in which Nelson was conveyed to St. Paul's combined in its structure the forms of a fourpost bedstead, a ship, a Greek altar, a hearse, and half-a-dozen other incongruities. What will foreigners think of us, and what can we think of ourselves, if, after so many years of increased civilization, we evince our sorrow as a people by a repetition of such extravagant and ludicrous absurdities?"

We understand that all the foreign powers (says the *United Service Gazette*), with one necessary exception, have signified their intention of sending deputations to participate in the forthcoming universal demonstrations of European grief, by attending the most extraordinary military funeral the world ever beheld. Russia, we hear, is about to send a portion of the 27th (the late Duke's own Regiment) to take part in the mournful obsequies of their illustrious Colonel. This is an appropriate and graceful tribute from the Czar to the memory of his venerated friend. The No. 27 naturally induces us to ask, will the 27th Inniskilling Regiment be excluded from a place in the last march with their immortal countryman? By a singular chance this is the only Irish national Regiment of Infantry which followed his victorious banner through the Peninsula, and concluded its brilliant career by literally immolating itself on the field of Waterloo. We say immolating advisedly; for the Duke himself, when speaking of them to Gen. Alava, observed—"The 27th will always be a striking proof that Irishmen can be as coolly brave as any other troops, for *they died* where they were formed in square by Lambert." Their loss on that day of carnage exceeded that of any other regiment engaged. Out of eighteen officers seventeen were killed or wounded, and four hundred and seventy-nine were knocked over, out of six hundred rank and file. This was not the first visit of the 27th to the plain of Waterloo. They were encamped twice under William the Third on that field of blood. That great Military Monarch was particularly attached to them, and always retained them near his person after the battle of the Boyne. In 1839 they were expressly detained by the late Lord Hill in this country for six months, after they had been under orders for Ireland, for the special purpose of forming an appropriate national Guard of honour, at that splendid festival given by the Cinque Ports to their illustrious Lord Warden. We trust that Lord Hardinge will not overlook this opportunity of paying a compliment to one of the most modest of our national regiments, and to that country which has the proud honour of being the birth-place of Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington.

#### A PROPHECY FROM THE ARCTIC SEAS.

The date of the following extract from a letter written by one of Sir E. Beecher's officers has been anticipated; it has, however, a peculiar interest in connection with the ascertained opening of Wellington Channel.

"Lievly, Davis's Strait, June 6, 1852.

"The Arctic squadron is at present snugly moored in the harbour of Lievly, Davis's strait. Our passage out has not been a very pleasant one, although we were towed to 21 deg. of west lon-



gitude. We did not reach the Whale Islands till the 29th of May, 31 days from Stromness, two-thirds of which time our deeply-laden little craft was literally under water, consequently you may safely class her amongst those animals designated amphibious, but, as 'Jack' says, 'it will all rub off when dry.' Thank God, we are now in the region of icebergs and smooth water. Nothing worthy of remarking occurred during our passage, and to the best of my knowledge all hands in the expedition are well, with the exception of Captain Kellet, who has been poorly since the steamers left. Our Arctic commodore kept us strictly in sailing order, 'line abreast,' and did not lose sight of one of us for a single hour during the passage; no matter whether a calm or a gale, the signal flew, 'Keep your station.'

"We weighed anchor from Whale Islands yesterday. With the exception of a few straggling pieces we have as yet met with no ice, so it is quite probable that it is a 'block game' to the northward. I do long to see the commencement of the Melville Bay campaign, in order to witness the effects of galvanism and gunpowder on its opposing barriers. We can form no idea as yet what kind of season we are going to have; if we may believe the 'natives' it will be an 'open' one, but there is little faith to be placed in them. However, be it as it may, there is a general determination throughout the expedition that no obstacle shall impede our progress. Certainly, it is not in mortals to command success; but with all the experience of former expeditions to guide us, and possessing resources which they did not, as well as the greater portion of our crews being injured to Arctic service, we would be undeserving the name of Englishmen should we altogether fail.

"I am one of those who have returned twice from an unsuccessful search of the missing navigators. I am among those who have been blamed for not doing our duty, by men who, whatever may be their claims to science, are about as competent to discuss Arctic subjects as I am to deliver a lecture on conchology, a science of which I do not even know the technical terms. But, in conclusion, mark what I say!—Bells will ring, and bonfires will blaze, from the Land's End to John o' Groat's, on the return of Beecher's expedition."

#### BRITISH PROVINCES AND LIVERPOOL, DIRECT.

Last week's English mail brings us the following confirmation of a report long prevalent:—

A very useful project is being brought out under the designation of the "London, Liverpool, and North American Screw Steamship Company." The object of the company is to establish an economical, expeditious, and direct steam communication for goods and passengers between London, Liverpool, the United States, and the British North American colonies. The steamers will leave London and Liverpool alternately for New York throughout the year; for Canada and Newfoundland from March to October; and during the remainder of the year, in order that the communication with Canada may not be wholly interrupted, they will call at Portland, in the State of

Maine, between which port and Quebec and Montreal a railway is now in course of construction. During the season it is contemplated that the Company's steamers shall run straight up to Quebec or Montreal, where they will be in communication with steamers plying to Lakes Ontario, Erie, Huron, Michigan, and touching at all the ports on the route. When the line is established, it will probably cause a great diversion of the lake produce, which now passes in a great measure through the United States to the Atlantic sea board. The island of Newfoundland, so long deprived of the advantages of steam communication, will also be included in the route of the Company's steamers, and it is therefore probable the association will secure the bounty offered by the Colonial Legislature. The company is at present provisionally registered, under the Joint Stock Companies' Act, but a charter has been applied for, and will in all probability be readily secured, until which time a deposit of 2s. per share is to be payable. The capital is fixed at £600,000 in £20 shares, and the committee includes some of our most influential firms connected with both branches of the North American trade.

OVERLAND MAIL.—We have received the following message by electric telegraph, dispatched on the 25th, from Trieste:—A brigade, under Brigadier Reynolds, C.B., consisting of her Majesty's 18th Royal Irish, her Majesty's 80th Regiment, and the 35th Native Infantry, with a proportionate force of artillery, left Rangoon, on the 18th of September, in steamers, for Prome, accompanied by General Godwin. The steamers were to return immediately for the brigade. The Burmese troops had destroyed Prome, and had posted themselves in masses on a height ten miles off the town. They were said to be only 7,000 strong with a few guns.

PARIS.—The *Moniteur* announces the liberation of Abd-el-Kader, who is to be conveyed to Broussa, in Turkey, and receive treatment worthy of his rank. In addition to the titles of "Napoleon III, *Empereur des Français*, and *Roi d'Algérie*," the future assumption of which is attributed to Louis Napoleon, it is said he will assume that of "*Protecteur des Lieux Saints*," The liberation of Abd-el-Kader has occasioned some surprise, but satisfaction generally, so far as has as yet been ascertained. The breach of faith of which the Emir had been the object is undeniable, but perhaps the allusion to the preceding Government *would have been better omitted*, as well as the censure on those who fail to perform their promise.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.—The war still "drags its slow length along," and the latest intelligence from the frontier states that outrages are still committed on the frontiers, even in the very proximity of the towns and posts. Both parties still war with cattle—the Kaffirs managing generally to hold their own remarkably well. The frontier districts are still swarming with rebels and Kaffirs, who carry with them devastation and ruin, too frequently with impunity. The coal that had been discovered turns out to be anthracite, giving encouragement to further search, which is much promoted by the Government, who have offered a reward of £100 for the discovery of coal beds.

The gold reported by the *Haddington* to have been found at the Waterkloof, turns out to be sulphuret of iron. The principal event during the past month has been the advance of Lieutenant-General Cathcart, at the head of a strong column of troops, and about 1,000 burghers, across the Kei, into the territory of the Amagaleka Kaffir chief Krelli—his burning the deserted kraal or great place” of that chief—and his return to head-

quarters, at King William's Town, and disbandment of the burgher force, after capturing 13,000 of the enemy's cattle.

COPENHAGEN.—The late hurricane has covered the Danish and Swedish coasts with wrecks, and plunged numberless families into distress. Out of the port of Elsinore alone, nearly 100 fishermen have been lost, and subscriptions are being gathered for the relief of the survivors.



#### AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.

THE importance and usefulness of Agricultural Fairs has not been over-rated. They have done more than any other means to awaken the desire for improvement, to arouse the ambition to excel, and to furnish tangible evidence that superior culture will produce superior products. From small beginnings, these farmers' festivals have extended themselves over a great part of our land, and every year vies with its predecessor in the beauty, excellence, and variety of its exhibitions. This is well; but ambition should not stop here. The farmer, the gardener, the breeder, should carry home with him something more than his diploma and premium. He should acquire, in his experience, the power to carry his improvements to a still higher degree of perfection. The mere repetition of the same scene, under slightly varying circumstances, will soon tire. New elements must mingle in the rivalry of every competition, fresh energy must be brought to every recent discovery and improvement, or we tread in the same beaten circle.

All the experimenting, thus far, on the different modes of culture, on the soils best adapted to certain crops, on the manures most efficacious on different soils, and when applied to different crops, has not demonstrated one generally admitted and safe conclusion. Our farmers consent to assemble year after year, bringing with them the same implements, the same stock, the same articles of manufacture, and having received the accustomed premium they go home, well satisfied with their progress.

The failure to derive any lasting good from such exhibitions is directly chargeable on the farmers themselves. Careful reports have been made of the proceedings of each Agricultural Society, which are accessible to the mass of farmers; agricultural papers keep their subscribers informed of all the improvements and discoveries in culture, and each farmer must systematize the facts for himself, and draw his own conclusions as to what is adapted to his wants.

There is no such thing as avoiding the labour necessary to arrange the experience of others, so as to appropriate it to individual use. Eminence in farming, as in all other pursuits, must be the result of personal observation and study; and the compilation of facts, however valuable, by an editor, will not make amends for the want of such personal effort as we speak of. Scientific men will do their part faithfully and well,—editors will use their best exertions to arouse public interest and properly direct it, but “each man must build over against his own house.” The golden age of farming will never come till each agriculturist goes thoughtfully about his own work, investigates, and decides for himself his own matters of economy. Universal intelligence is the *sine qua non* of universal success, and when it comes to be considered as important for a farmer to be educated to his profession, in order to live by it, as it is in other things, then, and not till then, will the progress of agriculture be certain and constant.

We venture to say that hundreds of farmers take an agricultural paper, who do not derive from it the slightest advantage, merely because



they do not classify and digest what they read. So, many who attend an Agricultural Fair, gratify only their curiosity for sight-seeing—admire, it may be, what is pleasing or novel; but never think that their main business should be to inquire into the means which have been used in the production of the premium articles, the manner in which the fine cattle are bred, and the advantage of employing improved implements in their farm labour. Too many look with an envious spirit upon all that is better than their own, deride what is inferior, and go home to plod on. This state of things may be incident to the comparatively recent origin of fairs in many parts of the country; still, we think there is an error here which needs correcting.

We are led to notice another prevalent evil among the agricultural community, and that is a want of organization among farmers for promoting their own interests. They are not recognisable as a class, save at County Fairs; they claim no rights, assert no privileges, demand no exemption, but suffer in silence, or spend their strength in fruitless complainings. In other occupations men club together to maintain the position of their craft; they call for the protection of their interests, and they find means to secure their ends. Mechanics' Institutes are very common in our large villages and towns. Young men are taught by their daily experience and observation, that superior education and industry are necessary to success in their trade, and many a penniless apprentice has risen to eminence by his own exertions, aided by a library, and whatever other means were in his power. On the contrary, the leading question with our farmers too often is,—How shall I get independent of my calling?—how can I avoid the drudgery and toil of it? and not how shall I improve my farm the most, and make farming the most honorable and delightful of pursuits? We want to see a consolidation of the masses for self-improvement, and the rights and well-being of farmers, made foremost in our national councils, as they are the most deeply connected with national prosperity. When the united voice of the farmers of this country comes up in one cry, they must and will be heard.

When they come to feel the truth of the remark which politicians love to weave into their honied speeches, that the "bone and sinew" of the nation's strength lies in them, then will they not sit in sackcloth and ashes at the gate of legislative assemblies, but go manfully in and take the rights which have been too long entrusted to those who neither sow nor reap, nor gather into barns, but eat the fruits of other's labors. There

should be in every town a "Farmer's Club," not consisting merely of a few of the more wealthy, but of the entire body of farmers. This club should own a library of Agriculture, consisting not only of the more popular class of agricultural publications, but also of all the foreign standard works on the subject. In this way a vast amount of instruction and information might be derived, and the expense, when divided among a large number of farmers, would not be very considerable. This club should hold frequent meetings, in which discussions on various topics, the communication of individual experience, and the results of private reading, should form the distinctive feature.

The approaching winter season will be a favorable time for the forming of such clubs, and if we mistake not, such organizations will effect, more speedily than any other means, a union of agriculturists and the promotion of their interests.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### CAN MONEY BE MADE BY FARMING?

SIR,—As my researches have not resulted in the conviction that farming pursuits, however desirable in other respects, are sure to be profitable as a business, I am led to suppose that the difficulty must be either in myself, or a certain unwillingness on the side of editors to promptly give the whole truth. For instance,—Why is it so notorious, that men universally pronounce farming occupations to cost more than its results amount to, weighed in the balance of debt and credit? It certainly looks as if there was some ground for such a judgment. Agricultural papers are always putting in the foreground, the delightful advantages of country life, the pleasures of farming. But where is the working farmer, retired merchant, sea captain, or amateur, who can give us the real truth, covering the results of five or ten years? You will hear a theorist charm his audience with the prettiest systems of rotation imaginable, and the talented chemist crying over the dreadful waste of organic and other manures in large cities; and what does it all amount to? Does he farm it? What responsibility dare he assume, who urges his fellow man to invest his capital in what he dare not himself? The truth is, I am yet to see, in any modern work, an authentic record of any man's farm for a course of years, in this country, stating that it has or has not paid him, a reasonable family expense, and left him square at the end of the year—unless he happens to be one of your *grubbing, anti-book-farming* characters, who do all their *own work, don't educate their children*, and live with scarcely any of the comforts of life—thinking that money is all in all, and nothing else is worth possessing.

Now I want you to frankly tell me, if I can, by a judicious expenditure of capital, with a market not far distant, bring ordinary land to a condition that will enable me to support my family comfortably?

You perceive I propose an earnest investigation, and my reason for it is, fairly to know, from credit-

able sources, whether I am justified in freely investing money on my 40 acres of land, with any prospect before me that the returns will, after five years, compensate me for the extra outlay.

Once more is it not true that all farming journals are united in representing that the prejudices against farming among the crowds of young men who throng the marts of commerce, is occasioned by a distaste of labor, or its slow returns, or by reason of caste; and do you not endeavour to convince them that these impressions are wrong? Indeed, do you not often try to convince them that although they will not become rich quite as fast by farming as by successful trade, yet that they are sure of freedom from wasting excitement, and may enjoy what is worth more than large returns accompanied by sleepless nights. This is all very plausible, but the misfortune is, that they don't think as you represent. I can speak for 10,000 young men now in New York, who are compelled to struggle onward in the almost hopeless race for competence, who would cut loose from such confinement, could they have the evidence before their eyes, that with a small capital, competence is attainable on a well cultivated farm.

I heard it remarked by an intelligent man, before a county audience, that were all farmers to sell off their farms, and invest the proceeds in bonds and mortgages, &c., they would be much better off. Now will you be kind enough to inform your many readers the names of ten intelligent farmers, who realize a competence from their respective farms—whose business for a series of years can be pronounced profitable? I fear it cannot be done. I hold it decidedly wrong for a retired merchant to live without occupation, and inasmuch as I have chosen, from a long cherished preference, a country residence, I must cordially acknowledge that I am possessed with the common feeling of my fellow men, and find it hard to swallow a yearly loss, after the pains, labor, and expense of producing crops, and getting for an equivalent the only satisfaction of knowing that I could support my family cheaper in town, and have less trouble.

Don't think me impertinent, or wishing to cast any discredit on you or your compeers of the press, but I am desirous of being encouraged, if in your power consistently so to do, and will persevere if I can see a fair prospect of success in the future.

MERCUTIO.

REMARKS—The gist of the above anonymous communication, is comprised in the question, whether the person who wrote it can support his "family comfortably" from 40 acres of land? How does he suppose it possible that such a question can be answered from the data he gives? We know nothing about the land, its capabilities of production, or the value of its produce. We do not even know where it is situated. He tells us there is "a market not far distant," but we have no information as to what market is meant, the price of agricultural and horticultural articles, or what could be raised from the land to the best advantage. He is just as indefinite in regard to the amount of income he requires from his 40 acres. He wants to support his "family comfortably;" but how do we know what his family is, or what expenditure of money would keep an in-

definite number of people in that indefinite state called "comfortable?" Upon the whole, he has given us a *poser*—we acknowledge the proposition is too hard for us to solve.

As to the general question of the profits of farming, it is easily answered. Take the whole farming interest of the country. Does it lose or gain? It obviously gains. What but agriculture supports four-fifths of our population? In our own county we have many sections where agriculture constitutes the only resource of the inhabitants. Is our friend so ignorant as to suppose that there has been no increase in wealth in these districts for "a series of years?"

As to the remark charged to "an intelligent man," that all the farmers in his county would do better to sell out and invest their money in bonds and mortgages, we think there might be some question as to his "intelligence." As to the names of "ten intelligent farmers in our county," who make farming profitable, we do not wish to make an invidious array of names, but if our correspondent will give us his own name and residence, we will send him the names of *one hundred* men who, for "a series of years," have made money by farming, and who will be ready to show the way it was done.

#### THE LOBOS ISLANDS AND GUANO.

THESE islands, claimed by the government of Peru, and which have, till within a few years, been considered of no value, have become a bone of contention. Barren and uninhabitable as they are, they are the depositories of a wealth, which is destined to fertilize the overtaxed fields of distant countries; that it will ever come into general use, we very much question, but as a special fertilizer for certain crops, and in certain localities, it is valuable. Large quantities are being imported by English speculators, and the attention of the British Parliament is being called to the expediency of securing the article on more favorable terms, or of sending ships for the purpose of discovering more islands, upon which similar deposits have been made. A dispute is pending between the U. S. government and that of Peru, with regard to the title of these islands.

The following description of these islands, and the situation of the guano, we cut from *Dickens' Household Words*, and it will interest our readers:

"The three islands lie nearly due north and south; the breadth of the passage between them being about a mile in one instance, and two miles in the other. The south island is as yet untouched, and from a visit I paid it, I should suppose it to contain more guano than is found in either of the others. The middle island, at which we traded, has been moderately worked, but the greatest quantity of guano is taken from the north island. In their general formation the islands are alike. They all rise, on the side next the mainland, in a perpendicular wall of rock; from the edge of the precipice, the guano then slopes upwards to the centre of each island, where a pinnacle of rock rises above the surface; from this point it descends to the sea by a gentle declivity, the guano continuing to within a few feet of the water. Each island has, at a distance, the appearance of a flattened cone, but they have all



been originally broken into rocky hills and valleys. The deposits of guano have gradually filled up the valleys, and risen above the rocks, the cuttings of the guano diggers vary from a depth of eighty or a hundred feet, to merely a few inches.

"The guano is regularly stratified; the lower strata are regularly solidified by the weight of the upper, and have acquired a dark red color, which becomes gradually lighter towards the surface. On the surface it has a whitey-brown light crust, very well baked by the sun; it is a crust containing eggs, being completely honey-combed by the birds, which scratch deep oblique holes in it to serve as nests, wherein eggs, seldom more than two to each nest, are deposited. These holes often running into each other, form long galleries with several entrances, and this mining system is so elaborately carried out, that you can scarcely put a foot on any part of the islands without sinking to the knee.

"Though the islands are not large—their average circumference being about two miles—the accumulation of guano is almost incredible. Calculations as to the probable quantity must, on account of the varying depths of the deposits, be very uncertain. I remember making an average of the depth, and deducting therefrom a rough estimate that the three small islands alone contain upwards of two hundred and fifty millions of tons of pure guano, which, at the rate of supply which has been going on during the last five or six years, would require about one hundred and eighty years for removal, and at its English value—which, after deducting freight, is about £5 per ton—would be worth twelve hundred and fifty millions sterling. This is exclusive of vast quantities which have been used by the Peruvians themselves."

#### POINTS OF A GOOD HOG.

I would caution the reader against being led away by a mere name, in his selection of a hog. A hog may be called a Berkshire or a Suffolk, or any other breed most in estimation, and yet may in reality possess none of this valuable blood. The only sure mode by which the buyer will be able to avoid imposition is, to make name always secondary to points. If you find a hog possessed of such points of form as are calculated to insure early maturity, and facility of taking flesh, you need care little what it has seemed good to the seller to call him; and remember that no name can bestow value on an animal deficient in the qualities to which I have alluded. The true Berkshire—that possesses a dash of the Chinese and Neapolitan varieties—comes, perhaps, nearer to the desired standard than any other. The chief points which characterize such a hog are the following:—In the first place, sufficient depth of carcass, and such an elongation of body as will insure a sufficient lateral expansion. Let the loin and chest be broad. The breadth of the former denotes good room for the play of the lungs, and a consequent free and healthy circulation, essential to the thriving or fattening of any animal. The bone should be small and the joints fine—nothing is more indicative of high breeding than this; and the legs should be no longer than, when fully fat, would just prevent the animal's belly

from trailing upon the ground. The leg is the least profitable portion of the hog, and we require no more of it than is absolutely necessary for the rest. See that the feet be firm and sound; that the toes lie well together, and press straightly upon the ground; as also, that the claws are even, upright, and healthy. Many say that the form of the head is of little or no consequence, and that a good hog may have an ugly head; but I regard the head of all animals as one of the very principal points in which pure or impure breeding will be the most obviously indicated. A highbred animal will invariably be found to arrive more speedily at maturity, to take flesh earlier, and with greater facility, and, altogether, to turn out more profitably, than one of questionable or impure stock; and such being the case, I consider that the head of the hog is, by no means, a point to be overlooked by the purchaser. The description of head most likely to promise, or rather to be concomitant of, high breeding, is one not carrying heavy bone, not too flat on the forehead, or possessing a too elongated snout,—the snout should be short, and the forehead rather convex, curving upward; and the ear should be, while pendulous, inclining somewhat forward, and, at the same time, light and thin. Nor should the buyer pass over even the carriage of a pig. If this be dull, heavy, and dejected, reject him, on suspicion of ill health, if not of some concealed disorder actually existing, or just about to break forth; and there cannot be a more unfavorable symptom than a hang-down, slouching head. Of course, a fat hog for slaughter, or a sow heavy with young, has not much sprightliness of deportment.

Nor is color altogether to be lost sight of. In the case of hogs I would prefer those colors which are characteristic of our most esteemed breeds. If the hair be scant, I would look for black, as denoting connection with the Neapolitan; but if too bare of hair, I would be disposed to apprehend too immediate alliance with that variety, and a consequent want of hardihood, that, however unimportant, if pork be the object, renders such animals hazardous speculations as stores, from their extreme susceptibility to cold, and consequent liability to disease. If white, and not too small, I would like them as exhibiting connection with the Chinese. If light or sandy, or red with black marks, I would recognise our favorite Berkshire; and so on, with reference to every possible variety of hue. These observations may appear trivial; but they are the most important I have yet made, and the pig buyer will find his account in attending to them.

#### PRIZE CALF.

As it would be outstepping the legitimate limits of the *Canadian Journal*, to notice at length the Farming Stock exhibited at the Show, we shall confine our remarks to one or two remarkable illustrations of the progress which has been made in Canada, in this most important department of Agricultural industry. Among the most conspicuous of the stock exhibited at the last Exhibition, was the herd of Mr. Ralph Wade, jun., Coburg. One of his calves, a heifer six months old, realized the sum of \$300, having been bought by Mr. Becar of New York. Another of his cat-

tle, a bull, three years old, was sold to J. Wood, Esq., Jefferson County, New York, for the same amount.

Along with the general symmetry of these animals, we could not but be struck with their velvety softness of hair and delicacy of touch. Mr. Wade informed us also, that on the side of both sire and dam they are descended from a race of most excellent milkers. They were bred from a cow imported by Mr. Ralph Wade, jun., the foundation we believe of his present stock. Their sire "American Belted Will," lately sold to Mr. Duguill, of Genesee County, was bred from an imported cow, by Mr. R. Wade, sen., and took the first prizes at the Provincial Shows, both at Brockville and Kingston. The sire of "American Belted Will" took the second premium at the British agricultural meeting at Newcastle, where twenty-four were shown; Mr. Hopper's celebrated bull, Belleville, carrying off the prize.

We rejoice to see our Canadian farmers raising herds of such purity and of so independent a character, as while it affords us an opportunity of making use of any really valuable cross produced among the cattle of our neighbors, it cannot fail to draw them into our market as the most desirable in which to seek those infusions of new blood so necessary to maintain in full vigor any race of cattle.—*Canadian Journal*.

**THE POTATO DISEASE.**—Any experiment that tends to throw additional light upon the disease in potatoes, is deserving of consideration, because, although it may not explain the cause satisfactorily, yet it is only by the accumulation of facts, such as the apparent influence of divers modes of growth upon it, that we can hope at last to trace out the principles upon which the presence or absence of the disease is dependant. A. Mons. Bayard has communicated to the horticulturists of Paris, the result of an experiment made by him in an altogether new direction, the result of which he gives in the following account: "Upon my property in the commune of Jaille-Yron, in the department of the Maine and Loire, the potatoes grown in 1850 were generally bad. Before planting, in 1851, I cut some potatoes into sets, and forced into each set, according to its size, one, two or three dry peas. A piece of ground was planted with these sets, and an adjoining piece with sets without peas. Notwithstanding the dry summer, the peas grew strong and flowered, and the potatoe stems pushed vigorously. The potatoes containing peas produced a crop without disease, which kept well through the winter, and part of them were used the present year in June, for sets. Part of the crop of the sets planted without peas, were diseased. Whilst the above experiment was going on in a field of heavy land, a similar one was made in a kitchen garden, where the soil was light, and the result was the same. The potatoes with peas were healthy, but those without rapidly indicated signs of ill-health. During the growth of the pea stems and potatoe stems, some were pulled up and examined, and it appeared that the early vegetation of the pea had carried off the excessive humidity from the potatoe." Assuming that upon repetition of this experiment in other parts, it is found to give the same results, there can be little doubt that the

concluding sentence indicates the cause, namely, the absorption by the roots of the peas of a portion of the water contained in the sets. This is a strong evidence in favor of the correctness of the now very general opinion, that excessive moisture has much to do with the disease.

#### GRADUAL AND SUCCESSFUL PROGRESS IN PLANTING.

One of the most interesting fragments of individual history we have lately seen, especially as connected with horticultural pursuits, is contained in the following extract, which we make from the "Notes on Gardens and Nurseries," in the last number of Hovey's Magazine.

"RESIDENCE OF JOS. STICKNEY, ESQ., WATERTOWN.—Strange, indeed, is it, to see how slight a circumstance may change and mould a taste for objects previously of no interest whatever. Some years ago, when the taste for the culture of that gorgeous flower, the Dahlia, was carried to a greater extent than now, a gentleman whose time was almost incessantly occupied in commercial matters, and who possessed only a few square feet of garden, in the rear of his dwelling, in the city, was struck with the splendor of one of the exhibitions of this flower, at the rooms of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, and at once made up his mind to buy a few plants. Spring came, and they were set out;—they flourished—grew,—and all the autumn repaid the careful attention of a zealous amateur, by a brilliant display of flowers. This was grand success for a beginner. Another year came round, and the dozen sorts were augmented to fifty, and still the same success. Delighted to find himself so well repaid, (unaware it was entirely owing to that love which spared no pains for the welfare of the plants,) the newest and finest sorts were procured, and another season he not only became a competitor for the prizes, but actually carried some of them off!

But with a few feet of land, already overfilled, there was no room for further additions to his stock, and he must add more or grow a less number of plants; the latter could not be done, and another hundred feet of ground, worth almost as many acres a few miles from the city, was added. But now other objects divided his attention. The grand displays of fruit were so rich and inviting that to be a mere admirer would not do: why should not success attend the growth of fruit, as well as dahlias; there could be no doubt of it. His resolve was made, and the corners were filled with young pear trees. On they went, growing, thriving, pushing up their vigorous shoots, and spreading out their leafy branches, making sad inroads upon the territory of the Mexicans, and in fact showing a disposition to dispute all the ground they had heretofore occupied. Time rolled on, golden fruit hung from their heavily laden boughs, and a rich harvest crowned the efforts of the cultivator of the city garden.

And now accompanying him further, we find ourselves on a beautiful spot, on the banks of the River Charles, in the pretty village of Watertown, overlooking its flowing waters on one side, and the thickly settled plain on the other. Terraces of immense size, covered with trees in



full bearing, all the work of half a dozen years, rise one above another, and skirt the river bank. Ascending by several flights of steps, we reach a broad plateau, on which stands the mansion, in the olden style, large, capacious, without ornament, but with that essential of the country house, comfort. It is reached from the front by an avenue from the Mill-dam road, and is screened in that direction by a grove of gigantic pines, oaks and hickories.

Such is the residence of Mr. Stickney, who was fortunate in purchasing, eight years ago, the estate of Madame Hunt, containing about thirty-five acres, accessible in 20 minutes by the Watertown Branch Railroad, the station being within five minutes' walk. Few places more capable of being made a perfect villa residence, are to be found in the vicinity; and the possession of all this, now under a high state of culture, and affording so much enjoyment to its owner, has been the result of his admiration of a beautiful flower."

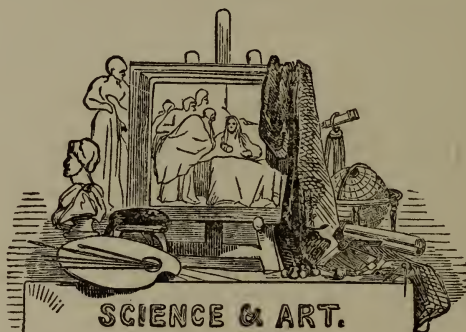
THE ENGLISH CRAB, AND THE APPLE.—Prof. MAPES objects to the position taken by the Maine

Farmer, that the English crab is a distinct species from the common apple, and that the latter did not spring from the former as some have supposed, and as Downing and others maintained. Scientific authority and facts appear fully to establish the entire distinctness of the two. The celebrated English botanist, Ray, regarded them as distinct, and later authorities have given the following specific characters, which show them to be more unlike than many others universally admitted as distinct.

ENGLISH CRAB.—Leaves ovate, *acute, villous*, underneath; styles *bald*; fruit acerb, astringent, austere.

APPLE TREE.—Leaves ovate-oblong, *acuminata, glabrous*; styles *villous*; fruit more or less sweet.

In accordance with these marked distinctions, is the experience of centuries; for the English crab has been propagated from seed from time immemorial, without changing its character, or presenting any resemblance to the fine varieties of the common apple. It may be observed that the American crab apple, is totally distinct from both.



#### THE NEW YORK CRYSTAL PALACE, RESERVOIR SQUARE.

RESERVOIR Square, of which the municipal authorities have given the association a lease, lies west of the Croton distributing reservoir, and between that mighty mass of stone and the Sixth avenue. The precise distance from the reservoir to the Sixth avenue is 445 feet, and the width, north and south, from Fortieth to Forty-second street is 455 feet. On this piece of ground—not very favorable, it must be owned, either in shape or location—the association have determined to erect the building in question, of which the plans have been selected among several competitors, of whom may be mentioned, Mr. Saeltzler, the architect of the Astor Library; Mr. Downing, killed on board the Henry Clay; Mr. Eidlitz, Sir Joseph Paxton, and others. The successful competitors are Messrs. Carstensen & Gildemeister.

The main features of the building are as follows;—The general idea of the edifice is a Greek cross, surmounted by a dome at the intersection. Each diameter of the cross will be 365 feet 5 inches long. There will be three similar entrances—one on the Sixth avenue, one on Fortieth, and one on

Forty-second street. Each entrance will be 47 feet wide, and that on the Sixth avenue will be approached by a flight of eight steps. Each arm of the cross is, on the ground plan 149 feet broad. This is divided into a central nave and two aisles, one on each side—the nave 41 feet wide—each aisle 54 feet wide. On each front is a large semicircular fanlight, 41 feet broad, and 21 feet high, answering to the arch of the nave. The central portion or nave is carried up to the height of 67 feet, and the semicircular arch, by which it is spanned, is 41 feet broad. There are thus, in effect, two arched naves crossing each other at right angles, 41 feet broad, 67 feet high, to the crown of the arch, and 365 feet long; and on each side of these naves is an aisle, 54 feet broad and 45 feet high. The exterior of the ridgeway of the nave is 71 feet. The central dome is 100 feet in diameter—68 feet inside from the floor to the spring of the arch, and 118 feet to the crown; and on the outside with the lanterns, 149 feet. The exterior angles of the building are ingeniously filled up with a sort of lean to, 24 feet high, which gives the ground plan an octagonal shape, each side or face being 149 feet wide. At each angle is an octagonal tower, eight feet in diameter, and





Paris Fashions for December.





75 feet high. Each aisle is covered by a gallery of its own width, and 24 feet from the floor. The famous old church of San Vitalis, at Ravenna, is, by the way, the only instance of any considerable building that we at this moment recollect, of octagonal shape—but its diameter is only 128 feet.

Now, a few words as to the size and proportion of this edifice. On entering, the observer's eye will be saluted by the vista of an arched nave, 41 feet wide, 67 feet high, and 365 feet long; while on approaching the centre, he will find himself under a dome, 100 feet across, and 118 feet high. A few comparisons will show a little what this will look like. The Croton reservoir is itself 40 feet high, so it will be quite overtopped. Trinity Church is 189 feet long, by 84 feet wide, and 64 feet high. The City Hall is 216 feet long, 105 feet wide, and, including the attic, 85 feet high.

For aught we see, therefore, we must come to the inevitable conclusion, that this building will be larger, and more effective in its interior view than anything in the country. If so, the edifice will be a great show of itself.

This building contains, on its ground floor, 111,000 square feet of space, and in its galleries, which are 54 feet wide, 62,000 square feet more, making a total area of 173,000 square feet, for the purposes of exhibition. There are thus in the ground floor two acres and a half, or exactly 2—52—100; in the galleries, one acre and 44—100—total, within an inconsiderable fraction of four acres. There are on the ground floor one hundred and ninety columns, 21 feet above the floor, 8 inches diameter, cast hollow, of different thicknesses, from half an inch to one inch thick; on the gallery floor there are one hundred and twenty-two columns.

Now, to compare this building with some of the foreign wonders; St. Paul's, of London, is five hundred feet long, and this beats the Reservoir square Palace. But, St. Paul's has only 84,025 square feet on its ground floor, and is thus, on the whole, decidedly smaller. St. Peter's Church, at Rome, is 669 feet long, and has 527,069 square feet. So that our Crystal Palace will be, on the ground floor, just half the size of St. Peter's—but,

with the galleries, the available room in St. Peter's is only one-fifth larger. But the true rival will probably be thought to be the Hyde Park Paxton Building, now erecting at Sydenham. That building was 1,948 feet long, by 408 feet broad, thus giving, on the ground floor, seven hundred and fifty-three thousand nine hundred and eighty-four square feet, and with the transept, eighteen acres. This building covers only one-eighth of the ground occupied by the Hyde Park monster, but the available space, with the galleries, is about one-fifth or one sixth. But it is plain enough that, independent of the question where so large a building as the Paxton Palace should or could be put, it would be very absurd to erect one here of such gigantic dimensions. The Atlantic is not yet quite abolished, and the business of crossing the ocean, to fill the building with goods worthy to be exhibited, would be a good deal more serious than crossing the English Channel. The New York Crystal Palace is large enough for every purpose, in all conscience. As to the architectural effect and beauty of the building, there will be no sort of comparison. The general idea of the Reservoir square building—that of a Greek cross with a dome over the centre—though not by any means new, is one of approved architectural effect.—*Canadian Journal*.

PROGRESS OF ELECTRIC TELEGRAPHING.—The European Telegraph Company are constructing a new line from Dover to London by the old coach road, leading through Deptford, Greenwich, Shooter's-hill, Dartford, Gravesend, Rochester, Chatham, and Canterbury. The line is sunk in the old turnpike road. The copper wires are encased in gutta percha, and deposited in a trough constructed of kyanised timber, which is placed in trenches, eighteen inches from the surface of the ground. The trenches are dug and the wires are laid at the rate of one and a half mile per day. Six separate wires are deposited in each box, by from two hundred to three hundred workmen. The wires are to be divided in the proportion of two for the Paris, two for the Brussels, and two for the Mediterranean routes.—*Ibid*.

## MRS. GRUNDY'S GATHERINGS.

OUR costumes this month are from the following distinguished Parisian houses:—The dresses from Mme. Eugenie, *Rue Neuve des Mathurins*; bonnet from Mme. Riffaut, *Rue Mogador*.—Ed.

EVENING COSTUME.—*Fig. 1st*.—Dress of white muslin, the skirt with four festooned flounces graduating in width: at the top of the first flounce on each side the front breadth are two bows of pink ribbon with floating ends; the second flounce has one bow in the centre, and the third has again two. The corsage is low, and has double festooned capes, which in the front meet in a point at the waist, and at the back take the form of a berthe: the sleeves are very short. Head dress of white and black lace ornamented with flowers and narrow ribbons.

PROMENADE COSTUME.—*Fig. 2*.—Brown silk dress,

with three festooned flounces woven with black velvet *à disposition*. The body *à revers*, is three-quarters high, and opens in front to the waist, terminating in a *basquine*: the sleeves are three-quarter length, not very wide, and have three broad frills; the edges of these frills, the *basquine* and *revers* are festooned and woven *à disposition*. Bonnet of drawn silk or velvet, trimmed with fancy straw and blonde; a broad ribbon, colour of dress, edged with blonde crosses the crown: the inside is ornamented with blonde and velvet or satin flowers the colour of the dress. Cloak of mazarine blue velvet.

LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

DRESSES are still worn with flounces, most of them *à disposition*, the bodies open and with *basquines*.



*Watteau* bodies will be worn for dinner costume. Sleeves are worn not quite so wide as during the summer months; the under sleeves are either the large *bouillon* with vandyked cuff turned back, or the full sleeve with narrow band and deep ruffle. Bonnets are of the medium size, and are worn far back on the head; the style is very open: black lace and velvet are much used for trimming.

#### GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

*RUCHES* of tulle, have, of late, been much employed as trimming for evening and ball dresses. A very pretty dinner dress, trimmed in this style, has been made of striped silk; the stripes alternately blue and white, and about an inch in width. The skirt had three deep flounces, each edged with three ruches of blue and white tulle, a blue ruche being placed between two white ruches. The corsage was made with a small shawl berthe descending to the point in front of the waist, and edged by a double ruche of tulle, one row white and the other blue. In front of the corsage was an *echelle* of ruches, descending to the waist, in alternate rows of blue and white. The berthe was slit open on the shoulders, and in the opening was fixed a bow of blue and white ribbon, with long flowing ends.

Velvet was never more fashionable than at the present season. It will be employed this winter for trimmings of every description. It may be set on in plain rows, or cut out in vandykes, or edged with narrow black lace, or with ruches of narrow ribbon. On a single broad flounce (now a style of flouncing frequently adopted) seven or eight rows of narrow velvet may be run; or the velvet may be set on in a lozenge pattern, the edge of the flounce being cut out in points, conformably with the lower row of lozenges. Another favorite trimming, suited for a higher kind of dress, consists of cut velvet, which is now produced in a variety of rich and elegant designs.

We recently observed a beautiful specimen of this cut velvet trimming on a dress of dark blue poplin. The dress had three flounces, each edged with a row of small palm leaves, formed of cut velvet; the basque at the waist was small (not slashed or cut), and edged by a row of narrow velvet trimming, cut in an open pattern. This trimming formed a heading to a fall of black lace, which descended as low as the upper flounce of the jupe. The sleeves were slit open to the middle of the arm. The open part was edged with cut velvet trimming, and partially confined by three small bands of velvet and bows of the same. The lower bow serves to gather up a deep row of black lace, which edges the sleeves, and which thus forms an elegant drapery. The corsage opens in front, showing a gilet of black cut velvet, of a beautiful open pattern, and presenting the effect of velvet guipure over a lining of blue silk, a shade paler than the dress. The gilet was fastened in front by a row of very elegant *grelots*, or double hanging buttons set with turquoise.

We may mention a dress of black Pekin, figured with violet. The skirt of this dress was made with one broad hem, according to the height. At the top of this hem there is a trimming of black velvet, consisting of a bias piece cut in deep scallops, and finished at each edge by a quilling of

violet-coloured ribbon. The corsage is without a basque at the waist, and at the top it has a *revers* of velvet, somewhat in the form of a shawl berthe, descending to the waist, where it is slightly rounded and terminated by a bow of very broad violet ribbon, striped with black velvet. The *revers* is edged with a plaiting of violet-coloured ribbon, a double row of which finishes the ends of the sleeves. This double row at the ends of the sleeves is, however, separated by a bias row of velvet. They are nearly of equal width, from the shoulder to the lower part, and are gathered up at the bend of the arm, and fastened by a rosette of ribbon. The under sleeve of beautifully-worked cambric, nearly tight, and open at the side up to the middle of the arm; the opening is closed by six small buttons. The chemisette, which is of worked cambric, is finished at the throat by a square turn-over collar.

#### THE PHILOSOPHY OF COOKERY.

MISS SEDGWICK has asserted, in some of her useful books, that "the more intelligent a woman becomes, other things being equal, the more judiciously she will manage her domestic concerns." And we add, that the more knowledge a woman possesses of the great principles of morals, philosophy and human happiness, the more importance she will attach to her station, and to the name of a "good housekeeper," and the less she will trouble herself about women's rights conventions. It is only the frivolous, and those who have been superficially educated, or only instructed in showy accomplishments, who despise the ordinary duties of life as beneath their notice. Such persons have not sufficient clearness of reason to see that "Domestic Economy" includes everything which is calculated to make people love home and be happy there.

One of the first duties of woman in domestic life is to understand the quality of provisions and the preparation of wholesome food.

The powers of the mind, as those of the body, are greatly dependant on what we eat and drink. The stomach must be in health, or the brain cannot act with its utmost vigour and clearness, nor can there be strength of muscle to perform the purposes of the will.

But further, woman, to be qualified for the duty which Nature has assigned her, that of promoting the health, happiness and improvement of her species, must understand the natural laws of the human constitution, and the causes which often render the efforts she makes to please the appetite of those she loves, the greatest injury which could be inflicted upon them. Often has the affectionate wife caused her husband many a sleepless night and severe distress, which, had an enemy inflicted, she would scarcely have forgiven—because she has prepared for him food which did not agree with his constitution or habits.

And many a tender mother has, by pampering and inciting the appetites of her young sons, laid the foundation of their future course of selfishness and profligacy.

If the true principles of preparing food were understood, these errors would not be committed, or the housekeeper would then feel sure that the best food was that which best nourished and kept

the whole system in healthy action ; and that such food would be best relished, because, whenever the health is injured, the appetite is impaired or vitiated. She would no longer allow those kinds of food, which reason and experience show are bad for the constitution, to appear at her table.

We have, therefore, sought to embody, from reliable sources, the philosophy of Cookery, and to give such prominent facts as will help in researches after the true way of *living well and being well while we live*.

Modern discovery has proved that the stomach can create nothing ; that it can no more furnish us with flesh out of food, in which, when swallowed, the elements of flesh are wanting, than the cook can send us up roast beef without the beef to roast. There was no doubt as to the cook and beef, but the puzzle about the stomach came of our not knowing what matters various sorts of food really did contain ; from our not observing the effects of particular kinds of food when eaten without anything else for some time, and from our not knowing the entire uses of food. But within the last few years measures and scales have told us these things with just the same certainty as they set out the suet and raisins, currants, flour, spices, and sugar, of a plum-pudding, and in a quite popular explanation it may be said that we need food that as we breathe it may warm us, and to renew our bodies as they are wasted by labor. Each purpose needs a different kind of food. The best for the renewal of our strength is slow to furnish heat ; the best to give us heat will produce no strength. But this does not tell the whole need for the two kinds of food. Our frames are wasted by labor and exercise ; at every move some portion of our bodies is dissipated in the form either of gas or water ; at every breath a portion of our blood is swallowed, it may be said, by one of the elements of the air, oxygen ; and of strength-giving food alone it is scarce possible to eat enough to feed at once the waste of our bodies, and this hungry oxygen. With this oxygen our life is in some sort a continual battle ; we must either supply it with especial food, or it will prey upon ourselves ;—a body wasted by starvation is simply eaten up by oxygen. It likes fat best, so the fat goes first ; then the lean, then the brain ; and if from so much waste, death did not result, the sinews and very bones would be lost in oxygen.

The more oxygen we breathe the more need we have to eat. Every one knows that cold air gives a keen appetite. Those who in town must tickle their palates with spices and pickles to get up some faint liking for a meal, by the sea, or on a hill side, are hungry every hour of the day, and the languid appetite of summer and crowded rooms, springs into vigor with the piercing cold and open air of winter. The reason of this hungeriness of frosty air is simply that our lungs hold more of it than they do of hot air, and so we get more oxygen, a fact that any one can prove, by holding a little balloon half filled with air near the fire, it will soon swell up, showing that hot air needs more room than cold.

But the oxygen does not use up our food and frames without doing us good service ; as it devours it warms us. The fire in the grate is oxygen devouring carbon, and wherever oxygen

seizes upon carbon, whether in the shape of coals in a stove or fat in our bodies, the result of the struggle (if we may be allowed the phrase) is heat.

In all parts of the world, at the Equator and the Poles, amidst eternal ice and under a perpendicular sun, in the parched desert and on the fresh moist fields of temperate zones, the human blood is at the same heat ; it neither boils nor freezes, and yet the body in cold air parts with its heat, and just as we can keep an earthenware bottle filled with boiling water, hot, by wrapping it in flannel, can we keep our bodies warm by covering them closely up in warm clothes. Furs, shawls, and horse-cloths have no warmth in themselves, they but keep in the natural warmth of the body. Every traveler knows that starting without breakfast, or neglecting to dine on the road, he feels more than usually chilly ; the effect is very much the same as if he sat to his meals on some cold day in a room without a fire ; the internal fuel, the food, which is the oil to feed life's warming lamp, is wanting. On this account, a starving man is sooner frozen to death than one with food in his wallet. The unfed body rapidly cools down to the temperature of the atmosphere, just as the grate cools when the fire has gone out. Bodily heat is not produced in any one portion of the body, but in every atom of it. In a single minute about twenty-five pounds of blood are sent flowing through the lungs, there the whole mass meets the air, sucks in its oxygen, and speeding on carries to every portion of the frame the power which may be said to light up every atom of flesh, nerve, and bone, and to keep the flame throughout the body ever burning with the fresh warmth of life.

In accordance with these facts we find men all over the world acting instinctively. In a cold climate, either by necessity or choice, we exert ourselves, quicken the blood's speed, breathe rapidly, take in oxygen largely ; in short, fan the flame which quick-returning hunger makes us feed. Even the least civilized follow correctly the natural law ; the fruit so largely eaten by the native inhabitants of the tropics contains in every 100 ozs. not more than 12 of direct heat-producing elements, whilst the blubber and oil of the Esquimaux have in every 100 ozs. somewhere about 80 ozs. of such elements. Nor is it possible without injurious effects to live in opposition to this instinct, which science has shewn to be in strict accordance with the intention of nature.

So far therefore we have evidence that good may come of method in cookery. Plum pudding is no dish for the dog-days, but its suet blunts the keen tooth of winter. Nor is it a mere sentimental sympathy that makes the wish to give the poor a good Christmas dinner. Scant fare makes cold more bitter. Those who, poorly clad, must face the wintry wind unfed, shiver doubly in the blast. The internal fire sinks for want of fuel, and the external air drinks up the little warmth the slow consuming system gives.

Milk, when a little rennet is poured into it, becomes curd and whey. The curd, chemists call *animal casein*.

When the water in which the meal of peas, beans, or lentils has been steeped for some time, is warmed, and a little acid is poured into it, it



also gives a curd, called *vegetable casein*, which is precisely the same as the curd of the milk, and contains, like it, all the ingredients of the blood.

There is, then, no difficulty in understanding how one may live on peas, beans, &c., just as on milk or meat.

When the white of egg is poured into boiling water, it becomes firm; the substance so formed is called animal albumen, and is identical with the albumen of the blood.

When vegetables are pounded in a mortar, the fresh juice expressed, lets fall a sediment which grass gives out largely, and which is also to be had from all kinds of grain. This deposit is the same as the fibrin or lean of flesh. When the remaining clear piece is boiled, a thick jelly-like substance is formed. Cauliflower, broccoli, cabbage, and asparagus are especially rich in this coagulating substance, which is the same thing as white of egg or animal albumen. It is called, therefore, vegetable albumen, and is, in common with the white of egg, identical with the albumen of blood, which with the fibrin, whether animal or vegetable, is the source of every portion of the human body.

We see, therefore, that the cattle have in peas and beans as casein, in corn and grass as fibrin, in sundry vegetables as albumen, the very materials of their flesh; and that whether we live upon grain or pulse, beef or mutton, milk or eggs, we are in fact eating flesh; in meat, diet ready made; in the case of the others, diet containing the fit ingredients of preparation. Nor are we left in the least shadow of doubt that albumen, of whatever kind, is sufficient to produce flesh, for not only do we find every ingredient of flesh contained in it, but we can turn the flesh and fibrin of the blood back to albumen.\*

But besides the flesh-making ingredients, viz. the albumen and fibrin, we have shewn that it is needful the blood should have food for oxygen; this also is contained in milk, grain, pulse, vegetables and meat. In the meat as fat, which more or less the juices of the meat and even the lean contain, in the pulse, grain, potatoes, as starch, in the vegetables, as sugar of various kinds, and in milk, as sugar of milk.

At first sight, few things seem less alike than starch and sugar, but modern discovery has proved that our saliva—the natural moisture of the mouth (which in its froth, as it is swallowed with every mouthful of food, always contains air) has power when mixed with moistened starch at the heat of the stomach, to turn the starch into sugar; and again we find that butter and fat contain the same ingredients as starch and sugar, but with this difference, that ten ounces of fat will feed as much oxygen as twenty-four ounces

of starch. Grains, vegetables, milk, and meats differ from each other, and amongst themselves in their quantities of flesh-producing and oxygen feeding substances; but whether the oxygen feeders be in the form of sugar or fat, we can tell exactly how much starch they amount to, and the following list taken from Baron Leibig's Familiar Letters on Chemistry, in this way shows the relative value of the several kinds of food in flesh-producing, and oxygen-feeding, or warmth-giving ingredients.

	Flesh producing.	Warmth giving.
Human milk has for every		
ten flesh-producing parts	10	40
Cow's milk.....	10	30
Lentils.....	10	21
Horse beans.....	10	22
Peas.....	10	23
Fat mutton.....	10	27
Fat pork.....	10	30
Beef.....	10	17
Hare.....	10	2
Veal.....	10	1
Wheat flour.....	10	46
Oatmeal.....	10	50
Rye flour.....	10	57
Barley.....	10	57
White potatoes.....	10	86
Black ditto.....	10	115
Rice.....	10	123
Buckwheat flour.....	10	130

Here, then, we have proof of the value of variety in food, and come upon what may be called the philosophy of Cookery. In our food the proportions of human milk are the best we can aim at; it has enough of flesh-producing ingredients to restore our daily waste, and enough of warmth-giving to feed the oxygen we breathe. To begin with the earliest making of dishes, we find that cow's milk has less of oxygen-feeding ingredients in a given measure than human milk; a child would, therefore, grow thin upon it unless a little sugar were added; wheat flour has, on the other hand, so much an excess of oxygen-feeding power as would fatten a child unhealthily, and it should therefore have cow's milk added to reduce the fattening power.

The same sort of procedure applies in greater or less degree to all dishes. Veal and hare stand lowest in the list for their oxygen-feeding qualities, and, on this account, should be eaten with potatoes or rice, which stands highest, and with bacon and jelly which furnish in their fat and sugar the carbon wanting in the flesh. With the above table before us, and keeping in mind the facts already detailed, it is clear that cookery should supply us with a mixed diet of animal and vegetable food, and should aim so to mix as to give us for every ounce of the flesh-making ingredients in our food, four ounces of oxygen-feeding ingredients. It is clear, also, that the most nourishing or strength-giving of all foods are fresh red meats, they are flesh ready made, and contain, besides, the iron which gives its red color to the blood, being short of which the blood lacks vitality, and wanting which it dies.

(To be continued.)

\* "The intelligent and experienced mother or nurse chooses for the child," says Leibig, "with attention to the laws of nature; she gives him chiefly milk and farinaceous food, always adding fruits to the latter; she prefers the flesh of adult animals, which are rich in bone earth, to that of young animals, and always accompanies it with garden vegetables; she gives the child especially bones to gnaw, and excludes from its diet veal, fish and potatoes; to the excitable child of weak digestive powers, she gives, in its farinaceous food, infusion of malt and uses milk sugar, the respiratory matter prepared by nature herself for the respiratory process, in preference to cane sugar; and she allows him the unlimited use of salt."



## SPECULATIVE SYMPATHY.

"MR. PUNCH.—Some little time since we had the misfortune to lose a relative. A day or two afterwards arrived a letter, addressed in a lady's hand, the stylish look and deep black-bordered envelope of which made us think it was one of condolence. But it proved to be from some linen drapers in Oxford Street, offering us their sincere sympathy, and enclosing specimens of crape, &c., and a card of terms somewhat as follows:—

## TO THE BEREAVED.

MESSRS. GROOM AND TWILL  
Beg to offer you their condolences  
upon your recent loss, and to forward you, with assurances of their sympathy, specimens selected from their large stock of Crapes, Widows' Silks, Twills, &c.

O! Ye, whose hearts, half crushed beneath the blow

Of some sad loss, still struggle to be calm,  
Receive, to soothe your unavailing woe,  
Our crape and comfort, bombazine and balm.

Taught, by our own, your sorrows to relieve,  
Our house, the cheapest in its sad sad line,  
Sells, with an aching heart, to all who grieve,  
Rich widows' silks, yard wide, at six-and-nine.

The heart, dear friends, of sunshine and of showers

Oft times an equal dispensation needs,  
To ripen in it Virtue's fairest flowers;—  
And we have got the newest *mode* for weeds.

Then murmur not, though with the last caress  
Of those you loved your aching brow still glows;

But humbly strive your sorrows to repress,  
And take a pattern—such as we enclose.

Each day some loved one hastens to his end,  
And from your grief few mortals may escape;  
And Paramatta's what we recommend,  
For you *will* weep, and tears are bad for crape.

VOL. I.—MM

'The cock's shrill clarion and the sounding horn,  
No more shall wake them from their quiet bed,'

The poet tells; and if for this you mourn,  
Try if *our bugles* will not do instead.

And oh! ye mourners; oh! ye weary hearts;  
Dry the vain tear, and hush the loud lament:  
One solace more our tender firm imparts,—  
For ready money it drops ten per cent.

'Sweet are the uses of Adversity,'  
As Shakspeare says. Ah! had the bard but known

The use we make, he would have smiled to see  
How far our knowledge had excelled his own.  
DOLOR."

## "PROTECTION" IN FRANCE.

We read in the "Times" the other day, that among the inscriptions to Louis Napoleon during his late "Progress," there was one at Lyons—

## "To the Protector of Agriculture."

And, as a proof of his Protectorship, we find it stated in the same day's paper that—

"The President has suppressed the National Agricultural College at Versailles. That branch of industry is, therefore, now abandoned to itself. It is the only one which may be said to be so."

A pleasant *instance* of his "Protection" this The "protection" truly of the Upas tree—blighting where it overshadows.

## PUNCTUALITY (NOT) THE SOUL OF BUSINESS.

It is evident that the railways are governed by old Tories; because the trains are always behind their time.

## ERRATUM FOR FRANCE.

At the end of certain addresses presented to Louis Napoleon, for "*Amen*" read "*No men*."

## FRENCH CHRISTMAS.

The French have at length actually defied Louis Napoleon. The last title which they have conferred on him is, "*Le Messie du 2 Decembre*." We suppose that henceforth our "versatile neighbours" will observe the second of December instead of the twenty-fifth.



## SEVEN FOOLS.

1. *The Envious Man*—who sends away his mutton, because the person next to him is eating venison.

2. *The Jealous Man*—who spreads his bed with stinging-nettles, and then sleeps in it.

3. *The Proud Man*—who gets wet through, sooner than ride in the carriage of an inferior.

4. *The Litigious Man*—who goes to law, in the hopes of ruining his opponent, and gets ruined himself.

5. *The Extravagant Man*—who buys a hiring, and takes a cab to carry it home.

6. *The Angry Man*—who learns the ophicleide, because he is annoyed by the playing of his neighbour's piano.

7. *The Ostentatious Man*—who illuminates the outside of his house most brilliantly, and sits inside in the dark.

## THE FUTURE RULERS OF FRANCE.

(In Anticipation of History.)

1854.—Emperor Soulouque arrives in Paris, and is crowned Emperor Napoleon V.

1855.—Véron is elevated to the throne under the title of *Empereur de tous les Empiriques*.

1856.—He is succeeded by Girardin, "*Premier Consul des Gobe-mouches*."

1858.—General Cavaignac, who is too good to reign longer than a month.

1858.—Generals Changarnier, Lamoricière, and and Caporal Paturot—a military triumvirate.

1859.—Proudhon, as *Premier Magistrat de l'Intelligence du Monde*.

1860.—Mademoiselle Rachel, as *Déesse de la Liberté*.

1861.—Paul de Kock, *Grand Ministre de l'Instruction Publique, &c. &c.*

1862.—Gomersal, *le meilleur Représentant de l'Empereur*.

1863. }

1864. } —Any one that can be got.

1865. }

The remainder of the anticipations are, as was always said of the French Telegraph, "*Interrompu par le brouillard*." But we think it is a prodigious effort of foresight to have seen even so far and so clearly as the above into the future of French History. There are many bold Loomers-in-the-Distance who would be afraid to prophesy what would be likely to occur in France during the next two years. Now, our anticipations have carried us safely over a period of fifteen years. Beyond that date we dare not, with all our rashness, foretell what will take place, unless, perchance, it is a State of Perpetual Revolutions!

## THE CHINESE COURT CIRCULAR.

His Majesty, after breakfast, manufactured a paper kite, and went into the Imperial Gardens to fly it. The tail not being sufficiently heavy, His Majesty was graciously pleased to cut off the pigtail of one of his mandarins, and to tie it on with his own hands. This had the desired effect, and the flying of the kite was the admiration of all beholders. His Majesty afterwards relaxed his mind by playing at coach-and-horses with his Ministers. At one o'clock His Majesty went out

birds-nesting. At two His Majesty returned, when the birds'-nests, which His Majesty had had the gracious inspiration of the moon to find, were served up for his Majesty's luncheon. The Chinese bell-ringers performed during the repast. After luncheon, His Majesty, accompanied by his whole army, went out on horseback to enjoy an hour's sport of cat-hunting. No less than three brace of the finest Toms fell to the unerring aim of His Majesty's bow and arrow. His Majesty was pleased to direct that the game should be sent with his gracious compliments and a basket of golden apples to the Governor of all the Tartars. In the afternoon His Majesty was melted to give an audience to a French artist, who proceeded to take a Daguerreotype of His Majesty's Imperial countenance. His Majesty, however, upon being shown the result, was so irate at the ugliness of the likeness, that he ordered the artist's head to be instantly cut off, and decreed that the diabolical machine, which had assisted him in the insult, should be publicly whipt three times a day until His Majesty's further pleasure. His Majesty then went to dinner.

Such are the particulars of the "Chinese Court Circular." Circumstances so trivial used formerly to be rarely found in the "Gazette," but now they are inserted with great minuteness to prove to His Majesty's loving subjects that the mind of TWAN-KAT is no less vigorous than his body, and that, in spite of rumours to the contrary, their august and beloved monarch still retains possession of all his faculties.—*From a Hong-Kong paper.*

## MY VOICE IS FOR "PEACE!"

*Cock-a-doodle-doo!*—

"But how"—certain inquisitive people may ask—"how about the steam-navy?"—

"To be sure. There is the 'Napoleon,' capable of transporting 5,000 troops!"—

"Yes; and the 'Austerlitz,' first-rate man-of-war steamer, with broadside weight of metal that can splinter up Gibraltar! What are these and others on the stocks for? All for peace!"

"For peace," replies the Emperor. "Built, purely, for voyages of discovery. To discover the Gardens of the Hesperides (*aside*, or the Gardens of Folkestone)—to trace the source of the Pactolus (*aside*, or the source of the Thames). Yes: I cry peace—peace is my mission. And so believing, how I yearn to plant the olive in the Tower of London, or the forecourt of Buckingham Palace."

## LITTLE GENT., AFTER EXAMINING AN IMMENSE BUOY.

Little Gent. (with undue familiarity).—"I say, my old Cocky wax, —I s'pose the Fish aint very large off Ramsgit—are they?"

Fisherman.—"Well! I should'n't say as they was very small—when we're obliged to use sich Floats as them to our Fishin' Tackle! my young Cocky wax!" (Gent. is shut up.)

## A BURST OF TALENT.

A Yankee, being asked to describe his wife, said, "Why, Sir, she'd make a regular fast, go-a-head steamer, my wife would—she has such a wonderful talent for blowing up."

## AGRICULTURAL ABSTINENCE.

"An extraordinary case of abstinence" has lately been astonishing the weak mind of proverbially "Silly Suffolk." One ELIZABETH SQUIRREL, it is said, a resident at Shottisham in that county, has been living upon nothing for the last six months, and is still voluntarily restricting herself to this economic diet. By some her existence is esteemed a miracle; but to us the miracle appears to be that a case like this should have occasioned any wonder in so fruitfully miraculous a district. "Hundreds of visitors," we are told, "of every rank in life, have daily flocked to see her." Committees have been formed to watch at her bedside; and repeated public meetings have been held throughout the neighbourhood, for the purpose of debating and examining the case."

As if there were anything new in it! As if this air-plant vegetation were not a known and common attribute of our agricultural humanity! Why, total abstinents abound in Suffolk: the whole country is infested with these starving SQUIRRELS:—SQUIRRELS, namely, in the shape of our Distressed Agriculturists, who, by their own veracious testimony, have been living upon nothing for the last six years—in fact, ever since the introduction of Free Trade. Fitly, we think, may these be christened "SQUIRRELS:" for are they not continually (according to their own account, at least) "up a tree?"

## PUNCH ON THE BABY.

Babies are such delicate subjects, we scarcely know how to handle them. Some look upon a Baby as an unmitigated good, but we have often met with it in the shape of a "crying evil." Much, however, depends on the treatment of the infant, and in this respect we cannot too much condemn the bad example set by the providers of public entertainments, for a baby is seldom introduced upon the stage, except to be stuffed into a drawer, thrust away under a bed, sat down upon in a chair, or thrown about in a pantomime. If all the world were literally a stage, no baby could survive the first stage of its existence. A real Adelphi baby should possess a heart of bran and a head of wood, the arms of a Dutch doll and the legs of a Marionette, to be able to bear the treatment to which it is liable. Happily our business is with the baby of private life, and not with the baby of the foot-lights, so that we are not doomed to the agony of tracing its heart-rending career, from the hands of its unnatural father—the property man—to the hampers, the holes and corners, the parcels, and even the pockets, into which it is kicked and crammed in the course of its brief existence.

A new-born baby exhibits to the eye of a casual observer during the first few weeks of its existence nothing but a series of grimaces, which, though usually the result of wind, are supposed to arise from intelligence. When a baby has a tendency to nocturnal roaring, the mother usually proposes a mild cathartic, but the father is apt to propose a more decided regimen by committing it to the nursery. Some infants scream at the sight of a strange face, a mode of proceeding which is usually attributed to sagacity on the part of the "little dear," but it really arises from

that *cacoethes lacrymandi* which is so prevalent among the infant community.

When the child is teething, it is difficult to say what should be the mode of treatment, but speaking as a father—not as a mother—we are inclined to think that the only course to take while the infant cuts its teeth, is for the time, to cut the infant.

Among the diseases to which children are liable we must instance spasms, which, however, are often an imaginary complaint, put forward by the nurse as a plea for the necessity of having some spirits always at hand, and "from hand to mouth" is continually exemplified by the class alluded to.

As the complaints of the baby are not a pleasant theme, we shall pass over the catalogue commencing alphabetically in Croup and ending in Snuffles—a malady whose effects it is more easy to understand than to appreciate.

**BILL-STICKERS BEWARE.**—One would think that the Bill-Stickers were a most formidable body of men, if we are to judge by the number of warnings and cautions that are being constantly addressed to them. From the frequency with which they are called upon to "Beware," it would appear that the Bill-Stickers have a reputation for sticking at nothing, and that it is necessary to make them the objects of constant caution. The last new move that has been made against them is to hold them responsible for the sentiments contained in the placards they paste up:—a proceeding that must lead to much inconsistency, for everybody knows, on the authority of the old joke on the subject that a Bill-Sticker will stick up for any side that will pay him.

A poor unfortunate has, it is said, been lately held to bail for posting an anti-militia bill, though, perhaps, the self-same individual had, within a few minutes, been pasting up a placard, inviting "fine young men" to join the gallant band; and there is but little doubt that if he were asked to stick up a broadside, offering a reward for his own apprehension, he would undertake the job on the shortest notice. Everybody knows that if a Bill-Sticker were for one moment to become a party man, his occupation would be gone; and he accordingly merges his politics in his pastepot. To him it is a matter of indifference what the Government may do; the only Bills in which he feels an interest being those that require sticking. He cares not to watch the stages at which a Bill in the House may have arrived, but he is anxious that every Bill should be printed, in order that he may have an opportunity of submitting it out of doors to the fair chance of a reading.

**AN AUSTRIAN HEAVEN.**—An Austrian, upon being asked for a definition of Paradise, said, "I believe it to be a kingdom where you can travel backwards and forwards without a passport."

**SPIGOTRY AND INTOLERANCE.**—An advertisement has been published with the heading of "Bitter Beer Controversy." We cannot well conceive a controversy about beer being a bitter one, unless a part in it has been taken by PHILPOTTS.



THE EMIGRANT'S BRIDE.

THE POETRY BY THE REVEREND R. J. MACGEORGE; THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY S. THOMPSON, ESQ.

LIGHTLY AND TENDERLY.

Fair are thy fa - ther's wide do - mains— None fairer

in the North coun - trie; There wealth a - bounds and plea - sure

reigns, But you have left them all for me. Strong in Love's

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It consists of two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps: F# and C#). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The music is in 4/4 time. The melody begins with a quarter note D5, followed by an eighth note E5, a quarter note F#5, and a quarter note G5. The bass line starts with a quarter note D4, followed by an eighth note E4, a quarter note F#4, and a quarter note G4. The music continues with various rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The score is written in a traditional, handwritten style with a large, ornate initial 'D' at the beginning of the treble staff.

faith your lot you've cast With mine for grief or hap - pi -

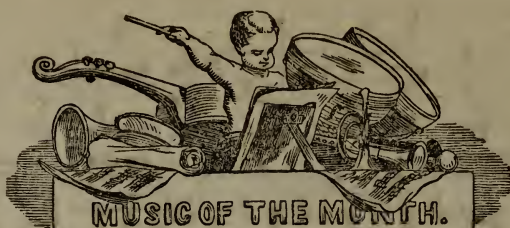
ness; Come Fortune's smile or Care's cold blast— My

own, my winsome Bess!

Rude is our forest cot; but thou,  
 Like flow'r transplanted to the wild,  
 Wilt shed around all things, I trow,  
 Refinement's bloom and odour mild;

No task will ever irksome be,  
 If sweeten'd by thy kind caress,  
 Labour will seem but pastime free,  
 With thee, my winsome Bess.





## VOCAL MUSIC SOCIETY.

THE open meeting of the Society took place on the 17th, in the St. James's School-house. We think it a pity that the labours of the conductor, and the talent and industry of the Society should be marred by holding their performances in a room so unfit for singing. On no open meeting has there been such a judicious selection, and the bill of fare was duly appreciated by a very numerous audience. In the sacred choruses the greatest precision was evinced. Mozart's "Praise the Lord" was very good, and was much better adapted to the room and the powers of the Society than Handel's grand Hallelujah Chorus, which requires some hundreds of voices and a room suitable for such a volume of sound. There was no piece which more distinctly evinced, by correctness and taste in the execution, the praiseworthy exertions of the Society; but still, it lacked power, and failed to please as much as some of the less ambitious pieces—such as Pergolesi's "Oh, sing praises," and Blockley's "Oh, strike the silver strings." "Oh, come with me," by Mr. Clarke, met the fate it justly deserved—a hearty encore, and was one of the hits of the evening. The rest of the performances were very pleasing. We have much pleasure in announcing that the programme of the Annual Concert will contain

"The Lord is King." "Creation."

"And the glories of the Lord"—*Hadyn*.

"Lo, He cometh"—*Mozart*;

and that there are whispers afloat that three stars are likely to shine on that occasion—two of which, on a former occasion, lent their aid to the Society; the benevolent exertions of the other, in aiding the intentions of the Cricketers' concert, are too well known to require further comment. If there be truth in the report, we shall indeed have a treat.

## NEW YORK.

ALBONI.—This accomplished Contralto seems to draw equally well as at first;—we see no diminution in her audience, which is not a very large, but still, we suspect, a *paying* one.

A new feature in her concerts is Mademoiselle *Camille Urso*, a child violinist of considerable cleverness. She is rather a counterpart of Sontag's *Paul Julien*, and seems to have been educated in an equally careful and thorough school. She plays tenderly, delicately and well; she has not the scope of young Julien, the volume of tone, or the depth and strength of sentiment: she is a girl and Paula a precocious boy—such a disparity therefore is, of course, to be expected.

MADAME SONTAG.—On Thursday evening of last week, Mr. John Zundel, the accomplished organist of Plymouth Church, in Brooklyn, gave a concert in the church edifice, when he was assisted by Madame Sontag, Sig. Pozzolini, Carl Eckert, and, as the advertisement announced, "a select chorus, comprising the best vocal talent in the city." The concert was really given by Madame Sontag, for the benefit of Mr. Zundel, who formerly gave her children musical instruction in St. Petersburg, and was intended, on the part of Madame S., as a testimonial of respect for, and a public recognition of the professional worth of, the former instructor of her children: and the delicate manner in which the concert was announced, it being stated simply that "Madame Sontag would assist Mr. Zundel," must have given additional value to the compliment.

The gem of the evening was "Home, Sweet Home," by Sontag. When we heard her sing this and other English songs at Metropolitan Hall, we thought she would do well to avoid them in future; but her exquisite—touching—perfect rendering of this hacknied ballad on the present occasion completely reversed our judgment. As usual, she introduced but few ornaments. It was simply the musical expression of the heart-sympathies and yearnings of a tender, trusting, loving home-spirit;—it was not only a declaration, but it appealed to one's very consciousness as an irrefutable proof, that "there is no place like home." The piece was re-demanded by the most enthusiastic applause, and the last verse was repeated without any diminution of the first effect.

The following Musical Publications are recommended for purchase:—

Zingarelli. "See the bright flower." Duett. 25cts. Hall & Son, New York. A neat duett for two sopranos, somewhat Italian in style.

Buchel, Ed. "Paulinen Polka." 25cts. G. W. Brainard & Co. Louisville. Pretty fair.

Glover, C. W. "I cannot pretend to say." Song. 25cts. Oliver Ditson, Boston. A *naïf*, and extremely taking song.

For Sale, by **THOMAS MACLEAR, 45, Yonge Street, Toronto,**  
the following Standard and Popular Works, forming part  
of a series unequalled for cheapness:—

### Historical & Biographical Works.

Michelet's History of France.  
Thierry's do. of the Norman Conquest.  
Procter's do. of Italy.  
Montholon's Captivity of Napoleon. 4 vols.  
Russell's History of Modern Europe. 3 vols.  
Bigland's Ancient and Modern History.  
Alison's History of Europe. 4 vols.  
McFarlane's do. of British India.  
Do. Life of Wellington.  
Do. do. Marlborough.  
Horne's Life of Napoleon. 2 vols.  
Horace Walpole's Memoirs of the Reign of George II. 3 vols.  
Sir J. Stephens' Lectures on the History of France.  
Hildreth's History of the United States. 6 vols.  
Miller's Philosophy of History. 4 vols.  
Mewzel's History of Germany.  
Schlegel's Lectures on Modern History.  
Do. Philosophy of do.  
Do. Miscellaneous Works.  
Schmitz's History of Greece.  
Scott's Napoleon.  
Taylor's Manual of Ancient and Modern History.  
Hume's England. 6 vols.  
Hallam's Complete Works. 4 vols.  
Life of Sir Robert Peel.  
Do. of Mahomet.  
Rome and the Early Christians.  
Life of Goldsmith. Washington Irving.  
Monk and Washington. Guizot.  
Life and Voyages of Columbus. Washington Irving.

### Religious Works.

Protestant Preacher.  
Barnes' Notes, Cumming's Edition, complete.  
Memoirs of Channing. 2 vols.  
Descriptive Testament. Cobbins.  
Hawker's Daily Portion.  
Calmet's Bible Dictionary.  
Wesley's Sermons.  
Taylor's Life of Christ.  
Romaine's Life, Walk, and Triumph of Faith.  
Fox's Book of Martyrs. 1 vol.  
Do. do. 2 vols.  
Family Bible Pictures, gilt.  
Cheever's Christian Life.  
Autobiography of a Dissenting Minister.  
Elijah The Tishbite. Krummacher.  
Elisha. do.  
Watt's World to Come.  
Hill's Village Dialogues.  
Jenk's Devotions.  
Doddridge's Rise and Progress.  
Bogatzky's Golden Treasury.  
Christ Our All In All. R. Montgomery.  
The Great Salvation. do.

Omnipresence of the Deity. do.  
McCheyne's Basket of Fragments.  
Scripture Scenes.  
Hawker's Sermons.  
Do. Dying Pillow.  
Free Church Pulpit. 3 vols.  
Bridges on the Christian Ministry.  
Halyburton's Works.  
Anderson's Annals of the English Bible.  
Barnes' Commentary on Leviticus.  
Chalmers' Memoirs. 4 vols.  
Do. Posthumous Works.  
Davidson's Connexion. 3 vols.  
Henry's Choice Works.  
Wesley and Methodism. Isaac Taylor.  
Natural History of Enthusiasm do.  
Noel on Christian Baptism.  
Keith on Prophecy.  
Ainsworth's Annotations. 2 vols.  
D'Aubigné's Reformation. 3 vols.  
Neander's Life of Christ.  
Bishop Butler's Complete Works. 1 vol.  
Hervey's Works. 1 vol.  
Hill's Divinity.  
Milman's History of Christianity.  
Benedict's History of the Baptists.  
Kitto's Bible History.  
Do. Pictorial Life of Christ.  
Dowling's History of Romanism.  
Burnet on the Thirty-Nine Articles.

### Works Published by Messrs. Blackie & Sons, Glasgow.

Rollin's Ancient History. 3 vols.  
Cabinet History of England, now publishing. 13 vols.  
Imperial Dictionary. 2 vols.  
Imperial Gazetteer. 2 vols.  
Popular Encyclopædia. 14 vols.  
Rhind's Vegetable Kingdom.  
Burns' Poetical Works. 2 vols.  
Goldsmith's Miscellaneous Works. 4 vols.  
Do. Animated Nature.  
Domestic Medicine. Andrews.  
Reid on Clock and Watchmaking.  
Bunyan's Complete Works. 3 vols.  
Brown's Dictionary of the Bible.  
Family Worship.  
Christian's Daily Companion.  
Stackhouse's History of the Bible.  
Josephus' Works. 4 vols.  
Ten Years' Conflict. 2 vols.  
Knox's Reformation in Scotland.  
Fleetwood's Life of Christ.  
Beauties of Jeremy Taylor.  
Ladies of the Covenant. Antique binding.  
Hall's Contemplations.



## Works of Fiction.

The Drawing-Room Table Book. Gilt.  
 Gavarni in London.  
 Weeds of Witchery.  
 Adventures of the Prince.  
 Fanny The Little Milliner.  
 Christopher Tadpole.  
 Traits and Stories of Irish Peasantry.  
 Asmodeus.  
 Sand and Canvas.  
 Torlogh O'Brien.  
 Michaelo and The Twins.  
 Day Dreams. Knox. Gilt.  
 Robert Macaire.  
 Life of Zamba.  
 Rose, Blanche, Violet.  
 The Pottleton Legacy.  
 Mirabeau. 2 vols.  
 Literary Scotchmen.  
 Ned Allen. 2 vols.  
 Whom to Marry and How to Get Married.  
 Butler's Year of Consolation. 2 vols.  
 Anderson's Tales.  
 Guizot's Moral Tales.  
 Astoria and Captain Bonneville.  
 Adam Brown.  
 Norman's Bridge.  
 Swiss Family Robinson.  
 The Evening Book.  
 Sandford and Merton.  
 Arthur Arundel.  
 Jack Ashore.  
 Old English Gentleman.  
 Incidents of Travel. Stephens.  
 Twice Told Tales.  
 The Literary Keepsake. Gilt.  
 Young Ladies' Book. do.  
 Friendship's Offering. do.  
 The Countess. Fancy gilt.  
 The Winter's Wreath. do. do.  
 The Lover's Leap. do. do.  
 The Stranger's Grave.  
 Visit to My Birthplace.  
 Louisiana. Gayarre.  
 Self-Deception.

## Popular Library.

Astoria and Captain Bonneville.  
 Omoo and Typee.  
 Kaloolah. Mayo.  
 Bancroft's History of the United States. 6 vols.  
 Life of Sir Robert Peel.  
 Life of Mahomet.  
 Rome and the Early Christians.  
 Life of Goldsmith. W. Irving.  
 Life and Voyages of Columbus. do. do.  
 Monk and Washington. Guizot.

## Railway Library.

Romance of War. Grant.  
 Adventures of an Aide-de-Camp.  
 Miss Austen's Pride and Prejudice.  
 Miss McIntosh's Grace and Isabel.  
 Miss Porter's Knight of St. John.  
 The Scottish Cavalier. Grant.  
 Carleton's Jane Sinclair and Clarionet.  
 Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter.  
 White Friars; or, the Days of Charles II.

Jaspar Lyle—a Tale of South Africa.  
 Romance of Adventure.  
 Valerie. Marryatt.

## Miscellaneous Works.

Penny Magazine (new series). Vol. 1-5.  
 The Ox. Martin.  
 Cowper's Letters.  
 Emerson's Poems.  
 Robinson Crusoe.  
 Evenings at Home.  
 Knight's Penny Magazine.  
 Society in India. Clemens.  
 Traits and Stories of Welsh Peasantry.  
 Franklin and the Arctic Regions.  
 Longfellow's Poems.  
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